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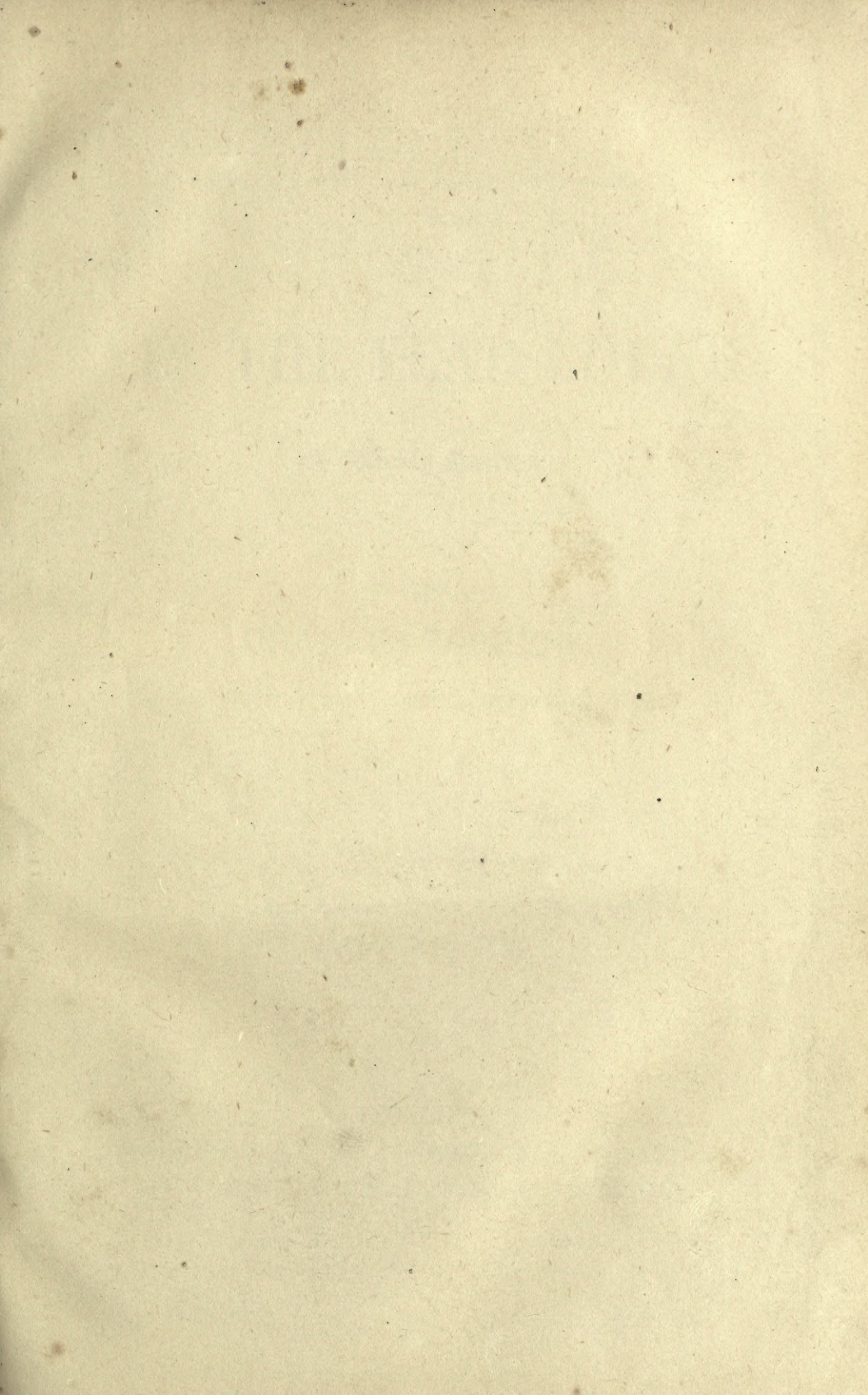
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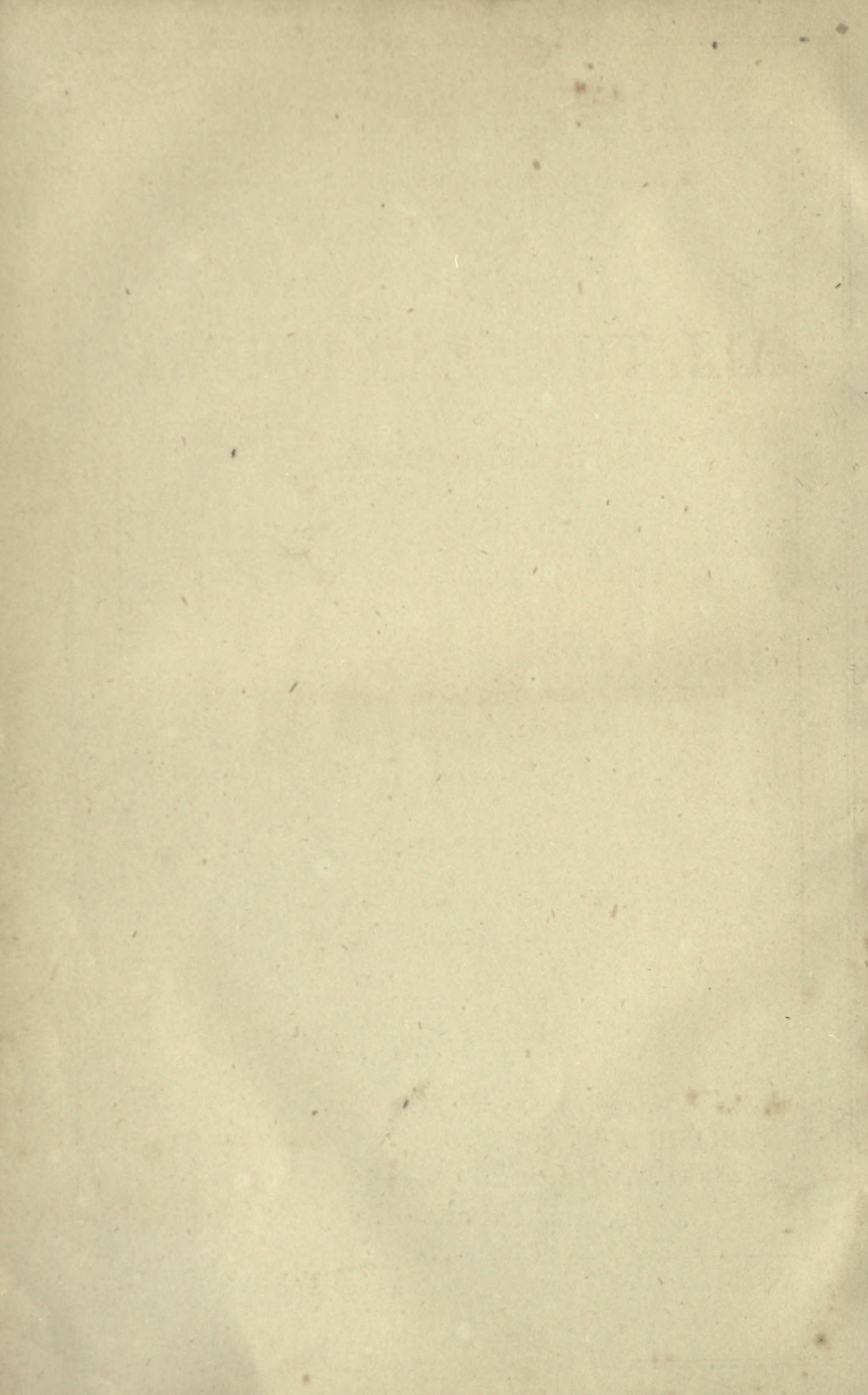














*"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."*—SHAKESPEARE.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

*A Weekly Journal.*

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

OR, THE HISTORY OF THE WHITING FAMILY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXII. FOREBODINGS.

MISS MANUEL had returned. She had been at Torquay, or at St. Leonard's, or at some of those sheltered winter corners where invalids go to find colour and strength. This her world supposed; her court of writers and "clergymanical" reviewers, all knew this; and when they made their congratulations on her return, never suspected that her fresh brilliancy was owing to the keen breezes of the little dun town so far away. She returned with all the enthusiasm of triumph.

Almost on the day of her arrival she met Major Carter. He had heard of her visit. He had fallen in with Fermor, who, in a pettish way, had told of her sudden departure. "She is gone, God knows where, and has told nobody." Which speech disturbed the major not a little. Now, as she passed him to enter a shop, there was a look of insolent victory in her face, which made him yet more uneasy, and sent him home thoughtful. If he had only watched her carefully for the rest of the day, he would not have slept that night.

For early that morning Mr. Speedy had received a fairy-looking note at his Irrefragable office, and was almost intoxicated at finding in it a request that he would, after office hours, wait on Miss Manuel at her house. From that day he became generally superior to homely Mrs. Speedy. The note was long preserved in the Speedy archives, and it lay for many a day on the top of the other notes in the little basket. Major Carter was not passing, or he would have seen Mr. Speedy with a new pair of gloves going in, and Major Carter was not Asmodeus Carter, or he would have frantically torn away the front of *that* house, of all houses in London, to see and hear Miss Manuel and the man of business sitting close, and talking with extraordinary eagerness. Major Carter did not watch the terminus at Euston-square for the night-train to start, or he would have seen a muffled Mr. Speedy drive up and take a ticket for Bangor, on "special mission," as it was said at the office, where he was missed next day. On this "special mission," sent by order of the directors, he was away more than a week. Thus over the head of

unsuspecting Major Carter was already hanging a spectral sword of Damocles, and as it swung and shook, he felt himself brought within its cold shadow, and shivered; but the world was going so pleasantly with him, that he shook off all disagreeable thoughts for the present.

Mrs. Fermor, full of enthusiasm and young affection, had soon shut out the memory of what she had heard during her night-watch, and came eagerly to welcome her friend back again. She had worked herself into a sort of romantic love for this friend; and though she felt again, when ascending the stairs, something of her old recollections, when she entered and saw Miss Manuel sitting nearly as "bright" as ever, she forgot it, and ran forward to embrace her with real affection.

"I am so glad, so delighted, to see you down again," she said, with a sort of punctuation, as it were, of kissing.

Pauline tried to be cold, but her resolution gave way before the genuine delight of this faithful little woman. Then she turned from her suddenly and sharply, and she called herself (mentally) "She-Judas!"

"I am so glad!" said Mrs. Fermor. "I never discovered until you were ill how much I liked you. I don't know why; we have known each other for so short a time; and I dare say," she added, a little ruefully, for she again thought of what she had heard during the night-watching, "you do not care so much for me?" And she looked at her wistfully.

"Why should you think that?" said Pauline. "You know I like you, and *indeed* I feel grateful for all you have done for me. I only learnt to-day how you nursed and watched me. And it has distressed me more than you would suppose. I wanted nobody," and she added, a little vehemently, "and you—not for the world. You might have caught it. But I am indeed grateful." And again she turned sharply, and called herself Judas. "I never thank," she went on earnestly. "They tell me I am cold, and do not feel obligations. So that you will understand, if I should ever appear not to value what you have done as it deserves to be valued, you will set it down to the right cause. Don't judge me too harshly; there may be more behind than you know of. We may not all have our free will."

Deeply mystified at the beseeching manner with which this was said, Mrs. Fermor knew not



what to make of it. "I don't know," she said, "but I am sure you will be always kind and good." She added, piteously, "I seem to have no friends now. I have so few to care for me, and those few——" She stopped.

"But your husband," said Miss Manuel, "is not he all in all, as they put it?"

The little lady's little brow contracted. Her eyes fell towards the ground. "I dare say it is my fault," she said. "It may be. I am very young and foolish. Perhaps if I had some one to advise and counsel me, some kind person that understands me, or would try and understand me. I thought of this very often during the nights that I was with you. From the very first day I was attracted to you—I felt that *you* would aid and assist me in some difficulty. And now I am sure, if I were to put confidence in you and tell you my little troubles, you, who I *think* are beginning to like me—you who are so good and noble——"

Miss Manuel, who had been listening with her eyes fixed on the other, turned hastily and rose. "No, no," she said, "not to me. To any one in the world but me. I am not fit to advise any one. Good and noble! No, no. Wicked, rather. I have no will, no strength. I am a weak, miserable being. Leave me, leave me quick. I am ill still, I believe, and talk absurdly. Leave me now. I shall be better to-morrow."

Mrs. Fermor departed, sad and wondering. When she was gone, Pauline fell upon and buried her face in the cushions of a sofa, sobbing wildly. "Good God! good God! what am I coming to? What devilish task is this I have plunged into? Destroying the innocent, poisoning the pure! No, no—save me, save me; and spare that poor, gentle, tender, confiding thing!"

She felt a hand upon her shoulder, and she started up. "Whom would you spare?" said her brother, scornfully; "that girl who has just left you? Never, by my soul! never! not while I live! If your hand fails, then is mine ready—far rougher, and far more deadly. So choose. I am growing impatient. It is too long. Ah, Pauline! you treat an oath lightly, it seems. Your memory is growing weak. To me it seems but last night, and that our darling Violet is lying in the next room. Come, take a serious warning, or, as sure as I live, I go out into the open roads and make shorter work of it. I shall, surely as I live!" He then looked round and round the room with a suspicious glare, as if some one was concealed. "How can you want me to tell you of these things? I want no promptings. My heart carries me on only too fast. *You* are forgetting, and will soon have forgotten. I never can forget. I saw her last night——" He stopped, looking round wildly.

She was frightened, and soothed him. "Now, Louis," she said, "depend on me. Leave all to me. *Indeed* I have not forgotten, and never, never shall." Those words of his often repeated themselves; but latterly she had noticed they grew more intense, and lasted longer.

"No," she said, "I must go on. He is right. The guilty still flourish, and shall be overtaken."

#### CHAPTER XXIII. LADY LAURA STILL WORKING.

THE glowing cheek and rich red lip, for which Mrs. Fermor was noted, were paling off into lighter tones. A wrung and wistful look was in her bright eyes. In her little soul, a stiff strong stubborn pride was working. It had worked its way, like a strong current through the earth of an embankment; and the "breach," as it would be called, between her and her "lord," was widening with every fresh day.

She went out a good deal into "society," where, like many wandering married ladies, whose lords do not choose to wander with them, she found plenty of pleasant friends and strangers to chatter with, and even—to use the good-natured word which conveniently cloaks up so many derelictions—even to "flirt" with. Had a friendly lady on an ottoman close by introduced that word to her, she would have coloured up, and gathered in the folds of her dress with noisy rustle, and indignantly played the respectable young woman outraged. With *her* it was all homage, and *intellectual* talk with *clever* men—the old moral spring-guns and "gins" of fatal power and mischief. Mrs. Fermor, therefore, was seen at many parties, and the observant remarked that "that Mr. Romaine" was at nearly all the houses where Mrs. Fermor was seen.

There was an intimate air in his manner, the observant observed, which she herself was conscious of, and struggled against. He had the look of coming with her there, and of taking her away, though in effect he did neither. He saw her down to halls, and there imperiously took her cloak from another holding it for her to put on. And though he did not go near her much in rooms, she had a feeling that she was always under his eyes. She began to feel, indeed, that this must not go further, and had determined that, as soon as the holy work in his regard she had put her hand to was satisfactorily accomplished, it *should* cease. Poor quick vivacious little soul! impetuous, aggrieved, with a sore heart under her tulle, she was kept up by her pride. That "holy work" she had undertaken was pretty near to being accomplished. It was said that Mrs. Massinger's marriage had made no such brilliant impression as was reckoned on (one of her professional critics said she was "curdy"), and the town resented it as if it were her fault. The noble earl who looked to those matters, and "rated" *belles* as seamen are rated, before and after the mast, had smiled contemptuously as he looked down on her through his gold "pinchnose," as the French call it. "Blancmange, my good Fitzroy," he said, shutting up his "pinchnose." "Blancmange, and no more. There are people, of course, who *like* blancmange."

The neophyte was behaving valiantly. It did seem as though he would be firm in his faith. But already the Fiery Cross of Scandal had been



softly passed round by the full fat fingers of dowagers, and the irrevocable "coupling" of her name with that of Mr. Romaine had taken place. Poor foolish, little, innocent, helpless married woman! The turbaned vultures were already fluttering heavily in the air overhead.

Fermor, the "fallen-short man," *homme manqué*, was still wrapped in his moodiness as in a cloak. There was bitterness in everything he chewed. Presently, a good-natured elderly man, with grey whiskers and a gold double eye-glass, with a ribbon and *square* glasses, came up to him confidentially one evening, and laying the gold glasses on Fermor's shirt, said: "My dear fellow, I know you are a man of sense, and will not take ill what is said by a man old enough to be your father—but—er—I want to speak—about" (cough) "Mrs.—er—Fermor."

Fermor looked at him sharply, and grew hot. "What would you say about Mrs. Fermor?"

"Well," said the other, "it is merely as a friend, you know, and—"

"O, of course," said the other, bitterly; "it is always friends who bring us good news. Well?"

"You see, the world," said the other, stretching out his glass in the direction of the world, but being brought up suddenly by the shortness of the ribbon, "You see, the world, my dear fellow, is censorious, and I *do* think, if you went a little more out with Mrs. Fermor, especially to those parties which that half-savage fellow Romaine frequents—"

This came as news indeed for Fermor. "This, then, is the game?" he thought. "I am to be ridiculous through town; the mari complaisant; the easy-tempered jackass. Let her treat me as she pleases at home, but I will not be pointed at."

To the next party, Captain Fermor announced sullenly that he was going. "With all my heart," said Mrs. Fermor, gaily. "I hope you will go to others too."

Fermor laughed scornfully. "We shall see."

Lady Laura was still fighting the fashionable "good fight." She was labouring on with her old constancy, and seemed to have gained fresh spirit, though not fresh strength. The face was growing yet longer; the worn cheeks yet more worn; but the eye had the old keen wary ken, and swept the line of men with the nicest appreciation, like a general's. Yet there were many things to damp and discourage her.

Though successful with Alicia Mary, whom, with infinite pains and struggling, she had made Mrs. Onslow Piper, still that alliance had brought with it serious charges, and some terrible expenses. Trousseau and breakfast were the least of these; but at the last moment young Piper, with an aggrieved manner, as though he were making this proposal a *test* for whether he had been "taken in" or no, "struck," and bluntly and suspiciously said it was due to his self-respect to "get something;" that his friends said it was "a shame." And though the poor lady-captain did what she could, the odds were too

great, and she had to wring out of her own allowance something that would satisfy the greedy youth. There was the London house too, and the London carriage, and London riding horses on job, and the London milliner, Madame Adelaide: but months ago the job-master had talked to Lady Laura in her own hall as if she had been one of his stable-boys; and Madame Adelaide, once sweet and full of lively compliments, was now showing her teeth, and snarling about "her attorney." Yet she fought on, laboured on, for there was hope. Blanche, younger and fresher than Alicia Mary, had somehow been attracting that young Lord Spendlesham, just burst from his guardians, and who, in truth, fancied Blanche. Actually "the thing" was making progress, and Blanche, wearing always a look of devout adoration, and following the noble youth with steady eyes wherever he moved, conveyed the idea of a hopeless idolatry not unpleasing. Lady Laura had friends—good faithful contemporaries—who gave the boy a smile of encouragement, and remarked to him the "fine girl there" who never took her eyes off him.

Young Spendlesham—unconsciously selfish—threw out carelessly many whims and wishes, which were gratified at great cost to the family. He was passionately fond of dancing, and when there was a gap in his programme, outside he would say to Blanche, "Get Lady Lau to give a dance. I dote on dancing." And Lady Lau bowed her head with Spartan courage, and was abroad for one half the day in a cab, and for the other half in her room doing common millinery-work with desperate but skilful fingers, striving hard to avoid drifting away on the rocks of Madame Adelaide. Whence she wrung out money for these works, and how she faced the rude job-master and the insolent French woman, and with dignity made them (for the time) ashamed, and how she screwed a little delay out of both job-master and milliner, were things to be admired and compassionated. "If I had only time to breathe," she thought often, "and a little space in front clear! But they come on me all together, and from all sides."

"Ask the Fermors," she said to her daughter. "I hate having aggrieved relations going about."

And this was the party to which Fermor had said so sullenly that he would go.

#### CHAPTER XXIV. A CLOUD NO BIGGER THAN A HAND.

WHILE Miss Manuel was away, the town had something to talk of. It was soon pretty well known and pretty well talked about, how "that sucking young Spendlesham" was about to make "a greater fool of himself" than ever. His own contemporaries told him, in their friendly way, not to be an ass, and seriously wondered among themselves what he could see in so plain a virgin, who was almost old enough to be his mother. But among the long tribe of dowagers the attempt was most deeply resented. Had they got her among them in some private place,



they would surely have sacrificed her. The fury of this elderly populace knew no bounds, and they almost thirsted for her blood.

It was wonderful indeed. Alicia Mary had been difficult to "placer;" but her incomparable mother had brought her in a winner, as the skilful jockey does the indifferent horse, simply by splendid riding. But what was difficult with Alicia Mary seemed almost impossible with Blanche, who was raw, helpless, and without any fertility of resource. "Splendid riding" was here profitless; but Fortune took pity on this gallant Lady Laura, and, by some combination of accidents, fascinated the young Spendlesham with the charms of Blanche. The "finest woman" he had ever known was a fresh barmaid at a fishing inn in the country, for whom he had had an agonising attachment. But the barmaid had long since married respectably—i.e. into an opulent butcher interest. The features of Blanche recalled the old romance, and the fresh barmaid seemed to live again in the person of Blanche.

But young Spendlesham was not yet *sui juris*. The law had furnished him with some odious janisaries called guardians, who were wary and watchful. One of these was happily an old admirer of Lady Laura's, Sir John Westende, of Westende House, who, as young Sir John, clapped and applauded when she, as young Lady Laura, was flying round in tulle and flowers on her bare-backed steed. These were the delightful days when we had "figure," and a "neck," and colour, and light in our eyes, and all the ambrosial charms of youth. Sir John, it was thought, was sure to "come forward;" but he was irresolute, and went back again timidly when he had advanced.

The young Sir John of those days had not the Westende property, which came in late. He had a modest but sufficient patrimony, and was deeply in love with Lady Laura. The latter, if ever she liked any man, might be said to have liked Sir John, and told him so. But sentiment, with her, could only be indulged in where it was to be had gratis; any laying out of money on it was out of the question. Young Sir John went away happy to travel for two months, and when he returned found that a personal friend had been invited to take his place; a personal friend, too, whose prospects were, if anything, only a shade better than his own. The skilful who managed her affairs thought they were bound to give her the benefit of ever so trifling an advantage; and, considering that the Westende property had not then come in (it eventually "came in" by an aunt), it was only natural that they should act as they did. The balance, which took the shape of sentiment, could not be reduced into moneys numbered; and was, of course, left out of the reckoning. Sir John was put back; the friend, who was shy and retiring, received notice that it was now *his* turn. This caused a breach. Young Sir John, after some excited expostulation, retired to Westende, while Lady Laura married Mr. Fermor.

On this step he was furious, got a severe ill-

ness, recovered, and went away to the Continent. By-and-by the aunt died, and the Westende property "came in" unexpectedly. The news gave a dreadful pang to Lady Laura; and later Sir John married handsomely. The lady he married was the well-known Miss Chedder, of the banker's family, with, as some of the elder ladies put it, "sixty thousand pounds to her back, my dear," but who had also sixty thousand tongues. She was a stalwart lady, and brought with her to the family the whole story of the Fermor affair, which she kept alive and fresh by constant daily allusion, rubbing salt into an old sore. For sixteen years Sir John led a miserable life, with the Lady Laura business flourished in his face, hurled at his back as he left the room, tumbled about his ears like broken crockery, dashed on his cheeks like hot scalding tea—until the famous Miss Chedder died, and left him a widower, with two good-looking daughters.

Young Sir John by-and-by thus became a fatherly Sir John, later on a middle-aged Sir John, and was now a fresh and elderly Sir John. But he had never forgiven the Fermors. He had now grey whiskers and a round clean face, with a light-blue tie and white waistcoat. For him was the handsome carriage with the bays seen waiting at the foot of the steps as the train halted at Westende; and to him porters and station-master at Westende obsequiously touched their caps. Then as the train passed over the viaduct, its passengers saw the bright carriage and brighter horses below, rolling along the winding road, dipping into the clumps of trees, and reappearing proudly in the sun, making the mile and a half or so of journey which lay between Westende House and the station.

Sir John's sister had married a brother of the late Lord Spendlesham, so that it was quite fitting that he should be appointed one of the guardians. Sir John himself having the two good-looking daughters, it was natural that he should begin to associate his ward and his daughters together, in a tranquil and prospective manner. He always indeed said that his ward was not worth his salt, and had no wit, and never would have any, and the sooner he made a fool of himself the better.

This at least was his tone until suddenly one day a co-guardian came down to the station and took the pleasant road that led to the park, specially to communicate the news that young Spendlesham had announced that he was going to marry on the very day he came of age. Sir John, who was in his garden with his blue tie on and a grey "wide-awake" hat, took this news savagely—his face grew pink with rage and excitement, and he threw down his stick upon the gravel walk. "It shan't be! By — it shan't be," he said; "curse their impudence." (Sir John swore on great occasions.) "What do they mean? They have done this on purpose. That woman has laid it all out; I know it."

For an hour he was in a fury, then ordered his carriage and drove into the country town six



miles off to see Padgett, the country attorney and coal agent. Having seen Padgett, he posted up to London and saw his ward. He came in on him very hot, and very incoherent. The boy wrapped an imaginary toga about him, and drew himself up to meet the storm. "I don't believe it," said Sir John, injudiciously, "not a word of it. They have been making a fool of you, sir. I wonder you have not more sense. You must be watched like a child in the nursery. Pack up your things, and come down with me to the country. I'll expose these people."

"Never!" said the young lord, still in his toga; "my word is pledged—the word of a peer."

"The word of a noodle," roared Sir John. "Don't spout in that fashion to me! Ah! I am ashamed of you. An old stale bit of crust like that—who has been kicking about the ball-rooms for years."

"It's a shame to speak of a lady in that way," said the youth. "She loves me. I shall be of age in a few months, and can do as I like."

With this tone in the discussion, of course no progress was made. Sir John went away foaming, and determined to "expose those people."

He was at a dinner-party that night, and, after the dinner-party, "went on" moodily to some "rout." There he saw Miss Manuel, who had always a regard for "oldish" men. She was always thus protesting against the cold and Pagan system of modern manners, which carries out the aged of the tribe and exposes them, as they get helpless, on mountains, with a pot of rice. She always fought the battle of the old, and said how grateful they were for any consideration, and so anxious to fit themselves to the times that had left them behind, if the world would only let them. This night she was flushed with victory, having just returned from her Welsh expedition.

Sir John told her his troubles, working himself into a perfect heat as he did so. "They are a mere set of adventurers these Fermors," he said, "that should be exposed. I don't see why I should be keeping them up. They have always treated me scurvily, from the father downwards. I was very near being taken in myself by that scheming woman. She did her best to catch me, but I had wit enough to escape her." (It was so long ago, Sir John might safely give out this new version.) "She was a fine woman then, and I had a raging schoolboy's fancy for her; and, ma'am, behaved nobly—nobly, as it seems to me now—when she found she could not get me, and took up with that stupid blundering Fermor. I could have broken the thing off in ten seconds; but I didn't. I said nothing; no, not a word, and they were married."

Sir John had worked himself into a perfect heat as he thought of his treatment.

Miss Manuel listened eagerly, and then said suddenly, "I never heard. Do tell me, Sir John."

But Sir John had repented on the spot. It was so long ago, he said; it was a mere story of the day, and he wasn't sure that it *was* a story at

all. "Look at their ingratitude," he went on, in a fresh burst; "that poor devil, Pocock, who has helped them through many a business, they will do nothing for him—nothing whatever."

"It is very hard," said Miss Manuel; "you know they are not friends of mine. It is no harm to say that we have cause to regret an acquaintance with *that* family. I am told it is not considered a very serious thing now, and that the young men of the day mean it for mere amusement. But still, I cannot bring myself to know Lady Laura, or to like her."

The allusion to Sir Hopkins made a deep impression on Miss Manuel. She almost despised that restless plotting spirit, and could scarcely bring herself to think him of sufficient dignity to be the object even of punishment. She had avoided him almost with contempt. Now she sought him. She was struck by the decay and blight that had settled on his face. "You have quite given me up, Sir Hopkins," she said to him. "There was a time when you used to come and see me, and talk about your travels, and the treaties, and wild natives. Come and see me to-morrow."

The old intriguer, whose diplomatic heart was made sick to death by hope deferred, and who had furrows of sickly fretfulness and anxiety marked on his cheeks, was glad to have an opportunity to air his grievances—and came.

His hair was scattered and thin. "It is the way of the world," he said, nervously (he was only now finding out that way of the world)—"always the way they use you when they don't want you." (But had it not been Sir Hopkins's own way to the world?) "I am sure a man who had composed those Waipiti troubles would have a claim. Why, old Lord Boldero said to me, only this day, 'No fellow like you, Pocock, for handling the natives!' His very words, Miss Manuel! And that young conceited Harding Hanaper, who can sit in an office easily enough, and give pert answers easily enough too, he tells me that he is afraid nothing can be done for me."

"But," said Miss Manuel, gently, "you should get your friends to work for you—the Fermors, for instance."

"The Fermors!" said Sir Hopkins; "I would die sooner than ask them for anything. You don't know all I have done for those people—the sacrifices, the trouble—and I have asked them to use some little interest (and they can work the Buryshaft influence well), and they refused. You don't know what obligations they are under to me."

"It is very hard," said Miss Manuel.

"Hard, it is monstrous!" he said, piteously. "They talk of being old! Look at Boldero, he is ten years older than I am, but they sent *him* out. Of course they did. He has married into the office, and they will do any job for him. But it is always the way—and the way of the world."

It was pitiable to hear this worldling so severe on the world he had loved and served. As Miss



Manuel looked at him, she wondered at the change that had come on him. He seemed to have grown old and almost drivelling. A year or two of chafing and impotency and anxiety had brought this all about. He was no longer the pleasant Sir Hopkins, who gave dinners and who ate them, and who went along the highways of life in listen shoes. No wonder the young flippant children of F. O. said he had quite "broken up." "I don't speak to the Fernors now," he went on. "All I asked her was to go to the old duke, who used to admire her so long ago. He couldn't refuse. I *know* he couldn't. There is a history about that. Then I said, a letter, a few lines. She wants to nurse her interest for her family. Carter, too, who did dirty work enough for the family—they have treated him just the same."

Miss Manuel's eyes flashed. "Dirty work, indeed," she said; "but he will find his account. As they all work."

Sir Hopkins looked a little confused. "I meant," he said, "that old business, long ago. As for Eastport, I give you my honour, Miss Manuel—"

"I have heard of that old affair," said she, eagerly; "but never the details."

"O, it's an old story," he said, "forgotten now. I mean *their* ingratitude; is it not bad?"

Said Miss Manuel, suddenly: "I have some little influence in the direction you speak of. An official friend told me lately that he could help a friend of mine, in a small way; that is, I could speak to him, you know."

"*Could* you! O, *could* you!" said Sir Hopkins, in the fervour of senile gratitude. "How kind, how good, how generous! O, Miss Manuel, I shall never forget it; never, never! Anything, you know, will do."

"It is difficult," she said; "but I can promise it to you. There was an island—Prince Somebody's, I think."

"Yes, yes. Lee Boo's. How did you know?" he said, in astonishment.

"I know many things," said Pauline; "more than ever a diplomatist would suppose; and I am curious to know more. I have a woman's taste for gossip, Sir Hopkins. Sit down there, and tell me your little bit of ugly family business—to amuse me."

Instantly he became the old sly-looking Sir Hopkins, and glanced at her sideways, as he would have done long ago at a Waipiti trying to take him in. "I am not to be entrapped or seduced," he seemed to say. What he did say was, "O, it is a stupid old story, Miss Manuel; would not interest you in the least. But," he added, nervously, "about Harding Hanaper. He has influence *there*, which he ought not to have, and a word from him—"

"And a word from me to him?" said Pauline. "No, I am afraid. You see, I must keep any little trifling influence I have for my own family, like Lady Laura, and for my slaves, who work for me and gratify my whims."

Sir Hopkins looked at her piteously. He understood perfectly. "I shouldn't have alluded to it; I was irritated, you *know*," he said, almost imploringly. "Family honour and chivalry. No, it would not be right, indeed."

Miss Manuel burst into a fit of laughter. "What heroics!" she said. "Who dreams of touching the family honour? Not I, indeed, I assure you. But I was only joking, Sir Hopkins. Poor me to have influence with Harding Hanaper, or with any one! They only laugh at us weak women." And she stood up. "I have heaps of letters to write. By the way, I have just written to Harding Hanaper." And she pointed to a note in the distance.

Miserable irresolution was in Sir Hopkins's anxious face. But he could not resist going out with pride and dignity. "You are very cruel to me, Miss Manuel," he said. "You bear malice, I see. Good-by."

Miss Manuel stood in the same attitude for many moments watching the door by which he had passed. "I hold him," she said triumphantly, "in the hollow of my hand. The wretched creature would sell his soul for office." She was turning to go to her desk, when the door was opened softly, the worn face was put in again, and Sir Hopkins said:

"If you are not busy now, Miss Manuel—"

"Busy," said she, "not at all! We can have an hour's comfortable chat, and tea—I know you like your afternoon cup of tea—and, shall I tell them to let in no one?"

Sir Hopkins looked over irresolutely in the direction of Mr. Harding Hanaper's note. It was not gone. He drew in his chair, laid his hat on the ground beside him, as he always did, and said, "Shall I tell you a story—?"

"I see I shall have to re-write my letter," said Miss Manuel, tearing up Mr. Hanaper's letter.

"So you see," said Sir Hopkins, with his old Waipiti smile, as he rose to go away, having quite talked himself into a fluent diplomatic vein, "So you see it is nothing but a bit of old family scandal. Such things gather at the skirts of every respectable house in the country. Where there are young men, there will always be a little folly of this kind. Miss Manuel, I believe Mr. Harding Hanaper is still in town, and—"

"And this is all?" said Miss Manuel, with her eye fixed coldly on him; "this is all?"

"This is all," Sir Hopkins said, going away.

"Very well," said she; "I shall go to my letters."

When he had gone, Miss Manuel said to herself, "He has not told a quarter of the truth! He thinks he can keep his wretched old hand in practice on *me*! If he chooses to play these tricks, he must pay the penalty. I gave him one chance, and he has thrown it away." She then sat down to her letters. She did not write to Harding Hanaper, but to her fresh elderly friend, Sir John, who admired her as "a fine woman."



"Dear Sir John,—As you mentioned that you were anxious about that foolish ward of yours, who is so determined to become a husband, I am Samaritan enough to let you know that I am likely enough to know something that may be useful. You seemed annoyed about the business, and I could not help taking this trouble to assist you. In the mean time, I would advise your not going to Lady Laura Fernor, as you seemed to think of doing, until we hear something more.

"PAULINE MANUEL."

Sir Hopkins, passing again, saw the messenger go with the notes in his hand. He chuckled and became two years younger on the spot. "I can manage the Waipiti yet, though they talk of superannuating me. You did not get much out of me, Miss Manuel, and I shall be 'His Excellency' very soon!"

### MONASTIC MYSTERIES.

In the kingdom of Italy, convents have lately been suppressed by law. In other countries, they are encouraged; in some, simply tolerated—which is enough for *them*. Where they are allowed an inch, they try to take an ell. It is right, therefore, that the world should be reminded that modern monasteries—whatever they might have been in the good old times—are by no means the retreat of every virtue. Persons shut up in convents are at least useless to society. A recently published narrative,\* cautious and reticent as it is respecting many particulars, proves that, while not a few are worse than useless, a vast multitude live on in extreme unhappiness, when they are not cut off in the flower of their age.

Enrichetta, granddaughter of Gennaro Caracciolo, Prince of Forino, was born at Naples, in the family palazzo, on the 17th of February, 1821, and was named after a nun, her paternal aunt, one of the innumerable victims whom her race had offered to the Order of St. Bennet. Through the capricious treatment of her father by the Bourbon government, her childhood was passed partly in straitened circumstances and partly in official splendour. At fourteen, a bright-complexioned, well-developed girl, she had the misfortune to fall deeply in love—if love can fairly be called a misfortune. She tells how well she loved, with womanly frankness. There was a long exchange of glances and salutations from a balcony, and, for months, nothing more. Carlo, the beloved object, took no steps to acquaint her parents with their mutual passion, but seemed rather to wish to conceal it. In short, poor Enrichetta's disillusion came only too quickly. Carlo married another girl, because her purse was heavier. First love thus prematurely fell to the ground—a flower blighted in the bud.

After a time, second love came with young Domenico, a visitor at the paternal mansion.

Enrichetta said to herself that all men might not be so base as Carlo. Domenico did love, firmly and fervently; and Enrichetta responded with equal earnestness. But neither in this case could the course of true love run smooth. Domenico's father had other "views;" moreover, her own father, ruled by his wife, would have nothing to say to Domenico as a son-in-law. And there threatened to come an end of that. This second disappointment brought on a severe nervous attack, to a recurrence of which the victim ever afterwards remained subject. But was this impassioned girl a fit subject to shut up in a nunnery?

Her father, a kind man, died; and, without either guardian or dowry, she was left at the mercy of, not an unjust mother-in-law, but, of what is more heartrending, an unjust mother, who, instead of concealing the preference she might feel for one child above another, openly carried out her likes and dislikes. Domenico still continued to hope. The mother brutally dismissed him, and arranged a match for her elder daughter, Guiseppina. Enrichetta's godmother was abbess of the convent of San Gregorio Armeno.

One morning, her mother went out unaccompanied, professing urgent business; but soon returned, more cheerful than usual, as if the affair had turned out satisfactorily. A few days afterwards, the abbess's servant delivered to Enrichetta a box of bonbons, with the news that the chapter had unanimously voted her admission into the convent. It sounded in her ears like a sentence of death; the very word "convent" was detestable. She pleaded, with tears, to be left at liberty. Her mother was inexorable. She entered within the hated walls, on the promise of being taken out again at the end of two months.

The mother and daughter drove to the convent gate. The nun whose duty it was to open it, apprised the community, by tolling a bell, that a victim was about to enter. The abbess was awaiting her arrival in the lodge, and whispered to her, in a gently imperious tone, to thank the nuns for the favour accorded by accepting her as their companion. The nuns crowded round to stare, peeping over each other's shoulders, and mounting on chairs. They criticised her person in an under tone. One thought her pretty, another ugly; one sympathetic, another antipathetic; one held that a mild disposition, another that obstinacy, was marked on her countenance. Poor Enrichetta was overcome, suffocated. She would have preferred death.

The two months passed, and no mother appeared to claim her child. Enrichetta might have been prepared for the disappointment. Every nun in the convent asked the same question, "Do you wish to take the veil?" On her replying "No," they smiled, and rejoined, "St. Bennet will never let you slip through his fingers." The very portress gave her to understand the hopelessness of her case. "Patience, my dear," she said. "With a good grace, or with a bad grace, you will have to drink this cup."

\* Mr. Bentley advertises a translation, *Memoirs of Henrietta Caracciolo*, which we have not seen.



"What cup do you mean? My mother does not come, and I should like to know the cause of the delay."

"You expect her in vain. She has left Naples for Reggio."

In spite of the remonstrances of her father's family, a course of moral torture at last succeeded in driving Enrichetta to take the veil, with much about the feeling of despair which drives people at their wits' end to throw themselves from the top of a precipice. The mother afterwards consoled herself with a second husband. The daughter was dead to the world; possessing no longer either a parent, sister, relations, or friends, she had abdicated her own personality. On the other hand, the mother still held firm hold of the pomps and pleasures of this wicked world.

It is not our intention to describe the ceremonies by which the warm-hearted young woman was cut off from all that was dear to her; our space will better be devoted to the experience she gained by the fatal step.

The examination (in this case performed by the vicar-general of the church at Naples) previous to pronouncing the vows was originally intended to ascertain whether the novice were acting at complete liberty. But as everything in this world is apt to degenerate, it is now a mere formality.

To avoid the case of the girl's expressing, in the course of her examination, her dislike to the condition which she is embracing either through the constraint of her parents, the cajoleries of her confessor, or crosses in love, clerical diplomacy orders that the scapulary be instantly torn from the novice who hesitates in the course of this trial, and that she be banished from the convent for four-and-twenty hours, with the rebuke, "Go and keep company with the lost and abandoned! You are unworthy to live with the spouses of Christ." This degrading insult, which no girl would have the courage to brave, renders the novitiate a useless preliminary, and binds her hand and foot the moment she has entered it.

It was proposed to secure Enrichetta, while still a novice, through the agency of an unusually adroit confessor, a canon some forty years of age, with expressive and extremely changeable features, who, if he were not, fully deserved to be, a Jesuit.

After a multitude of compliments and ceremonies, he carelessly asked the young lady's name, her position in life, and several other particulars. Then, crossing his legs and rubbing his hands, he added, "I suppose, signorina, you have quite decided to be a nun?"

"No, father."

"And why not?"

"Because seclusion is most distasteful to me."

"With time, you will become so accustomed to this pleasant prison, that nothing on earth could make you leave it. You did not then enter the convent voluntarily?"

"No; my mother compelled me to it."

"Ah! your mother compelled you to it!"

After this exclamation, he appeared for a moment plunged in deep thought. He proceeded: "Tell me, signorina, have you ever been in love?"

"Twice."

"What was your object when in love?"

"To marry the man whom I loved."

"Him, and no other man? Will you open your heart to me completely?"

"I have never had anything in view but marriage."

"And how has your love concluded?"

"I have been deserted by those I loved."

"Remark, my daughter," he then exclaimed, "remark the difference between a worldly and a heavenly spouse. One abandons you in spite of your affection; the other remains faithful to you, while you regard him not and persist in repulsing him. One fills the days of your youth with bitterness, the other would load you with ineffable and eternal pleasures. He opens his mansion to you, introduces you to his family, stretches towards you his open arms, and desires you to forget, in the sublime consolations of his love, the afflictions which men have made you suffer."

"Is it true or not," the lady answered, "that man was created to live in society? For my own part, I love the world, and take pleasure in associating with my fellow-creatures. Moreover, I do not believe that you yourself have a horror of the human race; for if such were the case, why are you here, instead of leading an anchorite's life in the midst of deserts?"

"To these questions," said the canon, rising and taking his hat, "I will give you a reply at our next conference."

What is the peculiar mark, the characteristic trait, which distinguishes convents for women from convents for men? According to Madame Caracciolo, it is the practice of confession.

In 1571, an ordonnance of Archbishop Carafa closed all the women's convents within his jurisdiction to monks, and allowed them to receive secular priests only as confessors. "This reform," Sister Fulvia's Chronicle records, "discontented all the nuns; because the monks displayed so much piety, that we could never believe secular priests could become equally familiar with claustral discipline."

If the practice of confession is simple and easy for monks, it is quite a different thing for nuns. It is an affair which absorbs them day and night, incessantly occupies their thoughts, and supplies inexhaustible employment for every leisure hour. Little by little it becomes for them the sine qua non of their existence, an occult science which is acquired in the silence of the cloister both by personal experience and mutual instruction. Suppose a council of the Church to suppress the supreme delights of the confessional in women's convents, the State need trouble itself no further about future laws against monachism. Women's convents, at least, would close of themselves before many weeks were over.



Before entering San Gregorio Armeno as a novice, Enrichetta had seen the confessionals there. They were little cabinets carefully latticed and grated on all sides, with a camp-stool in the middle. She inquired why the nuns made their confession seated, contrary to the universal custom. The reply was, that it was impossible to remain kneeling for three or four hours, and that the penitents only knelt at the moment when absolution was given.

"What!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "Does it take two or three hours to tell your confessor that you have neither been willing nor able to sin during a few days of cloistered life! What, then, are poor worldlings to do, who are much more exposed to temptation than you are? Are labourers to desert the fields, and shopkeepers to close their shops, in order to spend half a day on their knees in a confessional?"

"We are well aware," they answered, "that it is usual in the world to make a confession of a few minutes only. As to us, we confess not only our venial sins—for no mortal sins are committed in a convent—but we also desire that our confessor (a worthy confidential man expressly selected for the purpose) should direct every act of our lives. We tell him our thoughts, our affairs, our projects; for he is the only friend, the only support we have. He is the only mediator between Heaven, the world, and the cloister, allowed to a nun. Separated from our families, we find in him a father's love, a mother's tenderness, a brother's and a sister's friendship and affection. In our solitude, his intimacy personifies the universe. After the Deity, the confessor is everything to us. You yourself, very soon—and especially if you would dismiss your ridiculous old confessor, and take a younger one more suited to direct your mind—would learn to pass a couple of hours deliciously in the confessional."

"A sad satisfaction!" she replied. "I had rather play Rossini's music for a couple of hours on my piano."

In short, the infatuation of the nuns for priests and monks is, according to this lady, incredible. With nuns, an affair touching their confessor is a matter of state, a *casus belli*. What reconciles them to their prison is the liberty they enjoy of seeing and writing to the priest for whom they have formed an attachment. This liberty binds them so strongly to the convent, that they are wretched if, through serious illness, or before finally taking the veil, they have to spend any length of time in the midst of their families, with their father, their mother, and their brothers. For it is scarcely probable that parents would permit a young person to spend hours together in mysterious colloquy with a priest or a monk, or to keep up a continual correspondence with him.

There are even nuns who will not incur the responsibility of making out their own washing-bill without the intervention of their confessor. One of them saw hers three times a day. In the morning she carried him provisions for his

dinner; later, when he came to say mass, she served him with coffee and biscuits; and after dinner, she remained a long while with him, in order, she said, to reckon the expenses she had incurred in the morning. And not satisfied with such frequent visits, they wrote to each other in the intervals.

A nun had been in love with a priest ever since he had served in the church as clerk. Being received into holy orders, he was appointed sacristan. But their liaison having been denounced by his colleagues, he was forbidden by his superiors even to pass through the street where the convent was situated. The poor woman had the romantic courage to remain faithful to her attachment for sixteen long years, during which they wrote to each other daily, interchanged presents, and had occasional secret interviews in the parlour. At last the superiors were changed; and the nun succeeded, in her maturer years, in obtaining him for her confessor. Grateful to the saint whom she regarded as her patroness for the favour thus accorded to her, the nun presented her (the saint) with a liberal quantity of flowers and wax-tapers. She distributed bonbons amongst the whole community, as is the custom when a marriage takes place, received the congratulations of her companions, and even copies of verses composed for the occasion. Finally, she built at her own expense a separate confessional, to be at liberty to receive him at any hour of the day.

A great personage one morning sent for the abess of San Gregorio, to show her a letter which he himself had found in the street. It was a letter to a confessor from a nun, lost by her servant, which grossly violated common decorum.

The friars and nuns of Southern Italy are far removed from the Christian charity preached by St. Bennet and practised by the clergy of the primitive church. A proverb says of the Italian monks, "They meet without becoming acquainted; they live together without loving; they die without lamenting each other." The people are also fond of quoting: "Their religion is like linen clothes; they put it on and take it off at will. When it is dirty, they send it to the wash."

Enrichetta easily obtained the charge of tending the sick, for the major part of the nuns refused to undertake it. Some had never once condescended to perform that duty; whilst those who suffered from chronic complaints remained for years without even catching sight of their fellow-nuns. During a "sister's" illness, and after her death, she is put upon her trial by those about her. A great part of the day is spent in commentaries on her case. Discussions are held to ascertain why Heaven has sent her such or such an affliction; and then she is despatched to purgatory, or to worse, according to the temper of the respective speakers.

It is customary in convents to dress the dead before interring them. This duty (an old Basilian tradition) falls to the lot of four lay



sisters. One of them, a demon in the shape of a nun, refused, one summer's night, to rise and decently arrange a deceased companion. This same lay sister had to lead a poor blind creature to church on Sundays. Being tired of the task, she asked to be discharged from it. Her request not being granted, she one day pushed her patient from the top of the staircase. The consequences of the fall proved fatal. The abbess was entreated to employ this monster on any other duty than that of nursing the infirm. The prayer was not listened to.

At nuns' funerals, neither pity nor regret is manifested. Sincere grief, unaffected sorrow, the tribute of a tear on the grave of a friend, are, in a convent, rarer phenomena than the sympathy shown by people of the world with scenic emotions. Insensibility, which was a virtue with the stoics, is with nuns the effect of egotism and calculation. Interments take place in the morning. As soon as the corpse is laid in the ground, the breakfast-bell rings; and woe to the lay sisters if, in consequence of their attendance at the funeral, the macaroni gets overdone.

In order to keep their patrimony intact for the heir of their name, an unhappy family had compelled their two eldest daughters to take the veil, and had reserved the same lot for a third. With this intention, at the age of twelve, the poor girl was brought by her parents to Naples. She was accompanied to the convent by a spaniel which she had brought up from a puppy. At the moment of separation, the dog could not be made to understand that he must now absolutely quit his mistress. More affectionate than her parents, he allowed *them* to depart; but when he lost sight of *her*, he began howling piteously. In vain the porter kicked him out, dogs not being allowed to be kept in convents; he remained howling in the streets all night long. Next morning, the neighbours, out of compassion, offered him food, which he refused. For two days and nights the same thing continued. The new boarder within was inconsolable. The nuns got tired of this display of attachment, and resolved to put a stop to it. The third morning, the faithful animal was found killed, no one knew how, before his mistress's living tomb.

How do nuns observe their solemn vow of poverty? Their outer garment is a coarse woollen gown, under which they wear the finest of linen, including cambric and lawn pocket-handkerchiefs. On fête-days, they have, suspended at their side, garlands of silver, or of silver gilt. Truly we may quote the proverb, that the habit does not make the monk. Their vow of humility prevents their having a wrought-iron head-piece to their bed [the curtains, often magnificent, are cleverly suspended from an iron ring attached to the ceiling]; but the vow of poverty allows three soft wool mattresses, and a pillow stuffed with feathers and trimmed with lace. They may not have articles of luxury on their bedside table; but corner cupboards can legitimately receive old

china-ware and valuable plate. They are forbidden to keep much cash in their cells; but in the convent there is a place called the "depôt," where all the nuns, separately, amass all the money they please, or can.

As to their diet, their abstinence is in no wise inferior to that of St. Jean the Faster. In the morning, they partake of four dishes, one of which consists of pastry; of one dish at night. Their bread is of superior quality. Out of devotion, they refrain from eating fresh fruits on Fridays, which does not hinder their consuming jellies, jams, and preserves at discretion.

Every nun has a particular saint for her protector, and in whose honour she makes high holiday; for which grand solemnity whole weeks of preparation are required. Ingenuity is hard pressed to render it as splendid as possible, either by getting into debt if short of cash, or by spending what they have in hand on presents to the priests, monks, and clerks who are employed in their church, and who serve at mass. The same thing happens on the occasion of their own proper fête-day. The festivities at Christmas and Easter are on a scale which renders description difficult.

But the principal occupation of convents is the making of pastry. It is, for Christian female communities, what cake-making is in Oriental harems. Each convent has a reputation for its own particular speciality. One is renowned for buns, another for cakes. Macarons are the glory of a third, while a fourth stakes its reputation on biscuits. The little tarts sent out by the Carmelite confectioners of the Croce di San Luca, would make a Neapolitan turn his back upon pine-apples. For pastry-making purposes, every nun has the convent oven at her command for a whole day, reckoning from midnight; but as that is often insufficient, she keeps it going a second, and even a third day. Consequently, the lay sisters can hardly hold up their heads for want of sleep, and the health of not a few of them suffers. There are certain of the most elderly nuns who have never witnessed the ceremonies of the holy week, because, just then, they had not the time to go to the choir to peep into the church. A monk, who was preaching a course of Lent sermons, found his audience dwindling away day by day, until he was almost left in solitude. The nuns were busy preparing their confectionery.

When the sweets are distributed, parents and relations always have the smallest share, thanks to the priests, who insist on the practical application of the precept, "Whosoever loves father and mother better than me, is not worthy of me.— If any one comes to me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, nay even his own life, he cannot be my disciple." In accordance with which, literally interpreted, the confessors pervert these women's natural affections, persuading them that they constitute, they, their whole and sole family. Thus isolated, they yield complete submission to the empire of their spiritual fathers, who



accordingly secure, amongst other things, the lion's share of the pastry produce.

Indifference to family ties is a natural corollary to taking the veil. One day, two nuns, sisters, were occupied with their devotions in the choir, measuring, as in the days of the Decameron, their hour of prayer by a clepsydra. They had an only brother, engaged in the diplomatic service. A ring at the bell announced a communication from without. The lay sister hastened to learn what it was. A piece of sorrowful news for them had arrived. After failing in his duty to the government, their brother had blown his brains out.

"What is the matter with you?" they asked the sister, who hurried back in great agitation.

"The prince's servant——"

"What does he want?"

"Your brother——" The sister hesitated.

"Out with it, for Heaven's sake! Is he ill?"

"If it were only that!" exclaimed the sister.

"He is dead!"

"Holy Virgin Mary! Dead! How? He is dead?"

"He has destroyed himself." And she related the facts.

The two nuns exchanged glances, raised their eyes to heaven with joined hands, and then, with icy indifference, "Anna!" said one.

"Camilla!" said the other.

"May Heaven receive his soul! But the water in the clepsydra is nearly out. Let us conclude our meditation." There was no further mention of the brother's death until at meal-time, between the cheese and the fruit, as people say.

Another nun, while the refectory bell was ringing, received a letter acquainting her with her sister's death. "Don't mention, for the present, what has happened," she whispered to the person who delivered it. "I should have to abstain from eating, and I am dying with hunger."

As to the vow of humility, Madame Caracciolo tells us that nuns who do not boast of their noble blood are quite as rare as snow-white flies. They will receive, as boarders, none but young ladies belonging to the oldest families. Thus, two girls, the offspring of a plebeian father and a patrician mother, were not admitted into the convent until they had formally promised to repudiate their father's name and adopt their mother's. Nuns, in their squabbles, always bring up the question as to which is more noble than the other.

There were some who, when a procession was expected to pass, claimed precedence everywhere, even on the belvederes on the top of the roof. At their approach, the other nuns were expected to give way immediately. They did not even scruple to make them move while hearing mass, if the places occupied pleased their fancy. A severe and stern preacher having had the hardihood to reproach them with the life they led, they gave him to understand that it was not the place of low-born ecclesiastics to make such remarks to the daughters of Neapo-

litan dukes and princes. Finally, there are convents where the superior offers her knee to be kissed, and others even where, like the Pope, she receives kisses on her slipper.

The ignorance of some of these abbesses is hard to describe. People mixing with the world would not credit their stupidity. According to one of them, what antiquaries tell us about the destruction of Pompeii is only a mass of absurdity. Pompeii was once inhabited by a race of unbelieving miscreants, who destroyed with hammers, in the public square, the miraculous statue of St. Januarius. The mountain which overhung the town, trembling at such audacity, immediately vomited the deluge of burning ashes which buried for ever the heretical city.

Enrichetta had been denounced to the abbess as a reader of "mundane" books—that is, books treating of other than religious topics. Being watched without suspecting it, she was caught by the superior with a book in her hand.

"What pious work are you reading there, my daughter?" she inquired. Not having the time to hide the book, there was no choice except to show it, but not without fear and trembling as to the rebuke which might ensue. The abbess put on her spectacles, read the title-page, closed the volume, and returned it, saying, "Memoirs of St. Helena. Ah! The life of the mother of St. Constantine! Poor child! How unjustly they calumniate you!"

It was the Memorial of St. Helena. Soon afterwards, Enrichetta acquired the certainty that the excellent abbess of San Gregorio had never heard of Napoleon the First.

The privation of liberty, the uniformity of their existence, the monotony of their impressions, the frivolity of their daily talk, and (for the majority of nuns who have dwelt in convents from their early childhood) their extremely limited education, cause a third of their number to become insane, or at least monomaniacs. The same fact, provoked by the same causes, has been remarked in penitentiaries where the cellular system is followed. And if isolation is dangerous in the cooler climates of Europe and America, how still more fatal must it prove in hot, and especially in volcanic countries, where man cannot, with impunity, allow his mental and bodily powers to remain idle! Madame Caracciolo saw enough to convince her that the statistics of conventual seclusion, if they could only be forthcoming, would afford startling instances.

One nun could never touch paper; its contact threw her into convulsions. Her lay sister never left her a moment. When her mistress recited the service, it was she who had to turn the leaves. If a letter arrived, she had to break the seal and hold it open until read through. To keep her own secrets, the nun was therefore obliged to be waited on solely by attendants who had never learned the alphabet.

Another, whenever she heard mass on fête-days, fell into a sort of catalepsy. If a current of air ruffled the skirt of her garment, she began



groaning piteously, but without having the sense to stir from the spot. One day, a nun beside her fainted, leaning her head upon her shoulder. She did not stir, but would have allowed her companion to fall to the ground if others had not come to her assistance. Another, being ill in bed, stuck the sheet full of pins all round her, and then gathered herself into a heap on the pillow, where she remained motionless, in order not to disturb, she said, the marvellous symmetry of her couch. Another made little dolls out of rags, and then rocked them on her bosom, calling them her sons. There were also two old lunatics, one of whom was constantly conversing with Joachim Murat and Ferdinand the First. The second, whenever she heard the drums beat, cried, "The French! Here come the French!" One night, she threw herself into a well, and was drowned. But the convent which contains the greatest number of insane inmates, is that of the Romites, whose horrible and truly Brahminical austerities lead still more rapidly to madness. This sepulchre for living women was founded by a half-crazy female hypocrite, with the approbation, and under the patronage, of the Romish Church.

By her vigorous and persevering efforts Enrichetta broke loose from Benedictine fetters. For these endeavours in detail, the reader is referred to the book. After her liberation, she became acquainted with a worthy man of elevated sentiments and energetic character.

He loved her, for the sorrows she had borne;  
And she loved him, that he did pity her.

In short, they determined to marry. The Church formally refused its consent. Arguments and supplications were useless before the monumental and inexorable "Non Possumus;" so their union was blessed by a priest of a different communion. With a husband who adores her, whose love she reciprocates, fulfilling the duties of a good wife, mother, and citizen, Madame Caracciolo asks why she should be considered an unworthy object of Divine mercy and grace?

#### FORWARD!

On, on! Though your star be crossed  
By the black night-rack, and your way be lost,  
Though the breakers beat, and your feet may shrink,  
Delay were death on the darksome brink!

On, on! Though you fain would creep  
Into rest and slumber of love's own sleep,  
Or, lingering, wait for the evening sun,  
Red-lit and golden when work is done!

On, on! Though your dream might be  
To rest awhile on the moonlight sea,  
While whispering wave and the night-wind sigh  
Would woo you to peace by their lullaby.

On, on! Though the waves below  
Are ringing your knell as you onward go!  
On, on! Though the winds before  
May waft you wayward to death's dark shore!

On, on! Through the wind and rain  
With the blinding tears and the burning vein!  
When the toil is o'er, and the pain is past,  
What reck's it all, if we rest at last?

#### CHINESE AMUSEMENTS.

THERE is a whiz, a buzz, a whirring music in the air, all sorts of grotesque objects are floating about, rising and falling and dancing to and fro; there are broad-winged birds, and many-coloured dragons, lizards, bees, and butterflies, and painted circles and squares, and radiated suns and moons and stars. Most of them have pendent tails, and strings in their centres, the linking line which connects these aerial monsters with the earth. Follow down the thread to the ground, and you will find at its end a grave-looking man, who, though he devotes his principal attention to the evolutions and the harmonies of his own belongings, now and then silently turns to contemplate those of his neighbour. These are Chinese kite-flyers. Kite-flying is the amusement of the young and the old—but more especially of the old—and these kites exhibit in a wonderful way the odd inventive fancies, the strange traditions, and the immemorial habits of this singular race. The English kite took its name, no doubt, from the bird, of which the primitive aspirant was probably a rude imitation, but the Chinese designations are multitudinous: fung-tsang, the wind guitar; chi-yan, paper-hawk; kwin-chi, neither more nor less than the English kite, bird and toy; and all sorts of fanciful and poetical titles. The form of the ancient French kite was probably that of a beast, and not of a bird, as they call it a *cerf-volant*, a flying stag.

In China people say, and there is some truth in it, that the swaddled babe appears almost as solemn and as staid as a mandarin, and that there, more than anywhere, the child is the father of the man. The mandarin looks like a giant child, the child a dwarf mandarin. Especially among the opulent the child is smothered with costly garments. If a girl, the aristocratic torturing of the feet begins, and in the morning the cries of the poor victims undergoing the cruciate process may often be heard in the streets,—but both sexes are subjected to the painting art. Pearl powder upon the forehead, vermilion upon the lips, jet upon the eyebrows, rouge upon the cheeks, fantastic, costly, and elaborated caps upon the head, cumbrous garments upon the body, so that the lad, almost before he is able to walk, is encumbered with more clothes than he can carry, ornaments more than enough to interfere with his locomotive powers, and he seems already a little old man. Stiff as a bonze, and ready, as it were, to be stuck into a niche of a Buddhist temple—he is as if petrified into an image of everlasting contemplation. The sobriety of age is incarnated with the plastic nature of youth, and the sports and amusements of the *siau-hai-tze*, the little son child, are shared by the *yü-tsin*, the *tsu-yü*,



and the tsung-tsu, the father, the grandfather, and the great-grandfather, of whom he is the miniature model—all are kite-flyers.

It is not an uncommon subject for a picture\* in China to exhibit a languishing small-footed young lady sitting in a grove, with a pipe in her hand, a female slave at her side pouring out the tea into an ornamented cup upon a lacquered table, looking fascinatingly upon a handsome youth, to whom she has "never told her love," for the simple reason that she has never had the opportunity of telling it. The young man is standing on a bridge built upon a neighbouring hill near a temple—a temple decorated with scarlet roof and golden horns, half shaded with flowery forest trees, with a fountain of water flowing by—and the said young man is looking, not on the temple, not on the wood, not on the water, no, not even on the fair and languishing young lady with the golden-lily feet, but his gaze is devoutly fixed upon the kite that is borne by the wind, that is dancing towards the clouds, and making sweet music as it ascends. Will not the echoes bring the sighs of the pretty maiden to the ears of the ko-ngai, the beloved one, so absorbed in the contemplation of that distracting seduction? Alas! no; he hears no sound but the whistle of the instrument which is running up the string of the kite, and whose triumphant progress to its goal is celebrated by the harmonies which are gradually lost in the distance. Another picture is now before us, in which a whole group of boys are gathered together to see the wonders worked by their elders in the kite-flying art. There are kites with their adorned tails, and tails, by the way—men's tails—are objects of such reverence in China, that a man would much prefer the penalty of losing his ears, or his nose, or both, to that of losing his pien-tze (cue), which loss, indeed, is the most opprobrious infliction upon a felon. Other kites look like nosegays of many-coloured flowers suspended on high; and if smiles of wondering approval can be fancied as expressed on any Chinese visage, those smiles are there.

But let us stop for a moment to say that the history of men's tails in China is instructive and entertaining. They were forced upon the Chinese by the conquering Manchos more than two hundred years ago, and, from being the mark and evidence of subjugation, have become the most cherished of personal possessions. The care and culture of the cue is the daily concern and the constant amusement of the whole nation. The man is the object of envy whose tail touches the ground, and it is intertwined with gay ribbons, while the black tressed hair is as glossy as the back of a raven. A labourer guards his tail with as much pride as a lord, and when engaged in any occupation which may tend to its disarrangement, he twists it round his head. But no servant dares to present himself before his master unless his tail hangs down perpendicularly outside his long robes. A handsome gentleman's cue is as much an object

of attraction to a Chinese lady, as is the smallness of the crushed foot of a lady to a Chinese lover. One of the sports of the Chinese is to tie their companions together by the tails, the untying being sometimes difficult enough for the exercise of the science of a Davenport. But the tail is a grand instrument in the hands of the police, and often leads to the capture and safe keeping of a misdoer. We possess a splendid tail upon which hangs a tale worth telling. There was a burglar of Hong-Kong, greatly distinguished in his profession, the planner of most of the housebreakings that took place in the colony. He was discovered, sent to prison, and, as some security for the future, and a fit punishment for the past, he was deprived of his cue. He had so much influence, and so much money, that he was (probably with the cognisance of his bribed keepers) carried away in a sedan-chair by his confederates while passing with the chain-gang through a street in Hong-Kong. Burglaries on a large scale soon disturbed the public peace, and the convict was again captured and sentenced to imprisonment; but he escaped a second time with the man to whom he was chained, having no doubt arranged the matter with those who had him in custody. Burglaries were again rife, and we well knew by whom they were planned, and by whose agents they were executed. But he was so well served, and so well concealed, that for some time all researches were vain, and the felonious operations were carried on uninterruptedly. One day a little boy, who had been imprisoned for some small offence, sent a message to the governor, saying that, if pardoned, he, being acquainted with the haunts of the felon, would put the police on his track, and enable them to capture him. He led them to a large house, where a gentleman was sitting, handsomely clad, and with a beautiful unexceptionable tail. "That is your man," said the boy. "Impossible," was the reply; "the rogue's tail is in the jail!" Reassured, the policemen sprang upon the hero, seized his cue, upon which the thief jumped out of the window, leaving a false cue in its captor's hand. No dignity was ever adorned with a less objectionable pien-tze. These false tails are often suspended for sale in barbers' shops, not always for the use of the thieving fraternity, for as old age and exposure diminish the thickness of the chevelure, the Chinese hairdresser is sometimes called on to perform restorative functions somewhat resembling those of the former wig-maker in England. The cutting off of hair in China is equivalent to an abandonment of the world. In our Catholic nunneries it is the final act, performed by others, and deemed the most interesting evidence of the devotion of the young novitiate to the conventual life. In China it is a self-infliction; it is not unusual for a bride who has been disappointed in the character, or has suspected the fidelity of a bridegroom, to cut off her hair, and send it as a token that she contemplates suicide, which, indeed, is in China a very common refuge for misery. The plebeian mode of destruction is ordinarily opium, the

\* See Chinese Kites, vol. xi., page 17.



patrician the eating of gold-leaf—a very uneasy and lingering mode of dying. It is, however, considered very improper to interrupt family enjoyments or amusements by an act of self-destruction, and we remember one of our servants reporting an event in his family—his wife had hanged herself, and, what was exceedingly improper, she had done it on a day on which he was particularly busy.

Suicides in China are often characteristically singular. They are not unfrequently committed for the purpose of revenge, and a life is willingly sacrificed in order to bring punishment on those who may be compromised or injured by the death of the self-destroyer. There are many cases in which, by the laws of China, persons are made responsible for the acts of others, and subjected to death punishments, for deeds with which they have had nothing to do. We know of a case in which a very beautiful girl who had been purchased for a large sum of money by a rich merchant, determined to avenge a supposed slight by immolating herself, with the double purpose of inflicting on him the pecuniary loss of her purchased value, and of denouncing him to the authorities as responsible for her death. She dressed herself in her gayest garments, took opium, and summoned her friends and relations to witness her decease. It is not unusual for Chinamen who come from the interior, having failed to realise their expectations of success in commercial or literary speculations, afraid of encountering the reproaches of their friends and relations should they return home, to hang or drown themselves amidst the persons or in the places which have been associated with their disappointments. It is rare that any house in which such an event occurs escapes the visitation of the low officials, who, as well as their superordinates, seldom lose the opportunity of "squeezing" the inhabitants, the popular term for exacting the payment of "hush-money."

There are many Chinese books giving the history and describing the machinery of the national drama. Of these Morrison, in his Dictionary, gives a curious synopsis. Some authorities say that Suy the emperor—for the Chinese attribute everything that is influential or important to an imperial source—invented the drama A.D. 610, and called it Kang-keu-hi, others report that the Emperor Yuen-tsung originated the drama, and gave it the name of Chuen-ki, in A.D. 740. Under another dynasty it was called Hi-keuh, and under a third Yuen-pun-tan-keih. This power of creating new names is one of the most curious attributes of supreme authority. The Tae-pings, in the height of their success, put forth a proclamation ordering that characters bearing a certain meaning should be replaced by others, but the edict remained, as may well be supposed, altogether without effect. So Louis le Grand, in the plenitude of his power, did alter the gender of a word, by calling for *Mons Carosse*; the noun up to his days having been deemed feminine. In the year 1120, the Emperor Hwuy-Tsung was so amused by the costumes and the gesticula-

tions of some ambassadors who brought tribute to his court, that he directed them to be perpetuated on the stage. Under the present dynasty, the characters applied to the drama mean "The joy of peace and prosperity." The great repertory of the Chinese drama belongs to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is a collection of one hundred pieces, from which the plays best known to Europeans have been translated into English, French, and German. In all these, the dialogues are in prose, interspersed with songs or fragments of poetry, the phraseology of which is often so essentially and peculiarly Chinese, that it can hardly be made intelligible to Europeans. Poetry has seized and incorporated, in a condensed language of its own, all the legends and traditions of the empire, in tracing which to their source a stranger is often utterly lost. The characters are grouped under nine heads; 1. Principal male actors. 2. Secondary actors. 3. Courtesans, to whom the name of a female libidinous monster is applied. 4. Foxes, i.e. Officials. 5. Buffoons, obscene fellows, whose faces are daubed with black or white paint. 6. Paou—old women—the title of a dirty female bird. 7. Naoi, monkeys who are said to pick vermin out of the heads of tigers, and to feed upon their brains, i.e. procuresses. 8. Jokers, called slippery spies; and 9. Wit inspirers. The preface gives details as to the proper subjects of dramatic acts, among which are, Transformations by gods and demons; court ceremonials; portraits of scholars and statesmen; hooting down adulterers and exposing slanderers; war-scenes with swords and clubs; misfortunes of exiled mandarins and orphan children; winds, flowers, snows, and moons, i.e. love pieces; smoke, flowers, dirty faces, i.e. exhibitions of low life; deities and devils ad libitum. In ancient times the great stage entrance was called the Spirits' door.

Dramatic representations are popular in China; but players in general occupy a low social position, and are excluded from any of the four grades into which respectable society is divided—the sage, the agriculturist, the soldier, and the mechanic. In the large cities are theatres built for the accommodation of the public, with a pit for the commonalty, who stand; boxes for the quality, who sit; and a stage with its appliances of scenery and mechanism, for the actors. The entrance for the less privileged orders is gratuitous, but something is paid for the more elevated places. Strolling players circulate over the country, and when by public subscription a sufficient sum is raised to defray the expenses of their visit and allow them adequate recompense for their trouble, an extempore theatre is erected—if no permanent edifice exist—with incredible rapidity and marvellous ingenuity. Bamboo pillars, bamboo rafters, bamboo floors, are bound together with singular art, and without the employment of a hammer or a nail, and suddenly a light but not inelegant structure rises, almost as if by magic, from the ground. Huge boxes of garments, weapons, musical in-



struments, conveyed by boats through the rivers and canals, or borne on the shoulders of coolies, swung on bamboo poles, and the performances, once begun, are scarcely interrupted for many days and many nights. The Buddhist and Taoist priests are often the principal movers in the invitations given to the strollers. They collect, by their dependents, moneys to pay for the recreations, and inscribe the names of the contributors on bright vermilion papers, which are posted at the entrances of the temples in their neighbourhood, and for whose benefit the performances are to take place.

The number and the reputation of the performers, and the duration of the performances, depend on the amounts collected. The fame of a favourite idol, especially where he is believed to have worked recent miracles, will sometimes bring considerable money-offerings for the theatre to be erected in the vicinity of his shrine. Funds being raised, in four-and-twenty hours a building capable of conveniently accommodating two thousand persons is completed, and while the performances are going on business is neglected, shops are deserted, sedan-bearers abandon their posts, and everything is sacrificed throughout the neighbourhood to the theatrical display, which generally lasts from three to four days. There are only short periods of rest between the representations, to allow time for repasts and for repose. The theatre is scarcely cleared of the spectators that have witnessed one exhibition, before shoals of candidates present themselves to occupy the vacant places. The clearings out and the fillings in are repeated several times a day. The amusements are not confined to dramatic pieces. Interludes of prestidigitation tricks, tumblings and gymnastic exploits, often vary the diversions. All around the theatre are temporary gambling-stands, cookery-shops, fruit-stalls, and frequently houses of reception of the worst character. Worship within the temple is held to be quite compatible with profligacy without, and there is nothing in the example of the bonzes to encourage what is good, or to deter from what is evil. They levy a rental from all who sell these wares to the visitors.

In these dramas national grievances get a shadowy redress, which is some comfort to those who find no real shelter from oppression. Punishment is seen to overtake extortion and corruption in a way seldom verified in the reality of life. The stage is made the reprover of offences too often placed in daily experience beyond or above the reach of official cognisance. A thousand faces brighten when some rapacious hard-hearted mandarin is brought on the stage, carrying on his iniquities and cruelties, and is "hoist with his own petard," tumbled into the pit he has dug for some poor man's destruction, overtaken by the all-penetrating eye of the emperor (O that the Son of Heaven *could* but know how many such wicked ones *we* know!), humiliated, deposed, decapitated.

Female characters have often to perform an important part in the Chinese drama; but the

old English usage is still preserved: no woman ever appears on the stage, and the fair sex are represented by boys, or men with treble voices.

There is nothing more amusing in these exhibitions than the attempts of vulgar coarse-handed big-footed boys to exhibit the imperling graces of Chinese ladies of rank, who are hardly able to totter along on the crushed pegs upon which they stand, if indeed they can be said to stand, who are often blown over by a blast of wind, or seen to save themselves from falling by catching hold of a chair or a table, or by the use of a stick, or by resting on attendant slave or slaves. But as a lady of refinement has the happy art of exhibiting her golden-lilied feet just peeping out from beneath her silken garments, it may be fancied how grotesque are the imitations of a vulgar youth, and with what delight and self-gratulation the real blue blood—the ladies belonging to the buttoned aristocracy—look upon the abortive efforts of the common players; then, again, the ladies, whose delicate fingers show that they do not work,—because the nails—which are allowed to grow many inches long—prove that they *cannot* work,—feel no small pride in contemplating the long metallic claws which are stuck on as substitutes for the transparent henna-coloured nail (*ehi-kiah*), the possession of which, next to a small foot, is the glory and the ambition of a fashionable woman. All the plays, all the novels, and it may be said all the literature of China, bear the impress of that peculiar educational system which permeates the national mind. Quotations from the writings of the sages, fragments of poetry, scraps of ancient history, constantly interrupt, as they are supposed to decorate, the development of the story. This influence of the past on the present is everywhere visible, and explains many of the seeming mysteries of Chinese life. A revolt has been often subdued by a felicitous reference to some aphorism of an ancient book, and a well-timed quotation will suddenly terminate the most excited controversy.

The very highest orders seldom frequent the public theatres, but hire and invite to their houses, for the entertainment of themselves and their guests, strolling players, popular conjurers, tumblers, and buffoons, and other such artists and actors. The more distinguished dramatic personæ form themselves into corporations, and adopt some attractive and high-sounding name by which they are commonly known, such as The Brotherhood of Reason and Courtesy; The Company of Splendid Visitations; The Society of Fragrant Flowers; The Mirrors of what Was and Is. When the play opens, the audience are not left in ignorance of what is to happen, as each actor, on his appearance, tells the company who he is, and what he is to say and to do. Bottom's instructions are admirably carried out, "the bill of properties such as the play wants" being all laid before the spectators.

The actors are generally clad in the strange costumes worn under the Ming dynasty, of which much ancient Chinese porcelain gives a very accurate representation, and this period of



Chinese history furnishes the greater portion of the tales and traditions which are introduced upon the stage. It is not always easy to disentangle the truth from the fiction of these dramatised stories, except, indeed, where the supernatural is introduced, as is often prodigally done. Few of the authors are known, but many of the pieces are of considerable antiquity, and are often faithful records of the usages of past times. The words of the drama are usually uttered with a sort of sing-song monotonous recitation, interspersed with poetry, sinking now and then into a scarcely audible utterance, and anon rising into outbreaks of most impassioned rage and violence. Loud crashes of dissonant music, vehement beating of gongs, the rolling of kettle-drums, and the squeaking of wind instruments, fill up the interstices with intolerable discord. Only a small part of the dialogue is heard by the audience. The pantomimic action is, however, so excellent, that the story is tolerably understood. The clang and the clatter which is so discordant to the European ear, is most acceptable to the Chinese. It is especially when battles are fought on the stage that the shouting and the crashing are beyond endurance; but noise is an element in which the Chinaman revels, and of which he can never have enough.

No Oriental women dress with such comely modesty as the Chinese; their garments cover the bosom and reach up to the chin; but the language used on the stage is often gross and unlicensed, and the exhibitions which are most applauded are sometimes far too licentious to be tolerated by European opinion.

The painted scenes are seldom or never changed—unity and continuity of action are generally preserved—but when a change of place is needful to the progress and development of the drama, something is introduced to show that the actors are transported to another locality; one man is seen scampering over the boards, riding on a wooden stick, sometimes with a horse's head, and sometimes without, and he whips the supposititious beast as he crosses and recrosses the stage. Sometimes a real horse is introduced, sometimes a sedan conveying the rider, or the occupier, to the appointed place, so that the line of continuity may not be broken. If he have to pass a bridge, he paces first up and then down, the bridges in China being generally not level, but with steps ascending and descending. If he have to cross the water, he shows in his gestures the rolling motion of a boat, and shaking himself as evidence of his weariness, announces that he has reached the end of his journey in safety, and that the scene is transferred to the spot at which he has arrived. And here we may ask had Shakespeare ever heard of the Chinese theatrical devices, as most assuredly no Chinaman ever heard of Shakespeare? Yet Bottom's scheme of making "some man or other to present wall, with some plaster, or some loam, or some rough cast about him to signify wall," is practically and actually carried out in China—as, for example, when a beleaguered city is the scene of action, then men

are heaped upon one another, and form "the wall" which is to be scaled or overthrown, and it is by mounting and tumbling over these bodies that the attacking and victorious heroes make their way into the stronghold.\*

The belief in witches, ghosts, good and evil spirits, is almost universal in China. The popular almanacks, which have an immense circulation, have many pages filled with pictorial representations and descriptions of strange creatures, "Gorgons, and hydras and chimeras dire," who frighten children and women; genii who bless or curse, with instructions as to the means of thwarting their mischievous, and conciliating their benevolent purposes. How to win the affections of another; to obtain sleep at night; to succeed in a commercial enterprise; to make a journey in safety; to prognosticate the weather; to win at a lottery; to secure the birth of male children; to reach a happy old age; such, and almost any other objects of desire, are to be obtained by the supernatural agencies which are introduced to the readers.

It is a general superstition in China that multitudes of hungry demons in various hideous forms are constantly wandering over the earth, being the souls of wicked men, who can find neither rest nor domicile; and the superstition affords abundant elements with which to move the popular mind. Spectral appearances and monsters of all sorts form, naturally enough, a considerable part of the theatrical machinery. They are, in fact, associated with all the business of life. At the entrance of every public office, of every temple, there are images of fierce dragons, and fanciful beasts and reptiles, intended to inspire the passers-by with awe and terror. On the floor of the stage there is a trap-door, through which ghosts and spirits mount to take their part in the proceedings, but they usually announce their coming by unspiritual vociferations, and ask for help from above to be pulled up by the shoulders, or to be pushed up by aid from below. As there is no delay over the shifting of scenes or the falling of curtains, the story pursues its uninterrupted course.

Examples throwing light on other characteristics of the Chinese drama will form the commencement of another paper.

### A FIGHT WITH FEVER.

WHEN, three years and a half ago, we told the story of the London Fever Hospital,† the season was healthy, and the great value of its shelter and care, even in sickly times, was less understood than it now is. Then there were not more than about thirty patients in its wards. Within less than a year from that time a severe epidemic raised the thirty to one hundred and seventy, and we told then how, at peril of their own lives, the officers and nurses of the hospital were engaged in mortal struggle with a

\* See Barrow's Travels in China, p. 220. Williams's Middle Kingdom, ii. 86.

† See Growth of a Hospital, vol. v., page 475.



disease that smites the poor and ignorant for neglects of the rich, who should be also the wise. But it punishes the rich too, when, from the overcrowded and unclean homes of ill-fed sufferers, Pestilence stalks, clothed in his own purple of the poisoned life-blood of man, into the homes of those who wear fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. The uninvited guest so comes to them, when they sit, it may be, at the Christmas feast, and lays a yellow hand upon the child who is the hope of a happy house, turning its delightful prattle into hard and eager ravings of delirium, drawing the rough black line upon the rosy lips, putting the stare of anxious pain into the eye that was brimful of laughter, and the twitch of bony little fingers in place of the plump caressing hand. Ah! the grief of the poor mother who has few of this world's joys, whose Christmas, at the merriest, is but a hungry one, when her heart also is set hungering and aching for the life of her child down with the fever. The wail of the children and the silent care of the man when it is the mother who lies talking wildly on the bed of pain! But if the breadwinner himself is down with fever, and has nothing to give but infection of the terrible disease, how great is the poor household's need of a protecting care? At the present happy holiday-time at which we write, there are two hundred and thirty patients in the London Fever Hospital. Some convalescent are about to return to the homes that, for their absence, have drooped more than ever into want and suffering. Some in their wild delirium know neither where they are nor what they suffer. But, well cared for and well fed, well supplied with brandy and wine, there is hope for most of them. It used to be said, "feed a cold and starve a fever." They will tell you differently about fever at the Fever Hospital.

There are very, very few forms of disease in which the question how to feed is not of more positive importance than the question how to physic. All cures are by the healthy operation of the natural forces marvellously devised by almighty wisdom for the sustenance of the body. Our food is the raw material they work with. Let them have a sufficient quantity of that, and they may be trusted to work marvels. Deprive them of that, in the belief that drugs are a sufficient substitute, and you are making the spade that digs their grave. Whatever the disease, the patient must be fed; and that, too, with more natural victual than can be supplied out of an apothecary's shop. To know how in each case to supply the always indispensable food in the most suitable and nutritive form, is the best half of the sound practice of physic. The administering of medicine is in many diseases quite unnecessary, though in some most valuable, and is a supplementary duty only well fulfilled by the practitioner who understands clearly that every grain or drop of a drug that is not wanted, is only so much hindrance to swift and complete recovery. The patients in the Fever Hospital, the greater

number of them suffering from the typhus or typhoid fever that want breeds, need above all things nourishing and stimulating food, and this they get.

But whence? The institution is wholly without endowment. Its support by subscriptions is hardly sufficient to keep it ready for its work in healthy seasons; when, therefore, the time of epidemic comes, the need is great for special help from a new body of supporters. During the past year the good service demanded of the hospital, and done by it, has been of unexampled magnitude. In the years eighteen hundred and sixty and sixty-one, the number of patients received into the London Fever Hospital were three hundred and ninety-one, and six hundred and forty-six. In the next following year the number admitted was two thousand six hundred and ninety-nine, the greatest number received in any year until that year 'sixty-four, which has now passed from us; the number of fever cases taken charge of in that last year having reached three thousand five hundred. On one day last September as many as twenty-seven fresh cases were taken in. That was an unexampled number, but often there are received at many as twenty in a day, and they are apt to come in a rush during about four hours of the afternoon and evening, when one patient is not in bed before another arrives at the door.

It is just a year since the committee of the hospital, having found its two hundred beds all insufficient for the public need, added, and opened for the reception of patients, a new wing, to contain sixty additional beds. This was opened in a season of increasing epidemic, just in time to prevent many fever cases from being sent back to be centres of infection in the overcrowded courts and alleys from which they are chiefly brought. During all the past year not a single case was turned back from the hospital doors for want of room, and the number cared for has been greater by nearly a thousand than in any former year.

How many lives outside are saved by the withdrawal of so many centres of infection from the hotbeds of London disease, it is impossible to calculate. It has been shown that their reception in the Fever Hospital involves a less amount of risk to the lives of medical men, nurses, students, or other patients, than their distribution into fever wards of the general hospitals. But all the diffused risk that, being saved to the community, lessens the general sacrifice of life, is concentrated among the medical officers and nurses of the Fever Hospital. The lesser and special is substituted for the greater and general risk, but that special risk is real, and known; and it is met deliberately, as a soldier meets the risk of battle, by all who are engaged at this hospital in disputing his prey with the gaunt typhus fiend.

The present resident medical officer was appointed in the summer of the year 'sixty-three. In September of that year, typhus redoubling strength, multiplied victims, and the labour of the contest became incessant, at a holiday-time



when, owing to the medical recess, it was difficult to get additional assistance. Short hours of rest and constant work under confinement in the fever wards, caused the medical officer himself to be laid on his back with fever, by the time help could be got. Then, the recess being over, it was not difficult to find a young soldier in the war against a dread disease, willing to meet the certainty of a wound, and the chance of its being a fatal one, in the cause of humanity. An assistant was given to him. Before the resident officer, whose place was then for a time supplied, had recovered from the attack by which he had been prostrated, his substitute was already down, and when the first resident officer was ready to return to the fight, the assistant was down too. A substitute who took that gentleman's place, was in three weeks a dead man, and the assistant himself got up only to be again knocked down by the disease. He has at last been forced to retire, crippled for a time only, we trust, by the enemy. His place was filled immediately by another fearless volunteer. Surely there are no men-at-arms who fight more truly and heroically the battles of their country than the hard-pressed medical officers of a place like this, who, when nine-tenths of the London world have been three or four hours a-bed, pass through the prostrate ranks of the fever-smitten, before retiring to the short and often broken rest that must refresh them for another day of battle with the grim destroyer. The bright moonlight, perhaps, that floods in through the ample windows, overpowers the night glimmer of gaslight in the spacious wards, and lies pale and quiet among ghostly shadows of its own making upon the floor, and upon the beds whence rise inarticulate mutterings of the fevered sleeper, or delirious cries of the wakeful, street cries, perhaps, from the sick costermonger, who supposes himself to be abroad earning his children's bread, or the plaintive child cry after "Mother," from little lips whose speech will never again upon earth make their fond music for a mother's ears. Or from the open space about the hospital the whole force of the night gale is to be heard and felt as it sweeps round the building with a clatter and a moan, to which the voices of delirium within blend themselves strangely, and the weird feeling that oppresses the weary soldier of humanity as he labours at such times upon his battle-field, is relieved only by the tranquil and homely figures of the nurses, who continually move about with jugs of beef-tea, egg-flip, and other needful supports of the sick against the wasting power of their enemy.

These nurses, too, risk life in the performance of a necessary and a noble duty. During the last year sixteen of them were struck down by typhus. Three of the sixteen died, most of the others are at their good work again, and form part of the seasoned staff of nurses, who are, so to speak, acclimatised to the conditions under which they work. Deplorable as is the loss of any one of them, it is to be borne in mind that this mortality among nurses at the Fever Hospital is very low in proportion to that which

happened during the same year at the few general hospitals which admit a limited number of fever cases into their wards.

To give their nurses the best chance of health, the Fever Hospital Committee has resolved to build for them fresh dormitories, so that upwards of six hundred cubic feet may be allowed to each occupant of a well-ventilated room. Here is a new work on the point of commencement, a new need of public help for those who are sheltering and tending the fevered poor of London, and not protecting the poor only, but all classes of society.

During the last year two hundred and thirty domestic servants, sixty shopmen and warehousemen, and three governesses, were received into the Fever Hospital out of the houses of their employers. Speedy removal to a place exactly fitted to their reception was an act of humanity that served a selfish purpose, by saving the family of many a wealthy private person from the danger of infection. A small admission fee of two guineas—be the case a long one or a short one—is all that is asked of non-subscribers when they send to the Fever Hospital servants or dependents who alarm their families with fever in the house. As for the poor, they have learnt to desire nothing better than admission to this hospital if fever seizes them. When thoroughly washed, put into a clean bed in one of its spacious wards, and sustained by the first taste of more suitable and nutritious food than they could get at home, a sigh of relief in those who retain enough of consciousness to know what is done about them, has a thousand times accompanied some such phrase as, "I don't know what would become of us poor if it were not for such a place as this!"

Many a widow's mite, many a heart's gratitude, speaks from the heap of grimy coppers and small silver coins that is, from time to time, taken out of the donation boxes placed in the corridors of the wards. If the rich were as generous to it as the poor, there would be no hospital in London so nobly endowed as this, which has absolutely no endowment whatever. Yet the admissions to it exceed those into any other hospital, except Guy's, Saint Bartholomew's, Saint Thomas's, and the London, all of them endowed magnificently by our forefathers.

### IN THE RING.

It was a most difficult position. An invasion *vi et armis*, by six charming English girls, upon the house of an elderly Scotch doctor, of small practice, slowly diminishing, in an out-of-the-way uninteresting town, whose few inhabitants live upon anything and do nothing. Yet, such was my fortune, I, Adam Black, commonly called Uncle Adam, probably for the excellent reason of my being uncle to nobody, and therefore to everybody, including these charming girls who had now made a raid upon me. So happy, laughing, loving, were they; full of admiration



of all they saw—Uncle Adam's house and garden, Uncle Adam's pony-chaise, and, they were pleased to say, Uncle Adam's agreeable society, that I should have been more than man if my heart had not speedily found itself riddled through and through.

"And now, uncle, since we mean to stay till to-morrow, how do you mean to amuse us?"

Of course, I would have done anything in reason, have given them a tea drinking; but that would have driven my housekeeper crazy; or a pic-nic, but ours is the identical part of the country when the traveller asking "Does it always rain?" was answered "Na, na,—whiles it snaws." Or I would have invited half a dozen young men for them to flirt with—but there never are any young men in our town—besides, I dislike flirtation. I like a man or woman to fall honestly in love and stick to it, quite ready either to marry or to die, as might be most expedient. But people neither marry for love, nor die for it, now-a-days. Which is rather a falling off, I opine.

But to the point. I could not allow my visitors to waste their sweetness on my desert air, and gay and pleasant as they always were, I fancied towards nightfall they began to weary.

"I'll tell you what, girls," said I, driven to sudden desperation by the youngest's proposing Readings from Young's Night Thoughts, and Pollok's Course of Time, by way of passing the evening, "I'll take you to the circus."

I saw a slight smile flit over three of the six pretty—well, the six nice-looking faces—for pleasant women always look nice to me. Certainly it was a long way to come from London to go to a circus in a small country town in Scotland.

But I assured them it was a most talented company, which had been in the town three months, and the troupe were highly respectable people (indeed, I had attended one of them professionally, but I did not think it necessary to state this). Moreover, I had been there myself, with a small patient who wanted a treat, and had enjoyed the evening as much as the child did. In short, as I told them, if my "nieces," though such stylish young ladies, would only condescend to make themselves children for the nonce, to take pleasure in innocent childish folly (there was a most capital "fool," by-the-by), I would answer for it they would be exceedingly well amused.

So they put on hats and shawls—no need of white gloves and opera cloaks here—and off we sallied, through the cool bright autumn evening, to the quiet street where the circus was, a large wooden, temporary building. I had passed it often on my walks into town, but took little notice of it, and no interest in it; according to the commonly received fact, that one half the world neither knows nor cares how the other half lives—till my accidental visit lately.

Since then I had often paused to listen in passing to the sounds within, the band playing,

and the horses galloping; to wonder if that bonnie bit girlie were still bounding through the flower-enwreathed hoops, and that agile boy turning somersaults after her, both on their "fiery steeds." Above all, what sort of thing was that "Wondrous performance of Signor Uberto on the Flying Trapeze," which had been announced night after night as the climax of attraction.

Poor Signor Uberto! it was him whom I had been doctoring; he had had a sore hand, which incapacitated him from professional duty. He seemed a very quiet respectable young fellow, and his name was John Stone. Of course I did not think it necessary to tell all this to my satirical young ladies; besides, a doctor's confidence should be always sacred, be his patient a circus performer or a king.

We produced quite a sensation when we entered; such a large and distinguished party, who monopolised the reserved seats, and represented seven half-crowns of honest British money. On the strength of which, I suppose, we received seven distinct bows from the gentleman who took it, a very fierce, be-whiskered, hippo-dramatic individual indeed. I knew him, though I hoped he did not recognise me. He was the Herr von Stein, proprietor and manager of the troupe, and Signor Uberto's father. It had been privately confided to me that "old Stone," as he was called in private life, was as hard as a flint, and he looked it. He grasped the half-crowns as if they were pound-notes, or twenty-pound notes, and crammed them into his pocket immediately.

The performances had already begun. From boxes and gallery were stretched out a mass of those honest eager faces which always make a minor theatre, or an accidental dramatic entertainment in the provinces, so very amusing. At least to me, who have seen so much of the dark side of life, that I like to see people happy, even for an hour, in any innocent way. There is a strong feeling in Scotland against "play-acting," but apparently the prejudice did not extend to quadrupedal performances, for I noticed a large gathering of the working and trading class in our town, with their wives and families. All were intently watching the careering round and round that magic "ring" of two beautiful horses, ridden by a boy and girl in the character of the "Highland Laddie and Lassie."

Ridden did I say? It was more like floating, flying, dancing—in and out, up and down—twirling and attitudinising in one another's arms—changing horses—galloping wildly, both on one horse. The boy was slim and graceful—the girl—why, she was a perfect little fairy, with her white frock, her tartan scarf, and the hood tying back her showers of light curly hair, that tossed, and whirled, and swirled, in all directions. Whether she stood, knelt, balanced herself on one leg, or wreathed herself about, in the supple way that these gymnasts do, she was equally picturesque. Not over-like an Highland lassie, such as



one sees digging potatoes in Perthshire, but still a most fascinating something else. The little creature seemed to enjoy it so herself; smiled, not with the dancer's stereotyped grin, but a broad honest childish smile, as she leaped down, made her final curtsey, and bounded along through the exit under the boxes.

There—among the group which seemed always hanging about there—the ring-master, the clown, and one or two young men—there crept forward a figure in black, a young woman, who met the Highland fairy, threw a shawl over her, and carried her off; a performance not set down in the bills, but which seemed to entertain the audience exceedingly.

The next diversion was a "Feat on Bottles, by Monsieur Ariel," who shall here go down to posterity as a proof of the many ingenious ways in which a man can earn a livelihood if he chooses. Two dozen empty bottles—ordinary "Dublin Stout"—are arranged in a double line across a wooden table. Enter a little fat man, in tights, and an eccentric cap, who bows, springs upon the table, and with a solemn and anxious countenance proceeds to step, clinging with his two feet, on to the shoulders of two of the bottles. This is Monsieur Ariel. He walks from bottle to bottle, displacing none, and never once missing his footing, till he reaches the end of the double line, then slowly turns, still balancing himself with the utmost care, as is necessary, and walks back again amidst thunders of applause. He then, after pausing, and wiping his anxious brows, proceeds to several other feats, the last of which consists in forming the bottles into a pyramid, setting a chair on top of them, where he sits, stands, and finally poises himself on his head for a second, to the breathless delight of all observers, turns a somersault, bows, and exit Monsieur Ariel. He has earned his nightly wage, and a tolerably hard-earned wage it is, to judge by his worn countenance.

But I cannot specify each of the performances, though, I confess, after-events photographed them all sharply on my mind. So that I still can see the "Dashing Act on a Bare-backed Horse," which was a series of leaps, backwards and forwards, turning and twisting, riding the beast in every sort of fashion, and on every part of him, except his ears and his tail; indeed, I think the equestrian gymnast was actually swept round the ring once or twice, clinging with arms and legs to the creature's neck. And the "Comic Performing Mules!" how delicious they were in their obstinacy! Perfectly tame and quiet, till one of the audience, by invitation, attempted to get on their backs, when, by some clever evolution, they gently slipped him over their noses, and left him biting the ignominious sawdust. One only succeeded—a youth in a groom's dress—who, after many failures, rode the mules round the ring; on which there was great triumph in the gallery, which felt that "our side" had won. For me—I doubt—since do I not in the next scene, the "Grand Hippodramatic Spectacle,

entitled Dick Turpin's Ride to York," behold that identical youth, red-headed and long-nosed, attired, not as a groom of the sixteenth century, but as a highwayman of the seventeenth, and managing a beautiful bay horse, at least as cleverly as he did the Performing Mule?

This Ride to York—my nieces remember it still—and declare that Robson—alas, poor Robson!—could not have acted *Dick Turpin* better. And for Black Bess, her acting was beautiful, or rather it was not acting, but obeying. The way the mare followed her master about, leaped the turnpike at Hornsey, crawled into the ring again—supposed near York—with her flanks all flecked with foam (and white chalk), drank the pail of brandy and water, and ate the raw beefsteak, was quite touching. When, at last, she sank down, in a wonderful simulation of dying, and poor *Dick*, in a despairing effort to rouse her, struck her with the whip—my eldest niece winced, and muttered involuntarily, "Oh, how cruel!"—And when, after a futile struggle to obey and rise, poor Black Bess turned, licked Turpin's coat-sleeve, and dropped with her head back, prone, stiff, and dead—most admirably dead—my youngest niece, a tender-hearted lassie, freely acknowledges that—she cried!

The last entertainment of the evening was the Flying Trapeze.

Not everybody knows what a trapeze is; a series of handles, made of short poles suspended at either end by elastic ropes, and fastened to the roof, at regular intervals, all across the stage. These handles are swung to and fro by the performer or his assistant; and the feat is to catch each one, swing backwards and forwards with it, and then to spring on to the next one, producing to the eyes of the audience, for a brief second or two, exactly the appearance of flying. Of course the great difficulty lies in choosing the precise moment for the spring, and calculating accurately your grasp of the next handle, since, if you missed it—

"Ah," said my eldest niece, with a slight shudder, "now I see the meaning of those mattresses, which they are laying so carefully under the whole line of the trapeze. And I understand why that man, who walks about giving directions, is so very particular in seeing that the handles are fastened securely. He looks anxious too, I fancy."

"Well he may. He is Signor Uberto's father."

"Then, is it anything very dangerous, or frightful? Perhaps we had better go?"

But it was too late, or we fancied it was. Besides, for myself, I did not wish to leave. That strange excitement which impels us often to stop and see the end of a thing, dreadful though it may be, or else some feeling for which I was utterly unable to account, kept me firm in my place. For just then, entering quickly by the usual door, appeared a small slight young man, who looked a mere boy indeed, and in his white tight-fitting dress, that showed every muscle of



an exceedingly delicate and graceful frame, was a model for a sculptor. He had long light hair, tied back with a ribbon, after the fashion of acrobats, and thin pale features, very firm and still. This was the Signor Uberto, who was going once more to risk his life—as every trapeze performer must risk it—for our night's amusement.

He stood, while his father carefully tried the fastenings of each handle, and examined the platform on which were laid the mattresses. But the youth himself did not look at anything. Perhaps he was so used to it that the performance seemed safe and natural—perhaps he felt it was useless to think whether it were so or not, since he must perform. Or, possibly, he took all easily, and did not think of anything.

But I could not help putting myself into the place of the young man, and wondering whether he really did recognise any danger, more especially as I saw, lurking and watching in the exit corner, somebody belonging to him—the young woman in black, who was his sister, I concluded, since when I visited him she had brought lint and rags and helped me to tie up his sore hand. Over this hand his father was exceedingly anxious, because every day's loss of performance was a loss to the treasury. This was the first day of the signor's reappearance, and the circus was full to the roof.

Popularity is seldom without a reason, and I do not deny that the flying trapeze is a very curious and even beautiful sight. In this case the extreme grace of the performer added to its charm. He mounted, agile as a deer, the high platform at the end of the circus, and swung himself off by the elastic ropes, clinging only with his hands, his feet extended, like one of the floating figures in pictures of saints or fairies. His father, standing opposite, and watching intently his time—for a second might prove either too late or too soon—threw the other trapeze forward to meet him. The young man dropped lightly into it, hanging a moment in air between whiles, apparently as easily as if he had been born to fly, then gave himself another swing, and alighted safely at the far end of the platform.

This feat he accomplished twice, thrice, four times, each time with some slight variation, and more gracefully than the last, followed by a low murmur of applause—the people were too breathless to shout. The fifth time, when one had grown so familiar with the performance that one had almost ceased to shudder, and began to regard the performer not as a human creature at all, with flesh and blood and bones, but as some painted puppet, or phantasmal representation on a wall—the fifth time he missed his grasp of the second trapeze, and fell.

It was so sudden;—one moment the sight of that flying figure—the next, a crash on the matted platform, on its edge, from which rolled off a helpless something, falling with a heavy thud on the sawdust floor below.

I heard a scream—it might be from one of my

girls, but I could not heed them. Before I well knew where I was, I found myself with the young man's head on my knee, trying to keep off the crowd that pressed round.

"Is he dead?"

"Na, na—he's no deid. Give him some whisky. He's coming to, puir laddie."

But he did not "come to," not for hours, until I had had him taken to the nearest available place—which happened to be my own house, for his lodgings were at the other end of the town.

All the long night that I sat by the poor young man's bedside, I felt somehow as if I had murdered him, or helped to do it. For had I not "followed the multitude to do evil," added my seven half-crowns to tempt him, or rather the skin-flint father who was making money by him, to risk his life for our amusement? True, he would have done it all the same had I not been there; but still I was there. I and my young ladies had swelled the number which had lured him on to his destruction, and I felt very guilty. What they felt, poor dears, I do not know; it was quite impossible for me to take any heed of them. My whole attention was engrossed by the case. I wonder if people suppose us surgeons hardened because we get into the habit of speaking of our fellow-creatures merely as "a case."

No one hindered my doing what I would with my patient, so I had him removed to my own room—the spare rooms being occupied—examined him, and set a simple fracture of the arm, which was the only visible injury. Then I sat and watched him, as conscience-stricken as if I had been one of the old Roman emperors at a gladiator show, or a modern Spanish lady at a bull-fight, or a fast young English nobleman hiring rooms at the Old Bailey in order to witness a judicial murder. For had I not sat calmly by, a spectator of what was neither more nor less than murder? Somebody behind me seemed to guess at my thought.

"If he had died, doctor, I should always have said he had been murdered."

There was an intensity in the voice which quite startled me, for she had kept so quietly in the background that I had scarcely noticed her till now—the young woman in black. She was not a pretty young woman—perhaps not young at all—being so deeply pitted with small-pox that her age became doubtful to guess at; but she had kind soft eyes, an intelligent forehead, and an excessively sweet English voice.

If there is one thing more than another by which I judge a woman, it is her voice; not her set "company" voice, but the tone she speaks in ordinarily or accidentally. *That* never deceives. Looks may. I have known fair-faced blue-eyed angels, and girls with features as soft and lovely as hours, who could talk in most dulcet fashion till something crossed them, and then out came the hard metallic ring, which always indicates that curse of womanhood—worst of all faults except untruthfulness—*temper*. And I have heard voices, belonging to the plainest of faces, which



were deep and soft, and low like a thrush's in an April garden. I would rather marry the woman that owned such a voice than the prettiest woman in the world.

This young woman had one, and I liked her instantaneously.

"Who are you, my dear?" I whispered. "His sister?"

"He has none—nor brother either."

"His cousin, then?"

"No."

I looked my next question, and she answered it with the simple honesty I expected from the owner of that voice.

"John and I were playfellows; then we kept company five years, and meant to be married next month. His father was against it, or it would have been sooner. But Johnny wished to stop trapezeing and settle in some other line; and Old Stone wanted money, and wouldn't let him go. At last they agreed for six more performances, and this was the first of the six."

"He'll never perform more," said I, involuntarily.

"No, he couldn't with that arm. I am very thankful for it," said she, with a touching desperate clutch at the brightest side of things.

How could I tell her what I begun every hour more to dread, that the broken arm was the least injury which had befallen the young man; that I feared one of those concussions to the spine, which are often produced by a fall from a height, or a railway injury, and which, without any external wound, cripples the sufferer for years or for life.

"No, he never shall do anything o' that sort again," continued she. "Father or no father, I'll not have him murdered." And there came a hard fierceness into her eyes, like that of a creature who has long been hunted down, and at last suddenly turns at bay.

"Where is his father? he has not come near him."

"Of course not. He's a precious coward is Old Stone, and as sharp as a needle after money, or at keeping away when money's likely to be wanted. But don't be afraid. I've myself got enough to pay you, sir. That's all the better. He is *my* Johnny now."

This was the most of our conversation, carried on at intervals, and in whispers, during the night. My fellow-watcher sat behind the curtain, scarcely moving, except to do some feminine office, such as building up the fire noiselessly, coal by coal, as nurses know how, handing me anything I required of food or medicine. Or else she sat motionless with her eyes fixed on the death-white face; but she never shed a tear. Not till, in the dawn of morning, the young man woke up in his right senses, and spoke feebly, but articulately.

"Doctor, thank you. I knew you, and I know what's happened. Only, just one word. I want Dorothy. Please fetch Dorothy."

"Yes, Johnny," spoken quite softly and composedly. "Yes, Johnny. I'm here."

It was a difficult case. The first-rate Edinburgh surgeon, whom, doubting my own skill, I fetched next day, could make nothing of it. There were no injuries, external or internal, that could be traced, except the broken arm; the young man lay complaining of nothing, perfectly conscious and rational, but his lower limbs apparently paralysed.

We called in a third doctor; he, too, was puzzled; but he said he had known one such case, where, after a railway accident, a man had been brought home apparently uninjured, but having received some severe nervous shock, probably to the spine. He had been laid upon his bed, and there he lay yet, though it was years ago; suffering little, and with all his faculties clear, but totally helpless; obliged to be watched over and waited upon like an infant, by his old wife.

"For he was an old man, and he had a wife, which was lucky for him," added Doctor A. "It's rather harder for that poor young fellow, who may have to lie as he does now for the rest of his days."

"Hush!" I said, for he was talking loud in the passage, and close behind us stood poor Dorothy. I hoped she had not heard, but the first sight of her face convinced me she had; only women have at times a self-control that is almost awful.

Whether it was that I was afraid to meet her, I do not know, but I stepped quickly out of the house, and walked a mile or more to the railway station with my two friends. When I returned, the first thing I saw was Dorothy, waiting on the stair-head, with my housekeeper beside her. For, I should observe, that good woman did not object nearly so much to a poor dying lad as to an evening party, and had taken quite kindly to Dorothy.

Yes, she had heard it all, poor girl, and I could not attempt to deceive her; indeed, I felt by instinct that she was a person who could not be deceived; to whom it was best to tell the whole truth; satisfied that she would bear it well. She did, wonderfully. Of course I tempered it with the faint consolation, that doctors are sometimes mistaken, and that the young man had youth on his side; but there the truth was, blank and bare, nor did I pretend to hide it.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you for telling me all. My poor Johnny!"

I took her into the parlour, and gave her a glass of wine.

"I don't need it, sir; I'm used to sick-nursing. I nursed my sister till she died. We were dress-makers, and then Johnny got me as costume-maker to the circus. I can earn a good deal by my needle, sir."

This seemed far away from the point, and so did her next remark.

"His father won't help him, sir, you'll see, not a halfpenny. He's got another—wife he calls her, and a lot of other children, and doesn't care twopence for Johnny."

"Poor fellow!"



"He isn't a poor fellow," she answered, sharply, "he's a very clever fellow; can read, and write, and keep accounts; he was thinking of trying for a clerk's situation. With that, and my dressmaking, we should have done very well, if we had once been married."

I hardly knew what to answer. I felt so exceedingly sorry for the poor girl, and yet she did not seem to feel her affliction. There was a strange light in her eyes, and a glow on her poor plain face, very unlike one whose whole hopes in life had just been suddenly blasted.

"Doctor," the voice went to my heart despite its bad grammar, and horrible English pronunciation, dropped h's and all, "may I speak to you, for I've nobody else, not a soul belonging to me, but Johnny. Will you let him stop here for a week or two?"

"A month, if necessary."

"Thank you. He shall be no trouble to you. I'll take care of that. Only, there's one thing to be done first. Doctor, I must marry Johnny."

She said it in such a matter-of-fact tone, that at first I doubted if I had rightly heard.

"Marry him? Good Heavens. You don't mean—"

"Yes I do, sir. Just that."

"Why, he will never be able to do a hand's turn of work for you—may never rise from his bed; will have to be tended like an infant for months, and may die after all."

"No matter, sir. He'd rather die with me than with anybody. Johnny loves me. I'll marry him."

There was a quiet determination about the woman which put all argument aside. And, Heaven forgive me! if it needs to be forgiven, I tried none. I am an old-fashioned fellow, who never was so happy as to have any woman loving me; but I have known enough of women to feel surprised at nothing they do, of this sort. Besides, I thought, and think still, that Dorothy was right, and that she did no more than was perfectly natural under the circumstances.

"And now, sir, how is it to be managed?"

Of course the sooner it was managed the better, and I found, on talking with her, that she had already arranged it all in her own mind. She had lived long enough in Scotland to be aware that a Scotch irregular marriage was easy enough; simply by the parties declaring themselves husband and wife before witnesses; but still her English feelings and habits clung to a marriage "by a proper clergyman." She was considerably relieved when I explained to her that if she put in the banns that Friday night—they might be "cried" on Sunday in the parish kirk, and married by my friend the minister, to whom I would explain the matter, on Monday morning.

"That will do," she said. "And now I must go up-stairs and speak to Johnny."

What she said to him, or how he received it, is impossible for me to relate. They told me nothing, and I did not inquire. It was not my business; indeed, it was nobody's business but their own.

Now, though I may be a very foolish old fellow, romantic, with the deep-seated desperate romance which, my eldest niece avers, underlies the hard and frigid Scotch character (I suspect she has her own reasons for studying it so deeply), still, I am not such a fool as I appear. Though I did take these young people into my house, and was quite prepared to assist at their marriage, considering it the best thing possible for both under the circumstances, still I was not going to let them be married without having fully investigated their antecedents.

I went to the circus, and there tried vainly to discover the Herr von Stein, whose black-bearded head I was sure I saw slipping away out of the ring, where the "Highland Lassie," in a dirty cotton frock, and a dirtier face, was careering round and round on her beautiful horse, while in the centre, on the identical table of the night before—what an age it seemed ago!—a little fat man in shirt-sleeves and stocking soles was walking solitarily and solemnly upon bottles.

From him—Monsieur Ariel, who had been inquiring more than once at my house to-day, leaving his name as "Mr. Higgins"—I gained full confirmation of Dorothy Hall's story. She and John Stone were alike respectable and well-conducted young people, and evidently great favourites in the establishment. Then, and afterwards, I also learnt a few other facts, which people are slow to believe everywhere, especially in Scotland, namely, that it is quite possible for "play-actors," and even circus performers, to be very honest and decent folk; and then, in fact, it does not do to judge of anybody by his calling, but solely by himself and his actions.

I hope, therefore, that I am passing no uncharitable judgment on the Herr von Stein, if I simply relate what occurred between us, without making any comment on his actions.

Finding he could not escape me, and that I sent message after message to him, he at last returned into the ring, and there—while the horses still went prancing round, the little girl continued her leaping, and we caught the occasional click-click of Monsieur Ariel practising among his bottles—the father stood and heard what I had to tell him concerning his son.

He was a father, and he seemed a good deal shocked, for about three minutes. Then he revived.

"It's very unfortunate, doctor; especially so for me, with my large family. What am I to do with him? What," becoming more energetic, "what the devil am I to do with him?"

And—perhaps it was human nature, paternal nature, in its lowest form, as you may often see it in the police columns of the Times newspaper—when I told him that the only thing he had to do was to give his consent to his son's marriage with Dorothy Hall, he appeared first greatly astonished, and then as greatly relieved.

"My consent? Certainly. They're both five-and-twenty—old enough to know their own minds—and have been courting ever so long. She's an excellent young woman; can earn a good in-



come too. Yes, sir. Give them my cordial consent, and, in case it may be useful to them—this.”

He fumbled in his pocket, took out an old purse, and counted out into my hand, with an air of great magnificence, five dirty pound notes. Which was all that I or anybody else ever saw of the money of the Herr von Stein.

When I gave them, with his message, to Dorothy, she crumpled them up in her fingers, with a curious sort of smile, but she never spoke one word.

Uncle Adam has been at many a marriage, showy and quiet, gay and grave, hearty and heartless, but he is ready to declare, solemnly, that he never saw one which touched him so much as that brief ceremony, which took place at the bedside of John Stone, the trapeze performer. It did not occupy more than ten minutes, for in the bridegroom's sad condition the slightest agitation was to be avoided. My housekeeper and myself were the only witnesses, and the whole proceeding was made as matter-of-fact as possible.

The bride's wedding dress was the shabby old black gown, which she had never taken off for three days and nights, during which she, my housekeeper, and I, had shared incessant watch together; her face was very worn and weary, but her eyes were bright, and her voice steady. She never faltered once till the few words which make a Scotch marriage were ended, and the minister—himself not unmoved—had shaken hands with her and wished her every happiness.

“Is it all done?” said she, half bewildered.

“Ay, lassie,” answered my old housekeeper, “ye're married, sure enough.”

Dorothy knelt down, put her arms round Johnny's neck, and laid her head beside him on the pillow, sobbing a little, but softly even now.

“Oh my dear, my dear! nothing can ever part us more.”

The wonderful circus of Herr von Stein has left our town a long time ago. It took its departure, indeed, very soon after the dreadful trapeze accident, which of course got into all the local papers, and was discussed pretty sharply all over the country. Nay, the unfortunate Signor Uberto, alias John Stone, had the honour of being made the subject of a *Times* leader, and there was more than one letter in that paper suggesting a subscription for his benefit. But it came out somehow that his father was a circus proprietor of considerable means, and so the subscription languished, never reaching beyond thirty odd pounds, with which benevolence the public was satisfied.

I believe John Stone was satisfied too, that is, if he ever heard of it, which is doubtful; for during the earlier weeks and months of his illness his wife took care to keep everything painful from him; and so did I, so long as they

remained under my roof. This was a good deal longer than was at first intended, for my housekeeper became so attached to Mrs. John Stone, that she could not bear to let them go. And the poor fellow himself was, as Dorothy had promised, “no trouble,” almost a pleasure in the house, from his patience, sweetness, and intelligence.

When they left me, they went to a small lodging hard by, where the wife set up dressmaking, and soon got as much work as ever she could do, among my patients, and the townspeople generally. For some enthusiastic persons took an interest in her, and called her “a heroine;” though, I confess, I myself always objected to this, and never could see that she had done any more than what was the most right and natural thing for a woman to do, supposing women were as they used to be in my young days, or as I used to think them.

But, heroine or not, Dorothy prospered. And in process of time her love was rewarded even beyond her hopes. Her husband's mysterious affliction gradually amended. He began to use his feet, then his legs, and slowly recovered, in degree, the power of walking. Not that he ever became a robust man; the shock of his fall, acting on an exceedingly delicate and nervous frame, seemed to have affected all the springs of life; but he was no longer quite invalided and helpless, and by-and-by he began anxiously to seek for occupation. I hardly know which was the happiest, himself or Dorothy, when I succeeded in getting him employment as a writer's copying clerk, with as much work as filled up his time, and saved him from feeling, what he could not but feel—though I think he did not feel it very painfully, he loved her so—that his wife was the sole bread-winner.

When I go to see them now, in their cheery little home of two rooms, one devoted to dress-making, the other, half kitchen, half bedroom, in which John sits, and where Dorothy, with her usual habit of making the best of things, has accommodated Scotch ways to her English notions of comfort and tidiness—I say, when I go to see these two, so contented, and devoted to one another, I often think that among many fortunate people, I have seen far less happy couples than John and Dorothy.

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXV. THE CLOVEN FOOT.

At Lady Laura's entertainment was seen Mr. Romaine and the blanchange-faced new Mrs. Massinger. There were others, too, of good quality; for young Spendlesham had said that he did not like being "put down" with all sorts of low people. He had his dance, and his many dances, with other young ladies besides Blanche; but he used to come up with his handkerchief to his face, saying, "Well, this is wonderful fun!" Before the night was over he was beside "Lady Lau," pouring into her ear details of a new scheme.

"I say, we must indeed. These things are so easy to get up, and you can hire dresses and properties." The youth was alluding to the entertainment known as Tableaux Vivans. "How we used to get them up at Spendlands! I was Cardinal Wolsey. I could get the dress again, I know."

The veteran's heart sank within her at the costly nature of this species of show, and some faint protest escaped her, something about the "smallness of their house." The youth, sensitive and selfish, laughed this off pleasantly. "Small! Not a bit of it," he said; "we shall squeeze them all in. It will be splendid. Leave it to me." Lady Laura, who felt that this, indeed, if laid on, would be the last straw upon the sadly worn and strained camel's back, in these desperate straits thought of a dismal ruse. She was looking round mysteriously, and putting her face close to Young Spendlesham's with marvellous significance. "It would be charming," she said; "such a treat for the girls! But you know old Lady Bowler, next door, you understand, she would let loose her whole conventicle on the poor children, and then, you know, she is dreadful, my dear. Lord, you don't know how she embitters our life."

This social exhumation of Lady Bowler had its effect, and silenced the youth. But he was sullen and aggrieved. "Very well," he said; "just as you like. It makes no matter, none in the world. The Chillingworths said something to me about it yesterday, and they have *such* a 'jolly room.'"

Lady Laura had still her smile "on;" but it was a sickly smile. At this moment came up

Blanche, with an officer in custody. The bright young creature, full of natural warmth and animation, was eager for news.

"You have settled it all," she said, enlarging the officer, "I see you have. Isn't it delightful, mamma? Lord Spendlesham says I am to be Pomona, and be all over gold apples."

The youth's hands found their way gloomily to the depths of his pockets. "O, no! No, no!" he said, "it's all given up; that is, at your house; and there's some tract woman or Methodist that won't have it. But it makes no matter. I shall get it up at the Chillingworths'."

The look of reproach and silent agony that the dutiful child flung at her mother, would be hard to describe. "It is all a mistake," she said. "Nonsense. Mamma doesn't mean it."

Lady Laura saw by this time that delay would be fatal; so she bent down her poor overloaded worn bleeding camel's hump, and took up this last burden with assumed cheerfulness.

The whole was settled that night. Young Spendlesham laid out reckless schemes of expense. He enlisted arbitrarily a whole corps before the night was over. "I tell you who I have made up my mind to have; that little Mrs. Fermor."

"Charles's wife?" cried Blanche, faintly.

"Do you know, I like Charles's wife," said the young lord, pleasantly. "There is something so smart and quick about her. I am sure she is good fun. Yes, we shall have Charles's wife, but not Charles himself. There's Romaine. I must speak to him."

Fermor—the poor pariah of the party, the interdicted from the fire and water of conversation—kept at the door. He had now grown sensitive, scorning to intrude himself or his gifts upon mammas with absently roving eyes and business-like daughters.

Standing in this mood, he saw Hanbury come up the stairs—the new and changed Hanbury, with his curious mournful manner. He seemed to bring with him all the old Eastport associations, and Fermor walked hastily away. "He will be coming to me," he thought, "and playing off his new Werner character. He means all the women to be pointing to him, and wanting to know the story of his blighted heart. I wish to Heaven I was out of this place, and out of the whole concern!"



In a few minutes Hanbury was beside him. "I am so glad, Fermor," he said. "It is so long since I have seen you."

"You come out to parties, it seems?" said Fermor, with a half sneer.

"Not often," said Hanbury, sadly. "I never cared for such things, as I dare say you recollect. What has brought me here to-night was the hope of meeting you. I had something to tell you. Just come out here on the stairs."

"Why not here?" said Fermor, more and more resenting the "Werner manner."

"I know," said John Hanbury, interpreting all this, and coming back the little way he had gone, "that I never succeeded in making myself a friend of yours, and that by some unfortunate mistake we never were as well known to each other as we might have been. Something came in the way. I did not understand you; very likely you did not understand me. I know I am rough, and have my faults. Perhaps, if we had both tried sincerely to be more at one, a hundred things might not have happened. But that is all past."

Again this tone grated on Fermor. Had Hanbury said merely that *he* could not understand Fermor, and that if *he* had tried to do so, he could not, it would have been more deferential.

"I never try to understand any man," said Fermor, coldly. "It is too much trouble. I take what is on the surface. But this business, as you say—what do you wish me to do for you?"

John Hanbury shook his head, as though he said, "You *will* not understand me. Very well:" he said; "it is about yourself, Fermor. You know there are not many things in life that I have much interest in now. The Manuels and their happiness is all I think of. What they love and have loved, I care for. There was one, Fermor, whom we knew, and whose dear memory we cling to, and it is for her sake, and for the sake of what I know were her last wishes, that I now—"

"I don't know what object you have," said Fermor, colouring, "in making these allusions, or in bringing up this subject; but I must tell you plainly I do not choose to discuss it."

"This is the way," said John Hanbury, hopelessly. "I always say more than I mean, and I know I am blunt and rough in approaching subjects. But, Fermor, listen to me. I say I would do anything for the Manuels. And you, Fermor, do not see the world so much now—at least, have not the opportunity of hearing what I can hear. Do forgive me if I speak too plainly; but it is indeed for your interest. I don't know how to approach it, and I am sure you will not like it, but I must speak. I know it would be her wish. Mrs. Fermor is so gentle, so trustful, so—"

"Now, Mr. Hanbury," said Fermor, his voice trembling, "I must request that this subject will not be pursued. You are, as you say, well meaning, though unfortunate in your manner. I don't want to hear about it. I don't want

advice from *any* man. I can manage my own house. Everybody seems to think they can lecture me about my own concerns; and I tell you again, I don't require it."

"But you don't know the danger," said Hanbury. "You don't see what is coming. I know more than you think. It is my duty to warn you, no matter how you may take it. That Romaine, I tell you, is not the man to be so intimate at your house, and you should look after it. Forgive me, but every one is talking of it."

"Once more," said Fermor, excitedly, "I tell you to stop this, Mr. Hanbury. I won't take it. So *you* wish to be an adviser? You must excuse me for saying that I shall not come to you for assistance. Your counsels, as regards your own interest, have not been so very successful."

"No, indeed," said he, sadly; "you are right. But I must tell you this, at all risks. I know your affairs. There is that Sir John Westende: he is a dangerous man. You should go to him, and conciliate him. Ask Lady Laura, and she will tell you the same."

This was past endurance.

"You won't take a hint, Mr. Hanbury?" said he, struggling to be calm. "Let me ask you, do you wish to quarrel, or to hear something from me that I should be sorry to have said?"

"O, you shall not quarrel with me," said Hanbury, calmly, and turning away. "Nothing that you could say," he added, solemnly, "shall ever offend me. There are reasons why you should be privileged. You seem blinded, Fermor: you will not be guided; but I shall not desist. I shall help you in spite of yourself."

The state he felt Fermor in may be conceived. He always felt agony under the sense of this air of what he took for superior patronage.

He saw Romaine come over to Mrs. Fermor, and pitch his chair close to hers, as it might be a tent. She was in a corner, and Mr. Romaine's tent quite cut her off from the company. He then began to talk with great earnestness. Fermor's falling on this new situation, and Fermor's memory suggesting to him the stories the good-natured friend had told him, the effect was as of scarlet cloth tossed and shaken before him.

"Look at Orson," said Mr. Romaine, moodily, "how he is glaring at us!"

Mrs. Fermor looked up innocently, but did not see which face he meant.

"Orson?" she said; "whom do you call by that ugly name?"

"Don't you see," he said, "*your* conjugal Orson? You know what I mean."

Mrs. Fermor, colouring as she always did, moved back her chair a little, and half rose.

"You can't mean *that*," she said, "I am sure not. At least, if you do, I must go to the person you mention so disrespectfully."

"Exactly," he said, without moving. "Always the way—every little idle word caught up and registered. Why, I call every husband Orson. What are they all but Orsons—brutes—irreclaimable savages? What am I myself? And



what do you think me in your heart of hearts, but a wild, untamed Orson, fresh from the woods?"

Mrs. Fermor felt a twinge. She felt for this poor rude man, who had no friends; no kith nor kin, and who was grateful for a little sympathy, and over whom *she held such a secret power*. So she said quickly, "No, no, I don't agree to that. You are not so bad."

"How good *you* are," he said, with grateful eyes. "I am but an acquaintance, but those who know you better, how *they* must appreciate; for instance, your husband, whom I so thoughtlessly and irreverently called 'Orson.' How he must prize and cherish, how 'uxorious'—is not that the word?—he must be, even to fatigue; he must play the doting husband to perfection! Eh?"

Again the old doubting look came on Mrs. Fermor's face. She did not answer. A pink, handsome, and rather foolish face, came to Mr. Romaine, and said:

"I say, Romaine, why don't you come. My wife has sent me for you. She has all sorts of secrets, and has been signalling this half-hour?"

Romaine threw Mrs. Fermor a look of significance, as who should say, "You see." He stooped over and said, in a low voice, "Do you know what is behind all this? Riding to-morrow in the Park—a pic-nic the day after—then a three weeks' visit down at Massinger. They are filling their house, and *she* says they can't get on without me. These are the little secrets. Give a poor outcast your advice—come."

Mrs. Fermor, with glowing cheeks, could not restrain her little smile of pride. She had the bold dangerous man completely in her power, to mould him for his own good. "You won't go," she said. "You must not go; at least, I have no influence, I know, but—"

"No influence!" he said. "Well, I say nothing of that. They will have their plays—'amateur theatricals,' as they call them. They will make me the 'premier amoureux.' Why, even that donkey Spendlesham is getting them up. Tableaux, he calls them. They are to have you. He has just asked me. Ah! you could act! What parts shall we choose—Alexander and the two Queens, or Petrarch and his Laura?"

A little bewildered at this rambling speech, Mrs. Fermor could only say, "O no, indeed I could not."

"You no influence?" he went on. "Yes, you have. I confess it. I have felt it for weeks back growing steadily every day. I cannot trust myself, but I can trust you. Don't think that your life is not known to me, and that I do not feel for you. I know what goes on in your house. I know—and forgive me for saying so—that there has been one more fatal mistake added to the tremendous list of mistakes, now nearly full—"

"Mr. Romaine," she began, much frightened.

"I confess," he went on, "at first I met you with that indifference which I feel for every woman. But this has been wearing away. It is altogether worn away *now*. Oh, you might do much with me—much more than you have done.

But things cannot go on always as they go on now. My heart burns to see one that I call Orson so cold and neglectful, when there is one, as you know and understand—"

"I *do* understand," said she, in a perfect tumult of terror and surprise, and trembling with agitation. "At last—O let me out—let me go! You shouldn't have done this, Mr. Romaine—for shame, for shame! O let me out quick—let me pass!"

He never moved. "That is well done," he said. "Now *I* go on. 'O lovely Laura! what rage in those flashing eyes! You cannot conceal the flutterings of your heart,' and so on— We shall do it very well together on Spendlesham's boards."

For a moment she was astounded at this readiness and coolness; but in another moment the earnestness of his first speech came back upon her, and she said again, "O for shame, for shame! It was very cruel of you! O, what do you mean? Now let me go; and you must never, never speak to me again."

At this moment Fermor came striding up. He had been looking on. He pushed past Romaine rather rudely, put out his arm for his wife, and said, in a fierce whisper, "Come away at once. You seem lost to all shame! You are making me the talk of the room. Come at once. Come home. You shall answer to me for this!"

The little woman, so warm and impetuous, had behaved nobly and chivalrously, as she fancied. She was firmly determined never to open her lips to Romaine again; and yet *this* was her reward!

Fermor saw the resentment in her face. "I suppose you mean to brave me here, before all these people?" He was beside himself with rage. "Come away, I say—have at least some semblance of respect and decency."

"Respect and decency!" said Romaine, laughing. "What odd words you use, my good Fermor."

"Would you allow us to go by?" said Fermor, with forced politeness.

"With all my heart," said the other. "But you gave us such a start. We were talking of such interesting things. But all secrets, remember, Mrs. Fermor; or your husband will have me out the first thing in the morning."

This, though spoken gaily, contained a hint for Mrs. Fermor, which she could not but take.

Fermor made no reply, but hurried her down stairs. "We must see about this," he said, under his breath, "and settle the thing one way or the other. You are at perfect liberty to consult your own reputation as you please, but I am determined I shall *not* be made the laughing-stock of the town. I am not to be compromised."

He felt her arm trembling on his, but she said nothing. Here was injustice—monstrous, killing injustice. Something like the shade of a blight flashed across her.

As they went home in the little dark brougham there was one of the old stormy miserable



scenes. "You can have no respect for me, and none for yourself," said the little woman, trembling, "to say such things." She was about to add, "if you only knew;" but she was checked, for she felt that she dare not even hint at Romaine's behaviour. "You never speak to me kindly; you never take me anywhere; you never encourage, never protect me, as I see other husbands treat their wives. No, but you are too cold, and care for nothing in the wide world but for yourself. As Mr. Romaine says"—and she was about to quote that speech of his about "fatal mistakes," but she stopped in alarm.

"Go on," said he, with forced calmness; "pray tell us what Mr. Romaine says. So it is come to this," he said, with a new burst. "But it serves me right. They warned me in time, but I foolishly would not listen."

With quivering lip Mrs. Fermor retorted—she was very quick of temper, it must be repeated—"And I was warned too. But I should like to know who has gained most by the affair. I tell you, you will not dispose of me as you did of others. *My heart shall not be broken, nor shall I wear myself into the grave to suit your plans.*"

"No fear, indeed," said he, with a trembling voice. "She was an angel, a gentle, quiet, sweet, angel. God forgive me for that crime, it was the great mistake of my life. I did not know what I was doing. I must have been mad."

"And you speak of it in this way to me," said Mrs. Fermor, beside her little wits, from grief, and wounded vanity, and rage; "why not tell me, next, that you married me for papa's money. Go on and finish; we may as well hear it all out now!"

"Suppose I say I did," replied he, unable to resist the taunt; it was now a battle à outrance. "Suppose I say that I did. It was what they called a good match. It is not the first thing of the kind that has been done! It was an unfortunate day for me, God knows! I might have been happy and peaceful now—in my proper station in society which I have lost, instead of being—Confusion!" he added, in a fresh burst, as he thought of all his wrongs and insults: "I have been a fool and a madman! But I tell you I shall see to all this, and it *shall* be changed. They shan't point to me as a cypher, nor shall any of the rude low admirers you choose to encourage make me their butt. Never!" he added, vehemently. "So, as a beginning, I insist and require and command that you never exchange a word in future with that man Romaine."

"How can you speak in this way to me?" said she, hysterically.

"Mind what I have told you; and I shall see that you do what you are told to do. I shall see myself that it is done. I want no argument."

"We shall see," said Mrs. Fermor, with defiance.

Not a word more was spoken on that dismal passage home. When they entered, she flew upstairs, and rushed into her father's room.

## CHAPTER XXVI. A DISCOVERY.

GRIM Mr. Carlay was reading when his daughter entered, and flung herself down at his knees, sobbing and crying hysterically. Her rich long hair had broken from all fastening, and came tumbling about her in a shower.

"My heart is breaking," she said; "help me, papa. He is killing me!"

A spasm of pain passed over his face for a moment, and he drew a deep sigh.

"My poor child," he said, with wonderful affection for so grim a being. "The old story; I knew it was hurrying on to this. We try every one else, and, after all, we come back to the old father or mother."

"But O!" continued she, "he has dared to slander me; to insult me publicly. He is killing me. This very night——"

"I understand," said he. "I know it all. I have at last come to know him thoroughly. He is a wretch without a heart; faithless and unworthy of you and your affection."

"He has insulted me!" she said, starting up with a fierce pride. "I shall never forget it. I shall never forgive it. If he only knew that at the very instant he was accusing me—at that moment I was behaving in a way that he should have been proud of! But let he himself take care. He talks about being sensitive of his own reputation, and about being pointed at. I say, papa, let *him* take care!"

"These are no discoveries to me," said her father, sadly.

"Then why," said she, turning round, "why did you let me be sacrificed? He tells me now openly that it was your money he wanted, and that he sold himself. Why did you allow this sale, if you knew so much, papa?"

"My darling," said he, "I thought your heart was set upon it, and I wished to gratify you in every way. I was foolish—stupid, but," said he, rising and stalking to the door, "it is not too late yet. I have worse to tell you, darling; things which it is right that you should know. Things that I have discovered. For I have not been shut up all day and night among musty books. I have been searching, watching—spying, some would say—but all for you."

"Yes," said she, eagerly; "tell me all, papa!"

He went on hurriedly:

"I suspected *him* from the beginning. Men do not forsake their homes and always be found abroad, or be harsh to their wives, without some outside reason. I know the world pretty well. These things repeat each other every day and every hour. What would you say if that friend of your heart—that bright noble Miss Manuel—whom you watched in sickness, and have almost worshipped, who has kissed you, as you told me, over and over again——"

Mrs. Fermor started back. "Impossible!" she said. "You don't know her, father. What has she done, then?"

"She is your enemy. She it is, who has drawn away your husband from you. This is the secret



of his absences. She has been trading on the old miserable vanity with which he is stuffed. He has been there day after day. Nights, when he was away till three and four, he was at her suppers. He was watching for her in the Parks, hanging about her street, about her carriage. And all because she made some speech that has set his pride rampant. And she your friend, whom you almost saved from death. In this way she repays you!"

Mrs. Fermor was looking at him quite scared. "O no, no," she said, in a low voice, and drawing back; "this is not so. You don't know her."

"Ah, listen!" he said, catching her by the hand. "How *could* she like *you*? You are in her sister's place. It is not in human nature. You had better know the worst, darling. Look here!" and he opened his desk, and took out some half a dozen letters, which he opened slowly, one after the other. "Would you not know her writing? Look at this," and he showed her first that old letter of Miss Manuel's, in which she had invited Fermor to her supper, and then others in the same strain; notes, note-lets, long, short; on large paper, on small paper, and on tiny scraps, signed only with initials; all the tokens, in short, of an intimate relation. "Here are answers," he went on, "and you will know *this* hand." And he spread out Fermor's notes in the same way. Mrs. Fermor looked from one to the other of them, and back again, very wildly and distractedly. "This is," he said, "what the world would call shabby and dishonourable. But I love my child and her happiness, and scruple at nothing to effect that."

"My happiness!" she said, sadly.

"Yes, your happiness," he answered, quickly; "it will all lead to that. The first step is knowing the worst. The next is, to look out for a remedy: and we must have done with this man—done with him for ever."

"Done with him for ever?" she repeated, mechanically.

"Yes," he said; "he is not worthy of you. We shall leave this miserable country, and leave him. It was a wretched mistake from the very beginning. Once freed from him, we shall begin to be happy together again. You will get ill, my child; already I find your cheeks pale and worn. Abroad, there is joy and happiness and comfort in store for us yet. If you remain, you die."

"Leave *him* here with her? Never, papa, never, while I live!"

"He is not worth a thought," said he, hastily. "We *must* go. It is the only course."

"And leave him behind freed from me, whom he hates, to enjoy himself, and leave *her* no punishment? Never, papa. Let me stay and die."

"Who knows?" said her father, gloomily; "we may punish him before we leave. But all in good time; depend on it, the guilty shall not escape."

"And O!" burst out Mrs. Fermor, giving

way suddenly to a paroxysm of tears, "she, that woman whom I tried to make my friend; whom I loved!"

## THE "FLOWERY" DRAMA.

THE Chinese drama we shall first describe opens with a scene in Elysium, the actors being all of the angelic order. The sun, represented by a man holding a golden disk; the moon, by another man, in the costume of a woman, bearing a silver crescent; the thunder by a third, carrying an axe to be taken a thunderbolt: who dashes about doing many deeds of violence. The row of angels, Shin-sien, circle round or cross the heavenly orbs and elements, mimicking the conjunctions and the oppositions supposed to be maintained among the armies of heaven. A mountain nymph, grateful for some kindnesses she has received, introduces a good emperor into these regions of bliss. He is not long there, till, feeling some solicitude as to what is passing among his subjects in the lower world, and fancying that there are grievances to be redressed among his people, he condescends to revisit the earth and examine into the disorders of his state.

A tiger appears on the stage, the tiger being really a wicked courtier disguised. He rushes into the secret apartments of the ladies, who scream with terror, while the tiger seizes the heir-apparent and drops him into a neighbouring ditch. The ladies then hurry to the court of the emperor, fling themselves down in his presence, and recount the deplorable disaster which has befallen the young prince, and he is discovered to be the son of the mountain nymph who had been the guide of his father to the heavenly abodes.

The emperor is plunged into utter misery. He determines to abdicate and to renounce the world. He calls to his counsels a crafty woman, to discuss with her the nomination of a successor, and she recommends to his choice a half-witted youth, whom she expects to be a tool in her hands. The settlement of the crown is scarcely arranged, when the emperor is carried aloft in the dragon chariot, or, in other words, departs this mortal life. The poor fool is brought forward, dreadfully perplexed with the honours that surround him, and instead of rejoicing in his good fortune, he cries out most piteously, "Oh, what shall I do?" The pathetic and the ludicrous are finely exhibited. There arrives to his help the wicked courtier, who has thrown off his tiger skin—he who had broken the heart of his sovereign and carried away the heir to the throne. The foolish emperor makes the traitor his confidential minister, who involves the emperor in inextricable embarrassments, anarchy at home, and unfortunate wars abroad.

It would seem a fit termination to the drama that the heir should be restored and tranquillity re-established, instead of which a new series of events are introduced, and quarrels and negotiations with a foreign court are the subject-



matter of the dialogue. Peace is to be established by the surrender of an obnoxious councillor, whose son-in-law is appointed to bear the accepted proposals to the court that is to be conciliated. He undertakes the mission, expecting to obtain more favourable conditions for his relative from the offended prince, and in order to make his journey without exciting too much observation, he returns home and disguises himself by a change of apparel. When he arrives at his destination he discovers that he has lost his letter of credentials, and recollects that he has left it in the garments which he had thrown off. He is denounced as an impostor and a spy, and with great difficulty escapes, wends his way homeward, rushes to his chamber, shakes garment after garment, but no letter is to be found. He throws himself into a chair, exhibiting the utmost agony. The servants gather round in sympathy, and he turns to a female slave and asks whether she knows anything about the missing letter. She tells him she had seen such a letter in the hands of her mistress, who is sitting nursing her baby in a remote part of the stage. On hearing this he looks upon her with a flood of light and a smile of affection which warms the whole audience to admiration. He moves his chair towards her, lays one hand on her shoulder, fondles the infant with the other, and she, with a look of love, surrenders the desired document, and all ends happily, as it should do.

The piece most familiar to Europe is the groundwork of Voltaire's tragedy, "*L'Orphelin de la Chine*." It was selected for translation by Father Premare, one of the earliest and best helps to the study of the Mandarin language. In the preface Voltaire makes some sagacious remarks on the connexion between theatrical representations in use among the Chinese for more than thirty centuries, and the general civilisation of the people. He says that even the defects of the dramatists of China are not greater than those of the "monstrous farces of Shakespeare," whom, it will be recollected, he called on another occasion an "inspired barbarian." (It may be remarked in passing, that Frenchmen now, more enlightened and better able to appreciate Shakespeare than was Voltaire, would recognise the "inspiration" but eliminate the "barbarism.") He calls the tragedy a *chef-d'œuvre* as compared with anything that France or Germany had produced at the time it was written, namely, the fourteenth century. He remarks that Metastasio has chosen a kindred subject for one of his dramas, and says, with much truth, that the Chinese theatre has all the fascination of the Arabian Nights; that the interest is kept alive, however incredible the story may be; and that, in the midst of the entanglement of events, the purpose and the plot are steadily and constantly kept in view.

The tragedy begins by a fearful picture of the slaughter and desolation which have accompanied the invasion of the Chinese capital by Ghenghis Khan. He has murdered the whole of the imperial family, except the youthful heir

to the throne. A virtuous mandarin and his beautiful wife determine to conceal and to save the prince, whom the conqueror has determined to discover, in order to extirpate the last of the legitimate race. Being traced to the mandarin's family, they decide in their agony to surrender and sacrifice their own son as a substitute for the intended victim; but, when he is led to be beheaded, maternal tenderness overcomes every other feeling, the mother breaks in upon the execution place, denounces the imposture, and reclaims her son. The officers stay the hand of the headsman in order to report the matter to the great Khan. It turns out that the mother of the child had in earlier days fascinated the young Ghenghis, when he bore another name, and before he had entered upon his career of victory. She is brought to his presence; his old affection bursts out anew; every menace that despotism can urge, the threatened murder of her husband, of her son; every promise that sovereign power can suggest, are urged in vain, to assault and overcome her purity. At last the piece closes by a declaration of the conqueror that he has been conquered—conquered by a woman's virtue.

One might almost fancy the renowned judgment of Solomon (1 Kings iii. 16-28) had passed the borders of China, and suggested to the author of the *Hwin-han-ki*, literally "*Lime-circle Story*," the incident on which this drama turns. The Chinese play exhibits a very lively picture of the social habits of the Chinese; the relations existing between husbands, wives, and handmaids, and the descendants of both; the modes of educating boys and girls; the superstitions, sacrifices, and religious services; the injustice and cruelties of the tribunals; the corruptions of the officials, from the meanest to the mightiest. After all sorts of complications, and intrigues, and the temporary triumph by falsehood and bribery of a wicked wife and her confederates, the story culminates in their exposure and punishment by the sagacious magistrate, who is the last appellant judge. The closing scenes are here rendered from the translation of Stanislas Julien in his *Cercle de Craie*, published by the Asiatic Society:

There are present: The Governor Ching, bearing from the emperor the golden ensign, and the sword of power—he has inscribed over the tribunal "*Imperial orders*," and "*Silence*;" the Widow Ma, who had been living in adultery during her husband's lifetime with Chao, and they are now in collusion in order to obtain the property of the deceased, and claim the child as her legitimate offspring; Hai-tang, Ma's concubine—the real mother of the child; Chang-lin, her brother; and sundry other persons in attendance. They all kneel in the presence of the governor.

CHING. Who is the mother of the child?

WIDOW MA. I—I!

CHING. All you who are gathered together, tell me who is the mother of the child.

ALL. Ma, Ma is the mother.



CHING. Call Chang-lin. Get a piece of chalk, and make a circle, in the middle of which you will place the child. Set the two women to pull at the child together, the true mother will easily get possession of it, the false mother will not be able.

(The officer makes the circle, and places the child in the centre. Mrs. Ma drags the child out of the circle; Hai-tang fails to do so.)

CHING. Surely Hai-tang cannot be the mother of the child, or she would have obtained possession of it. Officer! seize her and apply the bastinado.

(The officer obeys.)

CHING. Let them have another trial. Let us once more see who gets the child.

(Again the child is placed in the circle, and again Mrs. Ma gets hold of the child.)

CHING. Woman! have we not given you every chance? You did nothing to obtain the child. Officer! deal her out severer blows.

HAI-TANG. Excellence! O check your anger; it frightens me like the noise of thunder. Lay aside that threatening frown, terrible as the look of the wolf or the tiger. Your servant was married to Ma, and bore this child to him. Nine months I carried it in my bosom, three years I nourished it with my own milk, and I have always treated it with maternal love. When it was cold it was I who warmed its delicate limbs. With pain and weariness I have brought it to its present age of five. I know how weak it is; I knew it would have been injured had I seized the child violently to drag it from her who held it so strongly. I could not obtain my child without tearing its limbs asunder. I had rather perish than subject my child to what it must have suffered had I attempted to drag it out of the circle. Pity me!

She sings:

A tender mother could do no other!

Judge, excellency! judge for yourself!

She sings:

The poor child's arms are soft and weak as pith  
Hidden by the outer hem. And how could she,  
Cold, cruel as she is, partake my fears?  
But you, sir, you—you should perceive the truth.  
Our fates how different! She is rich and strong;  
I, helpless, poor, humiliated, scorned!  
Yes! had I been as violent as she,  
You would have heard the poor child's breaking  
bones,  
And seen his flesh in fragments!

CHING. We cannot always see our way, and yet we may sometimes reach the secret workings of the heart. Did not the sage say,

How can a man conceal his real self  
When you can read his actions? can explore  
The motives of his doings, and discern  
The goal towards which he runs?

There was a marvellous power in that chalk circle. It is certain that the widow sought to grasp the child, that with him she might grasp the fortune of Ma, her late husband. Might

she not have thought that the concealed truth would force itself into open day?

He recites this verse:

She seized the child the heritage to seize,  
But the white ring revealed her treacheries!  
She had a sweet expression, but within  
There lay a mine of cruelty and sin.

But the true mother is found. Bring forward the adulterer.

Chang-lin, kneeling, produces Chao.

CHING. A pretty business this. Let us have the truth—the truth in all its details. To gratify a criminal passion, you poisoned Ma. You took possession of this child that you might get hold of his inheritance. You bribed these men and women to bring forward their false testimony.

CHAO. Your servant is but the clerk of the court. How could he be ignorant of the penal law? That he is so, is the fault of the governor of Ching-chow. I am but a mute instrument in his hands. I only hold the pencil, and write down the answers of the accused. If there be errors on the record, it is no fault of the clerk.

CHING. I do not ask you about errors on the record. I ask you if, to indulge a criminal passion, you poisoned Ma?

CHAO. O, sir! look on that countenance covered with a mask. Remove the paint, you will find a hideous face, which no man would pick up in the street. How could such an one seduce your servant?

WIDOW MA. What? You never ceased to tell me that I was as beautiful as the beautiful Kwan-yin—and now to treat me thus insultingly! Perfidious cur! that deserve not the name of man!

CHANG-LIN. Yesterday, while the snow was falling in large flakes, Chao and Mrs. Ma were together. They followed two soldiers to come to an understanding with them. It is clear he was her lover. Excellence, call the soldiers and inquire of them.

CHAO. We ourselves brought them.

CHING. Take hold of Chao, officer, and flog him lustily with the heavy bamboo.

HAI-TANG sings:

You only thought to deal with Mistress Ma!  
And never dreamed I should come back again.  
Did I not see ye both upon the road?  
And now we meet again. Reply, reply!

Chao feigns death.

CHING. The fellow pretends to be dead. Lift him up, officer, throw water upon his face. Let us waste no time. Confess!

CHAO. I have sinned with this woman; but I am not a murderer. I did buy the poison, but I did not suggest the crime. This woman took it from me; she mixed it in a basin of soup. She caused her husband's death. I did not carry away the child. I told her, as she was not its mother, to leave the matter alone. She said if she got the child, she got Ma's fortune with it. I am but a poor clerk. Where could I have found the money to bribe these



witnesses? She bribed them. She bribed the soldiers to get rid of Hai-tang. Yes! she did it. She did it!

MRS. MA. Scoundrel that you are! What shall I say? Well! I did it all; 'tis no great misfortune to die. We may live in a future world, and be faithful to one another!

CHING. Listen, all who are present, and hear my supreme decree! The Governor of Chingchow has transgressed the law. He is deprived of his button and his belt; he is degraded; he must return to the people (the lower orders), and never again have public employment. (He was the judge who, bribed by Mrs. Ma, had condemned Hai-tang.) The false witnesses are to receive eighty blows, and to be banished one hundred *les* from home. Chao and his comrade, being officials, must be more severely punished. One hundred blows, and to be transported beyond the frontiers to an arid uninhabited land. The adulterous woman and her infamous accomplice shall be taken to the public square, and suffer a slow and ignominious death. They shall be cut up into one hundred and twenty pieces. All they possess shall be transferred to Hai-tang and her son, who is committed to her tender care. Her brother, Chang-lin, may quit his employment and dwell with his sister; but he is to be the executioner to decapitate the guilty pair.

The drama concludes by Hai-tang singing a triumphant hymn to the honour and glory of the just judge, telling him that the history of the chalk circle shall extend to the four seas, the limits of earth, and be repeated throughout the empire.

The "Heir in Old Age," and the "Sorrows of Han," both admirably translated by Sir John Davis, have long held a high place among the contributions of China to the dramatic literature of Europe. The last of these pieces has an historical interest, dating from a period anterior to the Christian era, and tradition reports the tomb of the heroine to be still preserved in everlasting verdure as the memorial of her virtues. The persons of the drama are, Han, a conquering Tartar sovereign, and his envoy; Yuen, a Chinese emperor; Maou, his profligate minister; two officials; and the Princess Chao. Maou encourages all the licentious habits of his master, and recommends him to collect the portraits of all the beautiful women of his empire, and to select for the palace the most beautiful among them. The minister patronises ninety-nine, but failing to extort a large bribe from the father of the loveliest of all, he disfigures the portrait, and keeps the fair creature out of the emperor's sight. The emperor, dissatisfied with all the candidates for his favour, is wandering through the remoter apartments of the palace, when he hears the sweet music of a lady's lute. He goes to the place, and is entranced by the lovely, but till now unknown, damsel, who tells her tale, and the perfidy which has led to the disfigurement of her portrait. The wicked minister is condemned to death, but he escapes to the Tartar camp, and takes with

him the veritable portraiture of the divine Chao. On his suggestion the Khan insists on her being delivered to him, threatening to invade China, unless she is surrendered by the emperor. The emperor knows he is too weak to resist the Tartar, and that his resistance must lead to the overthrow of his dynasty, and the desolation of his country; so, consulting with his councillors and his beloved, it is determined, after vehement resistance on the part of the emperor, that she shall be sacrificed, and, for the common good, handed over to Han. She is proclaimed the Tartar queen. She reaches the Amoor, the Black Dragon River, and, in the presence of Han, offers a libation, tells Han she will wait for him in another world, and flings herself into the stream. The Khan sends the Tartar back to the emperor to be executed according to his decree. Peace is restored; Chao appears in a vision, but the "wild fowl" awakes him to report that it is only a dream. The head of the minister is made an offering to the shade of the princess, and her verdant tomb is kept in memory of her departure.

Though dancing was a diversion of ancient times in China, and is spoken of as an accomplishment, crushed feet will not allow a modern Chinese lady to dance, and the very idea of dancing is now associated with vulgarity, and public exhibition. On one occasion, accompanied by an excellent band of musicians, furnished by one of H.M. ships of war, I accompanied forty or fifty English and American ladies who were to be introduced—in the beautiful gardens and summer-houses of an opulent merchant—to the ladies of his family. There was some difficulty in persuading our Chinese hostesses that persons with such monstrous feet as Nature had given our countrywomen could be really respectable or presentable to well-bred people, and surprise and delight were expressed that the foreign barbarian women knew "how to behave themselves." One of the ladies explained the matter to another by saying, "But you know they have been in China, and have learnt good manners from us!" Our party asked leave to entertain themselves, and, as they supposed, to gratify the fair Celestials, with a dance. Permission was obtained with some difficulty. "How could they dare to allow the stranger guests so to exert and weary themselves for *their* gratification?" But reason and courtesy taught them to give way, and they looked on wonderingly at the figuring, and promenading, and bowing. The dance done, the Chinese ladies returned emphatic thanks to those who had taken so much trouble, and so exhausted themselves to please them. They were assured that we danced to please ourselves—an assurance that was received with the most marked incredulity. When permission was solicited to continue the amusements of the day by an additional quadrille or reel, the answer was, "No! no! that must not be; it is too, too, much to expect from you!" A second dance, however, was arranged; but it is to be feared that the Chinese ladies thought our party



little better than "strolling players," who are very vagabonds in the eyes of a polished Chinese.

### MAGNESIAN LIGHT.

How wonderfully, in these later days, common worthless out-of-the-way unthought-of things are, little by little, brought into use and made to render service! Dyeing, perfumery, confectionery, the textile and other arts, find resources where our forefathers found either rubbish only, or very frequently found nothing at all, for the good reason that that special article did not yet exist. In the same way, many scientific discoveries which, at the outset, were regarded as marvels, merely good to interest philosophers and supply harmless amusement for speculative theorists, are now beginning to bear their fruit, and to confirm the adage that knowledge is power.

For thousands of years, the old-fashioned metals, as gold, silver, iron, lead, have been familiarly known, without any one's suspecting that their list might be extensible. Transmutation of the one into the other—of the baser into the more precious kinds—was deemed as practicable and feasible as it was desirable to effect. Nobody dreamed, for ages after ages, of discovering, disinterring, picking out new metals which had lain hidden under a complete disguise ever since the world began. Many of us are old enough to remember the sensation produced by Sir Humphry Davy's discovery of the metallic base of certain alkaline earths, and the probable consequence that all such earths were derived from metals. It was a curious fact, well worthy of notice and remembrance, that lime is the oxide, that is to say the rust, of an actual metal called calcium; soda of another, sodium; potash of another, potassium; and so on. But little use was made of these new metallic acquisitions. Their lightness, their softness, their extreme readiness to return to the earthy state, caused them to be regarded rather as specimens to be kept under bell-glasses, or in any other way best suited to preserve them, than as agents and tools to assist the wants of daily life. Except for the striking experiment of setting fire to a lump of potassium, by throwing it on the surface of a pan of water, samples of the new metals were hardly even seen beyond the walls of the chemist's laboratory, or out of the hands of the initiated. What proportion of our readers have ever set eyes on a morsel of metallic sodium or calcium?

Lately, however, one new metal has made itself conspicuous in the world. Aluminium, the metal which is the mother of clay, started with perhaps too brilliant a promise. Its beauty was exaggerated; of its utility, it would be unfair to give an unfavourable opinion at the present early stage of its existence. If the jeweller and his customers feel disappointment, the useful arts may turn its peculiar qualities to advantage. Its lightness is remarkable, and that property is

a merit, even for purposes of ornamentation; for it enables an operatic heroine to wear a complete suit of armour, and to sing in it too, without sinking under the weight.

There is an earth, magnesia, with which most of us are acquainted from childhood, our mammas having caused us to swallow it as medicine. Later in life, we may have resorted to it as a remedy for heartburn, or, combined with its cousin, Epsom salts, as an anti-podagric purgative, an antidote to gout. Magnesia also affords a useful remedy in cases of poisoning by mineral acids, as vitriol, when it can be administered internally shortly after the swallowing of the caustic liquid. It takes away all its corrosive strength, and transforms it into a saline compound which no longer possesses poisonous properties. Some invalids, however, abuse magnesia, taking too much of it, and too frequently. Magnesia, indulged in at this rate, produces intestinal concretions of greater or less volume. In one such patient, there was found, after death, a mass of hardened magnesia weighing nearly six pounds.

Magnesia, too, is the rust of a metal, magnesium, which, although well known to exist, has hitherto existed in comparative obscurity, without exciting the world's attention. It is never found naturally in the metallic state, and was first so attained, in 1829, by M. Bussy. It is not twice as heavy as water. Its specific gravity is 1.743, that of water (at its greatest density) being 1.000.

As an earth, magnesia is variously regarded by agriculturists, most of them looking down upon it askance; they may therefore rejoice that it is not very generally nor widely spread. Perhaps its demerits may be more justly charged against it when applied burnt, as manure, than when existing on the spot as natural earth. The presence of magnesia in limestone has been considered pernicious to vegetation when burnt into lime. It had long been known to farmers in the neighbourhood of Doncaster and other parts of Yorkshire, Derby, and Nottingham, that lime made from a peculiar species of limestone injured their crops. Experiments on this limestone, made by Mr. Tennant, showed that it contained magnesia. On mixing pure calcined magnesia with earth in which he sowed different kinds of seeds, he found that they either died or vegetated very imperfectly; he therefore came to the conclusion that its effects were prejudicial. This is thought to have been occasioned by its retaining its caustic quality longer than pure lime. From experiments made by Sir Humphry Davy and other chemists, it may be assumed that although, when calcined as lime, it may become pernicious if laid on the land in too large quantities, yet that, in its mild state, it is a useful constituent of soils. One of the most fertile parts of Cornwall, in the neighbourhood of the Lizard, is a district which abounds in magnesian earth.

During the last few months, in Paris, magnesium has started into celebrity—made itself a lion, in short. At scientific conferences and



lectures, in amphitheatres and drawing-rooms, a brilliant experiment has been running the round, astonishing the curious beholder. A savant, sometimes in a white cravat, sometimes in a black one, drawing from his pocket a white thread of metallic aspect most carefully wrapped in paper, promises to illuminate the room for several seconds with all the splendour of electric light, by simply burning his bit of wire.

A candle is brought; the extremity of the magnesium wire is thrust into the flame, and instantly a dazzling brightness radiates in all directions. The wire emits, in the shape of flame, an extremely tenuous vapour, which burns with unexampled violence. It is completely encircled by a bright halo which terminates, upwards, in white smoke, and downwards in a drooping residuum entirely composed of magnesia. The Abbé Moigno, well known in scientific literature, appears to have been the first to exhibit in France this remarkable property of magnesium, which he did last summer at one of the meetings of the Association Scientifique, before M. Duruy, the present Minister of Public Instruction.

Magnesium is obtained by reducing the anhydrous chloride of that metal with sodium. As what follows is entirely derived from French sources, I give the details in metrical weights and measures. The reader, although unused to them, will readily understand them, by remembering that a kilogramme, more than two pounds avoirdupois, is made up of a thousand grammes; and that a metre, more than an English yard, is subdivided into a hundred centimetres and a thousand millimetres. M. Gaudin, calculator at the Bureau des Longitudes, who has carefully studied questions connected with lighting, has recently published an excellent treatise on the cost of lighting by magnesium, with reference to its immediate application. I avail myself of his conclusions, as quoted by M. Henri de Parville, in his able feuilleté in the Constitutionnel.

Magnesium is not much heavier than wood. It is silvery white, very volatile, melts at a cherry-red heat, has little tenacity, but is ductile enough to be drawn into wire the third of a millimetre in diameter. Magnesium, unfortunately, is very dear—forty-eight pounds the kilogramme. Any serious thoughts of lighting Paris by means of strips of this metal, are, therefore, quite out of the question. Nevertheless, certain employments which seem ready made for its application, merit careful examination. Whenever, in fact, it is required to concentrate on one point, for a short space of time, a great illuminating power, it is certain that magnesium may be employed with great advantage.

Photographers, for instance, instead of having recourse to the electric light—which is difficult to instal in its place, and complex in its management—might substitute for it magnesian light. With this object, trials have been made which are expected to result in complete success. In surgery, for the examination of sinuses, nothing will be simpler or more convenient than to make

use of the new light. The navy also may profitably employ it for signals. At twelve miles' distance by day, at thrice that distance by night, it will be easy to hold communication.

According to M. Gaudin's estimate, the examination of a diseased sinus would cost one halfpenny; the taking of a portrait, by means of a light of five hundred bougie power during twenty seconds, would cost fivepence. A signal at sea with one hundred bougie power, one penny. The illumination of a trench with the light of a thousand bougies, affording a clear inspection of a length of a thousand, and a breadth of five-and-twenty metres, would cost from ten to twenty pence—considerably less than the price of firing a cannon. Finally, a telegraphic signal consisting of four or five eclipses or changes of colour, with a hundred bougie light, would only cost one single penny.

M. Gaudin based his calculations on the photometric results obtained by M. Bunsen. A wire of magnesium, the third of a millimetre in diameter, has, in round numbers, the same illuminating power as seventy bougies or wax candles. And it takes a minute to consume a wire one metre in length and the tenth of a gramme in weight. According to this, at the present price of elevenpence-halfpenny per gramme, that quantity of magnesium would afford, during one minute, a light equal to that of seven hundred bougies, or to that of seventy lamps of ten-bougie power each, which lamps, if fed with ordinary oil, cost one penny per hour. Multiplying elevenpence-halfpenny by sixty, you have the price per hour of magnesian light, or about tenpence for each ten-bougie power; which is ten times dearer than lighting by oil. These few figures suffice to show that, under present circumstances, magnesian light can be advantageously employed only in particular cases.

It ought to be added, that when its employment becomes more extensive, it is more than probable that—as almost always happens in similar instances—its cost price, now very high, will notably diminish. The elements of its production, in fact, are not costly. Its price, in M. Gaudin's opinion, might be expected to fall as low as forty shillings the kilogramme. From that time, by rendering it more ductile through the admixture of foreign substances, it might be drawn into wire as fine as a hair; and under those new conditions would be applicable to domestic lighting at the same price as that of oil.

What a convenient invention! What a luxurious light! No more greasy liquids to handle; no more snipping and snuffing of wicks; no more cleanings, and scrubblings, and polishings; no more oil-cans to fill and to fetch! It really is not unreasonable to hope that the experimental display, which is now the fashion, will be productive of useful results, and assume the phase of an industrial application. To be moderate in our expectations, we may give up the idea of employing it for the lighting of



towns; because, supposing its price reduced to the lowest rate possible, it would still be twice as dear as gas.

### CIGARS.

TAKE a cigar? I can recommend them, for I know all about them. No lettuce-leaf or common German tobacco there—real Havannah, I assure you. How can I make sure of that? How do I know what's inside? Light that cigar, take a whiff or two, and tell me how you like the brand, and then I'll tell you how I can swear to what's inside. Don't be a Visigoth; don't bite off the end as if it were a thistle and you were a— There, take it up tenderly—so—pierce it with your penknife gently, as if you loved it, as you will presently, I doubt not. Stop, stop; it's not a torch to be lighted like that with a wisp of tea-paper! I will give you a cedar spill. Let the end court the flame timidly, dally with it, sport with it, kiss it and run away, like a coy lover. That's the way. But don't draw at it as if you were a pump. Gently. So. Now how do you like it? "Very delicate flavour indeed; but wants—wants age." Very good; now I will tell you how I know what's inside that cigar. I saw it made. Saw it made! then it's not foreign? Foreign, no; it's of British manufacture, and you are perfectly right as to its wanting age, for that cigar was made exactly ten days ago. And it may increase your appreciation of it to know that it was rolled up by a very pretty girl. A girl? Yes, a girl, sweet sixteen, golden hair, blue eyes, and a figure perfectly sylph-like. In mythological times they would have decreed her apotheosis as the Goddess of Tobacco, with a bundle of Havannah leaves on her head to match Ceres with her sheaf. She had beautiful white hands with taper fingers, and with those delicate little fingers she neatly rolled up the end of that cigar which you were going to bite off like a cannibal. You ought to have kissed it rather. What do you think of the cigar now? Having no romance in your composition, and no knowledge of tobacco, you are beginning to have a poor opinion of it, because I told you it was British. If you had bought that cigar at a shop and paid sixpence for it, you would have been quite satisfied that it was a real foreign Havannah. Do you know what a retailer of the "finest foreign brands" lately said to me? If the fools were all dead, there would be no getting a living out of cigars.

I have learned to understand this saying within the last few days, and also to comprehend many things with regard to the great tobacco economy, of which, though a smoker, I have hitherto been ignorant.

This was how I stumbled upon my knowledge. I was dining one day in the magnificent banquet hall of the Washington Hotel, at Liverpool. After dinner, one of the company (who had made me laugh very much by his quaint and dry humour, contrary to the rules of etiquette, when

my mouth was full) handed me his cigar-case, and politely asked me to help myself. I did so, and was pleased with the cigar. Was it foreign? No; it was his own make. Indeed! The flavour was really very fine. As I liked them so much, perhaps I would call in at the manufactory in the morning, and he would give me a few of that brand to smoke—in defiance of the railway bye-laws—on my way home. In accordance with this kind invitation, I called next morning in Lord Nelson-street. I expected a shop. I found a huge factory. I had derived my ideas of cigar manufacture from certain dingy cribs at the East-end of London, where I had seen a dozen men and boys at work, ostentatiously in a low window, that the passing public might convince themselves there was no lettuce. But here was what might be called an emporium. An imposing double door, with plate glass and brass entablatures, like a bank. Entering these gates, the scent of tobacco is wafted upon my olfactorys like the odour of newly-mown hay. Persons who use the horrible mundungus which is commonly sold for tobacco, have no idea of the sweet and grateful odour of the real article. It is, indeed, provokingly suggestive of something nice to eat—slightly, I fancy, of Everton toffee fresh from the oven.

Through the inner door into a large counting-house, where many clean clerks are filling up day-books and journals and ledgers with the record of transactions in dried leaves, whose end is smoke and ashes. The sight of so many cigar-boxes about a counting-house strikes me as being somewhat unbusiness-like, until I remember that cigars are the stock-in-trade. My friend, the proprietor, advances with a cordial greeting, a facetious remark—which nearly causes one of the clean clerks to roll off his high stool—and a small bundle of the British brand which I was gracious enough to approve.

"There, that'll do to break the bye-laws with, and suffocate all the old ladies on the road home. There's a forty-shilling fine in every one of them, if you only manage matters properly. By-the-by, you might like to look over our little place?"

I said I should like it much.

"Very good; I am at your service for an hour. Let me see; what shall I show you first? Ah, I think we'd better go to the root of the evil to begin with."

So we go down stairs to the root of the evil; that is to say, the cellars in which the raw material is stored. There I see many hog-heads and many bales and bunches of tobacco-leaves, from all parts of the earth: from the West Indies and the East, from the Southern States of America, from Turkey, Holland, Austria, Paraguay, Algeria, Java, Hungary, Greece, and many other countries. I am informed that there are no less than sixty different growths of tobacco. The difference in the quality and value is very great. The value of this German leaf, for example, is eightpence a pound, that of yonder choice Havannah nine shillings; which explains the difference in



price and quality between the Vevey Fins—which have lately superseded Pickwicks—and the best produce of Havannah. The great value of tobacco is very striking in contrast with the smallness of its bulk. Yonder stands a hogshead of Virginia. The staves of the hogshead have been removed, and the tobacco stands on end, a solid black block. The value of that little mound of leaves is fifty pounds; the duty paid to government one hundred and fifty pounds, or exactly three times the value. From this cellar the leaves of various kinds, after being assorted, are carried up into the manufacturing room.

I was not prepared for the extraordinary sight which burst upon me in this department. The cellar was the dark front scene of the pantomime; this was the grand transformation. It was not a room, but an immense hall, in which, at regularly arranged benches, sat upwards of four hundred girls. The gleam of fair faces that fell upon me, like a sudden flash of sunlight, as I entered the hall, quite startled me, and it was a minute or two before I quite recovered my self-possession. There was not a male worker to be seen. They were all girls, the majority of them very young, and every one of them held at that moment a handful of tobacco leaf, which she was rolling up into a cigar. Four hundred and odd cigars would be made in a twinkling. It was a busy scene. Girls, girls everywhere, all neat and tidy and cheerful, many of them exceedingly pretty. The effect of these four thousand white fingers nimbly plying their task was like that of a dancing light—like the sunlight glinting through rustling leaves. The hundreds upon hundreds of fair faces dotted at regular intervals over the vast area of the hall, brought to my mind the garden of Contrairy Mary, which was laid out, as you may remember,

With silver bells and cockle shells,  
And pretty girls all of a row.

I shall have something to tell about these pretty girls presently. In the mean time let us follow the process of manufacturing a cigar. The assorted leaves are brought up from the cellar to this long bench at the end of the hall. There are leaves of all kinds and qualities for cigars of every denomination. The duty of the girls at this bench is to strip the leaves from the centre stalk. The stalks are thrown into a heap to be ground into snuff, and the leaves are made up into little bundles to be distributed among the cigar-makers at the various benches. Each bundle contains a quantity of leaf sufficient to make a pound of cigars. Let us follow one of these bundles to desk number one, girl number one. She is a maker of, we will say, Regalias, of which there should be a hundred to the pound. Her tools consist of a square cutting board, a sharp knife like that used by shoemakers, a pair of scales, and a little pot of gum. She has at her elbow a heap of broken leaves, and a heap of perfect leaves. Practice enables her to know exactly how much of the

broken leaf to take up for the padding of the cigar. Seeing it in her hand, you would think it was a great deal too much. But in an instant, the shapeless mass is enveloped in a strip of smooth leaf, rolled round and round, obliquely towards the top, fastened there with a light touch of gum, and then nothing remains but to place the cigar against an upright ledge on the board and out off the end fair and square. It seems a very simple and easy operation; but try your hand at it, and see what a shapeless bundle you will turn out! Cigar-making is not learned in a week, nor in a month, nor yet in a year. Your soul is no doubt often fretted by a cigar that won't "draw." In all probability that cigar has been made by an apprentice. It is not so easy a matter to make exactly a hundred cigars out of a given quantity of leaf. If there be less than a hundred, it is certain that some of them have been rolled up too tight; if more than a hundred, that some are too loose. Each girl on completing her pound of cigars takes them to a table in the centre of the hall to be inspected. Here they are weighed and counted (by girls), and, if satisfactory, are passed and noted to the maker's credit; but if there should be one too many, or one too few, to the pound, the girl has to take them back to her desk and rectify them.

Each bench is devoted to the manufacture of a particular kind of cigar. At one, the girls are rolling up Regalias; at another, the fat bulgy cigars called Lopez; at a third, Bengal Cheroots; at a fourth, Pickwicks, and so on. After the cigars have been taken up to the judge's stand to be weighed and counted, they are handed over to another set of girls, who assort them according to colour. In the same bunch of tobacco there will be found some leaves much darker than others. These dark-coloured cigars are put into boxes by themselves, and by some are fondly believed to be full flavoured, though they are precisely the same in strength and quality as the light-coloured. The only object in separating them is to secure uniformity of colour. A mixture of dark and light cigars in a box would not "look well." The assorted cigars are placed in a miniature truck, which runs down a miniature railway, through a large shaft communicating with the ground floor, where the cigars are packed in boxes.

A word here as to the quality of cigars. Cigars of foreign manufacture are only superior to those of British make because they are composed of a finer quality of tobacco. Certain monopolists in Havannah keep all the best qualities for their own manufacture. If those choice crops were sent over here, we could make cigars equally as good. There is no secret in the preparation of the leaf, nor in the manufacture; nor does any deterioration occur during a sea voyage. All we want is the pick of the leaves. British manufacturers, however, are not particularly desirous to be so favoured. They could not get the price for the best cigars if it were known that they were rolled up in this country. It is a very common thing for



English dealers to send out British cigars to Havannah and bring them back again, that they may be charged duty and stamped as foreign. This proves either that the difference between a good British cigar and a foreign one is very slight, or that those who buy and smoke them are unable to distinguish it. There are some persons who do not care about strawberries except when they pay a guinea each for them; so, there are some who do not trust a cigar unless it is warranted foreign and costs a shilling. At the same time the most fragrant and grateful tobacco may occasionally be smoked in a Pickwick; just as a very sweet and juicy orange may be bought of an Irishman in the streets, though he is condemned to select his stock from the leavings of Covent Garden. The general deterioration of all kinds of tobacco of late has been the direct result of the American war. We have been driven to seek for tobacco elsewhere, and chiefly in the Palatinate of Germany, where the growth is of a very inferior kind. European tobacco, like Indian cotton, is a very poor substitute for the products of the western hemisphere. Old and damaged stocks, too, have been used up, and the market has been supplied with the vilest rubbish. If the manufacturers and dealers had not been able to fall back upon these "last resources," the trade would have been obliged to submit to the disadvantage of a great advance in prices.

I have not yet quite finished the history of the cigar which you are now smoking—pray throw that stump away, and help yourself to another—but, I cannot leave this hall to follow it through its next stages, without a word or two about its fair manufacturers. I am sure the head of the firm would be quite hurt if we were to leave without hearing about his girls, for he takes a deep interest in them, and, from what I gather, is as much concerned for their health, comfort, and well-being, as for the profits of the concern.

He finds it necessary, like the rest of us, to put money in his purse, but not in the spirit of a slave-owner, or a slop shirt-maker. Perhaps it is some amends to humanity for what the poor negroes suffer in the plantations, that the workers into whose hands the tobacco falls at last, are treated with kindness and consideration.

And first of all, this firm deserves special credit for the employment of female labour in a branch of business which, though peculiarly adapted for women, is in most cases, both at home and abroad, monopolised by men. It required no ordinary courage to face and resist the opposition which the male workers offered to the innovation; and even when this was overcome, many difficulties remained to be surmounted. In one respect cigar-making was an employment well suited to women and girls; but in another respect it was not. The work itself was light, but the smell of the tobacco, which strong men could withstand without inconvenience, was found to have a prejudicial effect upon the health of young and delicate girls. This was traced, not absolutely to the noxious qualities of the tobacco, but to an

excess of the effluvium in a given space. The perfume of otto of roses, in moderation, is exceedingly pleasant and not unwholesome, but too much of it would be positively injurious. So it is with tobacco. The consequence was, that the room which served for the men was not suitable for women and girls. The girls soon began to look delicate. Fainting was a common occurrence. Sometimes, half a dozen girls fainted in a day, and the proprietors were constantly under the obligation of cancelling their indentures of apprenticeship. At that time the breathing space in the manufactory was ninety square feet to each individual. To remedy the evil consequences of so much confinement, the firm greatly enlarged the premises and improved the ventilation, and at the present time the breathing space to each individual is three hundred feet. The result is, that fainting in the manufactory is now unknown, and the girls are all as healthy as any work-girls can be under the most favourable circumstances. One proof of this is to be found in the fact that the sick-fund established by the proprietors during the infancy of the experiment, and before the enlargement of the workroom, has been discontinued. In the old building, the fund entailed a loss upon the firm; but when the new one was erected, and health improved, the hands, finding that the firm was making a profit, discontinued their subscriptions.

The hours of labour are from nine o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, with one hour for dinner and a half-holiday on Saturdays. Married women are allowed to enter the works until ten, and to leave at noon and at six in the evening, to prepare the meals of their husbands and children. Women, even in these short hours, can earn from ten to twelve shillings a week. The average earnings of a journeywoman, who makes a full week, are from fourteen to sixteen shillings. A few expert hands earn eighteen shillings and a pound. All the hands are upon piece-work, and each one is paid in proportion to the number of cigars she makes. Apprentices are taken at two shillings until they can make cigars, when they are paid at the rate of two-thirds of a journeywoman's wages. One girl was pointed out to me who made her eighteen shillings a week regularly. Several little chits of things, mere children in appearance, carry off from ten to twelve shillings every Saturday. I do not know any other employment of the kind where girls so young could earn half the money. Happy cigar girls! What would not your pale-faced sisters of the needle give to have such a workroom as yours, such an opportunity of earning good wages by only nine hours work a day? These cigar girls are cared for in many thoughtful ways. There are thermometers to mark the temperature, and practicable windows to regulate it, and in another part of the building there is a dining-room furnished with a fire, a kitchen range, and all the appliances for cooking a simple meal.

The firm, exercising judicious supervision and watchfulness, trust to the honesty of their



hands. It is the practice in most cigar manufactories to search the workpeople as they leave work. In the French factories the rule is carried out with great severity. Let us hear what the firm has to say on this subject: "We have always regarded the practice of searching as most degrading; and we have never been obliged to resort to it. We have reason to believe that our hands deserve our consideration in this respect. The girls, as a rule, are very honourable, and jealous of the reputation of their body, and a black sheep is immediately reported to us."

The girls are very fond of singing, and are allowed to beguile their work with songs and choruses. It was rather startling—but pleasantly so—in a place of business to hear a hundred voices joining in God bless the Prince of Wales. I saw a little boy turning a crank, and a man spinning twist tobacco, to the tune. Singing under proper restrictions is not found to hinder work; but rather to lighten and promote it. Story-telling is also an art much cultivated, and any girl who is a good vocal sensation novelist is a prime favourite with the companions in her immediate vicinity. There is a great ambition among the girls for watches, and here and there you may see a gold one. The girls hang them on their tables and work by them, striving to make so many cigars in the hour.

The most difficult problem which the firm, in its truly hearty and kindly desire to benefit its workpeople, has had to solve, has been how to ensure the girls some education. Some years ago, the proprietors started a night-school in connexion with the works. The minister of an adjoining church took a warm interest in the scheme, and did his best to ensure its success. It succeeded only for a very short time. Liverpool is a very large city, and the girls live for the most part with their parents, many of whom reside on the outskirts, to be near the mills where they are employed. It was consequently found inconvenient, and in some cases impracticable, for the girls to go home to tea and then return to the night-school. So the school was discontinued. Since then, the firm has refrained as much as possible from taking any apprentices until they can read and write.

The girls are mostly the daughters of mechanics, and it is found that, as a rule, they are very deficient in the rudiments of education. This seemed to be a matter of deep concern and trouble to the firm. Hear our guide again: "On an average, out of ten applicants for work, seven can neither read nor write. I attribute this to girls being useful at home in assisting their mothers at house-work, in nursing their little brothers and sisters even when they are mere children themselves. It is most distressing to stand at our counter on a Monday morning, and see the number of little things who have been deformed in their persons by being employed in nursing. I can pick them out in a moment: one shoulder lower than the other, the neck awry, the shuffling wabbling gait. I am in the habit of seeing a great many young

girls of this age, and I am convinced that more physical injury is caused to young girls in this country—in this town at least—by their being put too early to nursing, than from any system of factory labour."

Could the philanthropists and the honourable boards attend to these points? These kind-hearted tobaccoists find time and inclination in the midst of their business to do much; but they cannot do all.

You did not suppose that there was so much human history in connexion with a cigar? Like the British brand, the better for it. Take another, while I carry on its progress from that sorting table up-stairs among the girls, to the neat branded ribbon-bound cedar-box in which it is sent out to the trade. It is a very short story now; though there are many processes going on down here—almost as many as were involved in the manufacture of Adam Smith's pin. Here is a yard filled with logs of cedar. In a shop adjoining, a circular saw, driven by steam, is ripping these logs up into thin laths; in a second, workmen are cutting them into the required lengths and nailing them together; in a third, workmen are marking them with red-hot brands; and in a fourth they are being covered with pictorial labels. All this work is done on the premises, even to the lithographing and printing of the labels. Well; when the cigars come down in that railway from the manufacturing hall, they are made up into bundles, placed in boxes, and stowed away for a time in a drying-room. Thence, when they are sufficiently dry, they are taken out, separated into bundles of a pound, and placed in the cedar-boxes for sale. I could tell you something about Cavendish, and Bristol bird's-eye, and twist, and snuff; but perhaps you have had enough of tobacco for the present. One word in your ear, however. "Cabbage" is a fiction. So is "lettuce." The very worst cigars are made of tobacco; I can assure you, some of the tobacco at present being imported into this country from Germany, is quite cheap enough and bad enough for any purpose. Wholesome cabbage or lettuce would be a treat to it.

## PATTY'S VOCATION.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

"PATTY, you are a match-maker."

"Now, Robert!"

Notwithstanding the deprecatory tone with which I pronounced those two words, Robert repeated the calumny. Is it a calumny? Why should it be a calumny? As far as regards trouble, endless worry, waste of time, disappointments and contrarieties, my experience of the life of a match-maker is made up of them. Therefore, a match-maker must be imbued with the truest elements of unselfishness—should therefore, be admired, loved, patronised.

What I endured for Sarah Jane, when she fell in love with Dr. Leech's handsome young partner, makes me shudder to recall. Not that either of that young couple is so grateful now



as they both ought to be. Yet, I must say that Mr. Bellenden would not have dreamed of loving Sarah Jane had I not put the idea into his head. I do not tell her, of course, but nobody knows how slowly he took the hint, how dilatory he was in following it up, or the number of times I could have beaten him for taking all I told him in as cool a manner as if I was talking of some one in the Moon. Poor Sarah Jane! I was obliged to let out a great deal of her private feelings, which for my sex's sake I blushed to do, but nothing else roused him. He seemed to take a pleasure in hearing of her sufferings, looking so conceited and complacent the while, that I thanked my stars I was not Sarah Jane, or he Robert. And if her aunt had not left her that legacy——but come, I won't be ill natured; they are married; I made the match; it was my first one, and, as Robert says, it does me no particular credit.

"People will marry without your help, Patty, depend on it," says Robert to me, a dozen times in a week.

"Now, Robert!"

"It's true, Patty; no one assisted you and me, cut out though you were for a regular old maid."

That was correct, though I did not tell Robert so. I have been an old maid ever since I can remember. When almost a baby, I have sat for hours, quite still, for fear I should tumble my clean frock. In my childhood, I knew no pleasure so great as tidying up all untidy people's untidinesses. In my girlhood, I was prim. I liked Quaker dresses, and was always severe on gushing girls, and wrapped myself up in so severe a mantle of reserve and dignity, that it is a miracle how Robert ever discovered I should make a good wife. For I do. My goodness me! how I should hate myself if I did not. For Robert is *such* a man. When he came to live with my uncle as his agricultural pupil, I liked him before I even saw him. I liked him from what I heard of him: which was his scraping his shoes at the door, and then rubbing them on the mat. I had no shock inwardly when I first saw him, as Sarah Jane had when she first saw Mr. Bellenden; but I think that was owing to my mind being full of telling uncle we ought to have a new front-door mat. Ours was in that state that it was about time it should go and do duty at the back door; but I hesitated to ask uncle until I saw what sort of young man the new pupil would be. No one would believe the fondness of agricultural pupils for mud. They love it.

That is how Robert and I met. And finding him particular about his mending, I will not deny that—making believe, of course, that it was uncle's—I used to see to it myself. Not that Robert knows it to this day; indeed, I am quite ashamed to let the secret out at all; but it was through his mending that I first began to take an interest in Robert. He was particular that his stockings should match. Though they were all to a thread alike, he could

not bear to have No. 1 put with No. 5, or so on. I thought a young man so anxious that his stockings should match, what a match he would make! and I ran over the names of all the girls I knew, to see which would suit him best. I never thought of myself, but Robert says he always thought of me. He always intended, from the very first moment he ever saw me, that I should be his wife.

"And you would have broken your heart, Patty," says Robert, "had I married any other woman."

I believe he was right. Anyhow, when Dr. Leech proposed to me, and uncle recommended me to think well about it before I refused so good an opportunity of settling myself, I was quite a year before I could forbear shuddering at his name even. To be sure, the name is not a pretty one, but that had nothing to do with my shuddering. It was entirely owing to the dread of having so nearly been his wife.

"What is ailing you?" said Robert to me one day.

"Nothing; oh, nothing, Robert," I answered. Somehow, I had got to call him Robert, though I don't know how it happened, unless it was that he was so friendly, and so much at home with us at once.

"Do you want any leeches?" said he, looking wickedly at me.

I became scarlet, and thought I could have died of shame.

"Come, you need not blush about it, for you are not going to marry him, you know."

"Oh, Robert, uncle says——"

"Uncle says you are to marry me. I have just now been speaking to him about it."

"My goodness me, Robert!"

"I thought it the most honourable course to pursue, Patty, as of course I cannot offer you such a fortune as Dr. Leech can."

"Fortune! Oh, my dear Robert, I hate fortune."

"I know you do, Patty, so I may conclude that it is settled."

"Oh! my dear Robert——"

"I am so glad I am your dear Robert! That's all I wanted, Patty."

And upon my word, there was I an engaged woman, and engaged, too, to the only man I ever could or would have loved, without anybody's help. But of course we did not marry for a long time after that. I had time to make all my own things. However, my story has nothing to do with that, but is all about my last bit of match-making.

Our village is a very pretty one. It nestles in a valley, which valley is crowned with hills—mountains, I may say, of every form and height. Round shouldering hills, covered with a patchwork of fields, and dotted with farm-houses and barns, lead up to slopes of plantations and oak copses, which are again surmounted by the purple-clothed grouse hills. According to the lights and shadows, so does the aspect of the mountains change, giving a never-ending variety of scene. A broad and very beautiful river makes



a turn through the valley, enriching and gladdening it. This river is our pride and boast. Part of the village is on one side, part on the other. The two are connected by an old-fashioned substantial wooden bridge, which is never without a passenger on it.

Our modest little house looks down from a tiny eminence on this bridge. Opposite to us, on the other side of the river, is the grand palatial residence of the squire. It is in form like the letter H, and one side matches the other side: which to my mind is very ridiculous. The Hall is so large, and so conspicuous, and has such big windows, that we can almost see everything that goes on there. But the squire can only just perceive the gable end of our cottage through the trees, so, as I say to Robert, "We have something that the squire has not."

"Don't be envious of the squire, Patty. I have got something more, that he has not, and that is a good wife."

Now, to be sure, it was a sad thing, not only for himself, but for all the world about us, that the squire was unmarried. It would make such a difference to the poor, as well as to the rich, to have a sweet amiable happy lady at the Hall. Yet, much as it was to be desired that the squire should marry, never had my match-making propensities dared to interest themselves in him. As to being so presumptuous as to try and match the squire—my goodness me!

Nevertheless, it was a thousand pities he did not marry. Mrs. Mountjoy, our vicar's wife, mourned over the melancholy fact that there was no squire's lady to visit the schools and dispense the prizes. The vicar thought it sad to see the great family pew occupied Sunday after Sunday only by that single tall, somewhat grim-visaged, man. For that was the fact. Our poor squire, with a kind heart, neighbourly feelings, and plenty of unused affections, was grim outwardly. Tall and well proportioned, he yet was nervous and fidgety: so was always awkward and uncomfortable. With a great big chest, he had a weak quavering voice that was evidently a false one, as if he were afraid to use his real one lest it should startle and shock people with its power and strength. Had he been a poor man, he would have been a healthy happy natural, honest-hearted creature. As it was, an only son, brought up say injudiciously, he was shy, reserved, fearful, and seemed to have a natural horror of all human beings.

Every now and then, by an extreme effort on his part, he gave us all a great stately dinner, at which we had the satisfaction of dining off plate, though we hardly dared open our lips. He gave us the invitation because he thought it his duty to do so, and we accepted it because we thought it our duty to do so. The moment of meeting was dreaded by all of us, the time for parting was happiness to all of us. We ladies, after leaving the dinner-room, moped in the big drawing-room, whispering to each other. The gentlemen crept in by degrees; and the only alacrity shown was in ordering our carriages to go home.

Our cottage was surrounded by a verandah. It was my wont to sit, screened by a great myrtle, and work there. The myrtle shut me from the world. I saw all the world, and especially the bridge, through the myrtle.

One day I saw two strangers loiter on the bridge: an old man and a young girl. The old man left the supporting arm of the girl, and crossed feebly to the other side of the bridge; she was dropping the petals of a rose into the water, and watching them float away. At that moment, on to the bridge dashed the squire's carriage.

How is it that meek and quiet men have imperious and haughty servants? When we dined at the Hall, the servants gave us the impression that nothing short of their master's absolute commands made them take the trouble of handing us anything. The old housekeeper, attended by a maid carrying two candles, offered us a chamber in which to arrange our toilets (some of us walked to dinner) with an air that wholly forbade our entertaining the idea. Better go to dinner with one's cap awry.

Thus, the coachman, adopting the habits of the rest, was accustomed to drive his master with a reckless defiance of the idea of the possibility of the road being required for any other person, that made the villagers fly before it. And, in a moment, before the young girl could turn round, the carriage had knocked down and driven over the old man.

I rushed down to the bridge without any shawl or bonnet. When I got there, the squire's carriage had stopped, and the squire was assisting the young girl to help the old gentleman up.

Without her being pretty, there was something so sweet, so artless, so wonderfully tender, in the young girl's manner as she moved and spoke, that I was instantly taken by her.

By a great mercy, the old man seemed not dangerously hurt; that is, he was quite sensible, and able to assure the girl that she might calm her fears. But his leg was broken. That we all saw at once. He was a traveller, merely passing through the country. Where was he to go? What could we do with him? The village inn was by no means good enough. The squire seemed to have forgotten he had a house, and so I offered our house.

The squire jumped at the idea; he called his carriage, bade his imperious footman help him to place the old gentleman within it, and walked himself at the head of his imperious horses, as if that were the only way to make his imperious coachman drive at a foot's pace.

We soon reached the cottage. There all these imperious creatures had to wait, after going for Dr. Leech, then for Mr. Bellenden to assist Dr. Leech, until the old gentleman was not only safe in bed, but had expressed himself as "comfortable, extremely comfortable;" which was as much as one could expect from a person with a broken leg. Finally, prancing at the idea they would no longer be polluted by doing any other business than that of their master, the imperious horses and ser-



vants were all ordered off to the neighbouring town, and desired to transpose themselves into mere carriers of baggage (and that not their master's), and bring back the luggage of the old gentleman and the young lady.

Now, with having so much to do, I was wholly forgetful of Robert's feelings on the matter. Not until dinner was over, and the young lady had gone up to see if the old gentleman was still continuing "comfortable," did I recollect to say, "My goodness me, Robert, to think of my having done such a thing without your leave!"

"I do not know what you have done; but I know that is the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Now, Robert!"

Robert did not often praise people. If he did, it was in a round-about way.

"Robert, she is a French girl."

"And why shouldn't a French girl be pretty?"

"You know she is *not* pretty." N.B. I wonder if I was jealous? However, if I was, that was my first and last twinge. I began to see directly what Robert meant by her being so pretty. She had such sweet ways. She beamed over with goodness, and though she spoke English wonderfully well—astonishingly well—she had a way of placing her words that made everything she said piquante and lovable. Thus, when I wished her good night, she had so engaged my heart, that I gave her a kiss.

"Ah!" she said, returning it, "that is a thing of you so good! I am no more strange, but a little friend ever to be."

So I was obliged to kiss her again. When we met in the morning, she offered her cheek at once, saying:

"Good morrow, dear friend."

Odd to say, the more I found to love in her, the less did Robert. The fact is, men like to be flattered. And this extraordinary little French girl was overflowing in all sorts of pretty ways to me, and only treated Robert in a ceremonious and half-disdainful way.

"How could I think her pretty!" said Robert. "Her nose is the most complete turn-up I ever saw."

"I think it such a pretty little nose."

"She does not turn it up at you as she does at me."

"As if she could alter her nose!"

But Robert began to see that she was not singular in her way to him only. Her dear little nose turned up at all men. But as for us, the women, we loved her dearly, and she loved us. The sweetest, merriest, darling that ever lived. How we had ever existed without her, we could not now understand.

"Patty," said Robert to me, "the squire is in love!"

"My goodness me, Robert, how you startle me! Who is the lady? Is it the duke's youngest daughter, or the Lady Amabel?"

"Neither; it is Pet."

"Now, Robert!"

Pet was our name for the sweet girl. Her

real name was Frances Angelique du Chaine. Her mother was an Englishwoman, daughter to the old gentleman driven over by the squire's imperious servants and horses. He called her Fanny. That was too prosaic a name for us. We began with Fanny, but soon got to Pet.

"The squire in love with Pet! As if I should not have seen that before you, Robert!"

"Perhaps you ought to have done so—perhaps you would have done so, had he not confided his love to me."

"My dear Robert. Such a splendid match! And the dear child was going to be a governess."

"Patty, don't lose your senses. He fell in love the first day, and wanted to propose on the bridge——"

"Now, Robert!"

"—and every day since; but he does not know how to do it, she is so reserved and shy to him."

"My goodness me, Robert, but that must be altered. If she was only like Sarah Jane, now!"

"If she was like Sarah Jane, the squire would not have fallen in love with her."

"Well, no. Dear me; Pet to live here among us. Oh! my dear Robert, what a fortunate thing was that accident."

"We don't know yet. Perhaps Pet will not accept the squire."

A fear seemed to rise in my heart, for indeed she seemed to have an antipathy to men, such as some folks have to cats. Only lately had she begun to find out that Robert had nothing obnoxious about him.

"Your Robert," she had said to me, "is good. Oh! so good. He is like a woman."

Perhaps Robert might not have thought this a compliment, and for fear he should not, I did not tell him of it.

But at all events, Pet having accorded him her affection, now gave him such abundant proofs of it, that he once more thought her the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"You must go and break the matter to her, Patty."

"Oh no, Robert; let the squire tell her himself."

"But she will not give him the opportunity."

"Tell him to come this evening when we are sitting in the verandah. I will so place Pet as that she shall have her back to the bridge, but I shall be looking on it. Thus I shall see him coming, and just as I know his hand is on the wicket of our garden gate, I will make a pretence to go for something, and he will catch her alone. Such a splendid match!"

Robert approving of my plan, all was executed most delightfully:—except that the squire, more nervous than ever through anxiety, sped up the hill so quickly, that I had not given myself time to execute my little manœuvre, and he was so astonished to see me, that he tumbled over my work-basket, and, altogether, made an ignominious rather than a pleasing entry.

However, I made a dash after one of my balls



of wool as it was rolling down the terrace, and slipped round in by the back way, fervently praying the good fates to attend the squire, and having great misgivings that they would not.

It seems that he did not do amiss. He expressed himself in a manly, honourable manner, and if Sarah Jane had been the owner of his affections instead of Pet, the matter would have been settled there and then, and I should have escaped eight months of wear and tear of nerves and feelings.

Pet refused the squire because she did not know him enough.

He would wait until she knew him better.

She thought very well of him then, because he was so kind to grandpapa.

She could not have affection such as should be a wife's all in so great hurry.

He would wait—weeks, months, years.

No; she would have no waiting, she was not in love with a wife's duties. She knew nothing of men and their ways, and was not of a mind to try to live with one.

"I must not force myself upon you," said the squire. "I will leave you with this last remark: I love you, and I shall never love any other woman."

"My goodness me! To think of her resisting that, and from the squire, too. Robert, she does not know what she is refusing."

"No, she does not, Patty; you must talk to her."

Talk to her! the whole parish talked to her. Her grandfather, now getting strong and well, talked to her until he had tears in his eyes.

"Child," he said, "you must not think only of yourself. Remember the benefit to your family. So kind and good a man will doubtless make your brothers and sisters his own. I am old; soon, probably, I shall be a greater burden on your poor mother than the youngest of her children. Who is to take care of you all?"

"It is not right, grandpapa, to marry a man for that."

"It is not," he answered; "but you are thoughtless. What more can you require in a husband than what is now offered you?"

"He is a man so tall—I love not men so tall."

Grandpapa spoke to the winds. This little wild innocent creature could think of nothing but flowers, and pets, and child's fancies. So the squire wooed in vain, and my heart bled for him.

"Oh, Robert, what are we to do? If she was only Sarah Jane for five minutes—if she was only me."

"What! You would commit bigamy and marry the squire?"

"It distresses me so to see him, Robert. He was very thin before, and so awkward, but now he is a walking-stick. Pray, Robert, don't worry me with ridiculous ideas. I am miserable enough as it is, and old Mr. Hamilton declares he is well enough to go home."

"I think so too; I do not wish to seem inhospitable; I wish no one to think me unreasonable; but I own I look forward to having

my cottage and my wife once more to myself, with a vast deal of pleasure."

"How can you be so unfeeling, Robert; you don't think of what will happen if they go away. The squire will never see Pet again, and we shall have no lady at the Hall."

"Hah! Now a light strikes on me. We are not wholly actuated by love of the squire, we think a little of ourselves."

"Get away with you, Robert; no one being by, I may tell you you are most provoking."

And Pet and her father did go away, and the squire was left forlorn.

But Robert was properly punished for his want of sympathy; for the poor squire was up at our house, morning, noon, and night. He came in the morning to ask if we had heard from her. He came at noon, to talk about her, and he came at night to ask me if I had written to her. Hitherto I have presented our squire to public view, as a man possessing negative qualities or virtues. Yet I am happy to say he was not so wholly different from the rest of the world, as to be without some peculiarity or virtue. He wrote the best hand, and the best letter that any man could write.

Remembering this, I happily hit upon the idea that he should begin a correspondence with Pet, sending the first letter under cover to her grandfather. It was not to be a lover's letter, but merely a chatty amusing friendly letter.

"Heaven help the squire," thought I, as he started up on this proposal like a meagre figure of famine, anxiously on the look-out for a hot loaf from the oven. "How can he write anything amusing or chatty!"

But he did. And he brought me the letter to read.

Well, Pet did not answer the letter for days. I thought the poor squire would vanish into thin air. But, after he had written six letters at least, he received one in return.

There was a solemn joy in his face, as he appeared with the letter closely buttoned up in the inner breast-pocket of his coat. He drew it forth, as a man might draw forth a treasure that no one else ever possessed, or could ever possess.

"It is short," he said, as he handed it to me, at the same time giving a little chuckle, that you might suppose a child would give over a box of sugar-plums. Poor dear squire!—as I said to Robert.

Here it is, spelling, grammar and all, just as he had it:

"Dear Sir,—I will not go out into my new business without a letter, ever so much little as it is to thank you, for the favour you have done me. And which delight grandpapa, and my mamma, and they both say, do much of an honour to your little friend

"PET."

"How nice of her to conclude so, Patty!" murmured the squire, as I finished reading the letter.

My goodness me! To think of the squire,



in the tumult of his feelings, calling me "Patty." What would Robert say? What would everybody say? The proud old housekeeper! The imperious servants! Robert and I perfect nobodies, living in a little cottage, and keeping a farm. I am not going to tell my real name, so I may confess that I have churned the butter very often, when Robert has had the whole household out in the hay-field, and has left no one at home but the cat. And I can make cheese; and, altogether, I am not at all the sort of person to be on such familiar terms as to be called Patty by the squire. It turned me scarlet.

But I had to tell him what I thought of the conclusion of Pet's note. Should I call him by his christian name? The bare idea brought me to my senses. It was a pretty name—Oliver. The surname, of course, I dare not tell here for my life, but it was only of one syllable, which was the proper thing to go with a christian name of three. But to go on with the conclusion of Pet's letter. I must confess I saw nothing in this scrap of writing from beginning to end, conclusion and all, that warranted any one being in the least excited about it. And when I heard that her grandfather had insisted, and her mother commanded, and both stood over her, and one gave her a new pen before the letter could be written, I was more than ever puzzled what to say. But of course the squire never knew what trouble Pet gave those about her, before he got his long expected letter.

"My dear Patty," exclaimed the squire, quite hastily, "why do you not answer me?"

His dear Patty! As if I was his sister; well, to be sure. But I was already so scarlet, I could not become more so.

So, as I can do on great occasions, I collected myself: and assuming a confidential and sisterly air, said:

"I do think she wishes to be friendly, putting Pet instead of Frances du Chaine."

"That is just it, Patty; exactly what I feel. If she had desired to put me down altogether—to snub me outright—she would not have put Pet." And again the squire gave that foolish little feminine chuckle. "I have great hopes," he continued, "that she will dislike her new duties. I have been in the neighbourhood, and have made inquiries, and, from all I can learn, the people she is going to are not at all refined. They will not suit her ideas at all; she is so essentially a lady—or a gentleman—is the word I like better."

Think of our shy, awkward, proud squire talking in this fashion. I was beginning quite to love him.

Certainly, as the squire said, her new duties did not agree with her. She came to us to spend her first holidays with a bad cold and cough, and was very thin and white. But she was as saucy as ever; and regarded the squire and all his devoted attentions, as if she had been a young princess, and he the page appointed to run by her stirrup.

One day he asked to speak to me alone.

"Tell her, Patty," said he, "that I am going away. I see my presence is irksome to her. It is necessary that she should have rest and quiet before she returns to governessing. I think she will be happier, and will soon regain her former strength and spirits, if she is left only with you and Robert. Go and tell her so. I shall try to make myself happy, with the recollection of her thanks."

So good and unselfish of the squire!

I gave his message, with a little spice of my own added.

I was delighted to see that she was more astonished than pleased.

"Going away!" she exclaimed. "Why for? I am not too teased. I think not of him."

"Shall I tell him to stay, Pet?"

"No, no. You are of all Patties the most naughty. I give no message; I say nothing; I am as one who has not had the least of a message. Why do he and me have messages? We are free of each other."

She missed him. I was afraid to write and tell him. Moreover, one day, when going over the Hall, to which we had free admittance and that without the surveillance of any of the servants, if Pet did not throw herself down upon one of the blue satin covered chairs, on which I never dared to sit except when I had on my best gown, and say: "Ah, Patty, would you like to see fine lady? Look at me. I know all the airs. I have in me a doting of finery, and I love lace, and pearls, and I have a wish to be gracious and dignified. See this curtsy that I make you. And if you were not much to my liking, I would be haughty, thus."

The airs the child gave herself!

"Do not look at me so, my best Patty, all eversomuch astonished. You are farmer's wife, yet the prettiest lady and sweetest friend. Why not little governess full of fine lady ways? We like that best, sometimes, that is not ever to be ours."

"Ever, child!" I exclaimed, significantly.

She blushed—positively blushed—and made no answer.

"It appears to me, Patty," said Robert (that evening totally unconscious of the effect of his words), "that you provide your household with food from the squire's larder, and not mine."

"I assure you, Robert, it is not my fault. Moon came to me, and said he had orders to bring me game every day; and Herrot, the gardener, sends such heaps of fruit, I should be quite at a loss to know what to do with it, but that Pet lives on it, and it seems to do her so much good."

That evening I had a serious talk with Pet.

"Child," said I, very severely, "you are a very aggravating, provoking, good-for-nothing sort of a thing. Why not love so good a man? so respected, so excellent. I declare I love him, almost as much as if he was Robert."

She flushed up, evidently pleased.

"But—but—yes—he is good—more—and he is——"



"Well?"

"He is not bad; but he is man."

"You cannot marry a woman."

"I not marry at all. Why not be the friend, the great friend, dear friend?" And as she said this, she was more scarlet than ever I was in all my life.

"She must love him," I thought, and rushed again to the charge. "You must marry him, Pet. Think how happy you will make us; how you will delight your grandfather, relieve your mother—"

"Hush! hush! Was ever so bad a Patty? A girl marries because she loves, not for riches and friends."

"To be sure; so she ought."

"And he—he—do you think that he must be married for good of his wife's friends? I think more of him than you; oh so foolish Patty."

"You do, indeed, Pet. The poor dear good darling squire ought to be married for himself. And can't you love him?"

"I have much love, great respect—so much, that if he was not the squire, so rich, so great, I should say I can love, but not marry."

"And why not marry, supposing the squire became poor?"

"I love not marrying." And she blushed deeper and deeper.

"Why? Why?" I asked all curious and anxious.

She put her rosy lips to my ear, whispered something, and then sprang away, laughing with all her might.

What a ridiculous creature! Why, I no more minded—indeed I was quite anxious—but how am I to tell it here? Perhaps I had better say that I told Robert. Robert laughed heartily, and says he: "If Pet objects to being kissed by the squire when she accepts him, we will get him to forego the ceremony."

That was her whisper.

Such a ridiculous idea! What could have put it into her head? To be sure, when Robert told me he was going to marry me, I did not think it at all a certain fact until he had kissed me, and then I knew that for evermore I was his and he mine.

"Come, don't cry about it," said Robert. "One thing is pretty certain to me: if Pet refuses the squire because she has an objection to being kissed by him, I will bet you fifty pounds she ends in marrying him."

I never was so perplexed. I was in such a state, that I really was almost—not quite—glad when Pet's time was up, and she had to go back to her governessing.

## CHAPTER II.

SUCH a ridiculous idea!

I kept saying this to myself, as soon as ever I saw the squire again; for, though he was very tall and a little grim-visaged, yet he had a handsome mouth, very fine teeth, and—in short, one might be saluted by somebody much worse.

Indeed, the squire was improving vastly.

Hitherto he had worn clothes seemingly to oblige his valet. Or, too nervous to have his measure taken, he had got his valet to undergo the operation, and was sufficiently thankful to be clothed in anything, without trouble, to care whether they fitted or not. He had also until now considered that the principal use of shirt-collars was to hide himself behind them, while his wristbands were always so alarmingly demonstrative, that a weak imagination was led to fear his shirt must be going to make an exit that way.

Now, he had not only a fashionable collar, but absolutely one of those little ties that Robert says are meant for grasshoppers, not men; in short, the squire not only looked fashionable and well got up, but also seemed to feel quite a comfort in the change. Being obliged to face the world boldly, now that there was not a fraction of collar to creep behind, he did so resolutely. And his confidence—upon my word, his confidence about Pet's loving him at last beat Robert's all to nothing.

"My goodness me, Robert, if he is disappointed after all," said I to Robert, behind our bed-curtains one night.

"Wait until he is, Patty."

"But I feel for him so, poor fellow; and he is going to paper and paint, and new furnish the house, and alter the entrance, and put in a bow-window to the summer drawing-room—and suppose he does it all for nothing! However, it will amuse him, I hope, and make the time pass."

Never, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, had anything been done to the Hall. For my part, I was not born to be great, and live in grand old halls. I never went into the squire's house without longing to whitewash the whole of it. I hope nobody will be angry with me, but I love clean white things. I never looked at all the fine old carving without conjecturing how many pecks of dust were secreted away in all those little holes and crannies. The gilding, doubtless, was grand, but it was mightily tarnished. The furniture was—but, good gracious me, the squire is not the only person in England with a grand old, time-worn, motheaten, black-oaked, ebony-furnished, gloomy, faded, massive, moaning-doored palace of a place, and so I will say no more about it. Of course it was rather a shock to him to have a London upholsterer down from town, and consult with him confidentially and familiarly. However, that prepared our shy squire for the whole tribe of workpeople that shortly swarmed all over the Hall. He gazed with quite a pleased look on a multitude. All the hammering, knocking, planing, sawing, whistling, singing, and noise, delighted instead of annoying him. The poor lonely fellow regarded all his workpeople as friends, and chatted with them in a most amiable manner.

On the squire's learning that Pet's favourite colour was blue, the old Hall stood in danger of becoming entirely revived in cerulean hue—the squire seemed to think there was no other



colour in existence—even when the question of colouring the kitchens and back premises was in course of argumentation.

"What do you say to blue?" he suggests.

As the months glided away, I must confess that if ever a woman did her best to make another woman love a man, I was that woman. I wrote to Pet sheets upon sheets of all my private ideas; and Pet's letters began to pour in almost daily, and were full of questions; and it was astonishing how all these questions had reference to the squire. It would be endless to describe the thousand odd questions in Pet's letters.

Never shall I forget my amazement, when one day, just catching sight of the bridge, as I ran by the staircase window, I perceived an extraordinary figure, without a hat, and with coat-tails flying, striding over the bridge, as if he had seven-leagued boots; and before I could take breath, there was the squire thundering at the cottage door.

"She accepts me!" he exclaimed, as he burst into the house, and threw me a letter.

Such a letter! Of that letter I do not like to say much. It was totally and entirely different from anything like what Sarah Jane would have written. If I had been the squire, I should not have considered it at all the sort of letter to receive upon such an occasion.

"Robert," I said solemnly to him, on telling him what was in the letter, "she does not love him; she only marries him because we have persuaded her. And he has begged me to ask her here."

"Then do it, Patty; and when she comes, whip her; if you do not, I will."

When she arrived, if Robert did not pet her, and coax her, and humour her, until I was so bewildered that I quite forgot to order dinner one day, let alone putting my balls of wool (I am always knitting) under the clucking hen instead of her own eggs, which I only found out when the eggs went smash on the floor out of my work-basket. Such a lovely sitting, and all from my grey Dorking! However, I must allow that Pet required petting. She was as pale as a clean shirt, and as thin as Robert's oldest stockings, which it is of no use to mend any more.

As for her spirits, she had none. No more chatterations, no more acting of great ladies; she was as dumb as any dumb-waiter.

It was just what I thought. She was going to marry the squire, and she did not think she loved him.

"At this moment, oh! best Patty, I have a shudder of marrying."

"Then don't do it."

"But I will."

"You naughty Pet, the squire is far too good for you. He worships you, and he has a most tender heart, and you will break it, if you marry him and do not love him."

"Now hear this, Patty. He writes to me; he says he loves me, and me only; never before, since, or again, will he love. I think this good;

I like that, it makes me see he is not like other men; so I am interested. Then he says in his letter, that I am not to force myself to love him, or to think of him at all. I am to live always for now, as if we had never met. He will not ever come in my sight, because he cannot come, but that he will always wish I was his wife. So he says 'Adieu' finally. Now, Patty, what do you think I find? Tears, tears, running down my cheeks. I say, What are these tears? Are you sorry, you bad girl?" And the answer is, 'I am sorry.' So then I write and say, I like not that adieu; and when the answer comes to my letter, it is himself. Then I say nothing, but that I will write once more, which I do, and I am this bad girl. I have said I will marry, and I like not to marry."

"Let me speak to the squire; let me break it off; it will be utter misery to you both, if you marry."

"Why misery?" says she, hotly.

To be sure, there was no understanding the girl!

And what a martyr she looked, on her wedding-day. Of course Robert and I went to the wedding, and I almost went on my knees to beg her to let me break it off, even the very day before.

How the squire got through the time of his courtship without an attempt to hang or drown himself, or to hate her, and break with her, I do not know. She was more cross-grained and cantankerous than our brindled cow, which we were at last obliged to sell, though she was the best milker we ever had. Fourteen pounds of butter twice—But I am forgetting Pet's wedding-day. She was married, and if the squire had married a statue, she could not have been more stony. And the squire behaved like an angel, even if he did not look like one.

"I shall take her far away from you all," says he to Robert. "Then by degrees she will become accustomed to me, and having no one else to talk to, she will gradually find herself chatting to me, as she did when first I knew her."

"Patty, you are a match-maker."

Now I am sure everybody must see, after reading this history, that the squire made his own bed, and so must lie on it. He would marry her, though she plainly showed she hated the idea of it. I did everything I could to prevent it, and why she persisted in marrying him is one of those mysterious paradoxes that can never be explained. Did she secretly like him? or did she desire to be rich? or had her mother persuaded her? or her grandfather commanded her? I asked myself these questions a dozen times over, and could not answer them. Then I asked Robert, and he said at once:

"She is a woman, Patty, of all animals the most curiously fashioned, and incomprehensibly organised."

"Now, Robert!"

Isn't it odd that men, even the best of men, such as Robert is, should have such odd notions of women? And there is another weak-



ness, too, which they possess in a frightful degree. They cannot bear to think themselves in the wrong.

"Whipped! so she ought. Pet is a humbug, Patty. I believe she loves him; yet she has never called him Oliver once."

"No more she did; and we must not call her Pet any more. It is too familiar for the squire's lady."

"Pooh! he calls you his dear Patty. And quite right too. I agree with him. You are a dear Patty."

"Of course, Robert, that is very nice of you to say so, and I only wish conceited Mr. Bellenden would say something pretty of that sort to poor Sarah Jane. I have had a letter from her, and she says she is completely miserable."

"All your doing! You made the match! You are answerable for anything that may happen—murder—suicide—divorce."

"Now, Robert! I am sure I did it for the best; but, indeed, I am sickened of match-making. If Sarah Jane—once so dreadfully in love—is miserable, what will happen to Pet; perhaps, at this moment, she may be eloping from the squire. I wonder how the squire feels. It gives me quite a shudder. Suppose he is now feeling that he has blighted her happiness for ever. For aught we know, she might have had a prior attachment—loved one whom she could never marry."

"What are you crying about, Patty?"

"Oh, Robert, if he now feels that he has made a mistake—that it cannot be undone—that she loves somebody else."

"Of all the absurd little Pattys I ever knew, you are the most preposterous. Dry your eyes, or I will have a divorce. I shall have the rheumatism for a week, through merely sitting by such a damp creature. For your comfort, learn that the squire said to me: If he fancied Pet's aversion to matrimony was aversion to himself, he would never have permitted an engagement to take place between them. But he could not help fancying he had the best chance of any man, and he did not see why he should lose it, because she had some odd unaccustomed notions, very unlike your gushing Sarah Janes and impulsive Pattys."

"Robert; hold your tongue. I won't sit here and have my sex abused. I hope, Robert, you will remember to be kind and forbearing to me, for what between Sarah Jane and Pet, I expect to be utterly miserable."

#### CHAPTER III.

My goodness me, what a turn it gave me, when I saw the carriages go over the bridge, and heard all the hurrahing and shouting, and the bells ringing, and the cannon firing, and Robert waving his hat like mad, and I waved my handkerchief too, and Pet—I mean the squire's lady—peeped out and saw me, and waved back. And upon my word, there was the carriage with the imperious horses, and the impe-

rious servants careering back, after putting them down at the Hall, and coming up to our door with the squire's and the squire's lady's compliments, and would I be so kind as to come up and see them?

Dear me, how I cried all the way up, just for nothing, and if there was not Robert at the great Hall door, and caught me at it, and gave me quite a shaking, as he helped me out; but he had not time to scold, for there was Pet with her arms round my neck.

She looked well; she did not look unhappy; she seemed a little embarrassed. It was a very embarrassing situation.

I must say the squire, for a shy awkward man, acquitted himself beautifully. In fact, he did not seem to care in the least. The more they shouted, the more he seemed pleased. The more they wanted to shake hands and congratulate, the more he obliged them.

And he made a speech, the first I suppose he ever got through without saying just what he did not intend to say.

"I thank you, my kind friends, for your warm welcome to my wife. I can only say that the more you know of her, the more reason will you see for regarding me as one of the happiest of men. I trust, my kind neighbours, and you, my tenants, will unite with me in making her so happy amongst us that she will regard this day as the brightest of her life."

"Now, Robert, if the squire had said that of me, I should have said, 'No, there is one brighter: the day on which I married you.'"

"And what has the day you married me got to do with the squire?"

"I have great misgivings. Why does she not call him Oliver?"

"He seems very contented. I never saw him look better, and he is on the broad grin all the time. I will tell you what I saw."

"What. Oh, what! Robert?"

"When he welcomed her home, he gave her a kiss."

"No! before all the people; and what did she say?"

"She said, 'May the carriage go for Patty?'"

"Darling creature!"

So, upon the whole, my mind was a little more easy now. She had rather a grave sedate way with her, but she did not look unhappy; while the squire was positively radiant.

They celebrated their return home by a series of entertainments. As I dressed to go to their first dinner-party, I could not help thinking of those dull affairs, so irksome to us all, that the squire gave when he was a bachelor. I wondered how it would be now, and if Pet would act the great lady, or the haughty lady, or the supercilious wife.

While I was thinking, if the imperious carriage with the imperious horses and servants did not drive up to our door! No more walking up, for me, and taking off my bonnet, and arranging my curls behind Robert, lest the imperious servants should see me.

The imperious servants were so good as to



say they would be greatly obliged if we would not keep them waiting, as they had orders to take us up at once to the great house, and then go for the Mountjoys, and Smiths, and Macolis.

We were so amiable as to hurry at once, and I smoothed my curls in the carriage going there, for the coachman's broad back made a capital looking-glass with the window up.

"I had better have no hair at all," I said to Robert, "than keep them waiting."

"I don't agree with you," answered Robert; "if my whiskers had been cantankerous, they should have waited until I had brought them to order."

Not that he would have done such a thing for the world, for I must say this of Robert's whiskers, they have a natural curl in them, unlike other person's, and so becoming—but about Pet.

She looked so pretty when she came forward to greet us: not fine, or grand, or supercilious, but just herself, beautifully dressed, and conscious that she was beautifully dressed, and looked well. As for the squire, he beamed with admiration. He could not take his eyes off her, and, upon my word, if she didn't seem to enjoy it.

And as if to reward him, she said, with a little sort of quick glance under her eyes, as I admired a new bracelet she had on:

"Yes, it is the prettiest I ever saw; Oliver gave it me."

And then she said another thing. She said to me:

"I have no care, no want, no ugly business of teaching. I arrange my dress, I walk through my house, I give great orders, I send mamma all the notes the old thing gives me."

"Old thing!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes, old thing; you are 'old thing' sometimes, and Robert. See, now, I will call him by that name. Old thing, I want you!" And the squire turned to her, delighted, bending down his stately back to listen to her little whisper, as pleased as if she had said "darling."

"Oh! my dear Robert," said I, "did you ever see anything so delightful, and did you ever enjoy yourself more? Was it not a merry dinner, and how we all chatted afterwards? When I remember what I have endured in that great drawing-room, what a blessed change!"

Lo and behold, as we drove up home to our own door after that delightful entertainment, there did we see Sarah Jane.

My goodness me, what a scene I had with her! She had run away from home in a pet. I never saw Robert so angry, and he was quite in a way with me because I did not tell her she was a "ridiculous fool"—that is what he called her, up-stairs, behind his bed-curtains, and much worse things too, though of course I shall never tell them.

I thought it my duty to soothe her, but, in the midst of all her anger, I could not exactly

make out what Mr. Bellenden had done to vex her, and I was rather nettled, too, when she said, "There you are, dressed out so gay, looking so happy, and all because you have married the squire to a common little French girl who does whatever you bid her."

"She does not do anything of the sort; she has a will and a way of her own, and the squire fell in love with her all of his own accord."

"But you helped the marriage on, you encouraged him. You made the girl accept him, and all the world knows she does not care one atom for him. Now—if—if—I had on—only known the squire wa—wanted to mar—marry—I would ha—ha—have had him—my—my—my own—self."

"You wicked creature!" I exclaimed, horror-stricken. "How dare you talk like that—a married woman, and Robert in bed, and no one to help me. Don't sob like that, but behave yourself."

Such a wicked creature as Sarah Jane I did not think existed.

However, I believe it was only envy. She was always of that turn of mind. She could not bear others to have what she had not, and I dare say she thought if she had only known sooner, she might have caught the squire. She had a good opinion of herself, had Sarah Jane, which, I am sorry to say, I had not; and, as for Robert, he hated her very name, and, I dare say, hated herself; only, being a Christian, he did not like to say so.

He says Sarah Jane made up to him. Well, I don't blame her. All I have to say is, that if any woman ever thought she had a chance of marrying Robert, she was a very lucky woman, though I don't know what I should have done if she had. However, that is neither here nor there, now. I am his wife, and if it should please God, I hope to be that happiest of all creatures a good many years yet. And if I am not, and Robert becomes a widower, and marries again, I think it won't be Sarah Jane.

Next day, nothing would satisfy Sarah Jane but that I must take her up to the great house, to pay her respects to the bride. But she only wanted to feed her envy. That evening Mr. Bellenden drove over in his dog-cart, and, in his indolent and drawling way, said:

"I thought this cottage a sure find for runaway wives. I knew I should unkennel my fox."

Upon which Sarah Jane flew at him for being vulgar, and they had a scene. I do not know how it would have ended, had not Robert said:

"I will not have my house disturbed by your brawls. If you, Mrs. Bellenden, would only imitate my Patty, and you, Bellenden, think more of your wife and less of yourself, there might be some chance of happiness for you. But you shall not fasten upon my wife the stigma of your own faults. I don't desire to see either of you again until you can better understand the duties of each to the other."

Robert, when he is in earnest, is as solemn as



Solomon. He made them both quite ashamed. I could not help crying when Sarah Jane went off with her husband: which she did that evening: though I was very glad to be rid of them. Luckily, they had lately settled at a village ten miles away.

We were all in the greatest state about Pet, and the dear sweet darling squire's lady she made. As Mrs. Mountjoy said, "Her manner of giving the school-prizes is quite perfection." And our great county people paid her the greatest compliments, and quite loved her. No party was thought anything of unless our squire's lady was there. One person admired her grace and figure, another her sweet voice and pretty mode of speaking, a third thought her so intelligent, a fourth so lovable, while all admired her taste in dress, and quoted her authority far and near. As for the poor, they adored her; as for the imperious servants, they worshipped her.

And did she at last love the dear good squire, who had so instantaneously discovered what a darling she was?

We could not tell. The "old thing" seemed necessary to her happiness, if one might judge by the many times she invoked him. Not as heretofore, in a shy half-ashamed way, but openly, and rather ostentatiously.

"Where is my old thing?" she would say, imperiously. "I am here at a loss for what to do or say, and there is no old thing to tell me."

She had settled it between her and me, that when she required me for any particular purpose, she was to place her pocket-handkerchief at her bedroom window: upon the seeing of which, I was to hasten up to the great house.

Imagine my state of mind when one morning, on looking up at the great house, it appeared as if there was a white signal in every window!

"My goodness me, Robert, look there! They must have quarrelled; it will be Sarah Jane over again. Never, never, more will I make another match. Oh, my dear Robert, help me on with my shawl. Where is my bonnet? Do come with me; I shall cry my eyes out. Never, never, will I make another match."

Robert kindly consented to come with me: partly moved to do so, he said, lest I really should cry my eyes out, and then who would there be to do everything for him? But I knew better. He was just as anxious as I was. So we hurried up. We took the liberty of not ringing at the front door bell, but ran in by the garden entrance:

There, in her boudoir, the prettiest and sweetest of all rooms, blue all over, lay Pet on her sofa, her face buried in the cushions.

"Oh, my darling child!" I exclaimed; "let your Patty comfort you. Tell me, dear, what has he done? What has happened?"

"Oh, Patty, I am of all creatures ever so much the most unhappy."

"My darling, my dearest, sweetest darling, what can I do to show my devotion to you?"

"That is what *he* said; but he goes all the same. Oh, Patty, a miserable man of a lawyer has sent for Oliver on odious business, and he has gone away for two days. I could not bear myself; I am so much unhappy, so I sent for you. And oh! if there is an accident—if a smash on the train—I shall die; I know I shall die. And I feel as if I hate Oliver's little child that is coming, because I am not to go with him, and be in the smash of the train too."

"My goodness gracious me, Robert, am I standing on my head or my heels?"

"Bodily, you are all right, Patty; mentally, I can hardly say. But, at all events, you are not so wholly distracted as to be any longer blind to Pet's love for her husband."

"Love," sighed Pet; "I know not what you call love. I want Oliver, my Oliver, my own husband. I cannot live two days without my old thing."

And Pet and I cried and laughed together, and upon my word I think Robert was just going to join us in both performances, when the door opened, and in walked the squire. With a cry of delight, Pet sprang up, and flew into his arms, and then we heard sounds that—but, however, it is not fair of me to tell. In fact, the sounds very distinctly proved that Pet had changed some of her ideas.

"Pet is a hypocrite," says Robert to me, as he tucked my arm under his, and we sped away home as quickly as we came. "She has loved him from the first."

"My dear Robert; our squire's lady—calling her names."

"She is a hypocrite—you never gave me such a hug."

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XXVII. "OLD FOLEY."

SIR JOHN WESTENDE, though a squire, was crafty enough in his generation. He thought Miss Manuel's counsel good as to the secrecy, and did not show his hand too soon. He was even friendly with his nephew, and said to him in his rough way, "Well, if you will make a born ass of yourself, you must." But at home he indemnified himself by swearing and railing at his daughters, telling them they were "a hopeless, helpless pack," and that he was "sick of the whole lot;" ending generally with a violent question as to "what were they staring at him in that way for?" and finally bidding them "get out of his sight, for he couldn't stand them!" And the poor frightened motherless girls, who had this paternal food served to them every day, with the regularity of meals, fled away from his presence like a flock of sheep from the shepherd's dog.

Lady Laura, too, had a consciousness of a danger. For the first time in her life she began to give way to a sense of hopelessness, and to give entrance to the grim and gloomy visitors called forebodings. As she turned round to north, south, east, and west successively, and saw the passage growing blocked in each direction, she began to feel sudden sinkings of the heart for the first time during her fifty or sixty years' struggle. These, however, might have been the natural weakness of coming age. She had fought, suffered, and received such cruel scars, that it was no wonder she should feel pains.

From the first she had divined the opposition from Sir John Westende, and had tried to bring him over. But she well knew he had never forgiven her—not so much for the mortification, as for the years of tyranny which she had indirectly brought on him. For he was one of those ferocious wild animals who roar, and tear, and even devour the spectators, but who are surprisingly tame and docile under the eye of the keeper. She even tried to stir the cold ashes of the old romance, with her fan, and let a few of the white particles float in the air, but this she saw was only a further stimulant. She then wisely gave up all attempts at conciliation, and determined for fighting in the open field.

He went to consult Miss Manuel again. He burst into his old complaints. "Is it not shameful?" he said. "There should be an act of parliament to protect boys against these women. I'll show the whole system up, if I die for it. On my soul, I believe she will fuddle him some night, put him in a coach, and marry him before the child knows what he is doing. The worst is, I don't see my way. Can you think of something?"

Miss Manuel thought a moment. "You know Sir Hopkins Pocock?" she said. "Very well. A wretched restless agitating creature, who would sell his soul for place. Go to him, and talk of your influence. That private family skeleton we spoke of the other day," she said, smiling, "is in some museum in the country somewhere. It has been smuggled away, but can be recovered."

Sir John, a country gentleman, did not quite follow. "What about skeletons?" he said.

"I mean," said Miss Manuel, "the little secret story you hinted at the other day. It may be worth nothing: but still, where the interest of a child, your ward, is concerned, everything is fair. You might use this as a lever."

"A lever! yes," said Sir John, still doubtful; "but where did you get about the skeleton?"

"A mere figure of speech," said she; "a way they have of talking. Or stay," she said; "there is Major Carter, who knows all the world, and is flattered by attention. Ask him to dine, and he may help you."

Sir John Westende took both courses. From Sir Hopkins, who cringed to him with senile homage, he heard of an old Peninsular colonel whom he himself had known, and Major Carter, who knew all the world, was likely enough to have fallen in with him.

"If I could only light on that old Foley now," he thought. "He knows and knew everything, and every story. But he is dead long ago; had to live at some of those wretched half-pay French foreignering places." (Sir John took the true squire's view of Boulogne and other foreign ports, as being solely created for English gentlemen of limited means.) He asked Major Carter about it.

"The old colonel dead?" said the major. "Not he! Lives at Dunkirk, of all places in the world! But he says he gets his rubber there. He was here last week, but has gone back, I am afraid. The colonel's purse is not very deep,



unless, indeed, he has made something out of his whisk here. Shall we go and see him, Sir John? By the way, I forget. Did you know him?"

"Not met him for years," said Sir John. "But I have a particular reason for wishing to meet him now." Then he told Major Carter (whom he said he saw was "a man of the world") what this reason was.

"Just the man!" cried the major. "You have a surprising instinct, Sir John! Why, he could write a book, the most delightful work of our times, all the scandal, all the divorces, all the esclandres—the *true* history, you understand, Sir John? He has them all at his fingers' ends. It would be the most fascinating work."

The old Peninsular colonel must have made profit out of his whisk; for he was still in town, in the bay-window of his club, with his newspaper attached to a stick, which he handled as if he were a pointsman signalling a train. He had a very large hat on. The blood in his face was so marbled and extravasated that it seemed as if made out of good Bologna sausage; while his stock was so stiff and straight that it seemed as if he were always looking out of an iron chimney-pot after having newly swept a gigantic chimney. He was glad to see Carter, and was glad to see Carter's friend, for he had just done with his pointsman's flag, and was thinking of sherry. "Have something?" he said. "No?" And having "had something" himself, the marbled Bologna sausage surface seemed to become illuminated from within, and glowed.

The major very soon led them across France into the Peninsula, and took them back some thirty or forty years, and called up Lord Wellington and Pack, and Beresford, and that "chicken-hearted" scoundrel, Joseph. "Why, dammy!" roared the colonel, the Bologna sausage distending alarmingly, "we had a little drummer that would have stood up to him, and made him run."

"You had queer days in Madrid that time, colonel," said the major.

"Ay, ay," said the Peninsular colonel, "both then and later. I was there in 'twenty-five, too, and met some of the old set. What times we had, sir. Dammy, sir, there are no *men* on earth now. No men, sir, with real heads and stomachs. They don't know how to drink! It ain't life now; at least, it ain't life as it used to be"—then the colonel added a dropping shot after a volley—"dammy!"

"The colonel," said Major Carter to Sir John, with great approbation, "knows, and has seen a great deal. It is really instructive to hear him."

"Bless you!" said Colonel Foley (using the benediction precisely in the same meaning as he did his favourite malediction); "Bless you! I could tell you stories by the yard! Ay, sir! and stories that would take your wind away, sir; and, sir, about some of the—ve-ry—first—families in the country," added he, stooping forward, and speaking slow; "the very first. Ay, sir, and some of your fine high women," he continued, glowing at the recollection of some ne-

glect, "who now give themselves airs; I could have them at my knees, crying, 'For God's sake, don't expose us! Dammy, colonel, don't!'"

"Did you ever," said Sir John, a little impatient at the colonel's reminiscences, "fall in with a person called Fermor?"

"Fermor? Fermor?" said the colonel, searching his memory. "Ah, to be sure! I suppose I didn't know Lady Laura—a fine spanking creature she was! I could tell you some of her games. By the Lord, sir, the night of the fresco business down at the what-d'ye-call-'em villa on the Thames, and we had the walks lit up, excepting the arbour, which was forgotten, dammy, sir, if I didn't—"

Major Carter here nervously interposed; "Our friend, Sir John, is connected, I believe—"

"No, no," said Sir John, hotly. "I have nothing to say to them. And I don't care what is said of them. There was a story, Colonel Foley, some thirty years ago—as a club man you knew it, we all knew it; I should know it myself, but somehow my memory does not help me now. I want to find that story. You remember a scampish fellow they had among them, Fermor's brother, that went to the dogs?"

"Ah! you're right, you're right," said Colonel Foley, with great enjoyment. "Ah, Jack Fermor, I knew him, sir! I once lent him ten pounds, and dammy, sir, if I wasn't the only man he ever paid—"

"But what was the business?" asked Sir John, impatiently; "it was cushioned in some wonderful way."

"Bless your soul," said the colonel, with the same absence of spiritual meaning, "that was *her*, all her! She managed the whole of it. She had the spirit of ten men. Did you ever know that she went over herself, and settled it all?"

"Ah!" said Sir John, with great interest, "that was the way it never got out."

"Exactly, sir. It was the middle of winter, too, with ice, sir, as thick as that book, sir," pointing to a London Directory. "And up-on my soul, sir, she was expecting to be confined of her first child. That I know. And I call that a fine, plucky, spanking thing of her. As for the quiet sneak Fermor she married, he wasn't fit to sweep that crossing, sir."

"He was a poor creature," said Sir John, cordially.

"She settled the whole business, sir. Saw the counsel, police, judges, every man Jack of them, talked to them, bought them—seventeen and sixpence went a long way then in those foreigneering courts—and brought off her man! What was better, sir, not a soul could make out what it was all about."

"Precisely," said Sir John. "I never could get at it."

"That was *her*, you see," said the colonel. "If I didn't admire her for it! I was one of the few that knew about the business, and dammy



if she didn't bring me round—round and round again, sir. Now, is she going on still?"

"What did I tell you, Sir John?" said Major Carter, in delight. "Is not the colonel pleasant? We ought to get him to come and fix a day before he goes back to Dunkirk."

"Ah, yes," said Sir John, eagerly, "the very thing. You must dine with me, colonel; a little snug private dinner—only ourselves."

"Dammy," said the colonel, "how gluey I feel. They swindle us at this place with their infernal bottles—they don't half fill 'em. Here, waiter, soda. They keep the worst lot of servants in the kingdom. Well, where was I? I could talk this way until midnight. Here, you! bring that after me to the smoking-room. You don't mind coming there, eh?"

Sir John was a man of business, and had his time pretty well filled up. "I tell you what, colonel," he said, looking at his watch, "dine with me to-day—you and Carter here—at my club. A snug little thing. Only ourselves."

"I will, upon my soul," said the colonel, eagerly, and almost ferociously. "That will be more like it. Good Lord!" he said, by no means conscious of any devotional appeal, "what things I could tell you, if I only could collect my wits. Talk of old What-his-name's Recollections, I'm told they're all reading, now! Why, dammy, I could beat him against a wall story for story. Why, they're nothing but slops, mere slops, sir!"

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. COLONEL FOLEY'S REMINISCENCES.

THAT evening, at Sir John's club—the Country Gentleman's—which, the colonel said, he was glad to see had none of their "eternally lost" gewgaw "sugar-stick" stuck over it inside and out—none of your "sickenening theatrical scene-shifting places—all windows," where you caught your death of cold, but a snug old-fashioned place, where all the high-priced papers were taken in, and where brass buttons and yellow trousers were familiar to the eye: at this club, then, in a private room, the three gentlemen had a pleasant little dinner.

"This is something like," said the colonel. "I call this a place for a gentleman! Dammy, I don't want to be stuck up in a plate-glass case, like a dried fish in a museum, so that the people in the streets may stare up at you. I don't call *that* sort of thing a club. And the stuff they give you! You might as well put a file down my throat as the liquor we had to-day." Which community in the participation of the brandy was a pardonable delusion on the colonel's part.

He was very amusing, this old colonel. But some of his stories were frightful. *He* did not deal in what he called "slops." Men and women—widows, virgins, and wives—he slaughtered wholesale—like the great Human Sacrifices at Dahomy. Later he came back to the subject of the morning.

"I never saw such a wild scam of a creature as that Fermor. Our wine merchant, indeed, every-

body's wine merchant; and gave capital wine, I must say. Gave more for nothing than he did for money. No fellows were entertained better. That was 'twenty or 'twenty-five. Let me see, now, which was it, dammy?" and the Peninsular colonel began to ruminate over this point, for his old memory, like his old eye, was getting very dim. "'Twenty-five it was. I have it now, the year I got my captaincy (Sergeant, who was before me, was shot in a duel by the Spanish minister's son). Well, that Fermor soon, as you may imagine, found the wine business not to answer. He was so extravagant—nothing could stand him—and as wild as a hare. Very thick with the governor, and the governor's wife too—a fine woman, though—but so stuck up, you know. Dammy," said the colonel, excited by the memory of repulse, "there was no going within a mile of her. Why, I dined there four days in the week. Well, when I came again, dammy if the wine business hadn't all broken up; and what do you suppose my friend was at, eh, now? What do you say, now?"

Neither Carter nor Sir John could say; nor, if they could, would they.

"Why, he had set up a little play; nothing short of that. Instead of the wine, we got—you understand—cards and chicken hazard. It was great fun. He got a lot of money out of us. He made it pay, sir. But there was always plenty to eat and drink, too. I never enjoyed myself so much."

Again the colonel took in sherry, and again the colonel's cheeks fired out with the suddenness of the illumination of St. Peter's at Rome.

"Where was I? Well, Jack Fermor went ahead. There were some businesses took place, I can tell you. Bless you, I could sit here until midnight, and be not half done. There was a good pigeoning—in fact (of course excepting some old friends like myself), it was *all* pigeoning. And it was said, too, there was some drugging and hoccussing. That was the way young Ascot Price was finished off. They got five thousand out of him, and he shot himself next day. 'O, Jack Fermor, he was a wonderful scam! Wonderful!"

There was a tinge of regret in the tone with which the colonel spoke of his old friend—regret mingled with admiration at perhaps the general ill success of such gifts.

"Dammy," said the colonel, apologetically, "I believe it was a queer state of things from beginning to end; but, you see, there was nothing on the surface a gentleman could object to, and it seemed all quite square. A gentleman must find some way of filling up his time in a place like that."

Vice having paid this little act of grateful homage to Virtue, the colonel went on:

"But if Jack 'was a lad,'" went on the colonel, "what do you suppose his friend was? Now, what do you suppose his friend was?" No one, of course, could say. "We were a queer lot out at that time, I can tell you. I suppose never



was there such a set got together since the days of Gomorrah!" (Sir John shivered a little at this unpleasant allusion.) "Well, sir, he had a friend—a quiet soul, with a wife and three little children, a decent, quiet, thoroughly good fellow, in the wine business too; and, dammy! if he didn't want to stay quietly in his wine, if he was only let. But he wasn't. Jack Fermor, sir, had a trick of making other fellows as like himself as two peas. Well, sir, this quiet sheep of a Manuel——"

"Manuel!" said Carter, starting.

"Manuel!" said Sir John, thinking of Miss Manuel; "how odd."

"So it was," said the colonel. "But it was odder when Jack got this creature *well* into his hands, and got his wine, and his money, and his savings, into his hands too. He did it uncommon clever, did Jack. He was training him, he said. Well, there was another man," he went on, "who came out there on business, who had a young girl of a wife, whom he was so fond of. Dammy," said the colonel, laughing, "how we used to laugh at him. He was a Scotchman, and set up to be a cautious, quiet, calculating rascal. But I used to go and see him very often, and so used our set, for reasons that you will perhaps understand. Eh! What d'ye say?"

And the colonel here half closed one of his odious old eyes with exquisite meaning.

"There was about twenty years between him and this child he called his wife. She might have been his daughter five times over: so what do you suppose this stupid set himself to do? Why, he set up for being the old fellow, the fatherly dodge, and kept trying to amuse her in every way, and kept coming to us and bothering; 'Now do come and see that poor child, and talk to her. She wants amusement, and I don't know *how* to amuse her.' And didn't we go? O, not at all." And here again the Peninsular half-closed his odious old eye with extraordinary significance. "And one day," he went on, "we took it into our heads to bring that wild scamp Jack Fermor. And Jack Fermor took into *his* head one day to bring our soft friend Manuel. And our soft friend—leaving his own lady, and his two girls, and one boy, at home—came very often to talk to her. Do you see what is coming now?"

The major did, or conveyed by his manner that he did. Sir John did not quite follow.

"He was the queerest young old fellow I ever saw, this Dr. Meadows (that was the Scotchman's name). He must have been close to forty then, and as stiff and hard as ramrods. We never saw him bend, and we used to call him 'Rod Meadows,' or Roddy Meadows. But it was plain that he was wild about the little white child he called his wife—inferuated, in fact; and it was plain, too, that the little chit did not care particularly for *him*. I may say, without vanity, she liked the company of your humble servant a *deu-sed* deal better," added the colonel, with his favourite objectionable motion of his eye. "A lot of us used to come and sit with her for hours,

and make her laugh; and I must say your humble servant didn't sit for the shortest time; no, nor he didn't drive out now and then, and walk a little on what they called their Prado! Dammy, sir, those were the days for real life.

"Well, sir, I knew the game old Roddy Meadows was at. It was the gratitude dodge, and the regard, you know, ripening, as they call it, into affection. I have seen life," said the colonel, laughing heartily, "and I never met *that* sort of ripening yet. It didn't ripen with him, my boy, at any rate; but," added the colonel, with a dramatic slowness and significance, "it was ripening with somebody else.

"O," said the colonel, beginning to ramble a little, his fishy eye staggering somewhat, as it were, "I could go on from this till morning about those days. There's nothing like them now. *These* ain't what you can call days! As for that fellow who writes books about Recollections" (this was always an irritant with the colonel), "what can *he* have to tell, dammy? Stirabout, sir! Tapioca! Gruel, gruel, sir!" said the colonel, looking almost ill with disgust; "how I hate such slops!"

Most of the colonel's friends knew that about this period he strengthened the weaker portions of his conversation with oaths more strong and frequent. They were a relief, and sent him on the faster.

"Well, about that scamp Fermor. He was soon at the end of his tether. He had got all he could get, that was to be begged, or borrowed, or—No," said the colonel, closing the eye that was in liquor with some difficulty, but with a grotesque humour, "no; he was now coming to *that*."

"I see," said Carter, smiling.

Sir John, being a country gentleman, did not see nearly so quickly. "Coming to what?"

"Dammy!" Colonel Foley went on, "if I believe he had only the coat on his back left. He was always in and out of the Scotch fellow's house. I believe he got round the creature a good bit, and got some dollars out of him. As for the Scotch doctor's money, I needn't tell you, who are a man of the world, Carter" (Sir John moved a little uneasily in his chair at this rather pointed exclusion of himself from that class), "that he was not likely to pay *that* up in a hurry. And why the devil should he? But the worst was, he didn't stop there—This sherry, here, is like mother's milk to me. I am scalded with the stuff they give us at Dunkirk. As for their clarets and 'ordinary,' by the Lord, sir, it really scrapes me here—here, sir," said the colonel, laying his palm on his watch-chain. "Well, to be short about it, the Scotch fellow, who had gone to the country and wasn't to be back for a week, came back one night quite suddenly, and found—Dammy now, what d'ye suppose he found?" And the colonel, stretching over for what he had called mother's milk, leisurely filled himself a great glass, as it were to fill up the time while the others were busy specu-



lating. "By Jove! if he didn't find our friend Jack at his desk, stuffing his waistcoat with his notes and gold. Flat burglary, sir! All regularly planned! A most outrageous business. You see it was flag-delic; no getting over it. *There* was the awkwardness."

"And this was Fermor?" asked Sir John, eagerly.

"No one else. The Scotchman had him pinned by the throat in a second, and was calling in the watch. But the other was on his marrow-bones whining for mercy, and I think the Scotchman would have killed him. But—and here was the best of this *con-founded* joke; I declare I went near to bursting with laughter when I heard it" (and his sausage skin went near to rupture at the bare recollection)—"Jack, with wonderful presence of mind, said if he would let him off, he would tell him something about his wife. He didn't know at the moment that something else had been packed up and carried off, you see!" added the colonel, making his jelly eye tumble backwards and forwards with extraordinary meaning. "But he did in an hour. Dammy, sir, if that smooth pious fellow Manuel hadn't gone off with the wife! and had her waiting ready at an inn outside the town. A few of the longheads had a notion of what was coming." And the colonel hinted with his awful old eye that he was one of these. "It was very bad," he went on, "very bad; for you see, Manuel left his own wife and three children, and I must say," added the colonel, in a tone of moral censure, "he had no excuse, literally, *no* excuse. Positively a fine woman. Well, when the Scotchman found all this out, he was near going mad. I never saw such ridiculous nonsense. 'Dammy,' I said to him, 'what *are* you about? Don't make a snivelling donkey of yourself before the town. Take my advice, and say nothing about the business.' But no. I believe he wanted to cut the fellow's throat, and his own afterwards. He went after him for a week, hunted him, caught him, and brought him back. Dammy! I think he wanted to cut him up into collops, and fry him slowly. Sir, you don't know what that family owes to me, and how they treated me! Who was it brought them through that business, that kept the thing quiet and comfortable, but Tom Foley, and perhaps Johnny Adams? The fool would have gone into the street, and poked his injuries into any man's face. I never met such a born donkey. I kept the thing down, and wrote to his relations. He swore he would have the lives of the two—and clapped them into jail. I declare to you, that gamey woman, Lady Laura, was out with us in a week, with the ice like half a foot of cold iron on the ground. And up-on—my—salvation, sir," added the colonel, mysteriously, "Sir Thomas Dick, the Queen's own medical fellow, told me often, he didn't know the minute the thing would have come off! Well, sir, she came. She saw the Scotchman privately, was on her knees to him privately, got round him some way, told

him lies, and, what is more, got him to swallow them. And I can tell you, as I am a living man and hope to be saved—dammy!" added the colonel, with curious self-contradiction, "she worked the thing, sir, so that she got police and law and all those infernal things out of the affair. The Scotchman took back his money, and our friend was sent away to another place. I never heard of Manuel after. I believe he got off to America, and his widow or wife and her three brats would have starved, if the English hadn't made up a subscription for them. They got a pound of my money, I know. You *have* to put down, you know, when everybody puts down. I heard they went to England afterwards. And didn't she get round Adams and me! She was a splendid woman *then*," added the colonel, with ruminative admiration. "Quite thrown away on the poor creature they married her to! Well furnished, sir, *here*," said the colonel, with increased relish, and laying his old hands on his shirt front. "She swore both me and Adams solemnly," he added, with winey reverence, "never to breathe a word of the business. 'Pon my soul!" said the colonel, getting more and more excited, "if I had only worked my chances, I should have done well in that quarter. But the fellow that boasts of his affairs is a sneak. Still, I could tell my say as well as most men. Though," added the colonel, thoughtfully, "I found her out afterwards in a clever trick. She got me a majority in a regiment, and, dammy, sir, if I didn't find out, just in the nick of time, that they were sending it to the African coast. I should have been dead in a week. But she caught poor Adams in the same way, who was not so knowing as Tom Foley. She got him on some swamp duty, which made short work of him. But, after all, she was a deuced clever woman. O, *deu-sed*!"

Colonel Foley had not much to say on this point, and his face seemed to have grown so strained, and tightened, and inflamed—so reeking with hot vapours and turpentine spirit—that it seemed dangerous to go near him with a light. His voice, too, was growing thick, and seemed to be fighting its way to his throat through a crowd. Reverting indignantly to the military colonel who had written the Recollections, he characterised them once more, with bitter contempt, as "Slops and gruel!" and was presently assisted to a cab, and sent home.

Sir John Westende flew to Miss Manuel. "I have Lady Laura now," he said. "Knowing as she is, she shall be no match for me."

He then told her as much of the story as applied to the Fermors. "I managed it uncommonly cleverly," he said. "I wormed it out of an old fellow who knows everything."

"You should be a detective, Sir John," she said, as though she were patting a horse's neck. "They should put you in the force. I shall be quite afraid of you."

"Nonsense," he said, much pleased. "But let *her* look out. She'll find me a policeman, I



can tell her. As sure as I am a living man, I shall expose her. If it comes to that, I'll go to the church door and tell the whole thing out, I will."

"She won't let it go to that," said Miss Manuel. "She is too clever. You have the game in your own hands now, Sir John, and can play that poor woman like a fish in one of your own ponds down at Westende. How cruel you are. I am in terror of you."

"By Jove! that is what I shall do," said he, thinking he was deriving a new idea from his own mind. "I have a plan of my own, Miss Manuel. I shall play her. There is no hurry. I'll give a little more line. That's what I shall do; and pull her up with a jerk. Ha, ha! I'll teach her!"

Sir John, grumbling, and lashing himself in a sort of mulish fury, presently rose to go. When he was gone, her eyes flashed. "They are all working for me," she said; "unclean spirits all; but no matter. They are all converging to the one point. The end is not far away, and it will be soon time to gather up the threads." Then she thought tenderly, but exultingly, of the loved and lost darling that she fancied was looking down on her as she advanced on this course; and whose soft gentle soul she strangely believed would be soothed and propitiated—like some cruel heathen idol—by bloody human sacrifices. Presently another visitor entered, when a soft light passed over her face, and the ruthless spirit she was fondling in her arms disengaged itself and fled away. It was Young Brett.

### MUD.

MUD, in its several stages of stony, sticky, stodgy, slushy, and washy. Mud as it exists between high and low tide levels on the shores of seas, and the banks of rivers. This is the sense in which we take mud for our present subject. This strip, more or less narrow according to its steepness, is covered with water twice every day, and twice every day laid bare again, by the tide.

We will take the case of the River Thames. The sovereign is sovereign over all the flowing rivers in her dominions; not exactly as owner, but as a trustee for the nation, to ensure free navigation and useful adaptation of the streams. It happens, however, that the City of London, represented by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, has over and over again put in a claim to the Thames within metropolitan limits—the Thames water, the Thames bed beneath the water, and the Thames mud by the side of the water. The Crown has stoutly resisted this claim. The fight began in earnest about twenty years ago. The City had, in consideration of certain fees or rents, granted licenses for the construction of piers, jetties, wharves, piles, landing-stages, and so forth, on the strip of land between high and low water. The Crown now said, "This is mine;" the City replied, "No it isn't;" and so they went at it. The City acknowledged the *original* right of the

sovereign to rivers and beds of rivers, but appealed to certain old charters and grants by which important privileges had been conceded to the loyal and faithful Londoners. Seven long years of battling ensued; and, when it was found that the Crown was getting the best of it, seven years more were spent in determining how far, and in what way, the Lord Mayor should give up his claim to be King of the Thames. At length, an act of parliament was passed in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, by which the City yielded up its powers or claims, and the Crown entrusted its powers to a board of commissioners, for the good of the community. These commissioners, whose duties are denoted by the name "Thames Conservancy," were twelve in number, nominated in three groups by the Crown, the City, and the Trinity House. They were made lords of the Thames, from Staines down to Yantlet Creek near the mouth of the Medway. They may build docks, wharves, jetties, stairs, and landing-places; or they may license other persons to do so; and they take cognisance of other matters relating to the navigation of the mighty river. Fifty or sixty, more or less, vessels are sunk in the Thames every year, by some mishap or other; and the conservators have to raise and remove them. The conservators are always dredging the bed of the river in shallow spots, to improve the navigation. They have made the new steam-boat piers at Lambeth, at London Bridge, at Cherry Garden Stairs, at Millwall, and elsewhere. They every year grant permission, on the payment either of a bonus or a rent, to river-side folk for the placing of piles, suction-pipes, mooring chains, mooring stones, wharves, causeways, quays, platforms, boat-houses, slipways, steps, stairs, barge-beds, coal landings, draw-docks, landing piers, wharf-walls, jetties, embankments, gridirons, gangways, shear-legs, and camp-sheds (sloping wooden platforms resting on the mud), for facilitating the landing and embarking of goods and passengers. Sometimes, they fight the Trinity House about matters connected with beaconage and ballast; sometimes, they do battle with river-side proprietors, concerning the right to construct steam-boat piers. They try to catch hold of any manufacturer who throws mud, dirt, clinkers, ashes, offal, dung, offensive liquids, gas refuse, or any other objectionable matters into our purling crystal stream. One year they came down mightily upon three persons who had added old mats, rotten pine-apples, and damaged German yeast, to the water of the Thames. On the other hand, they are themselves occasionally called to account as offenders.

What, would the reader think, is the money-value of a toe? The conservators were the defendants in an action "to recover damages for an injury to the toe of Jane Miller, by the negligent shifting of the landing-board on a steam-boat, by a pierman in the defendants' employ, on their floating-pier at London Bridge." The injury to Jane Miller's toe was settled by a jury as equivalent to fifteen pounds sterling;



Jane Miller's law expenses were thirty-seven pounds, and those of the conservators forty-nine; so the Kings of the Thames had to pay about one hundred pounds altogether for a single toe.

The conservators receive from forty to sixty thousand pounds a year, in rents and tolls of various kinds, from dock and canal companies, water companies, steam-boat owners, ship-owners, &c.; out of this revenue they pay their working expenses, and the interest of a loan which has supplied them with capital. After seven years' experience, it has been deemed proper to modify the constitution and powers of the board of conservators; and to this end an act was passed in the recent session of parliament. There are now to be six elected conservators, in addition to the twelve nominated by the Crown, the Corporation, and the Trinity House; these six are to be elected by ship-owners, steam-boat owners, steam-tug owners, dock owners, wharfingers, and lightermen—so everybody is to have a finger in the mud-pie, if he be immediately interested in the Thames. The selling of sand and gravel from the bed of the river, for ballast, is to be transferred from the Trinity House to the conservators; these gentlemen may be their own ballast heavers if they like; but, whether or not, the Queen is to get a share of the proceeds of this said mud.

Much legislation has been needed to determine whether the Queen or certain of her subjects are lawful owners of the Thames and its mud.

In Cornwall the contest has presented rather singular features. The Duchy of Cornwall has for many generations belonged to the Prince of Wales, or to the sovereign when there was no such prince. The present prince, for instance, is a little king in that county, with a little cabinet of ministers of his own. He nominates the sheriffs; he sits in council to hear appeals from the decisions of the Lord Warden of the Stannaries (or tin-miners' court); and he obtains rents or royalties from the workers of mines in various parts of the duchy, and from the occupiers of property of various kinds. This income, after defraying every expense, leaves a snug fifty thousand pounds a year net, to help Albert Edward and Alexandra to pay their housekeeping bills. Long may they live to enjoy it! But this is not the point; we must stick to the mud. The Queen claims the foreshore of Cornwall as well as that of all other parts of her dominions; and she claims also the ownership of the bed of the sea itself to a certain distance around all her islands. Of the three parallel strips, the dry shore is owned by some landowner or other; the foreshore, or alternately wet-and-dry strip, is claimed by the Queen; and the strip which is always under the sea is claimed by her Majesty also. But lo! in our south-westernmost county a difficulty has more than once arisen. The Prince of Wales, through his law officers, has told his royal mother that, however dutiful he wishes to be, he must claim certain sovereign rights over the

sea-margin of his duchy. The Queen, through her law officers, informs the prince that, however much she loves him, she must assert her claim to the whole of the sea-margin of Britain. Now, it happens that, in Cornwall, if a rich vein of tin or copper lies near the coast, the miners will follow it whithersoever it tends, even under the foreshore, and under the bed of the sea. In one memorable instance, the miners actually began a mine out at sea, a mile distant from the shore; making a coffer-dam to keep out the water, and then beginning to dig when they had laid bare the bed of the sea. In all other cases, however, the under-sea workings are extensions of those which were begun under the dry land. At the famous Botallack Mine, the workings extend under the foreshore, and then six or eight hundred feet under the sea itself, with a crust or roof overhead so thin that the roar of the ocean can be heard. At the Huel Mine, some years ago, the workings were carried so far that the miners had to fly, lest the sea should wash them out altogether by breaking through the thin crust. It is only within a comparatively recent period that anybody thought of claiming rent or royalty for such a singular mining region as this under the sea. When, however, it came to be acknowledged that mines underneath rivers, foreshore, and the bed of the sea, ought to pay royalty as well as those under dry land, rival claimants to the royalty appeared. The prince as duke, his mother as queen, the prince as sovereign lord of Cornwall, his mother as sovereign lady of the whole realm—which should it be? Very wisely, they did not "come into court." The advisers on both sides, knowing that the matter would be a complicated one, gave full powers as arbitrator to one of the learned judges who was more than usually looked up to for that kind of lore. How many statutes and charters, decisions and grants, the learned judge went over; we are afraid to guess; but he ultimately propounded this award—that the Queen ought to have a right to all the minerals under the actual bed of the sea; whereas the prince has, or ought to have, a right to all the minerals under the mud of the Cornish foreshore.

But in other counties, where the peculiar rights of the Duke of Cornwall do not prevail, the foreshore is more valuable to the Crown. The law, while recognising the sovereign as lord (or lady) of the rivers as well as the dry land of the United Kingdom, virtually gives the sovereign the right of ownership to the singular strip which is due wholly to the action of the tides. If it be nobody's property, nobody would take care to keep it in proper order; and if it be worth anything at all, everybody would be snatching at it; hence the prudence of vesting it in some one proprietor. Whatever is upon the foreshore should pay some kind of rent; whatever is under the foreshore should pay some kind of royalty. The Crown, represented by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, keeps a regular debtor and creditor account of all the bits of foreshore that thus come into profitable use, and goes to



law with any one who tries to evade the rental or the royalty. There was one case in which a portion of the river Dee became dry, on account of the shoaling to which that stream is much subject. A question arose as to whom the dry strip belonged. It was ultimately decided that as this strip had never had an actual individual owner while it was covered with water, no neighbouring landowner could justly lay claim to it; the Crown, as owner of the bed of the river when the water still flowed over this spot, was pronounced to be owner of the strip of dry land; and a good round sum was realised by selling it to a wealthy marquis who owns much property thereabouts. A contest of a directly opposite nature arose concerning a strip of land on the banks of the Humber. Instead of being laid bare, after having for untold ages been covered with water, it had been grass land until the river encroached upon it and converted it into foreshore. The Crown said, "This is foreshore, and is, therefore, mine." The landowner said, "This *was* grass land, and no one has ever compensated me for the loss occasioned by the encroachment of the river; the Crown should not be allowed to benefit at my expense, merely because the river has misbehaved." The law decided, however, for the Crown, who obtained a handsome sum for permitting the formation of a railway along the debatable strip. The Liverpool Corporation were called upon to pay, and did pay, a considerable amount to the Crown, when they began to operate upon an ill-favoured and ill-odoured strip of mud on the Birkenhead side of the Mersey for the construction of docks. During the course of the astonishing improvements which the river Clyde has undergone during the last half century, certain strips of land have been laid bare which were formerly covered with water, and certain other strips have been brought within the river's grasp which were formerly dry land; in both cases narrow margins of muddy foreshore suddenly acquired a commercial value, either as necessary parts of a navigable river for which tolls were charged, or as bits of dry land for agricultural or building purposes. The Crown put in a claim, and obtained decisions sufficient to recognise the royal rights in these matters, even if no immediate pecuniary benefit resulted. On one occasion there was a bit of mud for which there were almost as many claimants as there have been for Schleswig-Holstein. The Crown said, "I claim these three or four miles of foreshore and the minerals beneath it;" a noble earl said, "I claim as lord of the manor;" another said, "I claim under a special grant from the Crown ever so long ago;" others said, "We, as freeholders, claim such bits of this foreshore as lie in front of our respective freeholds;" and some copper-smelters said, "We already pay royalties to the freeholders, and we will not pay them to the Crown also." This struggle began just twenty years ago; and the latest report of the Woods and Forests shows that it is still going on, with a prospect generally in favour of the Crown, but a resolute opposition from a firm or obstinate

Welshman—firm or obstinate according as he may prove to be right or wrong.

The annual reports issued by the board just adverted to, afford numerous exemplifications of the modes in which the Crown—in such cases a royal mudlark—picks up a little money out of these strips of mud. We all of us know something about Brighton, and the strip of semi-pebbly, semi-muddy, beach which is covered with water twice a day at and near high tide. About three years ago, the Crown granted a lease of this whole strip, from Kemp Town to Hove, to the Brighton commissioners, for twenty-one years. The object was to enable the lessees to prevent nuisances on the foreshore, which would be inconsistent with the well-ordering of a bathing-place, but which would be probable if the said shore were a sort of no-man's-land. The rent is a curious one—half the value of any stone, shingle, sand, or gravel, taken up and sold by the town commissioners. More recently the Brighton west-enders have resolved to build a new pier opposite Regency-square, stretching out a thousand feet seaward; and as an acknowledgment of the fact that her Majesty is queen of the sea-bed as well as of the foreshore, they have bought (not leased) the requisite privileges for one hundred and fifty pounds. The good people of Swanage, wishing that the Isle of Purbeck should possess its own particular Brighton attractions on a small scale, built a pier without consulting the lady of the foreshore; whereupon and wherefore, the lady rapped their knuckles in a court of law—not very hard, but sufficient to show that there *is* a lady of the foreshore. Colonel Pennant, the mighty man of slate, wishing to be able to ship minerals at a sea-side village with an unpronounceable Welsh name, near Bangor, obtained foreshore-rights on payment of one pound a year rent, and a trifling royalty on all minerals shipped. A year or two ago, the Crown sold little bits of mud at Stokes Bay and Ryde to two companies concerned in establishing a new rail-and-steam route from Portsmouth or Gosport to the Isle of Wight. When the Hull docks were enlarged, in eighteen hundred and sixty-three, a strip of mud was deemed so valuable, that it was sold by the Crown for no less a sum than two thousand pounds. Fifty pounds were given by the corporation of Deal for permission to carry an iron pier across the foreshore. At Oban, in Scotland, a place becoming very well known to summer tourists, one pound was charged for permission to remove a hundred tons of gravel and stone, for the improvement of the beach and landing-place; a curious charge, the smallness of which shows that it was considered rather as the recognition of a right, than as a payment of any pecuniary value. The late Marquis of Lansdowne gave the Crown six hundred pounds for about two hundred acres of foreshore in Ireland. When the owners of that unfortunate ship, the Great Eastern, wanted to beach her, for repairs, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, they paid the Crown one pound for



the use of the verdant and salubrious mud on which the mighty monster reposed; and when they placed her, for a still longer period, on a gigantic gridiron at Milford Haven, a mud fee of twenty pounds had to be paid. Submarine telegraph companies pay the Crown a trifle for permission to carry the cables upon or beneath the foreshore, in connecting the land portions with the sea portions. Artists pitch their photographic booths on the beach in front of pleasure-towns; and the Crown sometimes makes them pay a few shillings for permission so to do. At the spruce little upstart watering-places of Rhyl and Abergele on the Welsh coast, the lord of the manor bethought him of charging the bathing-machine owners; but the Crown said, "No, they must pay *me* a trifle, to acknowledge that the right to the beach is really mine."

We may wind up by informing the reader that the Queen pays the Queen money every year for permission to the Queen to make use of bits of mud belonging to the Queen—in other words, the Queen's Secretary of State for War pays to the Queen's Woods and Forests, ten pounds a year for the use of the foreshore on which the Shoeburyness gunnery experiments are carried on; and fifty pounds a year for foreshore on which fortifications are being built in the Isle of Portland.

### SOMETHING LIKE A CONJUROR.

THOSE who have seen Indian conjurors will not think much of the poor tricks of American conjurors, claiming to be no conjurors. In what follows, the narrator tells what he and a couple of friends, who had a month's holiday-run in the Deccan, saw with their own eyes.

Early in the morning, after our arrival at Poonah, we were lounging in the verandah of the Dawk bungalow, when a loud tom-tomming called attention, and we saw a procession entering the compound of the bungalow. First came two yellow-looking fellows with long black hair and red puggerees, beating like madmen with their horny fingers on a couple of tom-toms. Then followed three or four boys dragging huge snakes over their shoulders. Next marched a tall old man, richly dressed in shawls, followed closely by two or three coolies carrying boxes. Some ragged followers with spears closed the procession. This party went round to the back of the bungalow, and presently our syces brought to us the old gentleman in the shawls, who bowed to the ground, touched his forehead, mouth, and breast to us, and began a long address, in which we were plentifully honoured as protectors of the poor, lords, masters, and royal highnesses. As for him, he was a poor snake-charmer, devil-tamer, and general doctor of magic. He had heard that some illustrious lord-sahibs had arrived, so he was come to serve us. If there were any snakes in the house he would draw them out. If there were any grey hairs in our heads he would cause them to fall out and never more

return. If any of our horses were possessed with a devil, he would cure them. In fact, he would do anything for us by the power of his art. We said we had no grey hairs or unruly horses, but we would like to see some of his juggling and snake-charming. He replied that he was our slave, and where should he serve us: in the verandah or the bungalow? We said on the sand in front of the verandah, where all was open, and we could watch his movements.

In a few minutes the whole party came round from the back of the house, and formed a semi-circle with our servants and followers. In the middle, with at least ten yards of clear space around him, sat the conjuror. By his side squatted a little nigger boy with a large box in his arms, which, after a word or two in Mahrattee language from the old conjuror, he opened and brought for our inspection. On looking in we saw a mass of cobras twisted in a lump, lying in a blanket fast asleep. The box was put on the ground a few yards from the conjuror, with the lid open. He then produced a sort of Pan-pipe, and began to play a slow and mournful air. We, from our post on the verandah, could look down into the box, and in a few seconds we saw the snakes beginning to uncurl. One who was first detached from the lump, slipped over the side of the box to the ground. The moment he was on the sand he stiffened, reared his head, opened the hood which extended on both sides of his face, and hissed violently, shooting his tongue very swiftly in and out. Meanwhile, the charmer began to play more quickly on his pipe, and the snake, turning towards him, gradually approached him. More snakes now rose in the box, some came out, and others looked over the edge, but all were hissing and looking venomous. Some went close to the man and boy, and even crawled on their clothes. They were handled with the greatest composure: both the old man and the boy taking hold of their necks from behind, as a keeper handles ferrets. But whenever any of the snakes approached the circle of spectators, it was broken by a retreat, with great appearance of dismay. On these occasions the old man redoubled the energy of his music, and generally succeeded in enticing the snakes back, but sometimes the boy had to go and fetch them. After we had looked at this performance for some minutes, one of our party observed that he believed it was all humbug, that their teeth had been extracted, and their venom-bags cut out. At any rate, he announced his intention of collaring the first snake that came near the verandah. We objected in vain, and when presently a very active-looking cobra that had been several times fetched back by the boy, approached our verandah, and the conjuror had turned his head away for an instant, with a sudden dart our friend had it by the back of the neck, and jumped down with it into the compound, holding it high over his head, and shouting to the conjuror that anybody could do that. As soon as the audience saw what he had done, they set up a tremendous yell. The old conjuror seemed



terrified, and rushed at the rash Englishman, playing his pipe like a madman. But our friend kept away from him, and swung the hissing cobra in the air. The old man entreated him to throw it in the box, and after marching all round the compound and frightening the public by pretended lunges with it at the faces in the little crowd, he threw the snake into the blanket. The boy, in the mean time, had picked up the others, and returned them to the box. When he had all in, the old charmer shut the box and sat on it, and panted. This interruption put an end to the snake-charming. I do not believe that the snakes had been tampered with, but our friend, who has a grip of iron, held the snake he had seized, so tight, and so close to its head, that it was powerless. He told us that it nearly got away, and was almost as bad to hold as an eel.

Our slave in the shawls having taken up his position in the same place as before, the boy held in his hand a common basket about two feet high and a foot across. The old man announced that he would cause a mango-tree to grow out of the sand. We had heard this trick much talked about, and watched it closely. The conjuror first scraped a little hole in the sand, and put in it, a mango-seed. When he had covered it up, he asked us for a little water. I went out and poured about half a gallon over it, wetting the sand all around. The old man then put the basket over the hole, and said he would have a tree in about twenty minutes. While we were waiting, he asked for three teacups, and said he would show some little child's play, as he called it, to while away the time. He put the three cups on the ground in front of him, the hole with the basket over it being on his right, the boy on his left, and no one else within at least four yards, except ourselves, and we sat in the verandah about six feet from him. He then asked us to mark a piece of chupattie. I marked a piece with the number of my regiment, and at his request put it upon his tongue. He closed his mouth, chewed, swallowed, then opened his mouth, which we examined, and it was apparently empty. He then asked which cup the piece of chupattie should be under. I whispered to a comrade, "Run and put your foot on the middle cup before the boy can get to it." I then answered, "The middle." My comrade immediately kicked that cup over, and there was nothing to be seen. We laughed at the old fellow, but he merely said, "Hai,—It is there!" and turning to his boy, said, "Scrape the sand." The boy went on his knees, and with his fingers scratched the sand till there appeared a piece of chupattie with one hundred and fifty-seven on it, and otherwise corresponding to the piece he had eaten.

The conjuror then took a piece of chupattie, and in our presence marked it with an Arabic character or two, and gave it to one of ourselves to eat. Then walking back, he sat down behind the cups facing us, and taking some sand in his hand, shook it over each cup, and said, "Where is it, my lord?" The one of us who had eaten it, thought it a sure joke to cry out in answer,

"Under all." But he quietly lifted up each cup, and under each lay a piece of chupattie exactly corresponding to the one our friend had eaten. This trick could not have been done with apparatus, as the cups were ours, and the ground was open road. It was pure sleight of hand. But now it was time to look for the mango-tree. We stood round when the old man lifted the basket, and there, from the centre of the wet patch, rose a green shoot about two inches high. We went down on our knees and examined it. We were told not to touch it, as it was delicate. But it was evidently to our eyes something growing. The old man then covered it up, and said, "In ten minutes the tree will be made."

We now asked after the two huge boas we had seen the boys dragging along, and they fetched them from under a piece of old sailcloth where they had been lying asleep. They were as large round as a man's thigh, and apparently about five feet long; but the charmer said they could stretch themselves to twelve or fifteen feet. He had had them since they were a few inches long, when he had found a nest of them. They were very tame and torpid. There were no tricks in them. We handled them, and stroked their skin. The old conjuror said the only thing they could do worth seeing, was to eat. He asked whether we had a goat or a sheep to give them, but we had none. A couple of dogs were brought in a sack; one a wretched looking pariah dog with a piece of cloth tied over his face; the other a big rough yellow fellow, wriggling and snapping like a fresh-caught pike. The moment the dog yapped, the boa who was to exhibit—one had been taken away, as, if fed in each other's presence, they are apt to fasten on each other—became lively and opened his eyes. A piece of string was fastened to the dog's hind leg, and the cloth being torn off his face, he made a rush away, but was brought up in a few yards by the string. He turned savagely round to bite at the string, and caught sight of the boa now approaching him with rapid wriggles. His jaw dropped, and he crouched down, casting his eyes about, and uttering a low snarl as the foam ran out of his mouth. We pitied the poor brute, and wanted them to let him go; but the charmer said that *boa-sahib* was rather a ticklish customer when his gastric juice was stimulated, until he had got a mouthful. The boa, now close to the dog, was twisting and writhing in every direction: at one time shooting himself out until he was a dozen feet long and hardly as thick as a man's arm: then shutting up into a mass three or four feet long and as thick round as a fat man. At last, raising half his body in the air, he brought it down with a whack on the unfortunate beast's back, the dog appearing by this time almost inanimate. It was thus killed, and in two or three minutes became a misshapen mass. The boa then covered the body with saliva, and, turning his head round, his tail still encircling the dog, he took the head into his mouth with one suck. At this moment, one of the boys



who had carried the animal ran up, and with a chopper cut off the four legs of the dog at the knees. We were told they were apt to disagree with the snake, and make him sulk. In fact, the fewer bones the boa eats, the better for him.

It was rather a sickening sight, and we urged them to let the other dog go. They did so, and the poor brute ran away at a great rate when they started him.

We left the boa to gorge his dog, which was slowly disappearing, and went back to the basket where the mango was growing, and on which some of us had been keeping our eyes all the time. The conjuror lifted it up, and there appeared a little mango-shoot; in fact, a young tree, about a foot high. We touched and pulled off several of the leaves and ate them. They had the peculiar scented taste of the mango. I wanted to pull it up and see whether it had any roots, but the old man would not consent to that on any terms. We wished to see more tricks, or I fear I should have pulled it up in spite of him. However, he sent for an old pot, carefully transplanted the mango, taking up a good ball of earth, and sent it away by one of his boys. He said it was to have it planted in some garden.

This is the most famous trick in Hindostan, and is done in all parts, I believe. The jugglers throughout Asia are all of one clan, and their sons become jugglers or musicians, their daughters dancing-girls, the secrets of the trade being handed down from father to son. Certainly the tree had every appearance of growing; it was bright and fresh-looking, and its leaves and stalks were stiff. There was none of that dragged appearance which hangs about anything just transplanted or stuck in the ground.

The old conjuror now said that, for his next trick, he must be somewhere out of the glare of the sun, and sheltered from any air which might be stirring. We accordingly adjourned to the verandah. The conjuror spread a piece of matting, and squatted, produced from his shawls a bag, and emptied it on the stone in front of him. The contents were a quantity of little bits of wood; some, forked like branches of a tree; some, straight; each a few inches long; besides these, there were some fifteen or twenty little painted wooden birds, about half an inch long. The old man chose one of the straightest and thickest of the bits of wood, and, turning his face up in the air, poised it on the tip of his nose. The little boys who sat by him henceforth handed him whatever he called for. First, two or three more pieces of wood, which he poised on the piece already there, then a forked piece, to which he gradually made additions, until he had built upon his nose a tree with two branches. He always kept its balance by adding simultaneously on each side, holding a piece in each hand, and never once taking his eyes off the fabric. Soon the two branches became four, the four eight, and so on, until a skeleton of a tree was formed about two feet high, and branching out so as to overshadow his whole face; he could just reach with his hands to put the topmost branches on. It was a wonderful structure, and we

all held our breath as he added the last bits. But it was not done yet. The boys now handed him the little birds, and, still two at a time, one in each hand, he stuck them all over the tree. The complete immobility of his head and neck while he was balancing this structure on the tip of his nose, was something wonderful, and I think he must have breathed through his ears, for there was not the slightest perceptible motion about nose or mouth. After putting all the birds on, he paused, and we, thinking the trick was finished, began to applaud. But he held up his forefinger for silence. There was more to come. The boys put into one of his hands a short hollow reed, and into the other some dried peas. He then put a pea in his mouth, and using the reed as a pea-shooter, took aim and shot off the branch one of the birds. The breath he gave was so gentle and well-calculated that it gave no perceptible movement to his face; it just sent the pea far enough to hit a particular bird with perfect aim, and knock it over. Not another thing on the tree moved. Another pea was fired in the same way, and another bird brought down, and so on until all the birds were bagged. The fire was then directed at the branches and limbs of the tree, and, beginning from the topmost, the whole of this astonishing structure was demolished piecemeal even more wonderfully than its manner of erection.

He now said he would like to show us his son, who had a wonderful skin inside and out: it being, he assured us, "leather." He then shouted out for him, calling some outlandish name; but his followers, who evidently knew whom he wanted, shouted "Leather-fellow!" In a few moments a yellow-skinned boy of about twelve or fourteen, appeared, dressed only with a bit of red calico round his loins. The old man asked whether we had any heavy weights, and we produced two bags of shot weighing about fourteen pounds each. He tied a piece of string to each of these, and a fish-hook at the other end of the string; then, telling the boy to go down on his hands and knees and put his head close to the ground, he put a fish-hook through the lobe of each ear, and the boy, slowly lifting his head, raised the shot-bags from the ground and moved along on his hands and knees. The ears did not bleed, but were drawn to a considerable length, and I expected to see the hooks tear out; but nothing happened. After he had crept some twenty yards, he returned, and the hooks were taken out of his ears. The next operation was more horrible to look at. The hooks were actually inserted in the upper eyelids, near the inner corner, and as the boy raised his head the eyelids were drawn half way down his cheeks. But he raised the bags by his eyelids, and moved along as before. A little of this sort of performance went a long way, and we soon cried, "Enough!"

He now announced that the boy would swallow a sword. We had heard stories about the sword-blade's pushing up into the hilt, and so forth. We examined the sword closely, therefore, when it was produced. It was a common two-edged



sword, about an inch broad and two feet long. The edges were very blunt, and the point was quite rounded. It was evidently kept for the purpose, but there was nothing false about the hilt. The boy first filled his mouth with melted ghee from a cup which one of our khitmutgars brought, and then stood bolt upright, with his face turned up, his mouth closed and full of ghee. The old man stood behind him, and inserted the point of the sword between his lips and teeth, and gradually pushed it down, until the hilt touched the teeth; the ghee had in the mean time run down his throat. We were now told to come and feel the sword in his stomach. We pressed our fingers just where the ribs separate in front, and there we could distinctly feel the end of the sword. As soon as we were satisfied, the sword was slowly drawn out, and, beyond a retch or two, the boy's inside did not seem to be upset by this skilful introduction of a thick probe through the gullet.

The old man now said he must bring the performances to a close, but before going would show us something more wonderful than anything we had seen yet.

"Sahibs," he said, "you saw me make the mango-tree grow out of the sand; in the same spot I will make this chakra," putting his hand on the head of the yellow leather-skinned boy, "disappear in the earth." We did not think it very likely that he could do this under our very noses without our detection of the trick. However, we arranged ourselves as before in the verandah, our servants and the old man's followers forming a semicircle in front of and facing us. In the centre of the semicircle, sat the old conjuror; in front of him, squatted the yellow-skinned boy. The conjuror now asked for a big basket, and one of our servants brought him an old hamper from the outhouse. He took it up and placed it over the boy so as to cover him altogether. At the moment of his doing this, I remembered afterwards that several persons clustered up round him as if to watch closely what he did. The instant the basket was on, the old man said, "Does it press on you?" The peculiar shrill voice of the boy, which we had been hearing for the last half hour, answered from underneath, "Yes, it presses on my head." "Well, be quick and get into the earth," said the old man, "and don't keep the sahibs waiting." In about ten seconds the boy's voice said, "I can't get down, there is a stone in my way." "Nonsense," said the old man; "if you are not gone in two minutes, I'll flog you." The conversation went on for some minutes, the boy whining, and the old man scolding and getting angry. At last we said, "Oh, let the little brute out; you can't do the trick while we are watching, and we never thought you would."

This only made the old conjuror more angry. He began to curse and swear in Mahrattee frightfully, declaring he had never before failed in a trick. We laughed at him until he worked himself into a rage that was hideous to see. He tore his puggeree off, threw his arms about, and, all of

a sudden, before we knew what he was going to do, he seized a spear from one of his followers and plunged it into the basket. A hideous scream came from underneath, and blood flowed out upon the sand. Then, seizing the spear, he jobbed it repeatedly through the basket, shrieks following every stroke. Blood flowed like water. We were astounded, for we did not know whether this was a trick or not. We called on our servants to seize the old fellow, but they seemed to be frightened, and at last two of us, jumping out of the verandah, rushed towards the scene of murder. The diabolical old man was so intent on jobbing in the spear, that he paid no attention to our coming. My comrade seized him by the throat. I rushed to the basket and picked it up. There was nothing under it. Only the ground was covered with blood. Our servants crowded round, and the old conjuror, as soon as he could get his throat from my friend's grip, said, "There, sahibs! I was determined to send that fellow into the earth, and as he wouldn't go quietly, I had to force him." We looked round in amazement. "But where's the boy?" we asked. "Down there," said the old man, pointing to the ground; "but he'll be back soon." Suddenly we heard the boy's peculiar shrill voice in the distance, calling out, "Here I am, sahibs!" Everybody turned their heads in the direction, and there, running in at the gate of the compound, was the yellow-skinned boy.

A present of ten rupees sent away the old conjuror and his party, delighted. How many rupees would that old man and his yellow-skinned boy bag, if they came to London and made an affidavit of communion with spirits, or that they didn't themselves know how they did what they did?

#### MARY ANNING, THE FOSSIL FINDER.

EVERY one must have seen at least an engraving of that strange old-world monster the Plesiosaurus, of which Cuvier said, when the skeleton was sent to him from Lyme Regis, "Verily, this is altogether the most monstrous animal that has yet been found amid the ruins of a former world. It had a lizard's head, a crocodile's teeth, a trunk and tail like an ordinary quadruped, a chameleon's ribs, a whale's paddles, whilst its neck was of enormous length, like a serpent tacked on to the body." This "liassic, first cousin of all lizards," was discovered by a self-taught geologist, the daughter of a Lyme carpenter.

Things in this world pretty much repeat themselves. Women's pursuits follow this law. In Lady Jane Grey's time, hard study was fashionable. Mary Hutchinson and the Duchess of Newcastle are representatives of a race who were something far more than mere students. Then came a frivolous age, and then, by-and-by, science got to be popular; the ladies' pocket-books and annuals of some forty or fifty years ago almost invariably contain a few algebraic equations, besides arithmetical problems like those which Longfellow's Kavanagh sets his wife, and



some chemical experiments to boot. This age produced the class of whom Mrs. Somerville is the type. We have now got round again to the frivolous epoch; it will be the men's fault if it lasts long, for women have consciences, and feel that what their sons are to be depends mainly on them; besides, their minds are naturally more active than those of the "lords of creation," and if they now and then taboo everything intellectual, it is because they find such conduct pleases. Geology does not seem a pursuit likely to attract women, yet we have known several who had picked up a very fair knowledge of its outlines—some of them literally like Horace's slave who had mastered the Stoic philosophy while acting as pew-opener in Stertinius's lecture-hall. There was a quaint old lady who used to go her "midland circuit," calling on all parsons and other supposed encouragers of science, carrying about with her boxes of "specimens," and begging to be allowed to enlighten the national school children at so much a head. Then there is Miss Wetherall, at Amesbury, quite worth a visit, her "museum" being a collection of flints of the oddest shapes, twisted like snakes, knotted like ropes, branching like coral, and her talk being about Stonehenge and the universal pre-diluvian serpent-worship, of which she believes it a remnant, and of noting the zealous affection with which she points out tracings of Karnac, and snake temples in India and America, drawn by her father, the ex-cicerone of the neighbourhood.

But Mary Anning was something more than a mere village celebrity, interesting to those who like to study character, and are fond of seeing good stubborn English perseverance make way even where there is nothing in its favour. She acquired, if not an English, certainly an European, reputation. Professor Owen thought so highly of her usefulness, that he moved the authorities of the British Museum to grant her a pension of forty pounds a year, which she enjoyed for some little time before her early death.

Her father used to employ the church holidays in picking up along the beach pretty pebbles and shells, fossil and recent, and "verteberries," and "John Dory's bones," and "ladies' fingers," and other "curies," as they were called. Lyme and its neighbour, Charmouth, were then on the old coach-road, and the passengers mostly liked to take away a specimen or two, which they got either from Anning or from a Charmouth "fossiler," called the Cury-man, or "Captain Cury," from his trade in curiosities. In August, 1800, little Mary Anning was taken to see some horse-riding in the Rack field. A thunderstorm came on: those in charge of her hurried her under a tree; a flash of lightning struck the party, killing two women on the spot, and making the child insensible. A warm bath restored her to consciousness, and, strangely enough, she who had been a very dull girl before, now grew up lively and intelligent. She soon got to accompany her father in his rambles. "Fossiling," however, does not appear to have paid so well as

steady carpentry, for the family went down the hill. The father died of consumption, and Mary, at ten years of age, was left very badly off. Just then a lady gave her half-a-crown for a very choice ammonite. This encouraged her to take to collecting as a regular means of life. But she soon proved something more than a mere "fossiler." Gradually that truth dawned on her mind which our Laureate has so beautifully expressed:

There rolls the deep where grew the tree;  
O earth, what changes thou hast seen!  
There, where the long street roars, hath been  
The silence of the central sea.

In 1811, she saw some bones sticking out of a cliff; and, hammer in hand, she traced the position of the whole creature, and then hired men to dig out for her the lias block in which it was embedded. Thus was brought to light the first *Ichthyosaurus* (fish-lizard), a monster some thirty feet long, with jaws nearly a fathom in length, and huge saucer eyes, some of which have been found so perfect, that the petrified lenses (the sclerotica, of which it had thirteen coats) have been split off and used as magnifiers. People then called it a crocodile. Mr. Henley, the lord of the manor, bought it of the enterprising young girl for twenty-three pounds. It is now in the British Museum. Sir Everard Home, writing in 1814, supported the crocodile theory; by-and-by, when more perfect paddles had been discovered, he said it must be a fish. Dr. Buckland (father of our lively young salmon-hatcher) pronounced its breast-bone to be that of a lizard; Dr. Ure hit upon the happy name *ichthyosaurus*; Conybeare, and De la Beche, and others, had a turn at it; and at last all their drawings, specimens, and a great many fresh details which Miss Anning had since brought to light, were sent over to Cuvier; and, after a ten years' siege, the Protean monster surrendered, and took the form under which he is at present known. Then came the *Plesiosaurus*, which was the occasion of a sharper, though shorter, battle. Miss Anning's business, of course, was not to take sides, but to furnish the combatants with munitions of war—now a paddle, then a jaw, then a stomach full of half digested fish. She had in a high degree that sort of intuition without which it is hopeless for any one to think of becoming a good collector of fossils.

Here, as in everything else, field and chamber practice are widely different: you may be well up in the latest theories, and able to argue perfectly on the specimen when it is laid before you, and yet you may totally lack that instinct which will lead your brother-collector right to the place where the "specimen" is to be found, and will direct him in following up the track, till from finding a fragment of a claw he succeeds in ferreting out the whole skeleton. Our heroine would have been able, for instance, out of fifty "nodules," all looking to you much of a muchness, to pick without hesitation the one which, being cleft with a dexterous blow, should



show a perfect fish imbedded in what was once soft clay. Scenting out valuable specimens in this way, she enabled the savans to fix four kinds of ichthyosauri, besides two plesiosauri, and the extraordinary pterodactyle (discovered in 1828) which made Cuvier retract what he had said of the lizard's cousin, and award the palm of strangeness to a monster half vampire, half woodcock, with crocodile's teeth along its tapering bill, and scale armour over its lizard-shaped body. If you have never seen the creature delineated, take Dr. Buckland's wonderful plate, *Duria antiquior*, wherein "the dragons of the prime, which tare each other in the slime," are shown, swimming, flying, biting, fighting, "as 'twas their nature to," and aloft in the corner of the picture, those things that look like Japanese kites, are nature's first attempts at anything in the bird line. Growsome beasts they seem to be. Even if the pre-Adamite man is ever proved to have been existing at that epoch, we cannot imagine his wife making pets of them, or his children liking to have them hung about the house in cages, they have such a family likeness to the evil spirits who beset Æneas or Satan in an old illustrated Virgil or Paradise Lost.

One more discovery Miss Anning helped to bring about: the ladies' fingers were at last judged from their surroundings to be the bony processes of pre-chaotic cuttle-fish,—belemnites they are now named, because they are long and dart-like, instead of flat like our present cuttle-fish's inside. Some of them are so perfect that the ink-bag has been found and "utilised." Dr. Buckland, in his amusing Oxford lectures, used to show drawings in sepia the colouring matter used in making which was countless thousands of years old. Of this lias itself, in which all these creatures are discovered, we must say a word: it is largely exported, especially to Holland, for lias-lime has the property of hardening under water, and so is invaluable in forming the dykes, whereby, with facings of immense blocks of Finland granite, the Dutchmen try to keep the sea out of their polders, or low-level meadows. Everybody knows that our geological strata, of which we can show a greater variety in this little island than much larger countries possess, do not run parallel with any of the coasts, but transversely from north-east to south-west. The chalk goes from Norfolk across to the Isle of Wight, with the Wealden and London clay and other beds laid upon it; the oolite from the North Riding, down through Oxfordshire and westward to Bath, and so on of the rest. Then again the bands are not continuous and unbroken. Often one bed is washed away (denuded) along more than half its original course. This is especially the case with the lias. It is found at Lyme, it "crops out" again in a few other places, but is not largely represented anywhere else except in Leicestershire, where, at Barrow-on-Soar, fish and reptiles identical with those at Lyme might, till lately, have been bought for a fifth of the price which the Duke of Buckingham (who gave one hundred and

twenty pounds for a very indifferent ichthyosaurus) and other amateurs have made fashionable at Lyme. Alas! O intending speculator, the Barrow men have now learnt how to charge.

But to return to Miss Anning. Dr. Carus, who went with the King of Saxony through England and Scotland, in 1844, and wrote an account of his majesty's journey, speaks of visiting her collection, and securing six feet of reptile for fifteen pounds. The doctor says: "Wishing to preserve the name of this devoted servant of science, I made her write it in my pocket-book; she said, with unaffected pride, as she gave me back the book, 'My name is well known throughout Europe.'" Better known indeed abroad than at home! In her own neighbourhood, Miss Anning was far from being a prophetess. Those who had derided her when she began her researches, now turned and laughed at her as an uneducated assuming person, who had made one good chance hit. Dr. Buckland and Professor Owen and others knew her worth, and valued her accordingly; but she met with little sympathy in her own town, and the highest tribute which that magniloquent guide-book, *The Beauties of Lyme Regis*, can offer her, is to assure us that "her death was, in a pecuniary point, a great loss to the place, as her presence attracted a large number of distinguished visitors." Quick returns are the thing at Lyme. We need not wonder that Miss Anning was chiefly valued as a bait for tourists, when we find that the museum is now entirely broken up, and the specimens returned to those who had lent them. No one had public spirit enough to take charge of a non-paying concern, when the early geological furore had calmed down, and people came to bathe and not to chop rocks. You may now visit the old abode of saurians without being able to see a single tolerable specimen.

Miss Anning wrote sadly enough to a young girl in London: "I beg your pardon for distrusting your friendship. The world has used me so unkindly, I fear it has made me suspicious of every one."

All this time she was dying of a malignant tumour in the breast—Her flying to strong drinks and opium to ease the pain of this, her detracting townspeople do not fail to record to her discredit. She died in 1847, and the Geological Society, in concert with the vicar of the place, have lately put up a little memorial window to her in the church—"a poor little thing, sir; one of those kaleidoscope windows, you know," said one of the "faint praisers," who, having neglected her in life, seem to think it quite proper to decry all her belongings now she is gone.

Grateful or ungrateful, the Lyme people live in a pretty country. It is a fine bracing walk over the hills from Bridport, itself a quaint place—just a knot of houses by the beach, and all the rest of the town a mile and more inland—so inland, that you don't see the sea from any part of it. Near Bridport ends the Chesil Bank, that strange pebble beach which runs along from Portland, joining the "island" to the



mainland. The pebbles grow gradually smaller as you move westward. At Portland they are as big as respectable potatoes. West of Bridport they are small peas; you think it is a sand-bank till you put your hand down and feel. So regular is this decrease, that they say smugglers, running ashore on blind nights, tell their whereabouts by picking up a handful of gravel.

The road to Lyme is very hilly. Even we, who live in the hilliest part of Somersetshire, groaned at the ups and downs; but what drivers these people are: how glad we were to be afoot, despite the fatigue. After our Zomerzet fashion of locking the wheel at every gentle slope, to see these Dorset men swing along down the hills without either drag or skidpan, was a "caution." Is it that the men are bolder or the horses better trained? About the Peak, in Derbyshire, they do the same thing; but in the Saxon's Paradise, the pleasant country, the "Somer-set," we always make as much fuss about a hill as a London 'bus does in going down by St. Sepulchre's church. Lyme has a history of its own. It was great in Edward the Third's reign, when *the Cobb*, the artificial harbour, was first built; and the Feast of Cobb Ale was founded. The "ale," in the good old times, was the equivalent of a public dinner now-a-days—generally for some good object; and this "Cobb ale" flourished till the Puritans "put it down," along with stage plays and other unseemly sports. Lyme fitted out two good ships for the Armada. It was defended by Blake against Prince Maurice. The defence of Lyme and that of Taunton are enough to immortalise our great republican admiral, even without his deeds of prowess by sea. As is too often the case, the besieged sullied their cause by sad cruelty in the day of triumph. After the royalists had gone off, they sallied out to pillage, and finding a poor old Irishwoman of the enemy, drove her through the streets to the sea-side, knocked her on the head, slashed and hewed her body with their swords, and, having robbed her, cast her carcase into the sea, where it lay till consumed. The admiral's secretary says explicitly that the women of the town slew and pulled her in pieces. Whitelock writes much to the same effect. Some tell of a hogshead stuck with nails having been prepared, into which the old woman was put, and so rolled into the sea. Such is civil war. Another sad episode in the history of Lyme is the attempt of the Duke of Monmouth—the coward who skulked away from Sedgemoor while the poor Somersetshire rustics, whom he had deluded, charged and charged again, with scythes and billhooks, Kirke's "lambes" and Feversham's dragoons. Daniel Defoe was among Monmouth's men. The brothers Hewling, of Lyme, were among the most pitied victims of the "Bloody Assize."

But, amidst all the interest attaching to the quiet little "fashionable" watering place, not the least is that which centres round the name of Mary Anning. Her history shows what humble people may do, if they have just purpose and courage enough, towards promoting the

cause of science. The inscription under her memorial window commemorates "her usefulness in furthering the science of geology" (it was not a *science* when she began to discover, and so helped to make it one), "and also her benevolence of heart and integrity of life." The carpenter's daughter has won a name for herself, and has deserved to win it.

## WILI AND WILINIK.

WHEN M. Théophile Gautier's charming ballet *Giselle* was in full vogue, we were all very familiar with certain Slavonic spirits called "Wilis," and were taught to believe that they were the ghosts of young ladies crossed in love, who had found in the tomb not an anodyne, but a stimulus to the ill humour natural under the circumstances, and displayed their hatred of the world in general by tearing to pieces every mortal man who came within their reach.

All this was very well in its day, but of late years we have become acquainted with sundry Servian legends, which make us suspect that in the days when we saw Carlotta Grisi, a village maiden in the first act, a "Wili" in the second act of the ballet, we were tolerably dark on the subject of Slavonic superstition. It is possible that some peculiarly cross-grained damsels may be changed after death into peculiarly mischievous ghosts; but even if this is the case (which we gravely doubt), we are perfectly certain that, as a general rule, the Wili does not require pre-existence in a human form. We have the authority of Jacob Grimm for the assertion that she is to the Servians what the "Woman of the Wood" is to the Germans. She is so far like the Wili of the ballet, that she dwells in rocky places, particularly affecting the vicinity of water, wears a white fluttering garment, always has her hair in picturesque disorder, and is invariably handsome. On the other hand, she is so far more amiable than her theatrical descendants, that she never does harm to any one without provocation, though it should be observed that if she *is* offended she can become malignant to the highest degree, sometimes piercing her victim's heart and getting rid of him at once, sometimes inflicting on his hands and feet incurable wounds, which cause him to die a lingering death. Indeed, if all tales be true, she has been heard to sing:

A child am I of earth,  
The mountain gave me birth;  
My swaddling-clothes were the leaves so green,  
And mother's milk the dew has been;  
My cradle was rocked by the kindly breeze,  
As it play'd among the forest trees.

Very kind-hearted Wilis have been known to heal the wounds they have inflicted, and the result of the operation is a singular being called a "Wilinik." The Wilinik is an ordinary mortal, who, having been wounded and healed by a Wili, receives from her a root, the possession of which guards him against all deceit,



and secures him a progeny of brave sons and lovely daughters. Assuredly the root does not enjoy a sinecure.

Having thus settled what a Wili is, let us look out for a Servian tale or two, in which she plays a part. It will be observed that she is never a principal figure, but always remains somewhat in the background.

There was a certain king who had two sons, one just, the other unjust. When he died, the unjust son said to his brother, "We cannot agree, so take the horse and these three hundred pieces of gold, making together your share in our paternal inheritance, and likewise take yourself off." Whether this particular act was unjust or not we cannot say, as we have not had an opportunity of looking over the deceased monarch's accounts; but we suspect all was not quite fair and aboveboard, inasmuch as the unjust brother avowedly chose "Honesty is the worst policy" as the ruling maxim of his life. Knaves in general strive to conceal their idiosyncrasies, but there was no hypocrisy in our unjust man of Servia. He coolly and even ostentatiously said, "I am a rogue, not from any natural weakness, but because it is my deliberate conviction that roguery is superior to its opposite."

The righteous brother, whom, for brevity's sake, we will call "Justus," had not proceeded far, when he accidentally encountered the unrighteous one, whom we will call "Injustus," and who saluted him with one of his usual panegyrics of dishonesty. "Well," said Justus, "I'll bet you a hundred gold pieces, that, in spite of your oft-repeated and somewhat wearisome assertions, honesty is the best policy after all." "Done," said the other; and they then agreed to abide by the decision of the first person they met. As it turned out, a more partial arbiter could not have been selected, for the first person they met was the Evil One himself, disguised as a monk, and he, of course, was strongly of opinion that wrong is far better than right. Two other similar wagers, similarly decided, consumed the rest of poor Justus's little fortune, and his horse went with it; but so firm was his conviction of the superiority of virtue, that he now offered to stake his eyes on the soundness of his views. Emboldened by his previous successes, Injustus, without further ado, or seeking any further arbiter, cut out both Justus's eyes, and then appealed to Justus himself, whether the very fact of his blindness did not of itself prove the worthlessness of right. The martyr to justice still affirmed, without intending a pun, that "he did not see it," and instructed his victorious brother to give him a vessel of water wherewith to moisten his lips and wash his wounds, and to place him under a fir-tree that grew by a certain spring. Injustus, who, after all, was not without his good points, granted this very modest request, and poor Justus, as in the night-time he sat alone by the spring, heard the Wilis come to bathe in the waters, and then heard one of them say:

She's very ill, is the king's poor daughter,  
To such a pass has her malady brought her;  
But if she could only bathe in this water,  
She'd get very well,

As I can tell,  
And all who are deaf, or dumb, or blind,  
In these same waters a cure may find.

The cock crew, the Wilis vanished, and Justus, creeping on all fours to the spring and washing his eyes with the waters, found that the last of the Wili's assertions was, at least, correct, for he saw as well as ever. Nor did he fail to make good use of his sight; he replenished his vessel from the magic stream, and, taking it to the daughter of the king referred to by the Wili, restored her to a condition of robust health. That the princess was given to him for a wife, with half the kingdom for her dowry, followed as a matter of course.

Though news did not travel fast in those days, the great prosperity of Justus became known, in course of time, to his iniquitous brother, who at once shrewdly inferred that it must be a very fine thing to lose one's sight and sit under the fir-tree. So he cut out his own eyes, took the station formerly occupied by his brother, and presently, like him, heard the Wilis come to bathe:

There's no doubt  
At all about  
This fact, that some one overheard  
What I of these fine waters said,  
How they would heal the royal maid—  
Yes, ev'ry word.  
We'll look around us, for I vow  
I think there's some one list'ning now,

cried the Wili, whose information had proved so useful to Justus. And the search, which immediately began, terminated in the capture of the hapless listener, who was no sooner caught than he was torn into four pieces.

Once upon a time a certain man had a dream. He thought that a child, white as snow and with wings on its shoulders, stood before him and said: "Climb up the highest mountain of which thou hast knowledge, and thou wilt find on the summit thereof a lofty fir-tree. Beneath this thou wilt perceive a jagged rock, out of which water is running like tears. Dig beneath the rock as many feet as it is high, and thou wilt come to a round vessel with a golden cover, filled with coins. When thou hast removed the cover, cast it down and leave it, but the coins thou may'st bear away. Still, mind that thou tellest no one of what thou hast done, or evil may befall thee."

This was pleasant, and apparently profitable, information, and the man had no sooner received it, than he proceeded to a spot that answered to the child's description, and began to dig with all his might and main. When, however, he had struck the third blow with his pickaxe, he heard a voice as of a child, which seemed to proceed from beneath the ground, and imperatively commanded him to desist. So much was he touched, that he at once fell



down and sank into a deep sleep, during which he saw again the child of his dream, who said, in a stern voice: "Why didst thou commence thy labour without crossing thyself as a pious Christian? Had I not been by, a grievous ill would have befallen thee. Therefore, now, when thou arisest, cross thyself as is meet, and resume thy work in a good spirit."

Strange to say, when the man awoke, he found himself not on the spot where sleep had overtaken him, but in a sunny garden, full of the most beautiful flowers. Nevertheless, he resumed his digging, having first crossed himself, in compliance with the child's command. While he was shovelling up the earth, a light as of sunbeams flashed into his eyes, and he perceived a dragon asleep on the vessel that contained the treasure. Thrice did he entreat the monster to depart, but the dragon, waking at the third summons, flatly refused to stir. "The treasure," quoth he, "is neither thine nor mine; but if thou wilt tell me how many streams spring from this rock, I will leave the place, and thou mayest then do as thou wilt."

The required enumeration proved no easy job, and the man, after going from spring to spring, became so weary and perplexed, that he leant against a tall tree, out of pure exhaustion. While he was thus reposing, he heard a rustling overhead, and, looking upwards, saw a Wili and a Wilinik engaged in hot debate. The Wilinik wanted to know something, which the Wili, who was manifestly uneasy, was loth to communicate, and at last the latter cried out: "As sure as there are seventy and seven springs in this mountain, I know nothing about it." So saying, the Wili flew away, but the Wilinik perceiving the man, told him he might now take the treasure without impediment; which, noticing that the dragon had fled, the man did.

The Wilis once manifested a remarkable creative talent. On a broiling summer's day they fashioned a young damsel out of some snow which they found at the bottom of a bottomless pit, and no sooner was their work accomplished than the figure was animated by the wind, nurtured by the dew, clothed with leaves by the wood, and decked with the choicest flowers by the meadow.

This wonderful girl, who will remind some readers of the antique Atalanta, issued a proclamation declaring that she would become the bride of the first youth who could catch her in a horse-race. The first gentlemen in the world, including the emperor's son, eagerly responded to the summons; and when they were all on the race-course, ready to start, the damsel took her place in the midst of them, not on horseback, but standing on her feet, and thus spoke: "Yonder, against the winning-post, I have set up a golden apple. The first who takes it shall be my husband, but if I reach it before any of you, a sudden death will at once come upon you all. Think, therefore, what you are about."

The aspirants did think, and they thought

it very unlikely that a girl on foot would prove an overmatch for men on horseback, for they were not aware that the snow-maiden had little wings under her shoulders. But they soon found that their thoughts had been too hasty, for when they were about half way on the course, they saw their fair antagonist gaining ahead. Still they did not lose courage, but, clapping spurs to their steeds, overtook the girl, who at once pulled a hair from her head and flung it to the ground. A forest immediately sprang up, in which the riders were lost, but by dint of perseverance they overcame even that difficulty, and making their way through the trees, were again on the track of the nimble maiden, who shed a tear, which immediately expanded into a foaming torrent, and drowned the whole party, with the single exception of the emperor's son, whose horse swam upon the water. Perceiving that the snow-maiden was again far ahead, he thrice implored her, in the name of the Deity, to proceed no further. She stood still accordingly, and placing her on his horse, he swam with her to dry land, and proceeded with her homeward through a mountainous district. When, however, he had reached the highest summit, she was gone.

An ambitious youth once made the singular vow that he would wed no one but a maiden of imperial race, and as, with all his visionary propensities, he was of a thoroughly practical disposition, he went boldly up to the emperor and asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Now, the emperor, as it happened, was of a somewhat timid temperament, and though an emphatic "No" was on the tip of his tongue, he preferred to utter his refusal in a more circumlocutionary manner. He therefore said:

"I shall only be too happy to give you my daughter, if—if——"

"Yes?" asked the youth.

"If in the course of, say, a week, you will procure me,—first, a white horse without speck that has never known bridle."

"Secondly?" inquired the youth.

"Secondly, a sorrel horse with a black head that has never been mounted. Thirdly, a black horse with a white head and white feet that has never been shod."

"Well," said the youth, "horses are to be got, though a week is rather a short time."

"Stop, I have not finished," proceeded the emperor. "Besides the three horses, you must bring as much gold as they all three can carry, as a present to my empress. On these conditions, and no other, I grant you my daughter's hand."

The youth, having thanked the emperor much more heartily than he deserved, took his leave in no very cheerful mood; but fortunately the imperial maiden had overheard all the conversation, and had, moreover, seen the petitioner, who appeared to her the handsomest man in the world. Therefore he was soon comforted by a letter, which the young lady sent him by the hands of a confidential servant, and which



commanded him to come to her secretly on the following morning, if he desired a successful issue to his suit.

While the youth remained awake through the night, reflecting on his good fortune, the maiden, likewise awake, occupied herself in stealing from her father a magic knife, which she gave to her adorer when he came according to appointment, and they both vowed eternal love and fidelity. She then directed him to take a horse which belonged to her, and to ride with all speed to the Wili's wood, where he would find a certain tripcipal hill, and after that a meadow bright with pearls, with horses of the most various colours grazing upon it. From these horses he was to choose three of the desired colours, and if they proved restive and unwilling to be caught, he was to draw out the knife so that the sun might shine upon it, and thus light up all the meadow: when all the animals would come to him of their own accord. The horses secured, he was to proceed to the middle of the meadow, where he would find a cypress-tree, with a root of brass, boughs of silver, and leaves of gold. From the root, cut with the magic knife, a torrent of gold coin would issue, which would fully enable him to comply with the emperor's terms.

These minute directions were strictly followed, and the success of the adventurer was complete. Nay, so greatly was the king struck with admiration when he saw the horses arrive laden with the golden treasure, that he could not help asking the suitor what he required in the shape of dowry? "Give me the princess herself and the knife," said the gallant youth, "and I will ask no more." So the princess and the knife were given, and all parties were satisfied.

### THE HUNGARIAN DERVISH.

MR. ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY is a young Hungarian, studious of men's tongues, and versed in divers languages of Europe and Asia. Impelled by scientific thirst for search into certain Asiatic relationships of the language of Hungary, he went eastward, lived for some years among the Turks at Constantinople—familiar in their houses, studious in their schools and libraries—until he could transform himself into a very good facsimile of a Turkish Efendi, barring the more European aspect of his countenance. Then he said to his soul that he would rise up and go into the wild innermost parts of Central Asia, and would there study races of men, who, if they had the faintest idea who he was, and what he was about, and perhaps also if they hadn't any such idea, were likely to kill or enslave him. He went and saw and did come back alive, after a perilous expedition, accomplished with much control over the quick course of blood at the age of one-and-thirty, in the sedate character of a holy dervish. Having worked his way round, often over paths untrodden by any European traveller, from Samarcand to Herat,

from Herat he came to London, where he has been triumphantly received by the Geographical Society, and by society in general. Now, he has told his adventures, Hungarian as he is, in an English book of Travels in Central Asia. Some day he will tell the philological world what he has learnt from the tongues of Turkestan. That will be for the few. But all the world, in England at any rate, understands and appreciates courage shown in the carrying out of whatever good design a man has really at heart, and has ears for a tale of the successful achievement of an honest purpose, under rare conditions of life, in the face of danger.

At Teheran, Mr. Vámbéry was hospitably entertained by Haydar Efendi, representative of the Sublime Porte at the court of Persia. It is an old custom of the Turkish embassy in Teheran to accord a small subsidy to the mendicant hadjis and dervishes who pass every year through Persia in considerable numbers, receiving nothing from the Persians. This brought to the embassy, ragged Tartars from the remotest parts of Turkestan; and Mr. Vámbéry, who went by the name of Reshid Efendi, took so much pleasure, on behalf of his own studies, in exciting these people to friendly conversation, that he became known among them as a man treating the dervishes as brethren, and probably himself a dervish in disguise. Thus it came to pass that the hadjis and dervishes were apt to send through Reshid Efendi their petitions to the Turkish minister, and one day, on the twentieth of March, in the year 'sixty-three, four hadjis visited him with a request that he would introduce them to the minister, in order that they might complain of an unlawful exaction of tribute suffered by them at the hands of the Persians. "We desire," they said, "no money from his excellency; we pray only that for the future our brethren may go unmolested to the Holy Places." Their spokesman was Hadji Bilal (a hadji means one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca), from Little Bokhara, or Chinese Tartary, where, ragged as was his pilgrim's dress, he was Court Imam of the Vang, or Chinese governor, of the province of Aksu. He was twice a hadji, for he had twice visited the Holy Sepulchre. He was the chief man in the caravan, which consisted, he said, of twenty-four persons, "young and old, rich and poor, men of piety, learned men and laity; still we live together with the greatest simplicity, since we are all from Khokand and Kashgar, and have among us no Bokhariot, no viper of that race." There was a faithful simplicity of manner in the four ragged pilgrims, who were about to return through Central Asia to their homes, which caused Mr. Vámbéry to resolve to cast in his lot with them. But no Oriental would believe an Efendi capable of taking a dangerous and tedious journey for no better motive than a thirst for knowledge. Mr. Vámbéry, therefore, told the Tartars that he had long silently, but earnestly, desired to visit Turkestan: not merely to see the only source of Islamite virtue that still remained undefiled,



but to behold the saints of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. He had now been waiting a year in Persia, and he thanked God for having at last granted him fellow-travellers such as they were, with whom he might proceed on his way, and accomplish his purpose.

The Tartars were amazed at the proposal, and were more sure than ever that he who could make it was really a dervish; but they honestly warned "Reshid Efendi" of the perils of the way. Mr. Vámbéry persisted, and was accepted as a fellow-traveller by the chiefs of the dervish caravan. His friends at the embassy said he had trusted himself to men who would kill him or sell him for the smallest coin, but as he believed otherwise, and was resolved to go, the Turkish envoy received the hadjis, spoke of Reshid Efendi's designs in terms corroborative of his own representations, recommended him to the hospitality of his new fellow-travellers, and promised them that they might look for a return for any service done to an Efendi, a servant of the Sultan, who is the acknowledged chief of true believers. Then he asked for a list of the persons in the caravan, and made to it, on the part of the embassy, a handsome donation of fifteen ducats.

Hadji Bilal had two adopted sons with him, who were too heavy a burden on his resources; one of them was quartered on the new traveller as "famulus," to make the bread, and brew the tea, and help to dispose of them when they were ready. Mr. Vámbéry made up his mind to put complete faith in the good intentions of this hadji, showed him what money he was taking for the expense of the journey, and was instructed by him to avoid all character for wealth, shave his head, wear a poor costume of Bokhara, and dispense with as much as possible—say, bed-clothes, linen, and so forth—in preparing his small outfit. Then he was taken to the caravanserai where his two dozen fellow-travellers were lodged, fourteen in one little cell, ten in another, all filthy and ragged, many with nothing but the beggars' staff to help them on their journey. He disturbed their attentions to their vermin, was received by them hospitably, had to drink with them a large Bokhariot bowl of green tea without sugar or milk, to break bread with each individually, and embrace him. Then they all sat in a circle to discuss what route they were to choose.

So, on the morning of the twenty-eighth of March, the start was made from the caravanserai in Teheran. Those of the pilgrims who could afford it had hired a mule or an ass to the Persian frontier; the others, with their date-wood staves in their hands, were eager for the signal of departure. The wretched clothing they had worn in Teheran was holiday costume; each now wore his real travelling dress of a thousand rags fastened round the loins by a cord. All were assembled. Hadji Bilal raised his hand for the parting benediction, and hardly had every one seized his beard to say "Amen," when the pedestrians rushed out of the gate and strode away to get the start of those who were mounted.

On they went, chanting hymns and reciting verses from the Koran. There was Hadji Bilal with his two adopted sons, aged five-and-twenty and sixteen; there was Hadji Yusaf, a Chinese Tartar peasant, who had with him a ten-year-old nephew and eighty ducats, but his wealth was a secret, and he hired only one horse, on which he and his boy rode in turn; there was Hadji Amed, a poor mollah, who had only his staff to depend on; and there was the equally poor Hadji Hasan, who had lost his father on the journey, and was going home an orphan. Another poor hadji had lost both father and brother on the journey. There was also Hadji Yakoub, professional beggar; and Hadji Kurban, who, as a knife-grinder, had traversed the whole of Asia, had seen not only Constantinople and Mecca, but also Thibet and Calcutta, and had twice crossed the Kirghish Steppes to Orenburg and Taganrok. Other of the hadjis were, a Chinese soldier; a commission merchant: one who, whenever he had shouted Allah two thousand times, fell into a state of ecstatic blessedness called by the unbelievers epilepsy; a youth of fourteen, suffering heavily all the way from feet which had been badly frozen in the snow of Hamadan; and Hadji Sheikh Sultan Mahmoud from Kashgar, an enthusiastic young Tartar of the family of a renowned saint of his native place, who had visited at Mecca the tomb not only of the prophet, but of his own father: a poet who had yearned towards Mecca and had died there.

On the fourth day, the caravan reached Firazkah, at the foot of a mountain crowned by an ancient fortification. There begins the province Mazendran. Next day, after three or four hours' journey, they reached the mouth of the great defile properly called Mazendran, luxuriant with the magnificent green of primeval forests. This defile leads to the shores of the Caspian; where it ends, on the northern side, immense woods mark the limits of the Caspian shore. Here, at the night-halt in a forest of box-wood, two tigers were disturbed at the spring by the young people who went to fetch water. As for the jackals, they were so numerous and fearless, that, all night long, men had to defend with their hands and feet, their shoes and their bread-sacks. From Sari, the capital of Mazendran, horses were hired for the day's journey to the Caspian, over marshes and morasses that cannot be traversed on foot, and so, after two days' rest, the pilgrims advanced to Karatipe, by the water-side. Here Mr. Vámbéry was received with his friend Hadji Bilal in the house of an Afghan of distinction, who was himself hospitable enough; but he had in his household an Afghan scapegrace and opium-eater named Emir Mehemed, who had seen enough of Europeans to be sure that Dervish Vámbéry was neither Turk nor Asiatic. At first this man tried to entrap the disguised Hungarian savant into travel with himself through the great desert. He had travelled, he said, for the last fifteen years to and from Khiva, and perfectly knew the country. Dervish Vám-



béry replied sedately that all believers are brethren; thanked the man for his friendliness, but added that as a dervish he was very much attached to his travelling companions. This Afghan, joining the caravan, stuck to the false dervish, and lost no opportunity of betraying him; but his own scapegrace character, and the faithful support given by the hadjis to their fellow-traveller, foiled him on every occasion, when he might otherwise have brought upon his victim, death or slavery. Mr. Vámbéry, too, played his part so well, that he was reckoned with Hadji Bilal and a certain Hadji Salih to be one of the chiefs of the little company.

A bold young Turkoman offered to take all the holy men over the water to Gomushteppe for no other reward than their prayers. But when alone with Mr. Vámbéry he confided to him that he cherished unreturned affection for a girl of his own race, and that a Jew, who was a great magician, had promised to prepare a charm to win her love, if he would but procure, as one essential ingredient in it, thirty drops of attar of roses fresh from Mecca. "We know," he said, "that the hadjis bring back with them out of the holy city essence of roses and other sweet perfumes; and, as you are the youngest of their chiefs, I apply to you, and hope you will listen to my entreaty." Some of the hadjis had really brought attar of roses with them; and so the desire of the poor Turkoman boatman could be gratified, whereby he was made joyous as a child.

In a boat which was but a hollow tree the hadjis were stowed, each with his sack of flour, for carriage over the shallow water to the skiff lying a mile from land: a "keseboy" with a mast and a large and a small sail, that had brought in naphtha, pitch, and salt, and was now homeward bound with a cargo of corn. The vessel had no deck, and the pilgrims were packed like herrings along its sides. So they sped before a favouring wind by the tongue of land that converts this corner of the Caspian into the bay of Astrabad.

At the point of that tongue of land, is Ashourada, the most southerly point of the Russian possessions in Asia. Till the Russians came there, five-and-twenty years ago, Ashourada was a favourite station for the alaman cruisers of the Turkoman pirates, and there is nothing more glorious and delightful to the young Turkoman than a share in the alaman, or marauding expedition over the Turkish borders, in search of cattle or other plunder, and above all, of unhappy Persians who can be dragged off, and whose fate it then is to suffer torment in chains until an ample ransom is extorted, or, failing ransom, to be carried into the interior and sold for what they will fetch at the market-price of slaves. The Russians endeavoured to check with war-steamers the expeditions of these pirates, and their steamers, doing Persia no unfriendly service, have thus won them a settlement at Ashourada, and at Gez, the port of Astrabad, in the south-eastern corner of the Caspian Sea. The piratical Turkomans render it

unsafe for any merchantman to approach their coast without the escort of a steamer. The Russians require that every Turkoman vessel proceeding from its own coast to the shore of Persia on the south, shall have a pass from them, annually renewable, for which the owner pays eight, ten, or fifteen, ducats a year. This pass must be shown, and search is made for prisoners or contraband, every time the vessel sails by Ashourada. A Turkoman, who for thirty years has lived in a tent in the midst of the semi-European colony, taking forty ducats a month as a Russian admiral, is expected to use his influence with his clansmen in suppressing, and the knowledge he can obtain from native connexions in discovering and defeating, piratical attacks upon the Persians. But this worthy khan has transferred his allegiance to Russian brandy; he is always drunk; and his two sons, who were to be his successors, have come to an understanding with the robbers, and are careful never to betray their movements to the Russians. About half a league from Ashourada are several sea-marks, consisting of long painted poles, and the Turkomans told Mr. Vámbéry that these were set up by the "Inghiliz" to mark the limits of the Russian waters. The other side belonged to the Turkomans, whom the English would always protect from attack by the Russians. The Turkoman vessel carrying the pilgrims came to its journey's end about a mile and a half from the mouth of the river Gôrghen, unable to get nearer on account of the shallows, and the disembarkation was by twos and threes in rude native boats. On the shore was, on each side of the river, the Turkoman encampment of Gomushteppe, of which Khandjan the chief stood ready to greet heartily the chiefs of the holy pilgrim band, Vámbéry the dervish, and the Hadjis Bilal and Salih. The Turkomans of either sex and every age hurried to touch or embrace the hadjis, and hot dispute arose over the question of their quarters, every one being eager for the honour of showing them hospitality. Hadji Bilal and Mr. Vámbéry, otherwise the Dervish Reshid Efendi, were received by the chief Khandjan, who set up for them a guests' tent, whereof they took possession with the due formality of first walking twice round it, and peeping in at the four corners. Here they received visitors till late at night, and supped heartily on boiled fish and sour milk, served by Khandjan's son, a boy of twelve, who took the dishes from a Persian slave heavily fettered.

Throughout Turkestan, there are no dwellers within rooted walls. The tent of the Turkoman, which is met with in the same form throughout all Central Asia, and as far as the remote parts of China, is always alike in shape and construction—a circular hut no higher than its door, with a dome-shaped roof open at the centre to let smoke out and light in. It is built of felt over a wooden framework, and the making of the felt, with all the care of construction, putting up, taking down, and packing on the camel in case of removal, is the business of the Turkoman



woman. For newly-married couples, or for guests to whom it is desired to pay particular honour, a tent covered inside with felt of snowy whiteness is the proper lodging; the ordinary tent is that which has grown brown or black from age and smoke. These tents, says Mr. Vámbéry, are cool in summer, and warm in winter, and under them the Turkomans sleep undisturbed, however fierce may be the raging of the storm without.

Awaking next morning, light of heart, from the sweet sleep under the wholesome shelter of the tent, Mr. Vámbéry appeared in the eyes of Hadji Bilal unprofessionally cheerful. That faithful friend took him aside, therefore, and warned him that he must now put off the Efendi, and trust entirely to his dervish character, for he would excite surprise and disappointment if he did not, like the others, with a serious face distribute Fatiha or blessings, give the nefes or holy breath when summoned to the sick, and hold out his hand for the little presents which he would find the public of Central Asia always ready to bestow. "Pardon me if I seem to school you," said Hadji Bilal; "but it is for your good. You must have heard of the traveller who, when he reached the land of the one-eyed nation, to put himself on equality with them, kept one of his eyes shut." The Hungarian took counsel accordingly, had leaves of sick persons, distributed blessings and "breath," wrote short sentences to serve as talismans, and took his fees in little kneeling mats and divers articles of food. The security obtained by travel in this character had one great drawback for a man whose whole purpose was investigation. If he touched upon any question relating to ordinary life, or showed curiosity of any sort, his friends asked wonderingly what a dervish, whose proper business was only God and religion, had to do with affairs of this transitory world. He dared not put any direct questions, but relied chiefly upon the liveliness of his attention, when, as he sat with dreamy aspect, beads in hand, the Turkomans, who are great talkers, discussed their affairs before him. Even about the line of ancient wall known as the wall of Iskender, or Alexander the Great, which was one feature of the neighbourhood of Gomushteppe, a place rich in remains of Greek domination and hidden monuments of ancient Iran civilisation, not a question could be asked by a dervish without exciting amazement.

In spite of the warm hospitality and the frequent religious feasts not unwelcome to Mr. Vámbéry's companions, at which every guest plunged his fist into the large wooden bowl supplied to every group of five or six, while horseflesh or camelflesh were the order of the day, and, says the traveller, "what other dishes represented our venison I must decline mentioning;" in spite of the reverence with which their prayers were sought, and their own ample experience of the bright side of Turkoman life and character, even the hadjis, somewhat to the manner born, yearned in a fortnight to get away from Gomushteppe. Even for the poorest

of the pilgrims, and those who had least reason to love the Persian, in the midst of all this lavish hospitality, the sight of the sufferings of the poor Persian slaves was really too much. Hardly a tent was without its chained Persian. The landing of the victims of each raid on Persian territory, when the gun from the water, that was to be heard every night, had announced the return of an alaman, or predatory cruiser, itself a painful sight, was only the beginning of miseries. The unhappy Persians, old or young, of any age from three to sixty, surprised by a night attack, and hurried away from their homes, sometimes with wounds, were clothed in Turkoman rags, loaded with galling chains, pegged down by the neck o' nights, treated with pitiless contempt, and with an active cruelty designed to force them into writing urgently for any ransom. To see their sufferings, without daring by word or look to express pity, was too much even for the Asiatic not inured to the trade of man-stealing. If not ransomed speedily, they are sent a little further in, to Etrek, a place of more cruel torment, where there is a truculent old khan accounted clever at extracting from the newly-caught slaves all useful information as to the ransom they may be made to yield, if any. The ransomable captives are the Turkoman's best prizes; for the difference may be great indeed between the price at which a child is valued by its father, or a father by his son, and the market-price of either in the slave-market at Bokhara. And it is not market-price that the first captor, on producing the article of traffic, usually gets. The Turkoman usually lives too much from hand to mouth, and is too poor, to keep his captives by him till he has enough to take himself into the market. When ransom cannot be got, he sells the produce of each alaman, as fast as he gets it, to a richer Turkoman: a middleman, who can afford to warehouse slaves till it is worth his while to go to Bokhara and sell. When he has reached Bokhara, he sells at once what is immediately saleable, leaves the rest in the hands of a slave-broker, and rides away. At present a slave fetches twenty or thirty pounds in Bokhara. In war time, when the market is glutted, the price may fall even to three pounds. In this barter there is a system of cheques and notes of hand, with this peculiarity, that when a debtor writes for his creditor, or gets to be written, an I O U, he puts it in his own pocket and rides away. If the creditor is asked why he does not take the acknowledgment, he replies, "What shall I do with it? I do not want to be reminded of the debt. The man who owes must not forget. It is for him, therefore, to keep the paper by him."

After three weeks in Gomushteppe, the pilgrims had a good opportunity of proceeding upon their journey. Their next great halting-place was Khiva, in the watered region of the Oxus, beyond the desert, and with desert again beyond it. The wicked and broken-down old Khan of Khiva had been recommended by his physicians to drink buffalo's milk, and he had



sent express to Gomushteppe a chief of caravans to buy him two pair of buffaloes, for in Khiva there are none. The leader of caravans went on to Astrabad, and on his return through Gomushteppe he and the buffaloes would be the best of escort to Khiva, for his experience of the desert was unrivalled.

In that escort, after three weeks in the tents by the Caspian and the river Gorgehen, of which the immemorable fish scented the water, on went the Hungarian dervish. In the reedy haunts of the wild boar, numerous beyond conception, he was thrown, and narrowly escaped being ripped up. On his escape he was especially congratulated, for he was told "a death by the wound of a wild boar would send even the most pious Mussulman unclean into the next world, where a hundred years' burning in purgatorial fire would not purge away his uncleanness." The Afghan, who stuck by the false dervish, contrived to excite against Mr. Vámbéry the suspicions of the Khan of Khiva's caravan leader, but the faithful simple-hearted hadjis held by their friend, and the adventurer's skill as an Orientalist and linguist, now and at all times, carried him safe through every hour of peril.

On the way through the desert there was at one place a halt for one of the company to find his brother's grave. The dead man had been one of a caravan in which a fat Persian trader travelled as his guest. The Turkomans got scent of the Persian, who was going home with money in his pouch, and attacked the caravan. Although they cried out that they wanted only the fat Persian dog, who sobbed and begged that he might be surrendered, the host died in defence of his guest, and, dying, commended the Persian to his brother's guardianship. He had been safely conveyed to his own home, and the brother, on his return, now stayed to recover and carry back to his own land the body of the loyal dead.

Deeper in the true desert, where the few springs were ice-cold, bitter and stinking, when at one halting-time a search was made for water, a wild Tartar was found glaring alone in a cave, who rushed upon his disturbers with presented spear. He was an outcast from his tribe, a man with blood on his head, fugitive from the vendetta. Such fugitives will wander for years alone in the frightful solitudes, not daring to face their brother-man.

Khiva, between the wildernesses, lies with its gardens by a reach of barren desert earth that stretches to within a league of the city, as the long dry finger of death laid on the luxuriance of life.

At Khiva, his enemy, the Afghan, denounced Mr. Vámbéry to the first official who appeared, and again in the public bazaar. But the faithful hadjis, his travelling companions, gathered about him as a brother, and against all dangers the Hungarian dervish held by his assumed character, gave the khan his efficacious blessing, kicked aside the prime minister, to take for himself, as holy man, the place of honour by

the khan's side, satisfied all doubts, and baffled the most suspicious scrutiny. Only he could not show so much good breeding as to eat all the sheep's-tail fat to which he was hospitably pressed. To accept six, seven, or eight invitations in a day, and at each be required to avoid the rudeness of confessing one can eat no more, is beyond European powers in a company where Mr. Vámbéry noted that his pilgrim brethren (after their desert fare of little bread and less water) ate each of them a pound of fat from the sheep's-tail, two pounds of rice, besides bread, carrots, turnips, and radishes, and, to wash all down, swallowed, without exaggeration, from fifteen to sixteen large soup-plates of green tea. In Khiva, Mr. Vámbéry dispensed his blessings, and the "holy breath," and the health-dust which pilgrims bring from a house in Medina, said to have been the prophet's. Although he had here for his friend an old bey in high reverence, he was suspected to be only a sham dervish by the mehter, or first minister of the home department, who was only the less disposed to be friendly when he found the stranger patronised by the old bey, whom the minister regarded as his rival. And while foiling the attempts of the mehter to unmask him, and winning honour from the khan, a feeble bleary-eyed vicious devotee of lust and religious ceremonial, the European adventurer was admonished to be careful, by the frightful sights he saw within the precincts of the palace. In one court he found three hundred prisoners of war, who were covered with rags, and had for some days suffered starvation. They were parted into those of age and quality for sale as slaves, and those chained in iron collars, who were being taken to the gallows or the block. Whilst several were thus led to their death, "I saw," says Mr. Vámbéry, "how, at a sign from the executioner, eight aged men placed themselves down on their backs upon the earth. They were then bound hand and foot, and the executioner gouged out their eyes in turn, kneeling to do so on the breast of each poor wretch, and after every operation he wiped his knife, dripping with blood, upon the white beard of the hoary unfortunate." This was retribution for the stripping of a rich caravan, even to the food and clothes of the travellers, so that of sixty only eight had survived the hunger and cold of the desert. At Khiva a man is hanged if he but casts a look on a veiled woman, and the woman, buried up to the breasts in earth beside the gallows, is stoned to death with hand-balls of earth (stones there are none). "At the third discharge the poor victim is completely covered with dust, and the body, dripping with blood, is horribly disfigured, and the death which ensues alone puts an end to her torture."

If the Khan of Khiva came to London and were taken to the Opera, it would be well for the gentlemen and ladies who stare at each other through optical glasses or with naked eyes, that he is not Khan of England.

At Khiva, again, soldiers are literally paid by



the head for their slain enemies, and Mr. Vámbéry tells how, when he went to the khan's treasurer for the sum granted for his daily board, he found him sorting robes of honour, silken coats of staring colour with large flowers worked on them in gold, as four-headed, twelve-headed, twenty-headed, and forty-headed, coats. Next morning the traveller from Europe saw in the chief square of Khiva what the coats had been sorted for. About a hundred horsemen, covered with dust, rode in from the camp. Each brought at least one prisoner, and among the prisoners were children and women bound to the tail of the horse or the pommel of the saddle. The prisoners were brought in as presents to the khan, and then each soldier, as he came before the accountant, opened his sack, and, seizing it by the lower corners, as if he were emptying potatoes, rolled out of it the bearded or beardless heads with which he was to be accredited. As he reckoned them, the accountant with his foot kicked them together, until he had a large heap of several hundreds.

After nearly a month's residence at Khiva, the Hungarian dervish and his faithful comrades the *hadjis* departed richer than they came. For their blessings, and "breaths," and charms, they had been paid with honour and a multitude of gifts.

So, on they went to Bokhara, and having crossed the broad stream of the Oxus in a ferry-boat, travelled up its eastern bank: the Oxus on their right hand, the desert on their left. They were journeying towards a point from which there is a comparatively short and easy crossing of the great sandy desert between Bokhara and Khiva. But where the horseman can live, plundering bands supply the want of other peril, and, although the shorter desert route had been chosen after learning that the way was clear, two suppliants for bread met the pilgrims by the way, and told how they and others had been stopped by a band of a hundred and fifty horsemen. Hereupon, the faces of the asses and the dromedaries were turned back, and with hot speed the way was retraced to the point from which the greater desert track commenced—a track over sands so inhospitable and fatal to those over whom they are blown by the wind Tebbad, that no robber dares make them his haunt.

Having laid in a stock of the sweet Oxus water—which is said to be, after deposit of the grit it bears with it, more delicious than even that of the Nile—the pilgrims plunged, with as little rest as might be, into the desert known as the Life Destroyer. It was July, and that desert route is considered to be safe only in winter, after heavy falls of snow. The first station bears the name of Adamkrylgan, the Place where Men Perish; and little heaps of the bleached bones of men and beasts were piled up here and there on the wayside by previous travellers, to mark the track. That central Asiatic wilderness is a great sea of sand, sometimes rolled into high waves, and sometimes

rippled like the surface of a lake; not a bird flies overhead; there is no worm or beetle under foot. The Oxus water disappeared by evaporation faster than any calculation had supposed. Of the camels, wearied by the speed of the retreat before the desert was plunged into, two died, and still there must be all haste made, for if the Tebbad swept over them while they were in the deep roll of the sands, the whole caravan would be overwhelmed, and all would perish. Two men died of thirst, the cry for "water" the one only incessant sound from their lips; while every man clung to the drops in his own water-skin as to the drops of his own life. Each slept with his water-skin in his embrace. The father hid away his store of water from the son, the brother from his brother. When at last they came near the Khalata mountains, and the sand lay thinner upon the hard subsoil, a cloud of dust was seen approaching; the camels, uttering a loud cry, fell on their knees and pressed their heads on the ground, with their faces turned from the blast; the pilgrims buried themselves within the shelter formed by the bodies of the camels; and the first sand-shower of the hot Tebbad fell like flakes of fire upon their bodies. The wind rushed by, with a dull clattering sound, leaving them all covered with sand two inches thick. Had it come over them when they were six miles deeper in the desert, all would have perished. The passage of this desert was the worst suffering endured by the young Hungarian, who found himself at the end of it half dead in the hut of some kindly Persian slaves.

At last they were on cultivated land again, near Bokhara the Noble, which accounts itself the capital of Central Asia, and the Rome of Islam. Of the three officials who came out to meet the caravan, one was impressed, as usual, by the European cast of Mr. Vámbéry's tell-tale face, tanned as it was; and in Bokhara, too, he had active suspicions to contend with. But again he played his part so well as a great mollah, that he soon found himself in the midst of undoubting faith and honour. The emir was not then in Bokhara, and the suspicious lord in office, after surrounding the suspected man with spies who sought to entrap him into showing fellow-feeling with the *Frenghis*, at last, in the shape of an invitation to a pillow, brought him into a picked circle of Bokhariot ulemas, who were quietly to subject his pretensions to strict scrutiny. When he had got safe through that ordeal, the government was satisfied, and he was free to go his own way about the mysterious city in which Stoddart and Conolly found only their martyrdom. Questions of any kind upon political events, Mr. Vámbéry, in his character of dervish, might not ask; but he could freely use his eyes and ears in the wonderful town where men go about in the streets with four-thonged whips to drive people into the mosques, and, examining passers-by and even greybeards on the principles of Islamism, send them to school for eight days or a fortnight if they find



them ill informed. The emir is very strict, but exacts most of his nobles, being, as his subjects say in his praise, "Killer of elephants and protector of mice." His face is against luxury. The palace housekeeping cost less than half a sovereign a day. When his commandant-in-chief, who had been a great man in Persia allied to its royal race, built a handsome one-storied house in Bokhara, adorned with glass windows and other luxuries, the emir waited until it was finished, and then banished its owner for contempt of religion, confiscated the house, and, refusing to sell it for a high price that was offered, pulled it down, ordered the very ruins to be wasted when they seemed too ornamental, and, the better to point the moral, sold its timber to a baker at a mean price for the heating of his oven.

But with all the glory of Bokhara the Noble, and all the ostentatious piety, one thing was noticeable by the hadjis and their fellow-traveller;—they got as much lip-honour as in Khiva, if not more; but whereas in Khiva they had been lavishly enriched with gifts, in Bokhara no man gave them so much as a farthing, and some were obliged to sell even their asses for the means of life. Those of the hadjis who had not branched off already to their respective homes, were glad, therefore, when they could, to hire a couple of carts to carry them on to Samarcand.

Mr. Vámbéry had agreed with his friends to go on with them to Samarcand, and either proceed thence eastward with those going further, or there turn back, and make the return journey by way of Herat. A caravan leader from Herat was in Bokhara who would return in about three weeks, and a provisional arrangement was made for meeting with him at Kerki, on the further bank of the Oxus, if the dervish did not yield to the temptation to push onward towards Kashgar, Aksa, and Khoten. To Samarcand the way was not difficult. Mr. Vámbéry saw on the road, square milestones, some entire, others broken, which had been set up by Timour the Tartar. The present emir, following his notion of civilisation, has set up here and there small terraces for prayer.

Into Samarcand the pious emir was in a few days about to return from a victorious campaign. The hadjis wanted to see the entry, and, on the day after it, Mr. Vámbéry, with a little sense of renewed danger and suspicion, was summoned to the presence of the emir. But he went boldly into the august presence, recited

his prayer, and then, as became his dervish character, took his seat, without permission, close to the royal person. The emir—who is himself a mollah, and to whom the suspicious minister at Bokhara had made his report—tried with a fixed look to disconcert the stranger, but the young Hungarian was not to be disconcerted. Throughout the interview he held his own, well ornamenting his speech with Persian sentences and verses from the Koran. He was dismissed with a gift, and the command to visit the emir a second time in Bokhara.

But now enough had been learnt, enough had been risked for the sake of learning it, and the best policy was to quit Samarcand with all speed and join the caravan for Herat, on the other bank of the Oxus. Parted unwillingly from his faithful and kind friends the hadjis, whom still, for his own sake and theirs, he dared not deceive, the sham dervish turned back, travelled among nomads as a hadji pedlar, with knives, needles, thread, glass-beads, and cornelians, in his pack. On the other side of the Oxus, he and those comrades with him were seized as runaway slaves making for Persia. That difficulty was overcome, and having, through divers other adventures, arrived at Herat, where he had to resist the charge of being a disguised Englishman, he left Herat on the fifteenth of November, by the great caravan bound for Meshed, and so got back to Teheran, after his wonderful ten months' tour, upon which he had set out on the twenty-eighth of March. Finally, about the middle of last June, Mr. Vámbéry came to London to tell his traveller's tale to our Royal Geographical Society and to the English public.

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XXIX. A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

YOUNG BRETT had got up once more to London, and had driven from the train to his lodgings, and from his lodgings straight to Alfred-place. He was delighted to see Miss Manuel once more, and almost gambolled round her like a faithful terrier, as he was. "I am *so* glad to see you again," he said, "and to see you so well. Our colonel has given me a month. Some of our fellows were making a jolly party to go over and see the French at Châlons, and the colonel wished me to be with them, but I begged hard to come here, and I am *so* glad, dear Miss Manuel."

She was quite touched at this friendly interest. "You are a good dear boy," she said. "You have been true to me all through—yes, *all* through, and I never shall forget it—never!"

There was a little falter in her voice, and Young Brett darted away from the subject obstreperously.

"The worst is," he said, wistfully, "I am so stupid, I am getting so stupid—I am not clever at doing things. I don't know the way. But now, dear Miss Manuel, here I am. I want to be trained. It will be a charity and a kindness to use me, it will indeed; just to send me about, you know, of messages, and that sort of thing. I delight in the excitement, 'pon my word I do!"

Miss Manuel smiled on him. "I have given you enough work for this year, after that Welsh expedition."

"Well," said he, "I don't think I managed *that* so badly. 'Jove! when I came down first I thought there was a regular mystery, but it turned out very pleasantly. Even that, however, I can take no credit for, for it was really an accident. By the way, that Carter," and Young Brett began to grow hot, and colour at the mention of the name, "what has become of him? I never told you the things he said—though, indeed, I ought not to mention it now."

Her eyes glittered. "I know what he said to you as well as if I was standing by and listening. I know what vile things he could say and do. But his time is shortening." She got up and

began to walk. "There are people on his track. It is too soon to tell you everything; but this I will say, that though it seems long since our darling left us, still no one has been sleeping, nor have we forgotten this vile cruel heart, who helped to send her so early to her grave. I am weak, I know, and only a woman, but trust me. I have said it should be Never Forgotten, nor has it! And I tell you now all is nearly ready, and the moment is fast drawing on!"

For the first time she looked steadily at Young Brett for enthusiasm and eagerness, but instead, she saw blank dismay and a sort of hopeless grief. This youth showed everything in his face. "You *don't* tell me this, Miss Manuel," he said, imploringly. "O no! Why, this is what *he* said, and dared to say of you."

"He did!" she said, triumphantly. "Ah! then he has instinct already of what is coming. But he shan't escape. Never! Neither he, nor that other, the *real* murderer, nor the *real* murderer's wife! We can reach them all, *are* reaching them, and shall overtake them in a very little time! You can help me still, as you have helped me so well."

Again she gave him that triumphant look, expecting encouragement. But Young Brett's eyes were on the ground, and there was a sore wounded expression in his face.

"O then it is true, it is *all* true!" he said, mournfully. "O, Miss Manuel, I could not have believed this! And it has come like a blow upon me. I told him to his face that it was all false—and indeed I *wish* it had been all false."

"What," said Miss Manuel, "and would you have me sit down quietly and submit? I should have died a year ago if I had. Are there laws and punishments to meet crimes like this? No. We must take it into our own hands, and punish for ourselves."

"But you don't mean it," said Young Brett, in a sort of agony. "No, I know you don't. It is so dreadful to think of. And the poor girl, who has done no harm in the world, and done us no harm. O, there is something shocking in it. And you who are so noble, and so much above us all, and whom I would do anything in the wide world for, to *have* such an idea, I *can't* believe it."

Miss Manuel looked at him scornfully. "Are



you beginning to be like the rest?" she said. "Very well, it is only being deceived in one more."

"I know I am very stupid," said he, still in this tone of despair, "and very useless. I only mean well, and do my best. But, in this sort of thing, I should be miserable all my life, I *know* I should. It is awful to think of. A young wife, Miss Manuel, to be ruined in this way. O, you must think again, do, *do* think again, dearest Miss Manuel, and say—you are joking."

Miss Manuel *did* feel a sort of self-reproach then. She was silent for a few moments. "Ah, you have not lost a sister, and cannot feel. No matter. I was only mistaken. I thought I was secure of you, at least. You were faithful to me. Now I must only go on by myself." Suddenly her voice changed; there came a touching sweetness and affection into her tone. "Ah! I understand, and do not mean what I say. It is natural in you. You are too noble, and too good for this vile pursuit. It is horrible. But it is my life. I have lived for nothing else. I may as well go on now. I *must* go on, even if I sacrifice everything that loves me, or cares for me."

He shook his head sadly. He seemed to stagger under some dreadful blow. "I would do anything for you, Miss Manuel," he said, sadly, "anything. I think at this moment, if you wanted it, I would go into a house on fire, or—anything of that sort. But this young girl—to destroy her, or stand by and see it—O! it would be before me day and night." And Young Brett mournfully took his hat. "And that man Romaine—O, I am afraid, Miss Manuel, I see it all now."

"Don't leave me," said she; "don't give me up. That is only wanting to finish it. Though, perhaps, it is better to have done with everybody that is good."

"I know I am not," said Young Brett, in growing excitement, "as good as I ought to be. And I don't set up as being anything of a saint, like some of our fellows; but—but—if this is—to go on—I must—I *must*. O, Miss Manuel, if you will only promise me to give up this dreadful scheme—"

"Very well," said she, proudly, "you *won't* understand me, then. Well, I am grieved; but no matter. As for giving up—no, no. You would have me give up my life. Give up my prayers. Give up the only atonement I can make to our lost darling. Ah! no, no!"

"Atonement to *her*," said Young Brett, more excitedly, "why, it is enough to bring her sweet soul back again to earth. Why you know, Miss Manuel, it is in *defiance* of her last sweet prayers and wishes, on the very morning that she left us."

Miss Manuel stopped suddenly in her walk, and came up close to him.

"Her last wishes," she said. "What do you mean?"

"You know," he said; "of course you do! What she sent to Hanbury."

"Sent to Hanbury?" she said, turning pale,

and her large eyes straining at Young Brett. "What did she send to Hanbury?"

"Ah, Miss Manuel," he said, "you would not go in the face of her last dear piteous words, written that very Sunday morning. He showed them to me before he sealed them up and sent them to you."

"What is all this?" said Miss Manuel. "I know nothing of it. There is some dreadful thing that has been concealed from me. Tell it to me all—tell it to me all—at once, and quickly!"

She was so frantic and agitated, that he became alarmed and agitated too. He told her how, about a week after that Sunday, Hanbury had come to him with a letter of Violet's, written on the morning of her death, begging forgiveness for the suffering she had caused him, and hoping that Fermo and his wife, should he ever choose one, would live happily; and conjuring him, as a last favour, never to think of doing anything in the way of avenging her trials or her death. And further, to see that no one else did. This was the substance of Violet's last letter.

"Good God!" said Miss Manuel, sinking into a chair. "This was never sent to me, never told to me. Where is it? Who has it?"

"Hanbury. He gave it to me to send to you the very morning I saw him off at the docks. And indeed I am sure I posted it: indeed I am. Though I am so stupid and clumsy sometimes—" And he stopped and looked round ruefully as this suspicion crossed him.

"Run to him! fly to him!" said she, starting up. "Bring him here. Don't lose a moment. Bring him here at once."

He rushed away. By a cruel perverseness, he could not find Hanbury, though he sought him all day long. He left a note for him at a club; and there, late in the afternoon, when Hanbury was glancing at a paper with a dull interest, a servant came, and said a lady was at the door in her carriage, and wished to see him.

By an instinct, he knew that it was Miss Manuel, and came out quickly.

"Will you get in?" she said; "I want to talk to you."

He was struck with the sudden look of anxious inquiry that had taken up its place in her face, and got in without a word. They drove away. "You are doing too much," he said; "you will make yourself ill again."

"The letter!" she said, suddenly. "What about this letter? I never heard of it. You never spoke of it. Why didn't you? Show it to me."

He knew at once what she meant. For him, as there had been but one Violet, so there was but one letter, and that associated with her.

"Why I sent it to you the morning I sailed," he said, hurriedly.

"Never reached me, never," she said, wringing her hands despairingly. "O, where is it? Drive to your house."

"I have it here," said Hanbury, sadly, taking



out his pocket-book. "What I sent was a copy. Here is her own dear writing, soft, sweet, and delicate, like herself."

His voice was trembling, and his fingers were trembling yet more, as he put the writing into her hand. It was as though her gentle spirit had risen up between them. Pauline's eyes swam as she looked on the little pale characters. It may be given here—her last appeal, written on that last Sunday morning:

"Dear John Hanbury,—They are gone out this morning for a few minutes. I feel happier and a little stronger. I have never been able to tell you how miserable I felt at all the suffering I caused your kind and generous heart; but I was a foolish thoughtless girl, not so wicked as perhaps I seemed. I saw in your eyes yesterday that you had forgiven me. Let me ask something else, too. Charles will marry and be happy. I so wish, dear John Hanbury, that he and she whom he shall marry, may continue happy, and that no wish of punishment or retribution shall ever interfere with them. I know you will do this for me, and add to the proofs of that love you have shown me, and which I have so unworthily—But I must stop here; and, dear John Hanbury, God bless you for ever! as you deserve.

"VIOLET."

Streaming eyes read this letter. The sweet name Violet was written faintly, and in letters that tottered. Her spirit seemed to flutter gently across the paper. Miss Manuel kissed it frantically, and the next moment it fell from her hands.

"My God!" she said; "*it is all too late.*"

#### CHAPTER XXX. CATCHING AT STRAWS.

SHE first flew to Mrs. Fermor, but found that she was out. They did not know where she had gone. Never were there such agitated moments. "Drive quickly, drive quickly!" she cried out to her coachman. But whither? She knew not whom to look for, or where to find them. Romaine, the Destroyer—whom (as she thought with a sort of stab at her heart) *she* had turned loose—he must be found. He was not at his club, not likely to be at his house, was at Richmond, perhaps. She drove to his chambers—he actually *was* in.

She flew up-stairs into his room.

"Here is a surprise!" he cried out; "I should rather say an honour, should I not? Though the other day your young friend, that pretty little wife, presented herself, and—Why, has anything happened?"

No wonder he put the question, for she looked in deep distress. "It is about her," she said, a little wildly; "and I have come to you to appeal to you—to your generosity. I have been very foolish, very wicked, I should say (that is to say, I did not know then what I know now). And I want you to do me a favour, the only one I have ever asked you."

Mr. Romaine shook his head and smiled. "I never make wild promises. But let us hear. We shall see."

"But you must; you won't refuse," said Pauline, desperately, seeing in this answer a hint of what she was to expect. "It is too serious to be trifled with. It will be dreadful if something is not done; and O, Romaine, I conjure you listen to me; I tell you I want to repair a wicked folly of mine, and you only can do it. You must never see this poor child again, or, at least, not speak to her."

"My dear Miss Manuel," he said, "let me remind you of the century we live in. Think of the railways, and the telegraph, and exhibitions. We can't do these sort of things without being ridiculous. Think, I beg of you."

"O, but *you* must not talk in this way," said she, half frantically. "You don't know what is coming, or how it will end. Do promise me. You must."

"How it will end?" said he, musingly; "no, I don't. Though I may guess. Why, how unreasonable this is. Was it not you?—or, who was it that first pointed me out this little woman, and spurred me on with some of those little sharp satirical speeches, for which Miss Manuel is so deservedly admired? Upon my word, it almost amounted to a challenge."

"It did indeed," said Pauline, covering her face. "I own it. It was wicked, horrible, but I thought I was doing right. I did indeed. I want to make reparation, and you must let me, before it is too late."

"Too late?" he said, gloomily; "*it is too late.* You should have come before. You should have thought of this before. These are dangerous games, Miss Manuel. I say it is too late. I have no power in the matter; I cannot stop myself now; a week ago, perhaps—Yes, my life has been hitherto rough and cold, and perhaps heartless. *Now*, I feel a glimpse of sunshine. I have not a strong will. I can't do these violent heroic actions, and I don't want to, now—I confess it."

He spoke sternly and excitedly, and in his face she read there was no hope for what she prayed. In great agitation she cried out:

"You cannot mean this—so frightful—so wicked a thing! O, think what a judgment will come on you if—"

"I tell you, Miss Manuel, this wickedness is not mine. I should never have dreamed of it. On their heads be it who forced it on me. I am a selfish, common sort of human savage. I can't do these fine things. I could, perhaps, ten years ago. What made you defy me? No one ever did that without danger. Don't be angry if I tell you I saw your skilful game."

"O," said Pauline, with a half groan, "what am I to do? What shall I do?"

"It is too late," he went on, gloomily. "And I don't see how she can be saved. *He* is a low brutal fellow, and has dared to give me some of his airs. I see he will be insolent in a few hours,



and I must give him a lesson. Like the true savages that we are, he is 'taking it out' of her. He will cringe before me. Poor helpless child. She says she has not one to look to. A ruffian husband, a cold father, and the friend that she loved, and watched over, turning out to be—shall we say, a secret enemy? Is it any wonder that she should come for assistance to the only one who, in his rude way, seems to have some regard for her, poor little soul? No, you can't save her, Miss Manuel."

"O, what shall I do?" said Pauline, in a tempest of agitation. "O, if on my knees——"

"Hush, hush!" said Mr. Romaine, rising up. "Think of the nineteenth century, I beg. Why, we seem to be on the boards of the *Porte St. Martin*. Come, come, Miss Manuel, pull down your veil, and let me see you decently down to your brougham."

He did see her down. "God give me strength, and quick intelligence," she said—almost gasped—to herself as she drove away. "Sweet Violet, look down and pray for me. We shall save her yet."

Alas! It seemed that supernatural aid were indeed required!

Then Miss Manuel drove away to try again if she could find Mrs. Fermor. She went upstairs with a fluttering heart. Mrs. Fermor was sitting alone, with pale cheeks, and eyes that seemed to "stare" a little from wakefulness. She had long been expecting this moment—panting for it.

Miss Manuel ran up to her. The hand she took in hers was damp and cold. "You are ill," she said, alarmed; "what is the matter?"

The cold little hand drew itself away hastily. "You ask," said Mrs. Fermor, with a trembling voice. "Is this what you have come to ask about?"

"O, indeed it is," said Miss Manuel, hurriedly, "and I don't know how to begin. I have come to accuse myself, and to throw myself at your feet, and beg your forgiveness for what I have done. I was mad. I knew not what I was doing. I conjure you not to mind what I said and what I did. It is my own work, I know, but I may still save you."

"Save me!" said Mrs. Fermor, bitterly; "this is indeed good news. And how are you to do that, pray?"

"Ah, you suspect me!" said Pauline, sadly. "No wonder. No one seems to heed me now. But I must speak, and speak out. Fly! shun him. Never speak to him again. I know him, and know what he means."

"Whom do you mean?" said Mrs. Fermor, astonished.

Romaine! I conjure you never speak to him again. I understand his hints, for I know him well; and I have come straight to you from him, to put you on your guard against him."

"Ah, *now* I understand you, Miss Manuel,"

said Mrs. Fermor, with flashing eyes. "*Now* I see. So *you* come to lecture me, too, about that. But I can understand who has inspired you. You follow your instructions to the letter. Romaine! With what face can you come and speak to me in this tone? Ah, I know you now, Miss Manuel! There are other people I am to be on my guard against. God help me! God help me! I have no friends."

"Dear, dear girl!" said Pauline, rushing to her; "some one has been poisoning your mind against me. I know I was wicked and wrong at the beginning, but I have repented. O, you know not how I have suffered. But whatever suspicion I bring on myself, I say again solemnly, and conjure you solemnly, shun that dreadful being, whom I know means you harm!"

"I know those who mean me harm," said Mrs. Fermor, with trembling voice. "I know them well. I know who are my friends, too. I want no advice. I am glad you have come, so that I can tell you so. Henceforth I can stand by myself. I shall be independent of friends and of the world. I want no false ones. So now leave me, please, Miss Manuel."

She stood up. Pauline came towards her and tried to catch her hand.

"Don't, don't," she said; "for Heaven's sake, don't take this tone! Think of me, speak to me as you will, but take care, I conjure you. Do let me know that I have repaired what I have done."

The little lady, with heaving chest and quivering lip, looked at her with scorn.

"If you do not go, I must," she said. "It is not fit that you should come to this house."

At this moment her servant opened the door, and announced "Mr. ROMAINE!"

#### CHAPTER XXXI. REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

HE entered with his old easy air, and never even started as he saw the two ladies together.

"Ah, this *is* a surprise," he said, taking his low chair. "Two visits rolled into one. Miss Manuel, you must know, did me the unexpected honour of a call not an hour ago, and we meet again here!"

What with confusion and grief, Miss Manuel was not herself any longer. She had lost her old readiness and her old sharpness of retort. Not so Mrs. Fermor, who displayed a wild and flurried coquetry.

"I am so glad you have come in, Mr. Romaine," she said. "I was expecting you."

"And I have been looking up a dress for you," he said; "for you must go to this show of Mamma Fermor's. I brought some pictures from that shop in the Haymarket. Here is a Spanish Ballerina, Mary Queen of Scots—the old story—and a Colleen Bawn. Or, what do you say to a genuine pair, Petrarch and Laura?"

With her eyes fixed defiantly on Miss Manuel, and her lips brought close, Mrs. Fermor answered *her* rather than Romaine.



"Whatever you like; *you* will settle it for me."

"Well," he said, carelessly, "I am for Petrarch and Laura. I can get this made for myself. It will suit me famously."

"Anything you like," said she, still answering Miss Manuel. "Choose for me."

"Well, I do choose," he said. "But first, what does Miss Manuel say?"

With a helpless despairing look she turned from one to the other.

"What *can* I say?" she said; "I know nothing of what you mean. It cannot be serious——" And she almost wrung her hands.

"It *is* serious," said Mrs. Fermor, looking at her fixedly; "real and earnest. Childish days are over, Miss Manuel. I feel more and more like a woman every day. I want to be a woman of the world. I am panting to begin. A real, cold, heartless woman of the world, that has got rid of foolish affection, and of love and scruples, and all that old absurdity. I must begin to live now," added the poor little Mrs. Fermor, with a piteous desperation, and almost with tears starting to her eyes, "if ever I *am* to live!"

"And let it be my task, O divinest Laura," said Mr. Romaine, starting up into a theatrical attitude, "to teach thee this new art. Thy Petrarch is indifferently skilled in worldly politics, and will be a guide, philosopher, and friend. There, Miss Manuel. Not so bad, I think. We shall make a sensation in our new parts at Mamma Fermor's."

"No, no," said Pauline; "this is all folly, mere childish folly. You do not see the danger. Come! come!" she half whispered to Mrs. Fermor, "ah! come with me. You won't refuse me that little favour? I implore you. I have something to say to you. Come out and drive."

Mrs. Fermor broke from her. "That is *all* over now. I shall not go to you, nor do I want you to come to me. I know you. You have cured me, indeed."

"I tell you it will be ruin, misery, degradation," said Pauline, frantically.

He caught the last words. "What, you rehearsing too, Miss Manuel?" he said, with a sneer. "Has Lady Laura scoured you, too! How strongly cast we shall be. But come, no tampering with the lovely Laura. I know what Miss Manuel is whispering. She has played the same part for me this morning already."

"I dare say!" said Mrs. Fermor, with cheeks kindling afresh. "I have lived but a short time, but I have learnt enough to see what the world is."

"Well! I started," said he, "with the assumption that every friend was false, every truth (that is every worldly truth) a lie, every profession a humbug. You have now convinced me that it was so. Sometimes you meet with an agreeable surprise, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred

I am right. You must come to school to *me*, my dear Mrs. Fermor."

There was a passion and a tragic intensity in all that the two women spoke and did, that would have mystified any one else. Mr. Romaine knew what was on foot. For him the situation was delightful. Mrs. Fermor, so full of indignant warmth, her cheeks glowing with wounded pride and defiance; Miss Manuel piteously imploring, both in looks and voice.

Her last hope was to be alone with this young creature; then she could tell her all, and make even an abject submission. She would do *anything* to stop this horrible mischief, which now seemed to her to be spreading every hour like some virulent plague. But Romaine seemed to understand this also.

"This is one of my idle lounging evenings," he said, looking at her steadily; "for a wonder, I have nothing to do. Business, thank God, I never dirty my fingers with. But there are a hundred little gnats which come buzzing at me, nearly as bad as business—notes and the like. But this afternoon I am free. Come, Mrs. Fermor, shall we order tea? Let us drown our cares in a cheerful bowl."

Mrs. Fermor flew to comply with his wish with an artificial alacrity—still looking at Miss Manuel. The other saw there was no hope, and went away full of sadness, something like despair. Never was there such a changed being. She had sprung back over the wide crevasse that lay between her and the old Eastport times, and was the gentle loving upright Pauline again. What she had been doing seemed to be the blackest of crimes, a spotted leprosy. "O, what *am* I to do!" she said aloud, in her carriage. "And I can do nothing."

At this moment she saw Fermor sauntering along moodily. This was now the shape in which most people saw him. In an instant she had stopped her carriage by the pathway, and called to him. He was at her window in a moment. This was on the side next the Park rails.

"O, Captain Fermor!" she said, and he remarked her excited manner, "I have just been to your house, and I want to speak to you, to tell you——And yet," she added, striking her dress passionately, "I don't know how I am to begin—or where——But you will grant me this one favour. I know—I am sure you will."

The old complacent smile was rising on the Fermor lips. Passers-by, reading his face, thought what a pleasant little interview was going on at the window of that little brougham boudoir.

"Anything you wish," he said. "You have only to ask. Come, what is it?"

"You don't understand," she said, in the same passionate way. "Something must be done, and done at once, or we know not what mischief may come. I am accountable for it all! I have been guilty and wicked; but I declare solemnly I knew not what I was doing. You will be generous, and save me, I know. Fly! leave this country!



leave me. Put the seas between us. It is the only chance. And take *her* with you. She must not be sacrificed."

He was amazed. "Put the seas between us," he said. "And you ask me to do this?"

"I do! I do!" she said. "I would repair the mischief I have done. I should have kept away from your household, but some miserable fate has driven me on. I thought I was doing what was right; but I was blind—stone blind—and I was wicked, too. But you will go?"

(Other passers-by now looking in curiously, and seeing Pauline's sparkling eyes, said within themselves, "Here is a gallant little quarrel going on in this public-private place.")

He shook his head. There was a bewildered pleasure beaming in his eyes. "Anything but that," he said. "You can't ask me that. I could not do it. It is hard to ask me. Now, too, that we are beginning to know each other, and to *understand* each other."

"Ah, that is it!" she said, with a groan. "You don't understand me. No one does. No one knows what I am, or what I have been doing. I dare not even hint it to you. But I tell you, it is the only chance for me. You will go, will you not?"

Again the look of triumph was in his eye. "You know," he said, "my position. I am only a slave in that house. I can neither go nor stay. They bought me, and I must stand by the terms of the bargain."

She seemed to see this, and covered her face up in her hands. A man passing, who had read a good deal of French romance at his club, looked back with extraordinary interest, and thought it very like a scene in the *Ames Perdue*, by Charles Loupgarou.

"Then we are lost," she said, despairingly, "all of us!" She told the coachman to drive on.

"Wait, wait," said he, hastily; "we shall see. We must talk of this—I must see you—"

"Think! Talk!" she said, angrily. "There has been too much of *that*. We must *do* now—act. But it is all too late."

Miss Manuel went home miserable, and almost distracted. In her drawing-room she flung herself on the sofa with her face to the cushions. "What *am* I to do?" she groaned. "Some curse is on me. Some fury is driving me onward."

So it seemed, indeed. She was so bound up, so encompassed about. She could dare turn back. An iron fate, cruel and pitiless as ever lived in a Greek tragedy, was hurrying her on. She thought of the soft suffering face of her lost sister, as it lay before her on that final Sunday morning.

"Fool that I was," said Pauline, in a fresh agony, "wicked fool! to have thought that so sweet a soul could have required to be soothed or laid, by savage and unchristian vengeance," and she shuddered as she thought of the awful character of the retribution she had

heaped on the head of that poor artless, impetuous, but innocent Mrs. Fermor. "What is to be done?" she said, distractedly. "Who is there to help me?" Who indeed! Not one in *that* house, not her brother, who was watching jealously, suspiciously, and now panting for prompter vengeance.

There was scarcely any equivocation here, such as takes place in a play, because Pauline could not bring herself to tell Fermor how she had been behaving to his wife. Nor, in fact, would she have cared now, had she even suspected the view he took of her agitated requests. Every other consideration was sunk in the one aim and object—the undoing of what she had done. A skeleton in a cupboard! Here was a decaying mouldering corpse, locked up decomposing, and mottled over with the black spots of a plague. Day and night she could not shut out the image of that pretty, impetuous, fresh young creature, whose ruin she had so craftily—*devilishly*," she said to herself—planned.

Motion—action was her only resource. At home there was no hope. Those gloomy eyes of her brother—now more gloomy and more truculent than ever—were upon her. They were suspicious, and brought her to account. Hanbury she saw again.

"What *can* you do for me?" she said, almost on her knees. "Help me! Save me! You once loved us, and loved *her*. O, I dare not tell you what I have done. You cannot guess it even, and you will not ask it. But you will help me—help her—save that poor child!"

In such wild accusations John Hanbury had no faith. She was one of his Saints. He thought long and wistfully of what he was to do.

"I would give the world," he said, earnestly, "and not the world only—for *that* would be no sacrifice—but my blood, heart, life—everything for you! But I am not quick at planning. If I saw her—that poor girl—"

"Ah, yes!" said Pauline, eagerly, "she will trust *you*, she will listen to *you*. Speak to her in your own natural honest way, and she will listen. She has not this horrible distrust of you, though, indeed, it is not her fault. It is only natural that she should shrink from me."

"Ah," said Hanbury, sadly, "if she only knew her interest, she would fly to you, she would—"

"No, no," said she, hastily; "she is right there. You do not know me either. I am not a woman for the young and innocent to fly to."

Hanbury's eyes were turned on her, wondering and inquiring. This was the too-scrupulous self-accusation of his Saint.

"You will go to her," went on Pauline. "Get them away—secretly; get them to leave this dreadful London. All of them—father, husband, all. It is the only chance. I know that wicked Romaine; his Will gives him power. He has done everything that he has laid out, and he has laid *this* out. Go quickly," she said, hurriedly, and in terror, as if it might be already too late. "Persuade her. See her father. He wishes to leave



this place. Conjure her, and she will heed you."

John Hanbury left her, and, full of ardour, flew to carry out his new mission.

### DRY MEAT.

HENRY THE FOURTH of France hoped for a time when every one of his subjects should have a fowl in the pot. The time ought to be near when every Englishman who can light a fire and keep a gridiron shall have also a steak to broil. We are finding our way slowly to the art of victualling a nation, but it has not yet been mastered. The fishmonger is not yet half the man he is to become when we all show practically that we know the worth of fish as a cheap, nourishing, and palatable article of food, when we keep the fishmonger's wits alive, and get from him plenty of good victual at other than fancy prices. And then the butcher. Why, his business is only in its first rude embryo state. He is a hand to mouth trader, who cuts animals up and makes haste to sell the pieces. If the trade minds its own interests and seizes its own opportunities, they who come after us will hear of the wealth of merchant butchers, exporters of rump-steaks, and importers of meat for the millions to whom meat now is a scarce luxury. Do they mean to give up their chance to the grocers and drysalters, and to go on doing nothing but kill and cut up for those who can pay ninepence or tenpence a pound to get one only of many sorts of meat? Is there no guild of butchers able and ready to diffuse among its members the new spirit of enterprise, and dignify their calling by the introduction of a great system of traffic with all corners of the globe, by making it beneficent as a dispenser of new health and strength throughout the country?

A right knowledge of how meat should be used is now coming upon us as one of the results of chemical research that tells us what meat is. It, as we all know in a general way, is similarly constituted flesh of animals, that when put into the stomach is converted by the chemistry of life first into the blood, and from that into the flesh and life of man. Whatever is in the flesh we are made of, must be in the vegetables or the flesh we eat to secure the continued renovation that is one of the conditions of our life. If any ingredient of the meat be taken out of it, by so much the less is it able to nourish and maintain health. Good fresh killed meat is, therefore, and will always be, the best food of its kind. But it is quite possible to preserve meat so that none of its constituent parts shall be lost from it except the water, which, in the original state, forms three-fourths of its substance, and can easily be added again after its removal.

Not, indeed, that the meat is so preserved by the process of pickling or curing hitherto used in the storage of meat for the army and navy. Quite the contrary. Let us see how that matter stands. In the first place, what, besides the

three parts in four of water, are the materials of flesh that the body requires from the meat that is to make flesh?

There is albumen—the same substance that forms white of egg—in the proportion of from fourteen parts in a hundred in a young and tender animal, to two parts in a hundred in an old and tough one. This constituent of meat lies dissolved in the juice that surrounds and bathes its fibres. It is the starting-point of the whole construction of an animal, an absolute essential of growth and development. Young meat is tender when cooked, especially if plunged at first into boiling water, or put close to the fire before roasting, because there is albumen enough to coagulate well about the fibres, and prevent them from shrinking and hardening as cooking proceeds. Old meat is tough because there is not albumen enough to shield and support the fibres against the effect of heat, so that they do contract and harden.

The fibres themselves are of fibrin, of which fresh meat contains seventeen or eighteen parts in a hundred.

Besides the water, the albumen, and the fibrine, meat contains constituents essential to its nutritive power, though so small in quantity that in a ten-pound leg of mutton there are but about three ounces of all of them. They are, phosphoric acid in different chemical forms, found both in meat and in bread, a necessary constituent of the digestive fluid, and of the flesh juice of every animal. It is supposed for one thing, that as the minute blood-vessels run with coats exquisitely thin through the uttermost parts of the flesh, and, although porous as blotting-paper, yet, under healthy conditions, never leak, this mixture of the fluid within the minute vessels with the fluid without is prevented by an electrical opposition set up between the alkaline blood and the muscle juice, which is acid. Experiment justifies this opinion, and it is probable that when the withdrawal of phosphoric acid from the food has drawn the acid from the muscle juice, the electrical opposition no longer exists powerfully enough to prevent exudation. The blood then filters out, causing such patches on the skin, and bleeding at the gums, as are among the marks of scurvy. The phosphoric acid is found also to be especially essential to the healthy action of the brain and nervous system.

Another constituent of meat is lactic acid, or the acid of milk, which is a constituent of the digestive fluid, and is used in respiration. There are also potash, salts, and other crystallisable constituents. Of gelatine—meat jelly—although contained largely in bone and tendon, flesh contains very little. In beef the proportion is hardly more than one part in two hundred. Jelly, therefore, however nice it may seem, is not food. Indeed, if taken in place of food, it is rather injurious than wholesome.

Now, just apply this knowledge of what meat is to the old-world method of what is called "preserving" meat hitherto used for our sailors.

The flesh is rubbed and sprinkled with dry



salt, and this forms, with the invaluable juices of the meat, a brine amounting in bulk to one-third of the fluid contained in the raw flesh. That brine, which is so much food destroyed, actually contains the chief constituents of a concentrated soup or infusion of the meat. It has drawn out that essential of food, the albumen, and, by so doing, left the fibres unshielded to contract and harden. It has drawn out the phosphoric acid in its phosphates, the lactic acid, a large quantity of the potash, and of other vital principles. That done, it is packed in brine and headings of salt, to suffer further loss of its essential constituents, leaving the residuum of mere fibrine so hard that it often requires to be cut with a saw or chopper instead of a knife. That hardness is even looked upon as one of the tests of good cure, though it is the sign of a degree of privation of its requisite constituents that makes the meat unfit to serve its purpose in the reproduction of the flesh of those who eat it. Lemon-juice has to be used as one means of making up for the loss. This process of curing is, in fact, said by Liebig to destroy the nourishing power of one hundred-weight in three of all the meat attacked by it. In Glasgow alone, albumen equal in amount to a hundred and eighty-seven tons of meat, and, at sixpence a pound, equal in value to more than ten thousand pounds of money, is lost every winter. We destroy in this way twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of meat every curing season. A further loss occurs in the use of this cured meat from the fact that it can be cooked only in one way, by boiling. Yet more of its juices then pass into the liquor, which is too salt to be used in food as a broth, or as the basis of a soup or gravy. It is the presence in it of all those soluble essentials of healthy flesh that makes the soup of meat—which contains no fibrin, but only that part which the curer draws out into his brine—so nourishing and invigorating as it is known by experience to be. A dog fed upon bread and gelatine lost one-third of its weight, and was about to die. Four tablespoonfuls of soup were then added to each mess, and from that time the animal recovered. What was thus added to the animal food of the dog, is what, in his salt junk, is taken away from the animal food of the sailor.

The meats preserved in tins as sick comforts are made costly by the bulk and waste of the in-nutritious fluid necessary for the boiling, the gelatine soup that forms a considerable part of the package. A gelatine commission at Paris, under the physiologist Majendie, fed dogs liberally with gelatine as long as they would eat it. After a time they refused to touch it, and died as soon as dogs of the same size, age, and weight who had eaten nothing; sooner by six, eight, or ten days, than dogs supplied with water and no food. French scientific men tried till their health would bear no more the effect of a gelatine diet upon themselves. And the result of all the inquiry was, "that gelatine, so far from increasing, diminishes the nutritive value of food, as it does not disappear in the body

without leaving a residue." We still often see jelly in a sick-room used with the superstition that an invalid is nourished by the use of it. There is a little stimulus in any wine it may contain, a little wholesomeness in any dash of lemon-juice, mechanical value as a means of moistening the lips; but as food, the jelly is of absolutely less use than an equal quantity of water. The juices of meat in strong broths, milk, cream, and a little wine or brandy of the purest quality, are, with water or lemonade, when solid meat cannot be taken, the best supports of the sick body.

Urging the knowledge of the day against the barbarous fashion of meat-curing hitherto in use, and backed by the emphatic testimony of Baron Liebig to the value of his own suggestion, Mr. John Morgan, professor of anatomy to the Irish Royal College of Surgeons, urges the adoption of a new and very simple and effectual process for the preservation of meat for food. His method is obviously sound, and it has been tested both in England and France with the best results. The animal is killed by a blow on the head that pierces the brain, and causes instantaneous death. The chest is immediately opened, and the heart has two cuts made in it; one into the right side, by which out rushes the blood of the veins; and one into the left side, in the left ventricle, by which out rushes the blood of the arteries. When the blood has ceased flowing, a pipe is introduced through the left ventricle into the great blood-vessel, the aorta, which is the trunk from which the whole system of arteries branch out to connect themselves by innumerable small ramifications, called the capillary vessels, throughout the whole substance of the body with the points of the ramifications of the return system of veins. Then the small veins run into the greater, and all tend to run together till they pour their current, aerated by the lungs, in full stream back into the heart. The pipe introduced into the one great arterial vessel, by which the circulation of blood through the body starts out of the heart, is coupled to a stop-cock fixed to twenty or thirty feet of gutta percha tubing, by which, when the stop-cock is turned, brine, with a little nitre, flows from a tank raised as high as the tube into the emptied blood-vessels. Thus the brine is forced by hydraulic pressure through the whole circulating system so readily, that in a few seconds it begins to rush out at the other side of the heart, and in about two minutes it will have all run through the arteries, capillaries, and veins even of an ox, washing them thoroughly. This is the preliminary rinse. All the ways being made clear and clean, the incision on the right side of the heart is closed with a strong sliding forceps. There is put into the tank above, or is ready in another tank, whatever preservative material it is desired to use; the stop-cock is turned, and this preserving fluid circulates also. This time it cannot rush out at the other side of the heart, so that it distends the vessels and is taken up by the flesh surrounding the minute capillaries (whence the



blood flows wherever living flesh is pricked) in every part of the substance of the animal. For general purposes the preserving fluid may be made with a gallon of saturated brine and three ounces of saltpetre to the hundred-weight, but Professor Morgan points out that important constituents of food—sugar, for example, and a dash of phosphoric acid, half an ounce to the hundred-weight—may be artificially added; and even spicing and flavouring with pepper, cloves, and condiments, lactic acid, or sauer-kraut. If it be desired at once to coagulate the albumen and give a “set” to the meat, a boiling-hot injection can be used, or it can be used cold. In this process there is no machinery nor costly plant required. A large cask fixed aloft will serve for a tank, and the apparatus is only a pipe, and a gutta percha tube with a stop-cock, no more than one man can carry. A whole ox can in this way be prepared with ease in ten minutes, at the cost of not more than a shilling; a sheep can be prepared for a few pence; and, after the meat has been lying about three-quarters of an hour to give time for saturation of the tissues, it can at once be cut up into pieces of whatever size and form may be thought most convenient and suitable for drying. Dried between decks or aloft—if the fresh meat be thus stored on board ship, or anywhere in a good current of air, with or without a little smoke—this becomes dry meat, from which not one of the essential constituents has been removed, and to which even some essentials of health may have been added. Such meat so dried can be packed in cases of sheet iron, in barrels or tins, either after dipping each piece in melted fat to prevent contact with moisture, or by packing in dry sawdust, or sawdust and charcoal mixed in equal parts. When it is to be used, it is washed free from packing dust, steeped or not steeped for a few hours in cold water, and then cooked at discretion. It will broil into tender steaks, or roast, or boil, or hash, or make a rich soup fit even for the use of invalids. Retaining all its requisite ingredients, because of the loss of water, this dry meat packs into one-third the compass of fresh meat, or of the unmanageable, half-nutritious cured meat in its bath of brine.

For use in the army and navy this method has the great advantage that, if two or three men in every ship or regiment understood the very simple use of an apparatus costing only a few shillings, whenever the ship touched or the regiment came where oxen or sheep could be bought, a fresh store of the best provisions could, at only a nominal outlay for the curing process, be laid in quickly and easily.

Professor Morgan adds to his explanation of a method that speaks for itself, one or two notes of experiments made for the testing of its efficacy.

He says: “In January and February last I was allowed to prepare fifteen oxen for the Admiralty at Deptford. In twenty-four hours some of the meat was packed as usual in barrels, and some pieces put to dry in the most convenient situations at the victualling yard. With

part, a very great heat in the biscuit-drying loft (about a hundred and twenty degrees) was used successfully, and the drying accomplished in a few days. Other pieces were hung in the cooperage chimney, and dried after a few weeks’ time. By the report of the officers, both these meats having been packed dry in ordinary barrels till August 30, 1864, when opened and examined at that date were pronounced perfectly preserved, showing that so far, after the lapse of seven months, the material is sound, and capable of preservation through the hot summer months, in barrels, and that without the erection of any special apparatus, in the first instance, as would be desirable for the drying.

“In June and August last I operated before a commission at Rochefort, appointed by the French government, and prepared both oxen and sheep, in the height of a continental summer, with perfect success, though with but extemporised apparatus. When dried some time, the meats were prepared as ragout, beefsteak, chop, the latter of course grilled. Nothing could be better, particularly than the beefsteak. Soup was also prepared of excellent flavour and appearance, thus showing the value of this material for invalids, while from the artificial addition of sugar, phosphoric acid, potash, &c., it is manifestly particularly suited to the requirements of the sailor—invalid or in health.”

Of the millions of cattle and sheep in South America and Australia and in the Falkland Islands, whose dried flesh may be used for giving health and strength to the overcrowded labourers of the old countries, only a little meat has found its way into the three kingdoms. Though not so palatable as our own butchers’ meat, it is, in proportion to the nourishment contained in it, five times as cheap. As compared with the corned or impoverished beef of our army and navy, which is often so hard that it can be carved into ornaments like wood, the beef from Monte Video is found to contain in a hundred parts three instead of twenty-one of fat, but fifty-seven instead of seven of the nitrogenised substance, and twenty-one or more instead of ten parts of the ash, which represent the most essential constituents of food. A young Dublin surgeon was sent out to Monte Video last March to cure some of the beef there according to Professor Morgan’s plan, and a hundred bullocks’ carcases have been prepared and forwarded, preserved whole without cutting and drying, the skin even to the tip of the tail being supplied with blood-vessels, to which the preserving fluid penetrates in following the course of the blood’s circulation. Medicated meat has been prepared very successfully in this manner as tonic hams, charged with a small but sufficient (and in that form tasteless) dose of iron.

And what as to the quantity of meat on which we may draw for cheap food when the new class of merchant butchers shall have learnt what they can do? On the Pampas of South America, to look there only, cattle have increased to a fabulous number, all descended from some dozen animals brought by the settlers from old Spain



about the beginning of the sixteenth century. At the present time, after allowing for all that are withdrawn in course of trade by sale to the curing-houses or saladeros, and otherwise, it is calculated that the number doubles every four years! The proprietor of an estancia, or cattle estate, makes bullocks of all the males, excepting one to every twenty cows, that proportion being found most favourable to increase without damage of stock by the contests that arise among the cattle themselves when bulls are too numerous. The air is wholesome, grass and water abound, there are no murrains or epidemics of any kind to distress the cattle. Their herds live under the purest natural conditions, and although they don't grow fat as our own inactive stall-fed oxen do, their flesh is the more fit to be meat for vigorous and healthy men.

When any of these cattle are bought for the market or the saladero, agreement is made by the purchaser as to number, age, and condition. The oxen are usually chosen from two years and a half old and upwards, cows from three years and upwards, quality from "good beef," which means lean kine, to fat. The contract having been signed, the business of making troop is set about by mounted horsemen. The cattle being driven into a mass, a few tame decoy cattle are placed at a distance, and, as they are let out, a few at a time, to run towards these, the buyer selects his beasts, and the selected cattle are chased to the gathering-place, the others driven off into their boundless pastures. For about six hundred yards a young bullock of the Pampas will outrun a good horse, but after that the horse's power of endurance masters him. When the required number has been got together, the separated herd is looked over for strays of a sort not bargained for or not to be sold, and for calves that have followed the cows. The troop rightly made up—it is a day's work to get about three hundred together, and the purchases for the saladeros are usually of from five hundred to a thousand at a time—the purchased herd is driven off, and will become that good beef of which the Scotch have already made some progress towards discovering the use. Sold at threepence a pound, this beef, although cured or dried in the old ways, is beginning now to be appreciated in England; for it makes good soup and savoury stews, will keep as ham or bacon is kept to be cut at, bit by bit, fulfilling the requisite condition of a meat-store in the labourer's cottage. Thus it takes away that difficulty in the use of fresh butchers' meat which has hitherto driven our labourers to use bacon, although bacon is less nutritious than meat, and, pound for pound, more costly.

As for those methods of curing meat by which two hundred tons of good animal food are destroyed annually in Glasgow alone, and in America—where four millions of pigs were cured last year in only eight states—the waste is yet more enormous, a way has been lately suggested of making even here the best of a bad job. The brine, too salt for human food, really contains,

as we have seen, a strong soup of the most precious juices withdrawn from the meat. It has been proposed to get the salt out of that soup by a simple application of chemistry. The brine is put into closed skins, and the skins are soaked in water. By a common and important process in the chemistry of nature—of which cherry brandy is the most familiar illustration—the salt will pass out through the skin and water will pass in, as cherry juice passes out through the cherry skin and brandy passes in. The resulting liquor in the skin is said to be a dilute soup that can be concentrated, flavoured, and prepared into nutritious food.

### OUT AT ELBOWS.

SOME people are always out at elbows. Give them to-day a new coat made of the thickest broadcloth, and sewed with the stoutest thread, and to-morrow there will be a hole, with the protruding ulna thrusting itself into public notice as usual. No amount of broadcloth will keep their elbows decent; and you may stitch up all the chasms of the Alps sooner than you can keep their seams together: the man or the woman born out at elbows will die out at elbows, and though their friends spend their lives in darning over the rents, the darns will be only Penelope's webs at the best, and the night will undo what the day has wrought. As well might you try to fill Chat Moss with garden-mould shovelled in by spadefuls, as to knit up certain lives into good order and a tolerable sufficiency: you may give money, help, advice, example, till you are weary—you may go to unheard-of trouble to get this presentation and that office—you may do a little bit of jobbery and a great deal of nepotism, some bribery and more cajolery, to have them settled and comfortably clad and provided for. It is all to no good. Seams will still unrip and elbows will still protrude. These persons are destined by an inexorable fate and an unlucky constitution to be always in tatters.

By no means absolute to poverty is out-at-elbowism; for poverty has often a scrupulous regard to rents and seams. Go into a house where elbows are out—no matter what the means, no matter how they may be sought to be hidden—there they are, obtrusive, denuded, dominant. Whatever the wealth in such a house, there will be the elbows—thrust into your face at every turn. Dine at this house: the dinner of rich meats will be served on a soiled, perhaps a tattered, table-cover; the massive silver forks will be tarnished; the service will be fragmentary; the organisation incomplete; some want will be sure to be seen in every corner, and elbows, naked, red, and pointed, where should have been a fluting of velvet or an eider-down cushion. Magnificent furniture which the housemaid does not consider it is in her wages to dust; large rooms with grand ceilings, and the stifled atmosphere of a house never thoroughly cleansed and never thoroughly opened; gorgeous apparel costing many sums,



but a purple cap-string floating on a blue bosom, or—my dear madam, what is that dark shade I see just below your chin? It contrasts a little awkwardly with the brilliants below and the point-lace above; and do you not think it would be as well to employ the chemistry of Brown Windsor, and the dynamics of a Baden towel, to try and remove its unpleasant suggestions? That is a form of protruding elbowism not infrequently seen with certain people not to the manner of close seams and perfect material born—is, indeed, rather an emblem and ensign of the small beginnings which never thought it worth while to learn the fit assignment of great endings.

Such people as these have good horses badly groomed, and a showy carriage with scratched paint and a lining not impeccable; they have large gardens growing a plentiful supply of weeds; grand greenhouses and a lack of fruit; many servants and scant service; and more cry than wool on every occasion; they have drawing-rooms crowded with furniture huddled about as if dancing reels and jigs with the figure gone astray; their ornaments of price are usually fractured in some of their members, not even riveted; chipped, not even cemented; they have fine jewellery which they wear at small tea-parties over dowdy dresses; they have wealth and luxury and even beauty on the roll-call of their possessions, and yet their whole surroundings have that indescribable air of disorder and unfitness which is the very soul of out-at-elbowism, copper-plated or gold refined. Dirt, confusion, disorder, are all so many elbows, which the evil genii ever warring with the better spirits that else would govern the world of man, square defiantly before one's face. They belong to no rank and are the inheritance of no condition; being to be found sprawling akimbo on the kitchen dresser and delicately poised on the imperial throne alike, with pitfalls convenient dug into the tables of every degree intermediate.

There is the out-at-elbow look of the shut-up house where everything seems afraid of the daylight; and the out-at-elbow look of the breezy house—the house which always has all its doors and windows open, with never a chimney-corner from garret to basement, whose inhabitants are amphibious and catarrh-proof, and where a headache is a misdemeanour, and chiliness but a shade lighter than immorality. A charming place to stay at, but as little Home to the four-walls and close-window-loving Englishman as a tent on a mountain-top, or one's mattress spread in an Eastern khan; perhaps as healthy and as free as both, or either, but not a whit cozier—a perforated life, with ventilating holes bored in every hat crown and rents at every elbow point—free and easy and healthful and breezy, and all that, but wanting knitting up, and stitching together, and putting into shape; wanting, in fact, its elbows covered up in duffel and a comforter about its neck.

Then there is the out-at-elbow look of the untidy middle-class house, where domestic refine-

ment is an exotic not grown, and with no seed-bed. This is the house where the ladies are for ever found in a state of unpreparedness and disorder; the drawing-room littered with stockings to mend and flannel petticoats to make; the hearth unswept; the luncheon crumbs upon the floor; and my lady and her daughters muffled up in old shawls and comfortable but unlovely jackets, generally with colds in their heads (untidy people are often afflicted with catarrh), and always dreadfully busy, and dreadfully ashamed.

As a race, artists are of the out-at-elbow class: for the most part jagged and unordered, disconnected and in fragments; as if life was a series of patchwork, no matter whether held together or no, so long as each part is complete in itself. What does it signify if but the hexagon is true whether it is stitched into a counterpane, good against the cold on winter nights, or left loose in a box of odds and ends? The beauty of a part, not the fitness of the whole, is what most artists crave; and if a bit of scarlet is wanted in the right-hand corner—why, paint that protruding elbow scarlet, and let the dull critics abuse you if they will for unfitness and misuse. What matters? you have your bit of scarlet in the right-hand corner, and your soul rests and is satisfied.

Authors are sad sinners in this direction: that is, as a class; for there are illustrious exceptions. There are offices of literature where order is kept; and officers of literature who are as punctual and rational as other men of business; men who can keep their books and attend to their accounts—places where proofs issue clean and to their time, where things are put straight when they go awry, and where dust, crooked lines, and topsyturviness generally, would be official misdemeanours met with a severity not to be lightly encountered. I know such an office as this of my own experience: and a pleasant office it is too, for business and other matters. I also know an artist's studio—the Italianised word is dying out, and study is taking its place—which does not smell of stale cigars, where the painter looks like a Christian and not like a wild man of the woods lately dressed in Holywell-street, and where Clytie and the Milo Venus are in their natural colours and not grimed an inch thick with dust; and, by-the-by, why should artists' casts always be so grimed? Is there an artistic value in the deepened shadow, and more pronounced lines, which is of ever so much greater worth than the snobbish good of cleanliness and Mary's duster?

An artist's life is a strange out-at-elbowy kind of existence altogether. The ideal artist of a certain school knows nothing either of the two and two, or of the final disappearance of the eaten cake. He has been slow to learn the worth of common sense indeed in most things; slow to learn the value of well-clothed elbows—slower than any other class, undoubtedly; but he is rationalising now, darning up his rents, and stitching together his seams, and putting in both patches and padding, as is needful to a working world; specially against the knees and elbows.



Privileged classes are fast becoming an anachronism; and swept away with the rest, happily, is the privileged out-at-elbowism of the artist world.

It is very sad to watch the gradual falling into out-at-elbowism of things new and bright and lovely: the gradual decay and disintegration of what once looked as solid as granite, and as durable as the everlasting hills. For things, as well as people, get out at elbows; and time wears holes in feeling as well as in velvet and corduroy. Love and hope and happiness and aspiration all go threadbare, and fall into rents as the months pass on and winter frosts wither up and blight the last of the summer flowers. In the youth and heyday of our life our moral elbows are covered an inch thick with generous padding; and we scout as sacrilege the idea that we shall ever go ragged, whatever happens to our neighbours. Impossible that we, burning fiery hot with poetry and zeal, should ever calm down into prose and vulgar fractions—that our philanthropic designs for regenerating mankind should subside into trading on our neighbours' necessities—that our poetic flights into the regions of the beautiful and the true should end in the Icarian sea of the useful and the expedient.

Look at the wedding coat, and the wedding gown too, for the matter of that. Bright, new, glossy, stainless, intact, do they not look as if fashioned for a lifetime? as if their brightness could never fade? their gloss be never rubbed away? their wholeness never broken? And yet what is the truth of that wedding wardrobe? In many cases out-at-elbowism before the year is fulfilled; in some before the wedding feast is cold; in almost all before life is ended; in only a gracious few, so few that we can all count up on our fingers the rare examples known to us, the seams kept close and the nap unrubbed to the last, and the gloss and the beauty and the wholeness the same in the end as was in the beginning. Only a few gracious instances of this preservation of the wedding garment known to any of us; but scores of those in which there are threadbare places, and jagged holes, and elbows all abroad, and premature dilapidation, and bitter repentance for the special pattern accepted—others so much more suited, maybe, rejected!—and enduring irritation with the "fit." Enduring indeed, oftentimes to the life's end. And when elbows once get adrift from the padding and close stitching of the wedding garment, I doubt if any amount of darning and fine drawing can re-cover them before they get swathed for everlasting in the shroud. You may darn up any other hole but this: bankruptcy, insolvency, even a hole in your good name, a hole in your heart, and the doctors say one in your head, friendship out of order (though this is difficult), habits out at elbows (and this is difficult too), anything, in short, may be mended and restored—but when once the wedding coat gets threadbare, and the bride's white satin soiled, and the state of conjugal out-at-elbowism sets in, bid good-by to needle and thread, for there will be no darning of those rents, and no restoring of those stains!

How terribly lives get out at elbows sometimes! Once off the rails is, with some people, to be always with their elbows in the mud, trying vainly to work their way back to the tram-road of success again. Shabby, ill-found, hopeless, desperate—will those ragged elbows ever get themselves cleansed from the mire and decently clothed in honest broadcloth again? In some cases certainly not, where fate and nature have predestined; in others, mayhap, yes; but out-at-elbowism is more often a permanent institution than a temporary disease, and seams once unripped are not easy to re-stitch. Very bad is this state when it comes to a man on the lower half of the great highway; when the energy and hope of youth are dimmed, and the shadows are lengthening in the evening sunset. It is rare when a man can patch up his elbow-rents after fifty; for once in tatters always in tatters, according to some, and it is difficult to convince the hard-headed that elbows now naked can ever clothe themselves in decent array again. Strong too is the clothed man's instinct against denuded elbows—strong as the horror of the plump ortolan when the lean snake fixes on him the charmed eye which presages a transfer of adipose tissue. Denuded elbows, like lean snakes, have little shame and no mercy. The natural man protruding through the artificial covering of conventional tailordom demands boldly his natural inheritance, and, never stopping to ask how your porridge-pot is filled or if you have supper enough left for yourself, undauntedly thrusts his elbow in your face, and claims a share of the beer he has not brewed and of the bread he has not baked. But then, he is naked and hungry; and can we wonder?

There are two sides to everything; and though all manner of help and kindness and generosity and patching up of our neighbour's ragged elbows—taking our own coat if need be, for the tailoring of mercy—is of the pure law of God in the dealings of man with his fellows, yet there is also a good in the sturdy appreciation of self-help and independence, which may (it has this dangerous tendency, I admit) run into hardness and want of charity towards the troubles which a little sympathy could avert, and a little timely help tide over into the current of success again. Still, turning the thing round once more, it is a truth, though sorrowful and humiliating, that if there was always a tailor for every hole, elbows would be perpetually rubbing into nudity, and seams would be perpetually unripping without ever an attempt at self-darning, sure that some one would be found to take that labour on himself, and rig up the luckless ragamuffin as good as new again, and at his own cost. And it is a question whether the loveliness of universal charity would compensate for the ugliness of chronic out-at-elbowism content to be pauperised, to be fed with food it has not earned, and to live on labour it will not share. After all, a man's elbows are his own; and when they do get denuded it



is his duty, and none other's, to re-cover them decently and to patch up the holes discreetly.

### A LADY ON THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

"Yes," says Mr. Piazzi Smyth—he who has gone to photograph by the light of magnesium wire the inner chambers of the great pyramid—"Yes, my wife and I, and the great telescope, the Patinson equatorial, all lived up on the Peak, nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea level, for over twenty days, not to speak of more than a month previously spent by the same party, minus that particular telescope, on a sister peak at a smaller height of nine thousand feet. And my wife was under canvas too, with nothing but a wall of rough stones to keep tent and all from being carried down into the cloud sea that lay some five thousand feet below us."

"She must have been a woman in a million," says Joblings. But then Joblings is a heretical old bachelor. Every one of us married men knows one wife at least who would have gone up with her husband, if it was only to "see that he didn't get into mischief;" but not many, we fancy, would, like Mrs. Piazzi Smyth, have themselves proposed to take neither table nor chair, and endured to sit on boxes, and eat off packing-cases.

Before we go up the mountain with the Edinburgh astronomer, let us have a word or two about these "Fortunate Islands," so well known to the ancients, so thoroughly forgotten till quite late on in the middle ages. Pliny, who wrote about everything—he used to stop his litter at every "object of interest" that he passed, and straightway book it in his journal, writing himself to ensure greater correctness, and not after the usual Roman fashion, by means of a slave-amanuensis—Pliny tells us all about the Canaries. The old Greeks called them the "Islands of the Blessed;" but Phœnician skip-pers soon found out that there were no more ghosts there than elsewhere. Juba of Mauritania, Pliny's authority, had been there; and had brought home two of the big dogs for which they were famous. It is the dogs, and not the birds, which gave them their name.

The newspapers told us how the Cape Verde Islands suffered lately from a killing drought: a very dry year may at any time inflict a like calamity on the Canaries. The most eastern island is still an active volcano. The Peak itself is only dormant: in 1705 it sent forth terrible lava streams, which swept right over the town of Garachico, and filled up the only decent harbour in the island; and it has been at work several times since. Very little is produced in the islands since the vine disease. Canary wine is pretty nearly gone; Falstaff now-a-days drinks pale brandy and "bittah beah;" he lisps, does the modern Falstaff, and is altogether a very different person from honest old Jack. Cochineal and its cactus are fast

superseding the vine. Canary-birds, however, are not likely to become extinct; in their native islands they sing on the wing; each flock is said to have its own peculiar song, but we must not think the "jonques," so popular among us, form the majority in a flock. A mixture of brown and olive green and greyish yellow is the prevailing colour. That bright yellow tint is a disease, stamping exceptional beauty on the sufferer; just as the hectic flush makes a common-place face look handsome. The first ship-load of canaries brought to Europe was wrecked off Elba; this was towards the beginning of the sixteenth century. The birds escaped for the time; but they were eagerly hunted through Elba till not one of them was left. Spitalfields and Norwich are great places for rearing and teaching canaries. The Norwich men have generally voted for the sturdier dark-coloured birds; the Spitalfields men prefer the "jonques." The price which a journeyman weaver will give for a well-trained bird would astonish a lady who thinks three half-crowns "quite enough" to pay for a canary.

And now what took the "great equatorial" and lots of scientific gear—electrometers, thermomultipliers, wet and dry bulb thermometers of all kinds—to this out-of-the-way quarter? It was Sir Isaac Newton who had been pointing out the way for a long time. What the Bible says of men of faith is true also of men of science—being dead, they yet speak. Just a hundred and thirty years before Mr. Piazzi Smyth sailed, Newton had written thus: "Telescopes cannot be so formed as to take away that confusion of rays which ariseth from the tremors of the atmosphere. The only remedy is a most serene and quiet air, such as may, perhaps, be found on the tops of the highest mountains, above the grosser clouds."

Astronomers had often wanted to follow out Sir Isaac's hint; but it is an expensive affair to carry a big telescope to the top of a mountain—your mountain, too, must be in the tropics, or else no one could live long enough at its top to make a proper series of observations. At last, in 1856, the Astronomer Royal persuaded the Lords of the Admiralty to give five hundred pounds—a sum small, indeed, compared with what they spend in altering some ship, well enough as it is, into something else that it was never meant to be—but still a great deal to be given in a lump "for scientific purposes." Whatever virtue may be, science in England is generally her own reward. This five hundred pounds was to pay for "a scientific mission to the Peak of Teneriffe." Many friends lent instruments; and Robert Stephenson offered his yacht (fancy old Stephenson's son having a yacht!); else we don't think Mr. Smyth would have done it at the price: certainly he would not have managed so well as he did, for the carpenter and second mate of the *Titania* were invaluable in contriving house accommodation on the mountain; our blue-jackets being proverbially able to turn their hands to anything,



from stitching on shirt buttons to repairing broken telescope-stands.

Anybody who has got off a ship into an open boat in rough weather, can, by multiplying his sensations sevenfold, imagine what the Edinburgh professor must have felt when he had to land at Santa Cruz. Were they called the "Fortunate Isles" because you are lucky if you get well ashore without mishaps? or because the moment you are ashore you are in full tropical warmth and sunshine, a pleasant change after the wet blanket of the Trade-wind region? Mr. Smyth failed to see the Peak in the grand way in which some travellers have done. People have talked of sighting it ten miles out at sea: our author is thankful to catch a momentary glimpse of it through a gap of cloud, while lying off a misty breaker-coast which reminds him of many a rough bit along the shores of Scotland. His first good view of it is from the great lava plain, girt with old walls of basalt, which was the original (probably submarine) crater, and from one corner of which the present Peak rises. He got up thus far within six days of his landing, with a long team of twenty mules and drivers—the latter so honest and trustworthy, that nothing is ever lost, nor anything stolen, except some of the water-supply. Guajara is their destination, a peak just on the lip of the vast old crater of which we have spoken, nine thousand feet high; and here they have got comfortably fixed, twenty-four days after leaving England.

Everybody who has written about the Peak makes a great deal of the zones of vegetable life through which you pass in the ascent. The island itself, which, by the way, is not all "Peak," being sixty miles long, and from six to thirty wide, produces the usual tropical plants down by the sea; then come the sub-tropicals, lemons, oranges, figs, and so forth; then, at one thousand nine hundred feet, nothing but pears and a few peaches; heaths appear at two thousand four hundred feet; English grasses at two thousand eight hundred feet; at four thousand seven hundred begins the codeso, an aromatic sort of acacia peculiar to the island; then a few pine-trees (the whole mountain used to be girdled with them—they will have to be replanted if the inhabitants wish to save their garden mould, much of it brought across from Africa; as it is, the winter rains are washing it wholesale into the sea; all the "terracing" in the world is a very poor protection compared to that afforded by the fibrous roots of a tree); higher still, at five thousand three hundred feet, they find the retama, another plant known only here, *Cytisus nubigenis* is its name, a kind of broom, which has the power of lasting six months, if necessary, without water, and of throwing out such a supply of flowers, that the natives of the lower level bring up their bees every year, that they may take advantage of the retama blossoming. The growth of one of these singular plants is a lesson in patient endurance. First, the little tender seedling bending to the slow grinding avalanche of clinkery materials,

amidst which, however, it manages to force down a root of most precocious length; then, when it has grown into a sturdy little bush, it bends back to regain the lost ground. Then comes the full-grown plant, a joy to bees and to the bit of soil which it overshadows, lasting many a year, while the whole hill-side by little and little goes crumbling, and scraping, and sliding down past it. Then comes the stage of decay, till nothing is left but a dead white stump, with a few mouldering branches lying below it, very useful, though, to travellers who mean to camp out at two miles above the sea level, and who, of course, have not brought their fuel with them. Crossing the plain which forms the interior of the old "crater of elevation" must have been rough work enough; what with ridges of greenstone, and blocks of trachyte, and crevasses filled up with fine sand, and wastes of pumice-stone shingle, and small "parasitic craters" like monstrous chimneys, and a scorching sun overhead reflected from all the glittering barrenness around, no wonder Mr. Smyth's muleteers dropped behind, and paid stealthy visits to the water-barrels. Not a leaf of any kind, not even a retama, in the whole district. How glad they must have been when they got to a bit of damp ground, where, by digging holes, a few bucketsful of muddy water could be obtained for the mules! Mr. Piazzzi Smyth has been at the Cape on astronomical business, and he cannot help noticing the absence of life about this alpine spring, where, by a great chance, they put up six pigeons, and contrasting it with the crowds of creatures, savage and gentle, which would be found at a drinking-place in South Africa. Within less than three hours after this halt, the whole party—astronomer and wife, the two sailors, the vice-consul's nephew (acting as interpreter), and two Spaniards—are comfortably drinking tea on the summit of Guajara, with two tents up, and everything ready for making a snug night of it. Talking of tea, we may remark that one of the most difficult duties which fall to our astronomer is settling the question whether you can or cannot make good tea with water at one hundred and ninety-three degrees. Water "boils" at this temperature on the Peak; but of course it is not so hot as the "boiling water" below; however, you can raise the heat to two hundred and twelve degrees, or higher, and, even if you could not, cold water draws out a much purer and less coarse infusion than hot, the only objection to its use being the time it takes, for it has not, like boiling water, the property of at once expelling the air from the infused leaves. Now, owing to the low barometric pressure, water at one hundred and ninety-three degrees would completely expel the air from tea-leaves, so that the "tea" was as strong as it would have been below, and much more delicate in flavour. You must, however, drink it off at once; "boiling water" at one hundred and ninety-three degrees soon cools, especially with a barometer at twenty inches. People have talked a great deal about the feverish symptoms



and nose bleeding (nay, bleeding at eyes and ears) which are said to be inseparable from life at ten thousand feet above the sea. None of this party felt anything of the kind. Mr. Smyth attributes them all to want of training, and says the same would happen in London to most people who lifted themselves up ten thousand feet at a stretch, on the treadmill, in seven hours.

Here are they then, packing-cases and all, ten paces from the edge of a precipice of fifteen hundred feet, forming the inner wall of the great crater. After tea they sleep comfortably, and, next day, a breastwork of stones is raised round the tents—the lady's tent being of the kind commended in Galton's *Art of Travel*, with canvas floor to keep out dust and hinder the wind from getting in underneath. Then begins the unpacking: barometers of all kinds; thermometers, wet and dry bulb; the smaller (or Sheepshanks) equatorial, four mules' loads in itself; photographic apparatus; magnetometers, &c.; all with framework lamentably shrunk and cracked, owing to the intense atmospheric dryness, which, acting just like its opposite, damp (as heat acts like intense cold), had entirely destroyed the adhesive power of the glue. Thus, when Mr. Smyth carefully lifts a box by its two handles, he raises only its lid and sides; several glass vessels are imprisoned by the shrinking of their wooden cases, a few broken by the unwonted pressure; and so forth. When next we send an astronomer up to this height, we must, like careful tailors, "allow for shrinking" in the instruments with which we furnish him. Of course the effects of such an atmosphere are far from pleasant—lips crack, hair frizzles, nails become brittle and split to the quick, faces turn scarlet; our astronomer preserves an ominous silence as to how Mrs. Smyth likes these phenomena.

However, even this is not high enough to satisfy the demands of science. Though far above the clouds, which lay in a compact ocean about half way down, broken (as we have said) by gaps over the several islands, and though a magnifying power of one hundred and fifty gives results never seen in this climate, still our observer is occasionally much troubled with "dust haze," which visited them in great banks whenever there was any commotion in the air currents below. Fancy what our air must be down here, when even at nine thousand feet the atmosphere gets full of finely divided particles of solid matter. The haze never rises above ten thousand feet; so Mr. Smyth's mind is soon made up to observe what he can here; above all, to note the extraordinary difference between the temperature in the sun and in the shade, and in the readings from the wet and dry bulb thermometers; and then to go up the real Peak above the line of haze. So down they all go, after experiencing several instances of fine old Spanish hospitality from rich and poor; one Don brings them a sumptuous breakfast of partridges, and honey-cake, and cheese, and goat's milk; so much, indeed, of this rich

nourishing drink, that the two sailors make themselves quite ill, and then, in a penitent fit, vow they'll never touch the stuff again while they are on the island.

Very hard it is to persuade their native friends, and above all the mule drivers, that the huge Pattinson equatorial can ever be carried up the mountain; it has to be taken to pieces, the contents of its three clumsy cases being distributed into thirteen; in this work a German watchmaker, Herr Kreitz—where is there not a German watchmaker?—is of immense service. He can even lend a few screws for fastening the cases, nails there are plenty of, but good screws have scarcely got beyond the limits of Teutonic civilisation. At last, with no greater mishap than the roll over of two or three baggage-horses, the great telescope is got up to "Alta Vista," and observations begin in good earnest, and continue (only broken by a trip to the summit of the Peak) until the 19th of September. So hearty is the work, "*term days*," i.e. days of incessant observation, being frequently kept on dates previously arranged (for the sake of comparing notes) with the captain of the yacht, that we lose sight of Mrs. Smyth altogether, until recalled to the fact that there is a lady in the party by some such phrase as "my wife exclaimed, 'Oh! there is smoke coming out of the ground,'" or reminded by the account of some savoury meal that the "culinary department" is well looked after. Mrs. Smyth is an excellent manager. Some of the goat's milk gets so shaken on a journey that it is pronounced undrinkable, sour and thick. She examines it before letting it be thrown away, and finds it churned into excellent butter, a thing scarcely ever seen in Tenerife before; and which, by means of a lump of snow brought down for her by one of the native lads, she manages to keep sound and hard for a long time. Wonderful fellows these native lads; when Mr. Smyth is gathering specimens, he picks up one after another, obsidians, trachytes, &c., in lumps as big as a man's head. All of which the Canarian boy, already loaded with a box of chemicals and a photographic tent, insists on carrying; whereupon Mr. Smyth is very angry with Humboldt for calling the native guides listless and disobliging. Possibly the difference may have been in the two employers, rather than in those who served them.

Our author's book is abundantly illustrated with photographs. We may be quite sure his wife cleaned the plates, and otherwise helped him in the more delicate manipulations. He tells us that she sketched a great deal; the colours of sky and rock he speaks of as something marvellous. Did she sing? Some have said the voice is thin and ghost-like at these great elevations. Of course she would help in keeping his meteorological accounts. Finally, her presence aloft doubtless touched the chord of Spanish chivalry in the natives, and won for the party far more consideration than they would else have had. As to the more common-place matter of "buttons," the sailors would have



kept all tolerably ship-shape without her; but we can well fancy that when the party finally came down and marched into Orotova, they looked far less neglected and uncouth than they would have done had she not been with them. On the whole, Mr. Smyth's reminiscences seem to have been so pleasant that his example is likely to find imitators. His wife is the first lady who has ever lived over ten thousand feet above the sea level. It is not likely that many will do precisely what she did, for astronomical stations on Teneriffe are not things of every day; but we should not be surprised to see it become the correct thing for professors' wives to accompany their lords on distant and exciting expeditions. All we would suggest is, that they should first pause and reflect, unless they are proof against sea-sickness. We trust that Mrs. Smyth is, The bare idea of a sea-sick lady, with the Titania rolling three hundred and twenty degrees per minute, is something too terrible to contemplate.

### BROUGHTON DE BROUGHTON.

SHE might be a little too young for him, perhaps; but if she was, that was the only fault between them; and that was a fault which—as the mother said putting back her flaxen ringlets with a coquettish air—would mend itself every day, as her own dear husband used to say. Gentlemen over thirty did not in general complain of the over-youthfulness of their wives; she always found *that* went—what was that celebrated expression of the mathematicians, her poor dear husband was so fond of using?—by inverse ratio, or something like that. So Laura Broughton—*De Broughton*, her mother said she was by rights: one of the old Lancashire families, you know, a descendant of the Ailward de Broughton who came in with the Conqueror.

"Looks liker for the mother than the darter," muttered the pew-opener, with a face like a winter apple pressed against the carved oak finial, round the boss of which she was peeping, making believe to be looking at her prayer-book, and not at the bride.

And so he did. For the mother was one of those fair, ringleted, brisk, little women who are only in middle age at sixty, and who positively refuse to be old at eighty; trim, well-dressed, coquettish; with very white teeth and very blue eyes, a little closed at the corners, as if the edges had been badly cut and bungled in the hemming—eyes that were afflicted with an occasional squint, and more apt to look at things out of those badly-cut corners than straight in the face—but as blue as two turquoise beads and as sharp as a bird's; a lively little woman, who never got tired, and was never stupid or sleepy, but always full of resources and clever shifts, and who could by no means be put out of countenance nor made to lose her self-possession; a pleasant mannered little woman, full of smiles and endearing epithets,

and very cordial pressure of her somewhat sinewy hand; a wise and crafty little woman, who wore silken surcoats over her inner coat of mail, and tinged the tips of her fingers so skillfully you never saw she had iron claws at the end of them hooked like a vulture's beak. By all means a most charming little woman; pretty, lively, well bred, clever, and of good family: "Why, my dearest Mary, what on earth can you desire more?" Gordon had said, warmly expostulating with his sister's "preposterous pride and baseless suspicion," when she urged her strong but feminine dislike to her.

No two people could be more unlike than the mother and daughter. Laura was one of those girls who look full of a really formidable amount of character. She was tall, and what people call well developed; indeed, her figure was the figure of a woman of five-and-twenty rather than of a girl scarcely seventeen. Her hair was of the darkest shade possible next to black, just lifted out of absolute blackness by the shy scattering of brown-gold threads through it, and the quite full gold of the ends and downy undergrowth. It was that straight, rich, heavy hair—that almost over-luxuriant hair which, with broad black eyebrows, dark brown eyes (the whites slightly tinged with yellow), a rather long nose, straight and running down hill, and full red lips, gives that Oriental character to an English face which is so wonderfully beautiful in early youth. To look at her casually you would say she was full of strength; a nature buckled and braced with bone and muscle; but when you came to examine her closely, if you knew the signs you went to read, you would see that what you mistook for solid masonry was mere painted scaffolding, and that the marble statue in the niche was nothing but a bit of highly-coloured wax, which any one with ten working fingers could mould to their will. Those straight black brows of hers that looked so harsh and were so soft and silken, were indicative of neither will nor decision, nor even of keen perceptions; those dark eyes with the dash of red through the brown, and ever a soft suffusion over them like embryonic tears not perfected, shone only with timidity and pity—there was no fire in them for all their size and radiance; the red lips, a little swollen, were like twin roses, full and loose and richly redolent of youth and love, but without the harder core of the rose; in a word, she was nothing but a great, soft, beautiful child masquerading as a woman, full of tenderness and love and sweet obedience and self-sacrifice, but with a will and individuality as yet only in the germ. Her mother was not quite the kind of person to allow even a strong nature to develop side by side with herself; what boundless power of compression, then, had not those curved iron fingers of hers had in the manipulation of such a plastic creature as this!

Of Gordon Johnstone a few words will be enough. A tall, handsome, military-looking man; exact to the extreme of precision; grave to almost gloom, but tender as none but the



strong can dare to be; with an iron will in the centre of him surrounded by wide outworks of lofty kindness and secure tolerance; scrupulous in money matters and rigidly truthful; proud of a stainless name and an honourable pedigree; a man emphatically in his own right. A strong, self-centred man, able to walk alone without the recognised social supports, he was yet proud, as such men are, of the merits and possessions of his wife; proud of her birth as equal to his own; proud of her name and repute as stainless as his own or as his sister's; proud of her as she stood there carved out of the purest marble, and silently defying the world to find a flaw anywhere. Yet to his sister he insisted, warmly, as was said, on the honourable lineage and undeniable social circumstances of both mother and daughter, as make-weights in the marriage settlements and claims on the family respect; not on the family bounty. This was the group, then, that set out on the great highway of life together, without a cloud in the sky as yet.

"A person wants to speak to you, ma'am." The servant held the door of the drawing-room slightly ajar, not flinging it open with the liberal hospitality usual when a welcome guest is at her back.

"Who is it, Annie?" said Mrs. Broughton. She always assumed the manners of the mistress when Gordon was not there.

"I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure; he's not been here before, and he asked for you."

"Go and see what he wants, then; and if he's a gentleman, show him up," said the little woman, briskly. She was always on the look-out for angels unawares.

"But Gordon is not at home, mamma," interposed Laura, in her soft, low, deprecating voice.

"Well, and what then? Surely the man won't eat us up alive, child!" laughed her mother.

"But if he wants money or anything?" again urged Laura, fear ever uppermost with her as expectation with her mother.

"Leave that to me," replied Mrs. Broughton, arranging her curls becomingly over the bow of bright blue ribbon, worn at the side like a matronly kind of snood.

"The very person I want to leave it to," said a thick oily voice, and a swarthy man, almost like a man of colour he was so dark, shabby and vulgar but yet not one of the "lower classes" as they are called, pushed the servant aside and entered the room.

Mrs. Broughton gave one little cry; only one; and for a moment became green, not white.

"Sam!" she then said, in a low voice. "You villain!"

"Well! that's an affectionate greeting, at all events!" said the man, with a coarse kind of indifference.

"What would you have better?" she retorted, angrily. "What business have you here at all?"

"That I call cool! I should think more business than any one else." And Sam's dark face

grew darker with the sullen look that came into it.

"But so suddenly—so unexpectedly!" said Mrs. Broughton, changing her tack with masterly facility, and falling into the old cheery manner quite naturally; but squinting.

"Which should have made the pleasure of my visit all the greater," sneered the man, "if you had been a duti—"

"If I had been an affectionate sister!" laughed Mrs. Broughton, shrilly. "Well! and so it should, I confess!"

Sam looked at her for a moment, and whistled.

"Oh! that is the game, is it?" he said, and planted his legs wide apart. Then he turned to Laura. "And who have we here? My niece?" he asked.

"Yes, your niece, Sam, your poor brother's child and my sweet daughter," said Mrs. Broughton, with what was meant to be a tender touch upon her daughter's sleek head.

"Ah, well, she's a credit to him," said Sam, examining her much as if she had been a horse or a dog. "Come here and kiss me, my dear," he then said, after a pause.

"Go and kiss your uncle, my precious Laura," repeated Mrs. Broughton, in a caressing tone.

Laura hesitated.

"Do as you are bid, child," said her mother in a low voice, harshly.

And Laura went.

"Well, did I do you a great deal of harm, my dear?" said the man, after he had kissed her, holding her still in his arms and looking at her with a strange expression.

"No," blushed Laura, and stammered and tried to free herself from him.

"But you didn't like it, eh?" and the vindictive expression that seemed the only one really natural to him came into his face for the second time in this short interview.

Laura was silent; her mother gave her a sharp sidelong look, and her uncle frowned heavily; and the young wife felt instinctively that a web was weaving round her, of which she could foresee neither the outlet nor the extent.

"Of course you know what I have come for, Louisa?" then said Sam, turning to Mrs. Broughton, and running his fingers through his hair. It was short, curled, crisp hair, and grew low down on his forehead, with a straight line round the head like a skull-cap of Astracan lambskin.

She tossed her head, and made her flaxen ringlets dance. "The old story, I suppose!" But though she tried to speak with jaunty unconcern, the intense shrillness of her voice a little betrayed her, and her squint became painful to witness.

"Exactly so," said Sam.

Mrs. Broughton glanced at her daughter out of the corner of her eye. "I have no money," she then said, emphatically.

"No?" Sam looked incredulous and insolent. "Yet you are living with a fine house and a fine appearance—all sham, eh?"



"It is not mine," said Mrs. Broughton. "I am as poor as I ever was, and poorer. If you want anything, you must ask Laura there—it is all hers."

"Fact? Seems strange, too! I should have thought that my pretty niece would have taken better care of her mother than that."

"It is not mine, it is my husband's," said Laura, scarlet to her very neck.

"I always thought that was much the same thing," observed Sam.

"It ought to be," returned Mrs. Broughton, with the air of a clincher.

"But it is not," said Laura, a little faintly; "and, considering that I have nothing of my own, ought not to be so in our case."

"Oh! Gordon is very generous, that I will say for him," said Mrs. Broughton, twisting her bracelet; "and doesn't make much fuss with the bills."

"He always looks at them, and checks my money," Laura answered. Then, with a burst—"And I could not give any away without his permission."

Sam and Mrs. Broughton looked at each other.

"Oh yes you could, dear!" said her mother, gently. "Nothing more easy. Now, Laura love," she went on coaxingly, "the truth is, you must help your uncle out of a little difficulty. He wants money, and you must supply him with what you have. How much will do, Sam? A couple of sovereigns? Yes, a couple. I know that Gordon gave you five only yesterday. You must be a good and kind girl and save your poor uncle from a very painful position. Your own dear papa's brother, Laura—think of that!"

"I would give all I had of my own," said Laura, "but I cannot give away what is Gordon's."

"Nonsense! you can make it up again—I will give it you again, if that is all. Laura, you must. It is not often that I beg of my own child, but I do beg of you now! Will you not do your own poor mother a favour, Lalla? Your mother who has always loved you so fondly! Will you not—for her sake, mind—help your dear father's brother from starvation? A kind good fellow as he is at heart, and no one's enemy but his own. Don't I know my little pet, and that she will be loving and generous?"

"I would if it were my own," again said Laura, troubled. "But would it be honourable?"

"Am I no judge of right and wrong, my dear?" said Mrs. Broughton, with touching humility of voice. "If I see no harm in it, need you? Am I to be taught truth and honour by my own child, Lal?"

"Yes, mamma, I know—I didn't mean that—" began Laura.

"Oh yes you did, dear!" and the mother wiped her very blue eyes, and made the eyelids red. "And you have been very much altered to me since you married; and I'm sure I love you

still the same, and would be all to you a mother could be!"

"Oh, mamma! don't say that!" Laura threw her arms round her neck, and sobbed.

"I should be sorry to be the cause of any trouble here," then said Sam, coming forward: "so let me go. I have only one resource," with a desperate cast of his hard black eyes upward, and a clenching of his hairy hand against his breast, and a setting of his teeth, and the hard sucking in of the breath through them—"only one: the poison or the knife! What matters?" more softly. "Who will miss me? a good-for-nothing vagabond like me—let him go!"

Mrs. Broughton gave a faint kind of howl, and squinted out of the corners of her eyes. Laura sobbed piteously. "I will tell Gordon all, and I am sure he will not mind," she then said, and drew out her purse—her new brown Russia leather purse which Gordon had given her specially for the housekeeping funds—and gave him the two pounds.

"God bless you, sweet child!" said the mother, kissing her.

"God bless you, my angel!" said the uncle, kissing her too; and Laura's tender heart glowed, and her soft brown eyes rained over with love and happiness.

In the midst of which came Gordon's well-known military knock at the door, and sobered Sam and his sister like a jug of cold water dashed into their faces.

"Go away! go away, you wretch!" said Mrs. Broughton, with sudden savageness, shuffling him out of the room. "I will murder you if ever you play me this trick again," she whispered, as she pushed him through the doorway.

"Who was that?" asked Gordon, striding into the room with his usual long commanding step slightly quickened.

"Oh, it was my——" began Laura.

"The laundress man," interposed Mrs. Broughton, briskly. "Fancy a man-washer-woman, how absurd!—who came here with a pitiful tale of distress, and your good wife here lent him a sovereign. She's a tender-hearted little thing, Gordon, and you will have to take care of that in her; but I felt sure you would not be angry, so I did not check her this time. He is not angry with you, dear; I said he would not be! and then, you know, it is only lent, and will be made up by degrees in the washing, so no harm is done, is there? You dear old fellow!" and Mrs. Broughton kissed her tall son-in-law's chin, which was all she could reach up to, "I quite love you myself, I declare I do!"

"Oh, mamma! mamma! what have you done?" cried poor Laura, when Gordon left the room. She was almost awe-struck at what she had heard, for her mother had never dropped the mask to her before.

"What else was there to do, simpleton? Tell that proud Scotchman of yours that you have a vagabond uncle whose mere acquaintanceship



would disgrace him, let alone any nearer tie!" said Mrs. Broughton, with strange savageness of manner, the velvet withdrawn and the claws out. "Tell him that a drunken dissipated fellow like that has the right to come to his house and call his wife 'dear,' and get money out of her, or out of him, on the threat that he will claim them as his dear relations some fine day before all the world? Do you think I am mad, child?"

"But why did you never tell me about this uncle before, mamma?—and why did you not tell Gordon the truth before he married me?" cried Laura, with growing energy.

"Because, my dear, I have ears of only the ordinary length, and I am not quite so absurd as you seem to think me," answered Mrs. Broughton, quite her old charming self again. She never kept her passion for long; it did not pay, she used to say, and self-control was not difficult to her. "It was too good a chance to throw away on a quixotic sentiment of that kind!"

"If I had only known it!" exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears.

"Ah, yes, if you had; but then, you see, you didn't, Lal, and I never meant you should; and, what is more, you never would, if your good-for-nothing uncle had not so wickedly tracked me down."

"I will tell Gordon all honestly this very night, and then he can do as he likes about living with me any longer," said Laura, with fresh weeping. "It is only right that he should know."

"And if you do, young lady," said Mrs. Broughton, clutching her arm with all the force of her small bony hand, "I will not kill you, but I will kill myself. Mind that, Laura! and you know I never make vague threats, or say what I don't mean. And not only that, but Gordon will hate you, and very likely divorce you, and then you will go about the world without a home or a character, and with a ruined husband and a murdered mother on your conscience."

And poor simple Laura believed her, and did not tell her husband of the good old Scotch family that she, his wife, had an uncle who looked like a half-caste and spoke like a horse-jockey.

When the week's accounts came to be over-looked, for Gordon chose to see into all this kind of thing for himself, wishing to train his young wife into exactness and care, there was the deficit of two pounds staring him in the face. Laura had been too honest to write down one as "Loan to the laundress man," according to her mother's suggestion. If, overborne by fear, she had consented passively to this deception in chiefest part for her mother's sake, she could not bring herself to do so actively. Her partnership with sin should at least be only negative, she said to herself; as if sin can ever be merely negative!

"Ah, what is this?" said Gordon. "Two pounds seventeen and sixpence out of five

pounds, leaves two-two-six to be accounted for. I see the two-six, but where's the two, Lalla?"

"I don't know, Gordon," stammered Laura.

"One pound, remember, for the washer-woman's man," chimed in Mrs. Broughton from the sofa, where she was making a scarlet smoking-cap for her son-in-law.

"Oh yes? well! then that leaves one-two-six. Now, little one, the one?"

Laura trembled, but did not speak; she only fumbled in her pockets, and dived into her purse, looking into the little divisions for postage stamps and receipt stamps and all manner of queer corners, with a kind of instinctive hypocrisy, poor little soul, more to gain time than anything else.

"Why, you naughty child, do you mean to say you have actually been losing a whole golden guinea?" said Mrs. Broughton, getting up from the sofa and coming to them. "Let me see the book, dear boy; perhaps I can help in unravelling this knotty thread. I have been out shopping with the child every day, and I flatter myself I have a better memory than she has, though I am a few years the elder of the two," laughing and shaking her curls.

"It is all right in the book, mamma," said Laura, trying to take it out of her hand; but her mother pinched her fingers in it, playfully, and told her to hold her tongue, she was a naughty bad child, and must be whipped. "Well now, let me see," she said, in a musing kind of voice. "Cheesemonger, seven and sixpence; that's right, I think—is it, though?—no, it isn't. Why, Laura, there's the fowl! You have not put that down—three and sixpence, you know—so horribly dear at this end of London! shamefully dear, Gordon!—fowl, three and sixpence for your book, Laura; that's sixteen and sixpence only. Oh, I'll make it all right, you'll see," in a playful kind of triumph.

"But the fowl was got at the cheesemonger's, and is in the week's amount," said Laura, interrupting her as she was writing in the household-book.

"My precious lamb, don't be a goose!" said Mrs. Broughton, squinting very much. "Why, don't you remember the young woman with the scarlet ribbon in her hair, and my saying how ridiculous of such people?—scarlet ribbons, indeed, in a shop! The love of dress is getting quite a national sin, Gordon, quite!—don't you think so? Now then, what else? Gloves, two shillings. Why, child, they were three and threepence! What have you been dreaming of? who gets gloves at less than three and threepence now-a-days? Three and threepence—that is fourteen and threepence, isn't it?"

"No, no, mamma; they were not indeed," urged Laura.

"Why, Laura, you would argue me out of my own existence, I do believe," said Mrs. Broughton, laying down book and pencil and looking steadily at her daughter. "Do you think I don't remember such things better than



you? Fourteen and threepence only to make up."

"Fifteen!" said Gordon, quickly.

She put the figures down on a slip of paper and added them up.

"Yes, you are right," she then said: "how pleasant to have a clear-headed man at one's elbow! Ah! my dear husband, her good papa, had such a head for figures! I learnt of him," she said, and she squinted again.

"But four and ninepence is not a pound," Gordon said, with a good-natured court-martial kind of air. "Now, Laura, get on with the rest."

"I have it all!" cried the mother, speaking very rapidly, and with the pleasantest manner of successful advocacy possible; "you gave a shilling to that poor woman with the baby, don't you remember? and threepence to the crossing-sweeper, and Annie had two new brooms, and they were four shillings, and you have been cheated out of ten shillings change, and I know now where it was, it was at the glove shop where you gave them a sovereign, and they didn't give you back the half with the silver. I am almost sure it was there, though I couldn't swear it, but it must have been, for I have made up all the rest, and that is just even money."

"I know nothing about it," cried Laura, and burst into tears.

"Goose!" said her mother, and slapped her hand as if in play, but taking care to slap it pretty hard when she was about it.

Gordon looked at his young wife with a long steady look. "Put the books away, Laura," he then said, a little gloomily, and sighed, and sat all the evening after with his chin in his hand, looking into the fire and weaving unpleasant fancies from the flames.

"Who *is* the fellow, and what the deuce does he want?" asked Gordon, angrily. This was the next day, Sunday, when he and Laura, accompanied as of course by the mother, were going to church; on the road whither he had been in a manner forced to take notice of a swarthy, shabby, ill-conditioned looking man, who had followed and crossed and met and recrossed and followed them again, till he seemed like a seedy manner of will-o'-the-wisp, set out on the London pavement for a diversion of domicile, "Who *is* the fellow, and what does he want? He seemed to know you, Laura."

"That man we just met with the green-cut-away?" asked Mrs. Broughton, quickly. "Well, do you know I saw him follow us in a very odd manner, and wondered if he knew you. Perhaps he is one of your volunteer men, Gordon, for we don't know him, Laura and I."

"My volunteer men, indeed! Good Heavens, Mrs. Broughton, are my men pickpockets?"

"But he looked at you, dear."

"He looked at both of you hard enough, confound his impudence!" said Gordon, testily; and so went into the church, not in the fittest mood for devout exercise.

A cloud had come over Laura. Her husband could not define either its shape or its origin, he was only conscious of its existence. Instead of being the loving, tender-hearted creature of former days, she had become gloomy and almost morose, with a sullen manner, half angry, half terrified, towards her mother, and a shrinking withdrawal from himself, inexpressibly painful to witness. She would sit for hours doing nothing; neither working nor reading; simply staring out of the window in a vague abstraction, or looking into the fire, with the tears dropping silently from her eyes. She only spoke when she was spoken to, and then she started as if awakened out of a sleep, and as often as not answered wide of the mark as if her wits were wool-gathering, as her mother said they were. She refused to keep house, too, any longer, alleging her inability to make her accounts come right, and refusing Gordon's offers to help her through; and as her mother was always at hand, and was a first-rate manager, Gordon turned over the military chest and the commissariat to her, until such time as Laura should return to her right mind, which he firmly believed she had lost. He did not gain much by the change. For he found that Mrs. Broughton's clearly kept and cleanly written columns always added up to rather more than Laura's girlish sprawls and blotches had done; and that the housekeeping had risen with a bound, on an average two pounds a week. And yet with no better or richer mode of living as the visible cause. But what could be done? How was he to know that salmon was only eighteenpence the pound when it was marked in the book as three shillings? "Fish varies from day to day, and it was very unfortunate indeed that we, Laura and I, chose the dear day when you say it was so cheap down in Parliament-street the day before, or after, I forget which now. And as for brooms and brushes, no, dear boy, they don't burn them for firewood—you are so funny, Gordon!—or boil the bristles into soup; they are a little extravagant in them, I confess, but then, you see, what a beautiful house you have in consequence, and how delightfully clean! However, there are the items set down correctly, one by one, and if you can point out to me where we can save, I am sure we will; won't we, Laura love?"

But Gordon couldn't point out the specially offending items; and if he did, those were the very things, you dear stupid old thing, that were absolutely indispensable—might as well do without bread or boots! or that were singularly cheap, or singularly small in quantity—just the very thing of all not to be interfered with, and that couldn't be cut down, or lessened, or altered in any way. So Gordon gave up contesting the point; and not being suspicious, however rigid, accepted the rise in his household expenses as righteous and inevitable, however mysterious.

He cared more about Laura's strange state of mind and uncomfortable behaviour; but here,



too, Mrs. Broughton came to his aid as his better angel, and smiled meaningly, and danced her curls, and twinkled her two turquoise beads, and said; "Don't notice her, my dear boy, she'll be better presently; and worse, poor little soul!" which made Gordon so gravely tender to her for days after, so considerate and gentle, that Laura's heart nearly broke; though her manner was colder and more constrained than ever, and her shrinking from him more apparent. "When will all this end?" she cried, half aloud, as she flung herself on her knees by her bedside, in a passion of despair and unavailing remorse. "When shall I escape from this, and be no longer a thief in my husband's house—no longer living a life of robbery and deception? Oh, if I could only die!—if God would only let me die!" But young things live long, and Laura's initiation into the solemn terror of sin, however much it agonised her, blanched no shining hair and traced no lines upon her smooth rich face. It saddened her soul but did not corrode her body; and well for her, though she in her girlish impatience thought it ill, that she had time left her, and grace and opportunity for reparation.

It was a terrible night—one of the most terrible of its kind—with almost a human passion in its fury, and more than human despair. The wind raved and howled through the streets, and through the houses too, where no amount of drapery could keep it from stealing into the room like the ghostly wolf broken loose from the northern hell; the rain beat against the window-panes, and tore down on the pavement which it lashed and spurned like a liquid whip, making the gaslight reflexions all dance and quiver and spout up in jets of light, as it ploughed the wet already lying; and, mingled with the rain, was a cold and ghastly sleet and the stinging blows of hail, all knotted and twined together in a triple cord of winter wrath.

"What a night for Gordon!" said the mother, glancing at her daughter out of the corners of her eyes. Laura shivered for sympathy, but did not answer. "And what a night for all those poor houseless wretches that live in the baskets and dry arches," continued Mrs. Broughton, a little confusedly as to her tabulation. "What a night, indeed! not fit to turn a dog into!"

"No," said Laura, by way of saying something. And then there was silence again, as there always was now between the mother and daughter. And the wind howled more fiercely than before, and the rain beat more heavily against the windows, and the cruel bitterness of the evening deepened, till it seemed almost like the face of God withdrawn from the world.

A knock came to the door. It was not Gordon's knock, but a louder and clumsier knock, quite as imperative but not so refined; for even door-knockers can be made expressive of states, and give utterance to insolence, or anger, or eagerness, or timidity, as eloquently as words. Laura and her mother both knew too

well whose knock it was: the one turned scarlet and trembled, the other a light shade of green and frowned, but there was no sign of a coming contest in either; only of fear and anger in the one, and of craft and anger in the other.

"Mr. Roderick," said Annie, opening the door sullenly. "Roderick, indeed!" she repeated, when she went down stairs to cook; "and I wonder who's 'Roderick,' and as like to our young missis as pork's like to pig. I have eyes, I have!" which, indeed, Miss Annie, every one has not.

It was a strange contrast to that luxuriously furnished room, with its two brightly-dressed, elegantly-appointed ladies, such a visitor as now stood in the blaze of the fire and under the shine of the gas. Haggard, dirty, wet to the skin, insolent with the insolence of a social and moral ruin that can never be built up again, the hunted look of a wild animal in his bloodshot eyes, and the desperation of a criminal prepared for the worst, yet prepared also to fight to the last, in his close-pressed mouth—he looked what he was, emphatically a dangerous man throwing for his last stake.

"I have come here again, Louisa, you see," he said, abruptly, "in spite of your warning."

"Yes, I see," returned Mrs. Broughton, quietly; "and a pretty pleasant night you have chosen."

"It suits me," he said, with a little laugh.

"Does it? I can imagine it," said Mrs. Broughton, in the same quiet, well-behaved way.

"Have you nothing to say to your uncle, Laura?" then said the man, speaking harshly, and scowling at Laura.

"Nothing in the way of welcome," burst out Laura, not in her usual manner of shy timidity, but with a passion—a breaking down of accustomed restraint—that showed more than anything else could have done, what a terrible effect her late experience was working in her.

Her mother touched her foot. "Our dear pet is not quite well to-night," she said, in a voice that was meant to be warning. "You must not be angry with her, Sam."

"I have rather too much to think of, just at present, to care much for a little girlish impertinence," said Sam. But his dark and angry look did not quite suit the scornful carelessness of his words. "It is only one dig the more!" he added.

"You have no business here at all," Laura went on to say, excitedly. "It is not our house, but Gordon's; not our money, but his. You have no right to come about us as you do, following us in the streets, and making mamma give you money every week, which then she has to tell stories about, and pretend she has spent in the house. If it were not for her sake I would tell my husband everything at once, and let him know the whole truth."

"I advise you not," said Sam, speaking very slowly and deliberately; "unless you are tired of him, or unless he is weary of his own life;



for I swear to you this, as true as there's a God in heaven, I would cut his throat if he dared to lay a finger on me."

"And so he would," said Mrs. Broughton. "I know that!"

"My husband could defend himself," cried Laura, scornfully; but she turned very pale as she spoke, and it was evident that her own thoughts frightened her, however brave her words.

"Could he!" sneered Sam. "I am glad you think so; but I advise you not to try it on. I can be good natured, you see, sometimes, and I advise you not; just for your own sake, you know."

"And are we never to get rid of this horrible life!" exclaimed Laura, clasping her hands before her eyes.

"All in good time, my dear," said the man, brutally. "Perhaps sooner than you expect." And he looked at Mrs. Broughton, watching him out of the badly-cut corners, with eyes that were more snake-like than human. "At all events, you are not going to get rid of me just yet. Give me something to eat."

"Mamma!" appealed Laura.

She sighed, and shrugged her shoulders. "What can I say, my dear? He is hungry," she said. "Perhaps," she then whispered, "if you treat him kindly, and give him what he wants, he will go before your husband comes back, else I would not answer for the consequences if they meet. I do not command, you know, my dear, I only advise. He is very wet and hungry and chilled and wretched, poor fellow, and I cannot help pitying him. Suppose you tell Annie to bring up the tray, and then we will try to get rid of him quietly."

"I will have nothing to do with it at all," said Laura. "I cannot bear the whole thing any longer, and I will not help in it one way or another." And she got up from her chair to leave the room. Her mother would have prevented her.

"Let her be," said the man. "Let her go; it is best as it is. Poor little wench," he said, in almost a softened voice, when she had flung herself out of the room, "it is hard lines for her, say what you like! Now then, Louisa, I want you; but first of all give me something to eat—and drink."

"They're a-feeding of him now, down in the dining-room!" cried Annie, when she came down with the order for the supper-tray, tumblers, and hot water. "My! when master comes to know!"

"Missis 'll ketch it," said the cook, philosophically. The cook had a husband of her own, and knew what it was for a wife to catch it pretty liberally.

Warmth and food and brandy, while they mended Sam's dilapidated body, seemed not to do much good to his soul. As he drank deeper, and the sense of physical well-being grew stronger, he became more stolid and unmanageable, unassailable by all Mrs. Broughton's arguments, or reasonings, or caresses, and

sullenly determined to stay there, where he was, let what would be the consequence. Lying back in one of the easy-chairs, which his soiled and dripping clothes had soaked and spoiled for ever, his bare feet (he had no stockings) stretched out on the rug, while his muddy boots were drying, soles uppermost, inside the bright steel fender, his third tumbler of smoking grog in his hand—the third and the stiffest of all the stiff three—the enjoyments to be had from money swallowed up everything else, even caution which he so much needed, and ultimate self-preservation. A kind of deadened stupidity came over him, a sleep of the intelligence, which made him forget everything but the mere sensual pleasure of the moment. Mrs. Broughton was in despair. She could manage any situation requiring tact, and facile lying, and crafty generalship, and quick-fingered moral scavengery; but between a half-drunken animal and a high-tempered haughty gentleman:—she put her hands up to her head, with the feeling that it would be crushed in the collision. At last Sam went to sleep, and snored heavily. Then the little woman busied herself. She put away the remains of the supper, and locked up the brandy-bottle; indifferent to the surly kicks and oaths accompanying, she forced the steaming boots on to the unwashed, naked feet, and with her own fair sinewy hands laced the muddy strings and fastened them; she took up the shabby old dripping cloth cap from the table, and skilfully covered over the mark it had made on the cover; and when she had thus, as far as she could, cleared off the evidences of the past and prepared for the exigencies of the future, she sat down by the sleeping man and watched him—the yellow firelight dancing in her light blue eyes and dyeing them a sickly green.

"To think that I once loved that devil!" she thought; and her forehead grew flat, and her eyes contracted, and she looked like a snake coiled for a spring; "to think that I ruined my life for him, and that he has the right to claim me before all the world as his wife! Oh, that I could strangle him! that I could murder him now, and never see his loathed face again!" Instinctively she clutched his throat, but the man gave a heavy plunge forward and struck her face. He was still asleep though, and did not open his eyes.

"No, that won't do," she then said to herself: and sat still listening to the fierce night, and wishing that he might go out into it soon, and drop down dead in the next street.

After a long pause she suddenly started up. The clock chimed the quarter—it was past eleven, and Gordon might be expected home at any moment. She turned off the gas and raked out the fire, pouring water on the last embers which would still burn and glow; she heaped the chairs about the table, and pushed the easy-chair, where the man was sleeping, quite into the shadow of the curtain, half covering it indeed by the curtain. "I know him," she



said; "he will not stir an inch now; I must come down and let him out at night."

Yet she beat him, and pulled him, and called him all manner of bad names, in the last hope to waken him up to reason and retreat. But Sam snored on, and only swore or struck out or growled unintelligibly; so she was forced to leave him as he was. Then she walked across the room with the heaviest step she could command, knocking the chairs as she passed, and clattering the fire-irons; and when she got to the door, she opened it noisily and shut it again with a loud slam, walking over the hall in the same way, and wishing "Good-night" at the door, which she shut also with a fierce bang, coming back in her usual light tripping step. Then she locked the dining-room door—she double-locked it—and dropped the key on the mat; and then she called down the kitchen stairs; "I have locked up the dining-room, Annie, and put out the fire and gas; the gentleman's gone, and there's nothing to do."

"I'll just look at that brandy-bottle to-morrow," said Annie, "and see why she let him out in such a nasty mean way. He warn't too sober, I'll be bound."

"It ain't your business, Annie," said the cook, "and it's my advice to you to keep out of hot water when you can, for it ain't pleasant to be scalded."

"He's gone, Laura dear!" said Mrs. Broughton airily, tripping into the drawing-room, where Laura, in expectation of her husband's return, had come back; "so now you need not be afraid any longer."

"It is the last day I mean to be afraid," said Laura, a little sullenly.

Her mother looked at her keenly. "Very well," she said; "take your own course, my dear, and when you have taken it, think of me and my words."

And then there was silence again—and only the pitiless wind and rain howled and tore through the streets.

"Gordon!" cried Laura, when a knock came to the door; and ran out into the hall to meet him.

"Wet through, and as hungry as a hunter," said Gordon, shaking himself. "Here, Annie, take my things, and get me something to eat at once. We have been in this pelting rain ever since six o'clock, and I have not had even a glass of beer." (He had been out with his men, down to Wimbledon, for practice.)

"Come into the drawing-room, you poor drowned rat," cried Mrs. Broughton. "See what a beautiful fire we have, and how bright it all looks," opening the door, and letting out the light and warmth like a flood. "Come and have your supper in here for once."

"Against the rules!" said Gordon, shaking his head good naturedly—his hand on the dining-room door.

"Oh, but you cannot go in there, indeed," said Mrs. Broughton, quite warmly; she was so anxious, you see, for his comfort. "I turned off the gas, and put out the fire myself, and you

cannot positively have supper there! Come into the drawing-room like a rational being, and don't be stupid. Annie!" And she flung her head up as a signal.

"What does the wife say?" said Gordon, for Laura's sudden bounding to him, so unlike what had been of late, had delighted him into a playfulness unusual to him.

"I think you had better come into the drawing-room," she answered, cold again in a moment. "Mamma has not put the things away," she thought, "and there will only be more falsehoods."

So he went into the drawing-room without further ado, but with the edge of his joy blunted; and Annie brought him the cold beef, which had so strangely diminished that even he noticed it; in silence. He asked for the brandy.

"I will go for it, Laura love; don't you trouble," said Mrs. Broughton, cheerily.

"What a shame! Let me go," said Gordon, making a feint to rise.

"I dare say, you poor tired thing!" the little woman cried, bustling out of the room, laughing and dancing her flaxen ringlets merrily. "You villain! if you are not quiet, I will give you up to the police," she said in a low whisper to Sam; wide awake now.

"All right, mother," was that gentleman's rejoinder. He had no intention of being anything but quiet; and to better ensure that, and escape detection, he slunk behind the curtain and covered himself up in it—fingering something in his pocket meanwhile.

Mrs. Broughton filled up the vacuum in the decanter as well as she could with a remnant left in the bottle, and a dash of cold water as a make-weight; and when she went back to her son, she took care to mix the grog herself; and so this too passed off, and Gordon made no remark.

Still the same howling wind, and the pitiless rain; still the same wild sobs and moans in the air, like the souls of the lost come back to the scene of their sins and their sorrows; still the same sense of danger hanging round the night, and of evil threatening the future. Laura could not sleep for those ghastly noises; and even Gordon, tired as he was, was feverish and disturbed, and restless like herself.

"What is that!" he cried suddenly, starting up and listening. Laura started up and listened too. It was a small grating noise, such as might be made by a file, and sounded like the filing of a bolt. It sounded like the filing of the bolt in the dining-room, as well as they could judge. Presently it ceased, and then they both distinctly heard a door open, and a soft and stealthy foot creeping up the stairs.

"Some one is in the house!" cried Gordon, dashing on his clothes, and flung open the bedroom door:—flung it open face to face with a swarthy, shabby, ill-conditioned man, stealing across the passage with bare feet, and holding a dark lantern in his hand.

A muttered oath on the one side, but nothing



save the breath drawn hard on the other, and then the two men sprang together in a grapple that seemed for life or death. A long and silent and deadly grapple: Laura's one wild shriek before she fainted lost in the wilder noises of the night: a struggle that meant more than the mere physical mastery of the moment, that was the antagonism of spirits and the fight of fate with will; a struggle that might leave the bad triumphant over good, and destroy the very life of the household for ever. That long, fierce, silent struggle!—only the sound of the men's breaths drawn hard and fast, and the slipping of their feet on the floor, and the heavy bruising of the flesh as blows were struck and met by blows again; only the sound of a deadly strife breaking the terrible anguish of the night. But for once fortune went over to the other side; and after a long and heavy contest, Gordon had the man down on the ground and was kneeling over him, with his hand on his throat.

Then came two quick and lightly-stepping feet, and Mrs. Broughton, fully dressed, slid round to Gordon's side, and whispered something in his ear. Laura never knew the word then whispered—never, to the last day of her life. That was a secret which her husband bore about with him always, unknown and unshared; the splash of mud which he kept covered up for ever from both wife and children. Whatever it was, it made him stagger back as with a sudden faintness—his grasp on the man's throat relaxing, and his pressure loosening. Taking advantage of which momentary weakness, Sam slipped away from under him, and, rushing down the stairs, went out, a detected criminal, bare-headed, bleeding, and bare-footed, into the cruel fury of the night.

Two years after, there died in Millbank a prisoner convicted for a burglary in the country, under the name of Roderick, but known as No. 710, who used to talk mysteriously at times, when his brain was a little affected, of his grand connexions, and especially of his daughter, "one of the finest young women in the country, and married to a real Highland chieftain;" though nobody gave much heed to his boastings, or, indeed, for the matter of that, believed in them. But when news of his death—sent by a nameless outsider who had facilities—came to a certain Mrs. Lascelles, then acting as lady housekeeper to a widower of independent means in the country, that lady shed tears of joy; almost the only tears she had ever been known to shed; and ever after might have been observed—had any one known of the circumstance and cared to connect events together—to dress with even more than her ordinary care and taste; and to be more than ever sweet and gracious to her patron, who, indeed, was minded to like her

well enough, and might have liked her better, even to irrevocability, but for the interposition, one day, of a friend of his, a Miss Mary Johnstone, who happened to call and see Mrs. Lascelles. And after this visit the poor lady's flaxen ringlets and bright-coloured ribbons, her light-blue eyes with the badly-cut corners and the occasional squint, her trim figure and her marvellous preservation of youth and freshness, failed in their effect. She was never more than Mrs. Lascelles to Colonel Garth, her master; never nearer than "My housekeeper, who answers my purpose very well, but who is, I must say it, deuced expensive, somehow, though I cannot exactly call her extravagant."

"You are not afraid of me now, Laura?" Gordon said this two years after that memorable winter's night; indeed, it was just the two years; when they were both sitting by a gracious little bed done up as a nautilus-shell, in the depths of which a tiny face, flushed with warmth and sleep, lay like a rosebud among the lace and down.

"No," said Laura, and hid her face in his arm; but she lifted it up directly after, and looked at him tenderly, if bashfully, in the eyes. "Never again, Gordon!—never again consenting to the smallest act of deception towards you!—never again more afraid of truth than of sin!"

"No, not if you love me as I love you, my wife! Where love is real there must of necessity be trust. What is that word—one of the truest of all the true words written there, 'Perfect love casteth out fear'? And our love, now made perfect," and he looked at the tiny face in the nautilus-shell, "has cast out fear and distrust for ever."

"For ever! dearest Gordon," said Laura, and put her arms round him, and clung to his breast. And an Angel of God wandering through the homes of men to bless the loving, blessed them both that night with a blessing that never departed or faded away.

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XXXII. FERMOR'S NEXT MOVE.

Two approaching events were now mildly agitating the society of which Major Carter and Lady Laura Fermor were members. One was the marriage of the major with Mrs. Wrigley, the other, the festival Lady Laura was about to give. In conversation, the first was despatched with many sneers. Eyebrows were elevated together, with the accuracy of drill, as the subject was introduced. Webster, with his face to his plate and never sacrificing a mouthful to his joke, snapped off his sharp petards, and said he was glad of it, because now their united weight would break down the old chariot. Another time he said suddenly, when he was helping himself to truffles: "Carter and Mrs. Wrigley to be married! Marry a Mogul plum to a stick of cinnamon!" Still there were not a few who growled, and who said "that Carter" was a something lucky fellow, that he had fallen on his legs, that he knew (satanically) well where a good thing was to be got, and how to get it, with more in the same key of approbation.

No wonder the latter was a little elated, the world was "going so pleasantly" with him. He was cleaner and crisper and brighter than before. The moment of his happiness was not ten days off. Lady Laura's festival was a day or two later, which he lamented much. "We shall be miles away," he said, half sadly, "by that time. We shall be at Dover, or perhaps at Calais. I am sorry to miss it; indeed I am." This he said to Fermor, whom he met in Pall-Mall. "The world," he went on, "has been going very well with me; better, indeed, than such an old sinner as I deserve. But the world is an old sinner too, my dear Fermor, and I suppose has some reason."

Fermor was in one of his fits of irritation. During these latter days he was in a strange excitement. He had just come from Miss Manuel's, where he had not been admitted. "Going pleasantly with you?" he said; "it is more than I can say. I am crossed and worried at every turn. Not but that, if I chose, I could be independent of it, and right myself."

The major laughed good humouredly. "We poor genteel paupers must take what comes in our way, and be glad. But, my dear boy, to hear *you* railing at the world, with a goose full of golden eggs at home—ha! ha!—and yourself in the best society; and that charming piquant Mrs. Fermor (I am an old fellow, you know, and may speak), why really——"

Fermor bit his lips several times before he could speak. "Charming and piquant!" he said, scornfully. "O, of course."

"I declare I am so grieved," went on the major, "at having to go, and at not being able to see her. She will make a genuine sensation. Mark, I say so—a succès éclatante."

"Sensation! where?" said Fermor, absently.

"In the tableaux at Lady Laura's. That rough fellow, Romaine, is at work night and day organising it."

Fermor stopped short in the street and looked at the other. "Who told you this?" he said.

"The world," said the major. "The town.

Ah! my dear friend, I see! A little secret from the husband. A surprise on the night itself."

"This is monstrous! this is outrageous," he muttered.

The major's face suddenly altered. "Forgive me," he said; "I speak of these things too lightly. I did not mean it. Seriously, I am sorry about it. We are old friends, and I am an 'old boy,' as they call me, so you won't mind me. But you know these young creatures are always a little giddy, until they settle down."

"What am I to do?" asked Fermor, walking on. "I think I shall go straight to that ruffian's house, and strike him across the face. I should like to mark him. His insolence is unendurable."

"He is overbearing," said the major, warmly, "and a low fellow. But, my dear Fermor, you must not do anything extravagant. There is really no harm in the business."

"No harm," said Fermor, fiercely, "in being talked of by the low gossips of the town, and being pointed at, and shrugged at? I won't stand it. I am putting up with too much. Everybody thinks they can treat me as they please. I tell you, since this marriage of mine, I have never had a day's comfort, and I believe I have to thank you and other good friends for it."

"Don't say that," said the major, calmly. "I



think you do me injustice. A little reflection will show that you do. I put myself a good deal out of my way to help in that business; and, do you know, I trace a chronic rheumatism I have in this left arm to that cold night's journey up to London!"

Fermor was a little ashamed. "I know," he said, "and of course I did not mean—but it would have been better, after all, to have kept to that poor girl. She would have adored me, I believe, and would have made me very happy."

The major shook his head.

"Never would have done," he said. "That you know yourself. All very well for the romantic part; but otherwise——"

"Well, otherwise," said Fermor, impatiently. "Why not?"

"Society, I mean," said the major. "There's the droll thing of Miss Manuel, with her parties and her followers, and all the world—that is, a certain set of the world—struggling to get to them. But have you ever remarked, no ladies, eh?"

"Yes," said Fermor, "I have. But why not? She does not care for ladies."

"Ah! all very well," said the major, whose face was gradually contracting, and assuming a sharp and malicious expression. "That does to give out, you know. People find these things. She has taken some dislike to me, mainly, I believe, because I did conceive it to be a duty, in that affair of her sister's; and I cannot describe to you the unchristian attempts she has made to injure me. Thanks to Providence, I have been enabled to defeat them without much exertion. But of course I am under no obligation to cushion the thing, and when asked, therefore, I always tell the thing openly."

"But what thing?" said Fermor. "What do you mean?"

"Did I never tell you?" said the major. "No, I believe not. You never heard such a story, such a business altogether. You know I make no profession of being a friend of the Manuels. I always had the one opinion. I am, therefore, under no restraint. Such a disgraceful affair—very bad indeed! Let me see. The old colonel is in town now. We are sure to find him, for he lives all day, and nearly all night, at his club. He would tell you the whole story in half an hour, and would like to tell it."

"And I should like to hear it," said Fermor, bitterly. "The Manuels give themselves great airs, and Miss Manuel, latterly, if she had been a princess, could not behave more haughtily."

"Exactly," said Major Carter, vindictively. "I don't dislike her, though she has injured me; but then I am under no obligation to go out of my way to bolster up her family affairs;" and the major at that moment, thinking of Miss Manuel's persecution of himself, and of his own trouble to defeat it, was actually colouring, and contorted in his face. "I will introduce you to Foley—you would like to know Foley—and he has heard of you."

Major Carter, in a day or two, brought Fermor and Colonel Foley together, the latter of whom had his sherry over again, and his abuse of the servants over again, and his "dammys" over again, and his stories over again.

"Would you believe," said Colonel Foley, winding up his narrative, "not two months ago I was going down a street, and who do you suppose I came full on, going up the steps of a house, but my Scotch doctor—a very old Scotch doctor now, but stiff as ever. I never forget a figure, I can tell you. I picked out a fellow of ours in Liverpool one day, ten years, sir, after he had left us. I did, upon my soul! It's all eye—every bit of it eye. And, sir, I went up straight to my Scotch doctor, and dammy if he didn't pretend not to know me!"

"Ha! very good," said the major, "very good indeed! Of course, naturally."

"Of course, naturally!" said the colonel, suddenly illuminating his Bologna cheeks with interior rage. "And wasn't it good of me to notice such a disreputable old broken-down scamp as that? He had his key in the latch, and he looked round at me with the most natural air in the world, and said something about 'having the advantage of him.' 'Advantage!' I said to him, 'By Jove, yes! and so had Manuel—a pretty good deal, I should say. You recollect those times, doctor?' A good hit, I say, but he brought it on himself—dammy!" This strengthening tonic for the sentence he added after a short pause, as if he was a little doubtful about the propriety of his conduct; but it quite reassured him. "About more sherry—I don't know—what d'ye say?" This he addressed, as it were, with the pressure of hospitality, as though he had been treating handsomely all round, and all the time.

When they were in the street the major found that he had forgotten one of his gloves in his "old stupid way." "Just like me," he said, and went back, hastily. He had left his glove, but as he took it, he said to the colonel carelessly, "Where was it that you met that doctor?"

The other told him. "Clarges-street—didn't I say so?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. And on the right hand side, you said, too."

"Yes," said the colonel, gruffly.

The major joined his friend, and put his arm in his. "A most curious bit of history," he said; "just like a romance. But you see it bears out a little what I said."

Fermor's mind was on another view of the case. "So she dares to treat me in this lofty way. I can bring her to her senses now. This will level her a little."

"And that doctor, that stiff, grim, iron-looking doctor," said the major, in a ruminating way, "with the daughter, now of course grown up, whom the colonel met in Clarges-street."

"Clarges-street," said Fermor, starting. "I wonder! Good gracious! such an idea occurs to me! Why, it *must* be the same."



"The same!" said the major, in astonishment. "Yes, of course," said Fermor; "it quite tallies. The description—everything."

"I don't follow," said the major, hopelessly.

"Don't you see," said Fermor, impatiently, "it is he—that Woodward is Carlay. Everything corresponds; I see it all. But I am not sorry. I am *not* indeed. We must make more of this," he added, excitedly, "and find more out."

"Good gracious!" said the major, in unfeigned astonishment, "how you put two and two together. Wonderful! Wonderful!"

"I can see my way," said the other, with the old air of superiority. "But I am glad of it, very glad of it. They fancy they have me in their power. But I have *them*."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII. A WARNING ON A DOOR-STEP.

DURING these days Miss Manuel, in a strange state of mind, felt herself drawn in the smooth current on to the rapids. She seemed to be catching at the branches and stones as they passed her. It was of no avail. She went abroad to the shows and amusements, not from any love of such attractions, but because they might offer opportunities of undoing her fatal work. But it was going on too surely and rapidly. Once during these days she met Mrs. Fermor, and, with a wistful and imploring look, ran to her. But, trembling and flushed, the other turned from her. Much oftener she met her with Mr. Romaine—Romaine the Victorious. Him, at some ball or theatre one night, she caught hold of and talked to hurriedly.

"What do you mean to do?" said she. "How is this to end?"

"How can I tell?" he said, calmly. "You know me sufficiently by this time to guess that what I mean to-day may not be what I mean to-morrow. But this I am certain of: what I feel at this moment to that young girl."

"But you have conscience—you have honour," said she, almost frantically. "I cannot believe that you would go so far——"

"Ah, yes!" he said. "That is not the difficulty. I don't care to boast, but I have lived stormily—according to the odd French expression, have had a *jeunesse orageuse*. I could count on my fingers certainly three or four instances nearly the same, and I knew what I meant then, and how far I intended to go. Apply that to the present instance. I am a hard, cold, selfish being, I confess it. For years I have not known what it is to live or love. Now, when I feel the rays of the sun upon me, you would push me into shade. Nonsense. My dear Miss Manuel, you are laughing at me—behind your cards—behind your fan. You threw down a clever challenge; you are beaten, and now you want to try another system. It will not do. I have but one thing in my head now, and I shall follow it out to the last, as I have done everything else in my life."

She almost groaned. "O, Heaven help me, and forgive me! Heaven help *her*, as indeed it will!" But her rash purpose was being worked out without her, and in spite of her: the old wrong would find a punishment for itself, and would be, indeed, Never Forgotten.

These were weary miserable days. She lay under a load of remorse. All the time her strange brother kept her under his eye suspiciously. "What is this change?" he said. "You do not see people. Why do you not let them come? Why do you not see him as you used to do? Take care, Pauline; I am getting tired. I don't follow these fine schemes of yours." She felt that she dare not tell him what she knew, or dream even of changing his purpose; so she could only plead for delay, for a little longer time. "A week or two more," she said, "and you shall see. I conjure you do nothing of yourself. You promised, you know, to leave all to me."

"Ah, Romaine," said he, with some satisfaction, "*he* is doing his work. You have managed that well. I must give you so much credit. But Fermor, the guilty miserable creature, we are far too slow with him. I cannot bring my eyes to look at him when we meet. I find this growing on me every day. He is a standing reproach to me. You remember what you called him that night, when *she* was still in the house—a *murderer*. It was the exact description, and now, go where I will, by night or by day, I always have him present to me as a murderer."

Miss Manuel groaned to herself, and covered up her face. She was thinking how every step had plunged her deeper; every move had been but too fatally calculated to prevent her going back. The only course now was to prevent this wild excitable brother from taking things into his own hands; and she therefore, with a desperate hypocrisy, conjured, implored him to leave *all* to her.

But all this time there was a great manly heart bound up in the Manuel family by all the ties of strong grief, and tender regrets, and softest associations, and whose state was as miserable as that of Pauline herself. The tones and colouring of the younger Hanbury had faded with that deep trial and the schooling of rough travel; the old dream of the goodness of all men, and the unsuspecting trust, which at times looks like folly, had been scorched out. A graver, sadder, and more practical Hanbury had come home. Now it seemed to him that old wounds were opened afresh. Yet he knew not how to meet the evil. At devising he had no skill; yet one evening, relying on his own honest instincts for assistance, he thought he would go straight to the bright impulsive little woman, whom he always looked at with a strange sad interest, from her having stepped into the place of one he could never forget.

He was coming down the street, when he saw Romaine standing on the steps, looking in his



direction. Romaine waited for him. "My good Hanbury," he said, "I have an instinct you are coming in here. Am I right? I thought so. Now, what can you want in this galley? I give you fair notice I am come for a private audience, and you will only be in the way."

Hanbury said to him, sadly, "Ah! why do you come here? It is not prudent nor right. Surely you, who are in the world, know how the world talks. I know I have no title to speak to you, but——"

"Well," said Romaine, "you have saved me from some embarrassment by that speech; some such misty notion was in my head, but I was too polite to utter it. Seriously, my good friend Hanbury, what are you at on hall-door steps? Only that I know you to be a good sort of well-meaning fellow that intends no harm, why really I should be inclined to——" and he nodded his head significantly. "But the point now is, I am going in here, and I trust you will have the good taste not to come in too."

"I say again," said Hanbury, firmly, "this should not go on. It is unworthy of you, Romaine—unworthy of any man of honour, especially when you know the state of things in this house. Come away with me down, and let us talk over it quietly. Come."

The look of calm insolence that Romaine gave him was unsurpassed. "I am beginning to understand you, Mr. Hanbury; and it is time that you should understand me. Let me remind you that our acquaintance does not quite warrant this tone of confidential remonstrance. I once 'went out,' as it is called, with a benevolent Frenchman—a religious man too—for a similar friendly remonstrance, which, not being a friend, he had no business to make. You understand. Religious man as he was, he *did* meet me, and recollected it well afterwards."

"This sort of tone has no effect on me," said Hanbury; "I have been in situations where I have shown no regard for life. It has often been a burden to me. I want no quarrel with you; but I tell you plainly, this must not go on!"

"This is far more rational," said Romaine, good humouredly; "much better than the platitudes you began with. Now, I tell you it *shall* go on. That is, I shall take no interference."

"I shall find means," said Hanbury, looking up, "never fear! Too many hearts are interested in this young creature, to let her be lost without an effort."

"Ah!" said Romaine, "*now* we have it all. The good, faithful, well-meaning friend has let it out! Well, go back to your employer, Mr. Hanbury, and tell her from me that it will not do. It has failed, and *will* fail. Her own persuasion was of no use, and intimidation will turn out equally profitable. There!" and he rang the bell. "I am quite serious in this! Look you, I shall be interfered with by no woman, and certainly by no man. Mind! And as you are a friend of the family, perhaps you will

hint to them that if *this* becomes a matter of serious interference with my affairs, it may turn out rather a dangerous game for *them*! I know a good deal about most families, and what most families would not wish to be known! Just hint that to your friend, and, if you can recollect them, in those words. There!"

"Then," said John Hanbury, slowly, "you have quite decided you will do nothing?"

"Quite, my dear friend," he said, smiling; "you, at last, understand me, I see."

"What could that heavy creature mean," thought Mr. Romaine. "He had a mulish look as he went away. I think he hinted that he would try and give me trouble. Dumpkoff, as the Germans say: a regular dumpkoff. Confound him!" he said, suddenly, "if he attempts any of his high moral interference with me, or, in his clumsy way, tries to give me any annoyance, I shall just *dash* his big figure into a pulp. Clumsy clown! I wonder I listened to his prosy rubbish so long!"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV. MR. ROMAINE AND HIS "NET."

THAT afternoon the little lady was keeping a lonely watch in her drawing-room. Since her marriage, her grim father had felt that he was not the same company for her that he was of old. Perhaps he did not like to chill her new existence—which had now, he supposed, been bound up with youth and pleasure—with the frost of age.

In all concerning her he had a sensitive delicacy. She took it, that he had devoted himself so long to her interests as a sort of sacrifice, and now that she had found a more suitable companion, was glad to be restored to his books. She was sitting there alone, neither reading nor writing, nor working, but simply thinking. Now in a hopeless dejection; now lashing her little soul into fury, with dwelling on what she thought her wrongs. She was determined to die sooner than "give in." Her dress—the dress of Laura—which she was to play to Mr. Romaine's Petrarch had come home not an hour ago, and lay upon a sofa near her. Madame Gay, who had come in person to see the effect, and to lay on "a touch" here and there, was in French ecstasies at the result. It was magnificent, divine, "ravishing." Madame took away the light out of her eyes! "And monsieur—Monsieur Romaine"—added Madame Gay, with a "fin" air, and a recollection of her Paris training—"how *he* will be pleased!"

Mrs. Fermor coloured. She was not skilful at the right reply or at the right manner. "He has brought this humiliation on me!" she thought. "He exposes me to the remarks of such people as these."

Madame Gay saw the blush, and still following her Paris instincts, took it for a blush of pleasure.

"Ah," she went on, "such a gay, gallant gentleman, and he admires madame so. Il



souffre. I know it well. Mon Dieu! comme il souffre."

Mrs. Fermor turned on her with flashing eyes.

"What do you mean?" she said. "You forget yourself. I don't want to hear such things. How dare you?" and she stamped her foot angrily.

Madame Gay was contrite and deeply penitent. "Elle me boudait," she said afterwards, telling the story to a lady of her own country. "Ciel! comme elle me boudait. But all the time elle s'y prenait bien, voyez vous. She is a charming little coquaine."

Presently the Frenchwoman, accepting this indignation as an invitation, came back to the subject.

"If I dared," she said, "if madame would not be angry, I would tell her a little secret about this very dress. I will tell it in a little whisper. It is all paid for, M. Fairmore——"

With doubt and eagerness and pleasure in her eyes, Mrs. Fermor turned round hastily. "Yes," she said; "go on. Tell me quick!"

Under the rich material of Laura's dress a little reproach was working.

"M. Fairmore is not to know a word," went on Madame Gay, with mystery. "It is a cadeau, a surprise from a true chevalier."

"Take it off, take it off!" said Mrs. Fermor, hurriedly; "quick, quick! Don't lose a moment;" and, to the astonishment of the Paris lady, she began tearing at the rich laces and ribbons of Laura's dress.

"Madame will destroy it all," said Madame Gay, distractedly, catching her arms. "Take care, for the love of God! There, that is better."

"Go away," said Mrs. Fermor, distractedly; "leave this house. Never come here again. Don't pay me any of your horrible compliments."

"Madame is ill," said the Frenchwoman, calmly. "Here is the eau-de-Cologne. I shall come to-morrow evening at the same hour."

When she was gone, Mrs. Fermor threw herself back in deep affliction. "He has brought this on me," she said; "my name will be in everybody's mouth. This dreadful woman will go round and tell her fine ladies! I shall be spoken of, pointed at, and I have no one to help or advise me. No, no, not one." Then she started up suddenly: "If the world thinks so—let it think so. It will wring his heart. He will know too late what he has lost. He is sensitive about being pointed at; so am I. When he shall see me admired, with all the world at my feet, with the great and the noble worshipping, he will, perhaps, regret what he has lost." She walked to her glass. Laura's dress became her wonderfully. The excitement in her eyes and cheeks became her yet more. She walked before her glass. "It will do," she said.

"Indeed it will do," said a voice at the

door; "it is superb and dazzling. Petrarch admires!"

"Go away," said she, in a frightened voice, going to the other room. "Why do you come here at this time? You should not—you know you should not. Go away quickly, I implore of you."

"If you act like that on *the night*," said Mr. Romaine, placing a chair for himself in the middle of the room, "it will be the success of the season."

"You must go," she said, more excitedly, "or I shall ring, and send for some one."

"Hush!" he said, rising. "I am sure you are too sensible to make a noise, or bring in people from the streets, or anything of that sort. No, no. Listen to me. I heard that the dress was to be home at this hour, and merely looked in to see the effect. I have seen it, and am going. There."

"Ah! the dress. Yes," said Mrs. Fermor, more excited still. "I shall never put it on again," repeated Mrs. Fermor, passionately.

"That would be foolish," said he, calmly, "at now three-quarters past the eleventh hour. I had no idea the effect would be so good. Let us be rational. You are displeased, and I believe you are right. I am hasty sometimes. I shall go and get my money back from that French creature, and you shall pay her." This was reasonable, and Mrs. Fermor had no answer ready. He went on: "A charming dress—(I am really going now). And my design, recollect. Why, that wandering husband of yours, when he sees you in it, will go down on his knees like a prodigal. I know these Orsons well. He will be your slave for the rest of his life. I have known many cases. Do you see my plan? Isn't it wonderful, in a wild ogre like me. But I want to do a little good before I die."

Mrs. Fermor sighed, and shook her head. "I don't know whether to believe you or not. I can trust no one now. He is too fond of the world," she said, "and I am too prosy for him."

"You talk of his indifference," he said, and went walking up and down. "I don't believe it. He is acting a part; I know it. He is burning to love you, but his cursed pride is in the way. Else he must be the stupidest, vilest, most insensible block that ever came into this world. Else he has dull eyes. Else he is a mere savage and brute beast. Else he is so wrapped up in his own vanity and selfishness—his own utter heartlessness——"

"Mr. Romaine!" said she.

"No, my dear Mrs. Fermor," said he, in another voice, "trust me, a man of the world. You will see a marvellous change after *the night*. I am like the man on the branch sawing it away stupidly. Under the new régime I shall be turned out, never admitted again. That I expect. It is always the case with me. I believe I must be going to die, I am getting so good. All my friends are cutting me. Good night."



He went away at once—went away singing and beating the rails down the street with his stick. “Poor little soul!” he said; “how she lets the net wrap round and round her again.”

### HOW THE BANK CAME TO GRIEF.

New institutions generally work well at first, just as new brooms are said to sweep clean. Our bank\* was no exception to the rule. About two months after the shares were allotted, we moved out of our temporary offices, and commenced business in premises which had been hired and fitted up for our use. Nothing could be smarter than our desks, counters, brass rails, and new ledgers; nothing more grave and business-like than our cashiers; nothing more imposing than our board-room, with its large table and fourteen easy-chairs; nothing more overpoweringly respectable than our two semi-livery dressed messengers. The very sight of our piles of new cheque-books—numbered, lettered, and stamped—or of our heaps of new white calf-bound pass-books, ought to have given even a South Sea Islander an uncontrollable desire to open a current account, had he come into our office. As I gazed upon these triumphs over past difficulties—these incontestable evidences that out of nothing not a little had been made—I could hardly help wondering that the passers-by—as they read upon the brass plates of our doors that within those walls THE GRAND FINANCIAL AND CREDIT BANK OF EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND AUSTRALIA (LIMITED), lived and moved and had its being—did not rush in, and beg to do business with us.

At first we certainly got many constituents, some—but by no means the majority—of whom were respectable, and kept balances more or less large in our bank. Most of these new accounts were brought in by our different directors, each of whom made it a point to ask his friends to give the new concern a helping hand. As a matter of course, a number of accounts that were neither respectable as to the character of those who opened them, nor in any way worth having in a pecuniary sense, were brought to us. A new bank can hardly—or at any rate the managers of these young institutions seldom, if ever, have the courage to—reject any accounts, and we were no exception to this rule. “Get accounts, good ones if you can, but in any case get them,” seems to be the maxim of all managers of new banks. Thus, often an individual on the verge of insolvency would come to us, simply because his own—some older—bank had plainly intimated that they did not think his account worth keeping, and would feel obliged if he would withdraw the small balance, if any, that stood to his credit in their books. He would make a great show of opening an account with us,

paying in fifty, eighty, or one hundred pounds to begin with, but rapidly diminishing his balance by frequent cheques, until at last came one, which from the credit removed his balance to the debit side of our books. Overdrawn cheques were not refused payment, because our manager was afraid of offending new customers, and hoped as times went on that matters would mend. Managers of young banks like to be able to say at each weekly board meeting, that during the last seven days there have been ten, twenty, or thirty new accounts opened, and the directors but too often take this as a criterion of business done, without inquiring who are the new customers, or what are the balances they intend keeping to their credit. However, some of our new accounts soon showed themselves to be of a nature which even the manager of our bank could not stand. One I remember particularly. The man who opened it paid in four hundred pounds on the Monday, and during the next two days made several payments to his credit of ten, twenty, and thirty pounds each, giving at the same time a number of cheques against his account. Our cashier saw that although large amounts were paid out of this account, a good deal was paid into the credit of the customer, and therefore believed him to be in a large way of business. One day, about a fortnight after the account was opened, there stood but two or three pounds to the credit side of this gentleman's balance, when late in the afternoon he paid in a crossed cheque for five hundred pounds, drawn by another man, upon one of the West-end private banks. As our establishment was much too young to belong to the Clearing-house, we had to pass in the crossed cheque to the bank where we kept our account, in order to have it cleared, and therefore could not know until next day whether the cheque was paid. In the mean time—believing that it would be duly paid—the ledger-keeper had passed the cheque to the credit of our customer, which was just what the latter had calculated upon. Some hours before we could know whether the cheque would be paid or not, an open cheque for four hundred and fifty pounds from our client was presented and paid over our counter, and from that day to this our highly respectable client has never been heard of. I need hardly say, that in due time—a few hours after his own cheque had been paid by us—the crossed cheque he had given us for five hundred pounds was sent back, with the letters “N. S.”\* written upon it, was returned to us, and thus our customer made in the space of a few days exactly four hundred and fifty pounds by his little speculation.

This was the largest, but by no means the only, loss we had in the item of customers' balances during the first two months after we commenced business. In the discount department, however, our misfortunes were on a very much greater scale, and although our manager

\* See “How we Floated the Bank,” vol. xii., page 493.

\* “N. S.,” meaning “not sufficient funds to meet the draft.”



had been many years in business in London, he appeared to be made a victim by every one who wanted to exchange worthless paper for hard sovereigns or crisp bank-notes. Here I would say a word respecting the general opinion that bank managers are invariably to blame for the bad bills discounted by the establishments they govern. This, although true in theory, is a mistake as to practice. In most instances—in almost every case when a bank is young, and very often when it is old—all heavy discounts made are to parties introduced by individual directors, and cannot, therefore, be well refused by the manager. It was so in our case. Nearly all, I may say all, our large mercantile discount accounts were introduced by Mr. Francatello,\* a Levantine commission agent, who was one of our directors, and it was, therefore, almost impossible for our manager to refuse discounting bills, the goodness of which was vouched for, and in many cases endorsed, by one of the board, one of his masters. It was—afterwards, when too late, as is generally the case—found out that this same Mr. Francatello was himself largely engaged in the discount of indifferent and bad paper. That is to say, he would take the bills of foreign and other merchants, who were in a very small way of business—bills that no respectable bill-broker, or no bank of any standing would so much as look at—and discount them at say ten or twelve per cent, whilst he endorsed them and re-discounted them at our bank at four or five per cent, thus making a clear four or five per cent by the mere act of writing his name across the back of a bill.

So long as the commercial barometer marked “set fair,” this little game of “heads I win, tails you lose,” was an exceedingly pleasant one to our Levantine director. He had accepted office in our bank for the sake of carrying out his own views, he had been paid some four or five hundred pounds for joining our direction, and could lose nothing by his speculations, because, as I said in my previous paper,† he had nothing whatever to lose. If the fine commercial weather lasted, he was safe to make money. The questionable paper of his foreign and other friends would be sure to be met, and if the mercantile glass fell, and the paper he had discounted at our bank came back upon him, he had only, as the Yankees say, to “crack up” and start afresh: in other words, three or four ten-pound notes, a clever solicitor, a good accountant, and the Court that works in Basinghall-street, would act as a wet sponge, and wipe out the score he had run up on the slate of our unfortunate bank.

Mr. Francatello was not the only one of our directors who managed to make his seat at the board a means of profit. By the hands of Mr. Spencer and of Colonel Frost came the military, and through Mr. May the legal, paper to be discounted. The first of these—the military stamped paper—was less pretending as

to its soundness, less hypocritical as to the probability of its being paid, but much more—theoretically—profitable as to its rates of interest, than any other class of bills brought to us. These little documents had their peculiar characteristics. They were always drawn in even sums—thirty, forty, fifty, or one hundred pounds each—and invariably for the full amount which the stamps on which they were written would bear. There was no sham of odd shillings and odd pence being tacked on to the end of the pounds, to give them a commercial air. They were wholly, solely, and altogether, “accommodation” bills, but they had the honesty to avow their character openly. They were generally drawn by one military man—say “G. H. Tomkins, Lieutenant in the 110th Regiment,” at Aldershot—upon another—say “F. A. Jones, Captain in the 23rd Hussars,” at Dublin. And so sure as the bill of Tomkins upon Jones was brought to us upon the Monday, as certain before the Saturday night would that of Jones upon Tomkins be offered to us for discount. The parties who brought us this kind of paper were two of our directors, Colonel Frost and Mr. Spencer—chiefly the former, who—as we found out later—derived the main part of what little income he had by “fouting” for West-end military and other bill discounters, gentlemen who do business chiefly in the sixty per cent line. When these bills were offered to our manager, they were invariably said, by those who brought them, to be both drawn and accepted by officers in the army of “large private fortunes, sir.” But when the paper arrived at maturity, it was generally found that the drawer had sailed for the Cape or for India, whilst the acceptor had probably sold out, or gone on half-pay, or was otherwise returned as *non est inventus*. If the manager could get paper of this kind renewed, happy was he; but, as a general rule, he had to hand it over to our solicitor, who charged—either the bank, or the non-paying acceptor, or the drawer of the bill, or perhaps all three—six and eightpence for each letter he wrote, and then began the game of serving writs, so that in the end if our shareholders lost, why somebody else made, money, and therefore it would be unfair to complain, for what more would you have? And then were not the—imaginary—profits great? Were these bills not discounted at forty, fifty, and sixty per cent? It is true that a large commission was given to those who brought them to us, but still, after all said and done, the bank stood to gain at the rate of forty or fifty per cent per annum—provided the bills were paid, which they seldom or never were. Forty or fifty! Why, I remember one bill drawn by an ex-Lifeguardsman, and accepted by a gentleman who was then—but is no longer—in the Foot Guards. It was drawn for one hundred pounds at two months after date. For this little document the bank gave seventy pounds, or, in other words, charged interest at the rate of one hundred and eighty per cent per annum!

There were also what I may call the legal bills,

\* See page 496, volume xii.

† See “How we Floated the Bank,” page 493, volume xii.



which our director, Mr. H. B. May, or else his brother, who was our Solicitor, brought us. I call these documents "legal" merely because they professed to arise from law transactions, and not on account of their being in any way more lawful tender or more "safe" to discount, than any other kind of the worthless paper offered to, and discounted by, our bank. The origin of these bills was generally complicated, and always curious. For instance, the friends of some clergyman wished to purchase an advowson for him, or, more truthfully speaking, some clergyman wished to purchase an advowson for himself, in the name of his friends. Let us say that the sum required was three thousand pounds, and of this the intending purchaser was minus five hundred pounds. He would go to his solicitor, and, through some complicated method of giving that individual a lien upon the advowson, as well as of insuring his life and assigning the policy to the lawyer, get the latter to discount his note of hand for the five hundred pounds, which note of hand was to be renewed again and again on payment of a certain commission. For this discount the solicitor generally charged his client about ten to twelve per cent, and then re-discounted the document at the bank for five or six per cent, thus making a clear profit of five or six per cent, and having all the time the use of his money. If the client paid the notes of hand at maturity, well; if he did not, the bank had to ask payment of the solicitor, who either compromised the matter, or obtained time, or otherwise had matters "made pleasant" for him. The bank could hardly sue its own legal adviser, and therefore, as is usual under such circumstances, the unfortunate shareholders were the sufferers.

I have said that so long as the commercial wind was fair, our director, Mr. Francatello, carried on his little game of discounting at ten or twelve per cent, and re-discounting at five or six, with both pleasure and profit to himself. Nor did he hide these good things from others. He introduced to the bank a host of friends, all so called "mercantile" men, who opened accounts with us, and "did" largely in the discount way. These gentlemen were chiefly foreigners, mostly descendants of the ancient Hellenic race. The bills they brought us were pretty uniform in character. The house of Bravetti and Co., of Odessa, would draw for seven hundred and four pounds ten shillings and eightpence, at three months after date, upon Bravetti Brothers, of London, in favour of Ramonda and Company, also of London. Of course the bill would be duly accepted, and would then be brought to us for discount. If matters went right—if no storm arose—the bill would be duly provided for, at maturity, by the London house drawing upon the Odessa firm, and getting the draft discounted. Had matters been sifted, it would probably have been found that Bravetti and Co., and Bravetti Brothers, were one and the same people, and that if the one house failed the other was pretty safe to follow suit. If we had merely discounted a few such bills—here a few

hundred pounds and there a thousand or two—it would not have been so serious a matter; but when our bill case began to fill with similar documents, and still more when, in order to keep in funds, the bank had to endorse and re-discount nearly all this paper, matters commenced to look alarming, and the directors began to feel that the foundation of the house was built on sand. The military, West-end, legal, and "sundry," bills might amount to some hundreds of pounds—a couple of thousands would have nearly paid them all—but the "commercial" paper which had been brought us by Mr. Francatello and his friends was a very large item indeed, insomuch that nearly the whole paid-up capital of the bank was seriously compromised.

It may be asked what our directors were about that they allowed the tide to rise so high before becoming aware of the danger they were in? The answer to this is the old tale, often told, and yet—it is to be feared—often to be told again. Of our eight directors four took little or no practical interest in the bank. Mr. Dant had joined the bank for the sole purpose of obtaining the secretaryship for me, his nephew. Mr. Dant's two friends, General Fance and Mr. Westman, had joined the direction to please Mr. Dant, and thought that, by showing themselves from time to time in the board-room, they would perform all the duty required of them. These gentlemen put entire trust in the manager, who, in his turn, was almost entirely controlled by the directors interested in getting bills discounted. Mr. Everett, another director, lived far from London, and never came near the bank oftener than once in six, eight, or ten weeks, when he had not time to look minutely into everything that had been done in his absence. As a general rule, shortly after we began business, there were seldom more than three directors present at the weekly board meetings, and these were generally the same individuals, Messrs. Francatello, Spencer, and Colonel Frost, all three of whom were more or less interested in obtaining accommodation from the concern, seeing that they could not get it elsewhere, and that if they—more particularly the first-named, and the various friends he had introduced to the bank—stopped payment, it was not unlikely that the bank would stop also. To keep the establishment going, they had to keep themselves afloat, and to do this they had to use freely both the funds and the credit of the bank; in fact, after a time matters became so that these three, the only directors who took any active share in the management of the concern, were employed day after day in propping up their own credit and that of those persons whom they had introduced to discount in the bank.

Just about this time another circumstance occurred which helped greatly to hasten our fall. I have mentioned in my previous paper that the promoter of the company was Mr. May, who was also our solicitor. I have also said how this gentleman got five thousand pounds for his share of the promotion money, out of which he



was to qualify the other directors for their seats upon the board. These qualifications were to have been paid in "money or shares," according to the terms of the undertaking with which each director was furnished by the promoter. Had the value of the shares risen—or even if they had been maintained at par—the directors would have been happy to accept the value of what they had to receive in this security. But it so happened that, in the City, rumours had got abroad respecting the rash, speculative—and even worse—nature of our business, and so our shares were unsaleable, save at an immense discount. The directors then stuck to the letter of their contract, and determined to receive their qualifications in money, and in money only. To this our promoter objected. Was he to give a hundred pounds for what he could obtain for fifty? Our shares would only cost him one-half of the amount he had to disburse, for they were at a discount of fifty per cent, or even more. On the other hand, the directors said, why should they receive as a hundred pounds what they could only sell for fifty? Thus disputes entered into the board-room, and set the directors by the ears. Some of these gentlemen had been "squared" by our promoter, in order that they might by a majority carry the proposition which had been put before them respecting the payment of their qualifications in shares instead of money. Unfortunately for himself, as well as for the prospects of peace in our board-room, Mr. May had overreached himself. In "squaring" certain of the directors he had not made use of money, but had given undertakings to pay certain sums by a given day. These undertakings he had not fulfilled, and of course those who had received them—and some of the directors, being more or less needy, had endorsed them to third parties as security for money borrowed or otherwise owing—were not a little angry at faith not being kept with them. One or two of the directors then resigned their seats at the board, and this fact getting abroad made our position in the City all the more shaky. Our manager declared that he had the greatest possible difficulty in getting any of the bills which he had taken re-discounted at any of the banks or discount houses. More than one of the few good customers we had, quietly withdrew their accounts from the bank. Occasionally, if a heavy payment had to be made, there was a want of cash in the till, and parties had to leave notices of drafts, and even sometimes of cheques. In short, things looked altogether so bad, that the three gentlemen whom I had brought on the direction resigned their seats, nor could I in conscience request them not to do so, although they were the only friends I had on the board, and their absence greatly altered my position for the worse in the office.

Even at this stage of our affairs there was time to save the bank; and if such of our directors as were left, had been honest and solvent men, the concern might yet have pulled through. But your true joint-stock company-monger can do nothing in a straightforward

manner, or rather he can—or does, which comes to the same thing—do nothing without having what in his slang he calls his "pull" out of the affair. Tottering as our bank was, a wealthy well-known City merchant, of the very highest respectability, offered to join the direction, provided the present board, as well as the solicitor, resigned, and six friends of his own—all men of some standing in the mercantile world—together with six more gentlemen, who were to be selected by the shareholders at large, joined him in the direction. To this, three of the four directors left of our present board agreed, on certain conditions; these conditions being that each of them should receive two thousand pounds in hard cash, as compensation for the loss of his seat at the board. The fourth director, Mr. May, as well as his brother, the solicitor, altogether declined to resign, but intimated that they had no objection whatever to serve with the new board. To this the gentleman who had offered to re-establish our credit, objected, and at once withdrew his proposition. So the proposition fell through, and was no more thought of.

To make matters worse, commercial matters throughout England began just at this time to look very queer indeed. More than one of the firms whose bills we had discounted to a large amount, and had then re-discounted at other banks, failed, and we had at once to find money for these engagements. To meet these and other liabilities, a call of five pounds per share was made upon the shareholders, and, wonderful to say, the call was at first pretty well responded to. In the course of a fortnight, some ten or twelve thousand pounds were paid into the bank, and served to stave off the evil day for a time. But the commercial crisis got worse instead of better. Some of our shareholders wanted to realise upon their shares, but found it impossible to do so, unless at a loss of something like seventy-five per cent. Many sold at this price, rather than risk losing the whole, and as these sales were very soon known, the value of our stock became still more depreciated. Our directors held on bravely for a time, knowing that their case was all but desperate. As the Bank of England's rate of discount went up week after week, our manager's courage went down. Of business we had little or none doing. Mr. Francatello was every day, and all day, in and out of the manager's room. More and more of the paper he had endorsed and discounted with us, kept coming back upon him, and to meet it he had no funds. His brother directors—being themselves very much in the same fix, only in a smaller degree—allowed the amount of these bills to be carried to his debit, in what was called a "Suspense Account," and he allowed the same to be done for the liabilities which came back upon them.

Whilst this was going on, the shareholders began to murmur. The scrip they held had become utterly valueless in the market, and they feared greatly, from what they heard outside, that the bank would go to the bad, and they



would be called on to contribute still further upon their shares. Day by day did we receive letters—letters of indignation and of remonstrance, letters demanding information and demanding explanation—from our shareholders in the country; whilst one or other of those resident in London came daily to the office to ask how matters were going on. It was now that my troubles as secretary commenced. I had to reply to all the letters that came, and see all the indignant shareholders who called. One old gentleman—a Dissenting Clergyman from one of the Eastern Counties—shook his fist in my face, and threatened, if I did not on the spot give him a cheque for five hundred pounds—the amount he had paid up upon fifty shares—he would have me up before what he called “the Lord Mayor and all the aldermen.” I began to feel that my lines had not been cast in pleasant places, and, to avoid all unpleasantness, began to keep out of the office as much as possible. I heartily wished that I had never formed any acquaintance either with Mr. May or “THE GRAND FINANCIAL AND CREDIT BANK.”

At last the beginning of the end came. Mr. Francatello, in spite of every financial scheme and dodge, in both of which he was no mean adept, was obliged to stop payment, and to avoid being provided with free lodgings in Whitecross-street, had to take out his protection in the Bankruptcy Court. By our Articles of Association he could no longer sit at our board as a director, and of the three directors left: one, Colonel T. Frost, found it more convenient to betake himself to the Continent, as he was labouring under a slight suspicion of debt, and had in his pocket more than one slip of paper, on which the first words were “VICTORIA, BY THE GRACE OF GOD.” The only directors now left were Mr. May, brother of our solicitor, and Mr. Spencer—for Mr. Everett, a canny North countryman, who seldom came to London, had left the ship when the first signs of the storm came on. According to our Articles of Association, not fewer than three directors could form a board, thus our vessel was left without any one to direct her, and affairs were brought to a stand-still.

Now commenced a legal race as to who would win the prize of winding up the company in Chancery. Every solicitor who knew any shareholder of the bank, tried to be put in the field; nay, our own Mr. May, the promoter of the company and the very author of its being, tried hard to get the job, which was worth a couple of thousand pounds to the fortunate lawyer who obtained it. I did hear it said in the bank that Mr. May had had the petition to wind us up in Chancery for many weeks in his pocket, and that he only waited for a favourable opportunity to use it, being in the mean time busy getting “undertakings” from others, by which he could make something more out of the concern. But however this was, Mr. May was not fated to kill his own child, for although he tried hard, he did not obtain the winding of us up. There was an indignation meeting

of the shareholders, and they appointed their own solicitor to wind us up, the petition being duly granted by the Vice-Chancellor. In a very short time the shutters of our office ceased to be taken down, and thus ended the history of “THE GRAND FINANCIAL AND CREDIT BANK OF EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND AUSTRALIA (LIMITED).”

### WHAT THE CYCLONE DID AT MASULIPATAM.

MAN has done something towards replenishing the earth, but shamefully little as yet towards subduing it. Where he has it pretty well under control, he is too apt to wear it out, without thought for those who come after. Thus, for instance, in the south of France people have only just found out that one generation has no right to cut down all the woods, and so subject their posterity to destructive floods whenever the rain comes heavily. That's the way man too often deals with the earth where he can manage it—leaves it, like an old cotton-ground in Virginia, worthless for a century or so; or like most of “the Isles of Greece,” so dried up and wholly worked out as to seem doomed to utter barrenness till the day of judgment. The fact is, man must give up coping so incessantly with his fellow-man, and take more to coping with Nature in places where he has hitherto been too submissive. Will man ever get to control the tempest? to regulate the earthquake and the eruption? Surely we may at least hope, some time or other, to know the law of storms so well as to foresee them, and so to be forearmed. We shall do much more than we have done if we go on for the next twenty years at the present rate of discovery. Lieutenant Maury, indeed, has other and wilder work in hand—more's the pity; but Admiral Fitzroy is a little Royal Society in himself, and, if we keep at peace, he may be trusted never to give in till he is able to beat his drum with no uncertain sound ever so many hours before the gale comes on. Look at him, alone, studying to save life, speeding his warnings to the poor Yorkshire fishermen, the heavily-laden colliers, the Mersey fleet ready to sail. He does not take up much room in the newspapers, which are full of the wranglings of Tennant and Whitworth, of “the battle of the guns,” and of talk about “our iron-clads.” Why, if half as much time, and intelligence, and energy, and money, had been spent for the last ten years on the storm question as has been used up for Dahlgrens, and Parrots, and turreted ships, and Monitors, and gun-boats, on both sides of the Atlantic, no doubt by this time we should know a little more about storms than we do, and not our own coast only, but every place where our flag is known would have its barometer and its officer to register observations.

The world is still young in these things. Dr. Humming may fix next year for it to come to an end, and may straightway take a lease of his



house, to show how little he cares, poor dear man, for the things of this perishing scene. But we may make our minds quite easy: the world is not likely to end until men have done a great deal more towards subduing the real giants with whom we were sent here to do battle.

Now all this long preface is a propos of the late great cyclones in India. Not that there has been any neglect of duty there: every one has behaved nobly. But then the standard of duty, though *morally* as high as possible, and admirably acted up to, is not *intelligently* what we may hope it will be when the world grows wiser. If the telegraph clerks at Kedgerie, by the Hooghly mouth, had sent on word to Calcutta the moment they felt the storm, scores of European ships and hundreds of poor native craft might have been saved. But it was not their business to know anything of the law of storms. There was no one to calculate the path of the cyclone (as calculable, they say, as the path of a comet), and so Nature's warning at Kedgerie was unavailing. Again, at Masulipatam, some forty-five thousand people were living mostly on land below the water level, cut off from the sea by a bar which any extraordinary tide must wash over, packed in mud hovels, to which the Devon cob-huts are palaces. No sea wall; no protection. The calamity came. One great wave rushed over the town on the night of last All Saints; and in the morning over ten thousand people were drowned, and a little heap of wet mud marked the position of four houses out of five. Everybody did his duty: the collector, the magistrates, the moonsiffs, were indefatigable; the poor peons (policemen), two-thirds of whom had perished, stood by the magistrates and kept society together; and the native regiment quartered near the place, which lost sixty rank and file and nearly three hundred women and children, is described as having "behaved admirably." Everybody did his duty: but, before another "secular" visitation like this comes round, we shall have felt it to be "our duty" to construct a stout sea wall, and to see that our native subjects build in such a way that *the jail* may not be the only building unhurt, "owing" (naively writes the surgeon of the place) "to the solidity of its outer wall."

These Indian catastrophes are nobody's fault. They are not like the Holmfrith flood, or the Middle Level outburst, or the Sheffield inundation, distinctly traceable to man's folly—to red-tape, or (some say) to the want of it. They are the results of an exceptional season, which, while we here have had such drought as never was known by most living men, gave them a soaking winter in Australia, and then came round to India in fearful storms. Man cannot hinder these things; but he may foresee, and guard against them.

And now for a few notes, from eye-witnesses, about the storm at Masulipatam, which will cost the little, not over-rich, Presidency of Madras something like eleven lacs of revenue, besides expenses.

We can read enough about Calcutta in the papers; this calamity to Southern India has made less noise in England; but the destruction is relatively more terrible; and our accounts are fresh from the spot, so that it will be our fault if they are not interesting.

A good way above Madras, between the Kistna and Godavery, but nearer the former river, stands, or rather stood, the old town of Masulipatam. The whole Coromandel coast is about as bad for ships as any equal length of shore in the world. We have all heard of the Madras surf-boats, and how (till the pier was lately built) ladies and all used to have to land in catamarans, for nothing else would live in such a sea. There is something like a harbour at Masulipatam; and so the Dutch, with an eye to trade, had built a fort there ages ago, about the possession of which the English and French have had many a hard struggle. It is a place of considerable trade; with more than the usual quantum of European officials, and a fairly large Eurasian (i.e. half-caste, or "East Indian") population—for everywhere—but more in Madras than elsewhere, because caste is weaker there—our island pride of blood is giving way, and we are treating native women like human beings, instead of regarding them as a lower race created for our animal gratification. At Masulipatam, Mr. Scott, manager in the superintending engineer's office, and his wife (the bride of a week); Mr. Carr, public works department; and a score of other useful and honourable people, all drowned, were Eurasians; and it is a good sign, showing that we grow in practical Christianity out there, that the white people in Madras interest themselves in the fate of these half-castes, and write about "poor Mrs. Scott;" nay, that the survivors are, along with the Europeans, located at government cost in the Madras hotels till their houses can be rebuilt and the danger of pestilence is over. In estimating these things, we must remember it used to be much harder for an Englishman to be kind to a half-caste than to a "black fellow."

The 31st of October was a bright cool day, refreshing after the great heat and long drought from which the district had been suffering. Next day, light misty rain and west wind. "In my morning drive (writes one) I was strongly reminded of some of our damp warm autumn days at home." Towards evening the gale rose, still from the west. People roped down their verandahs and made all snug for a squally night. About seven P.M. the barometer fell rapidly, and the wind passed round by north to due east, blowing furiously. The magistrate and his assistant determined to sit up and "see it out;" but they had not sat long when, between nine and ten P.M., a native servant rushed in, crying in broken English, "Sea come over us—sea come over us!" "Nonsense," cried the Englishmen; "get along with you." But they are persuaded to go to the verandah, and there, true enough, the water is already surging up to the godown (outer verandah); several natives come up swimming; and the



first act of the magistrate is to haul in two or three half-drowned creatures, and to set a lamp as a beacon to others. In this way ten or twelve are saved; and then the water gets into the house, the chairs begin to float about and block up the staircase; and the whole party, fearing to be cut off, go into the upper rooms; natives praying, crying, and then sleeping; Englishmen getting into a sheltered corner, and then dozing off, too, from sheer exhaustion, to wake just before dawn and find themselves wet through, while the lightning is playing over their heads, the roof having been torn off, fortunately in one piece, while they were asleep. What a scene when the sun rose! nearly three feet of water still over the low ground; corpses everywhere; men and bullocks washed into verandahs, and lying about in "compounds" (grounds round a gentleman's house); the town nowhere; here and there a baked-brick or chunam house standing (mostly roofless) amid the waste. Not a tree spared, except those which (like some palms) yield to the blast. One wave had done it all; but that wave spread so far that a lot of arrack casks were found six miles inland, and was so strong that it lifted up one of the harbour lock-gates and dashed it on a strongly-built house, crushing it like a nutshell. The sepoy's lines were swept down like card-houses; the salt mounds wofully shrunk; the rice in store all damaged, so that every one had to be set to work to crush the husk off the paddy (rice in the hull), of which there was fortunately plenty; and one of the things most urgently called for from head-quarters was a supply of pestles and mortars, that all hands might be kept employed. Then the wells were all sanded up, or spoiled with salt water: only one fit to drink from in the whole place. The Treasury wrecked; all native records and such of the English ditto as were on the lower shelves destroyed; and among the laughable incidents, "the whole stock of stamps, official and postage, swept away;" a fresh supply "urgently requested;" and (the doctor writes) "my case of instruments was found, five days after, full a mile off." Sad stories of European suffering during that wild night: saddest of all, the fate of the little scholars at Mr. Scharkey's Church Mission School for native girls—thirty-five drowned out of fifty. One poor lady, writing "with a thankfully sorrowful heart," tells how she and hers "passed a night of terror, with three feet water in the highest rooms, huddled together on a sideboard, wet (for the roof was off), and the children choking all the time with whooping-cough." In every case Europeans and Eurasians have lost all their clothes and personal effects—no light loss, we can readily understand, to people lately started in official life. Everything in India, too, is one hundred per cent at least above its English price. Yet there is no sign of whining from any but the missionaries. One of these gentlemen from up-country, where they had only wind—though that was bad enough, marking its track, writes a native tahsildar (headman of a district), by levelled crops, and cattle killed by falling

trees or buildings—finds time to groan over "our vegetables which were promising so well, and are now just spoiled;" and "our custard-apples, which are stripped of their fruit and most of their leaves;" and "the Rev. Mr. Darling's arm, which has received some injury, we have not yet heard what." These holy men are often accused by old Indians of a little over-regard for creature-comforts, and surely the reverend writer of the above seems to justify the imputation when he can talk of cabbages and custard-apples, while one-fifth of the people of the Kistna district are dead and four-fifths houseless, while there are thirty-five thousand in Masulipatam who must starve but for the immediate government help. They get cooked rice now, and are paid for burying the dead, and have leave to use up the fallen trees for rebuilding their huts; so that, for the present, they manage to hold out. By-and-by will come the rub, for the crops along the whole seaboard, soaked with brine, will never grow again.

Naturally the first great want was coolies to bury or burn the dead, to unstop the wells, &c. These were soon sent in by the different collectors up the country. The stench is described as terrible (one writer says he rowed up the river; "it was full of corpses"). Fortunately it is winter, but disease is always dreaded for a population constantly at starving-point. The Madras government talked of sending off at once the president, &c., of the Sanitary Board to "take proper measures." Of course they sent tents, disinfectants, food, &c., freighting a steamer which was luckily at hand; promising, too, to remit taxes, and relax "jungle conservancy laws." The collector, who had written for leave to spend thirty thousand rupees, and who apologises for sending his rough draft, being fairly beat after five hours' hard work in the open air, is empowered to do "whatever may suggest itself to him." Immense power these civilians have. A young fellow not seven years from England is found acting as high sheriff and chancellor of the exchequer over a tract as large as Devon. It is an ugly name, "Collector," savouring of John Company's bad old times, but they who answer to it have, on the whole, always nobly sustained the English character for uprightness, and self-restraint, and perfect incorruptibility.

It took twelve days to clear away the worst of the débris, and get rid of the dead men and animals. The immediate neighbourhood could not help much; for the storm was felt full twenty miles inland. At Bunder, for instance, almost the whole police force was killed: further off, in a navvies' village connected with the Kistna ancient works, not a house was left standing. A resident in Nursapur, going into Masulipatam to inquire after some friends, finds the village of Kotha Sāvady entirely swept away. Of a large choultry, where travellers had rested for years, nothing was left but two strong posts with their cross beam, by clinging to which the only two persons who escaped out of all the inhabitants were saved; some of the



heavy brick walls of the choultry had been driven more than a hundred yards by the force of the water. A hundred trees were found broken across within half an acre; and where they were still standing further inland, the weed was hanging in them at nine feet from the ground. Of course, there were, as at Sheffield, marvellous escapes; men swept along for miles, and then landed on trees, to which they were able to cling; houses left standing because they were to leeward of some larger building which gave way. On the water, too, the ruin was great. Boats, coasting and ferry, came to grief in great numbers; of three ships that were in the harbour, two—an Arab and a French ship—broke their moorings, and drove ashore; the third, an English brig, rode out the gale.

All this seems sufficiently common-place to us, just because it is so impossible for us to realise it. Few of us have seen a flood, even in Wales, or the Highlands; in a flat country the effect is worse, because more "unnatural." The writer of this saw "Burton under Trent," and the barrels rolling about like porpoises, and sweeping down the narrow courts; and went about in a boat that memorable Saturday, feeding with loaves stuck on a boat-hook the people in the outlying cottages, who had "dragged their pigs up-stairs to save their bacon." But what is a flood where a few dead pigs, or half a dozen drowned sheep, are an event, compared to one such as we have described? As a speaker said at the Madras Cyclone Relief Fund meeting, it is impossible for the mind to grasp such a calamity; we must *disintegrate* it, and consider what is involved in the loss of one family, and then multiply by thousands. That meeting, by the way, was a great success. A little vexation was felt at the bishop's proposal to give the proceeds of the church collections exclusively to the mission-house; but he corrected his blunder after, and spoke well, and to the point. The Honourable Mr. Holloway called on the rich natives to help; some said they were callous, but he had lived long among them, and knew them better. They have not belied his good opinion. Jeyaram Chetty and Parthasarady Naidoo stand among the honourables on the central committee. Names like Sreenivasadayar, Esq., Runganada Chasttry, Esq., and the Honourable Lutchmenarudu Chetty, have some of the largest number of rupees placed against them. Madrassees cannot vie with the merchant princes of Bombay, where Premchund Roychund gives two thousand five hundred pounds at once to the Calcutta Fund; but they are doing well; and we too are doing well, and the natives will not forget it. It is a pity we can't go out of routine a little, and send Governor Denison and suite to "inspect," and satisfy the Indian love of show and ceremony; but we are doing the substantial part, and we shall have our reward. The natives will see that we are not only just, but generous. We owe them something. There is a deal of Indian money spent in England. Bath and Cheltenham would not be what they are but for the incomes of those retired co-

lonels and lieutenant-generals and ex-collectors. People say your native always expects to be helped; but now for once he has a fair claim. The Masulipatam people are as helpless as the Lancashire mill-hands. Well, we mustn't become political; we have seen what a revolving storm can do along the Coromandel coast. Let us be thankful that there are no cyclones in England; and that our sea walls too are a tolerable protection against such "high tides" as that of which Jean Ingelow sings so sweetly; and which we suppose are due to a fit of sudden fury on the moon's part, or to the sea forgetting for a moment its "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further."

### IN THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

My brother Willie and I were orphans. There was a large family of us once—six children, boys and girls equally divided. We lived, with our parents, in an old house in the country, and had no near neighbours. A desolate place everybody thought it, and I suppose it was so, but I loved it from its being the only home I had ever known, and full of old associations. I'm afraid it was an unwholesome place. It was nestled down deep amid trees and great well-grown evergreens,—splendid evergreens, and so shady in summer; but it is true that they did hold the damp dreadfully; from some of the windows we could stretch out our hands—as children we used to amuse ourselves when it was too wet to go out, by doing so, and plucking the leaves and blossoms. The house, too, from foundation to roof, was hidden by creepers, ivy, and honeysuckle, and roses, all growing so thick that the windows were just peep-holes, and great straggling sprays used to wave across them, and up above the line of the roof cornice. Oh, lovely in summer the roses and the woodbine were! clustering in long trailing masses about the walls, and hanging over the porch, and making shelter for dozens of sparrows' nests. There were, too, great bowery elms and ashes, and one huge walnut-tree almost leant against the house, overhanging a part of it, built as a lean-to; beautiful it looked; but in wet weather, and ours was a very wet part of the country, the perpetual drip, drip of it and the climbers, had a dreary sound; and in the autumn the leaves used to choke up the gutters, and make such floods through the ceilings. Almost all of them were stained by these overflows, and when I was a little child, and used to wake early—the chattering of the sparrows in the greenery about the window often woke me at daylight—or when I was ill, which was not unfrequently the case, I used to lie in my little bed and trace figures and images in those stains. Things laid by for a while got mildewed and mouldy, and some of the rooms, the ones under the walnut-tree, and those to the north, where the laurels and rhododendrons—*such* rhododendrons!—grew close against the walls, were, I must say, sadly dark and cold, and so damp that the paper used to



peel off the walls. The garden and lawn, too, were lovely shady places; but I suppose they, too, may have been somewhat overgrown, for the flowers never thrived there, and the grass was nearly always soppy, and the walks wet and moss-grown.

Whether this had anything to do with it or not—sometimes I fear it may have had, though I feel as if it were treason against the dear old place to say so—we certainly were not a healthy family, nor yet a long-lived one.

My father farmed his land himself; it gave him something to do, he said, and, indeed, if he had not had that, I don't think he would have done anything. I suppose he could not have been called an energetic man; but he was a kind man as ever was, dear father! and never teased or troubled any one about him, but let things take their course. He did not make much of the farming, but as we had enough to live upon comfortably, it did not so much signify. The land was wet and heavy, and wanted such a lot of draining, and the hedges and banks were so thick and high, they took up a deal of space and kept the air and sunshine off the fields. We did not think of those things then in our part of the country, and it's only since I have lived where I do now that I've learnt them. There was generally something the matter with the sheep or the cattle, or the potatoes got the disease, or the hay heated, or the rats got so ahead that they ate up half the corn, and the young ducks and chickens too. Farming—at all events it was so with us—is, I do think, a very unsatisfactory sort of thing; though I took great pleasure in it myself in those days, in the poultry-yard especially, and in rearing the calves, only they would die so often.

However, as I have said, my dear father never took these things much to heart. So long as he could saunter about, seeing to things, and get a day's shooting now and again, and have his nap after dinner, all went smoothly with him.

My mother was just as easy-going as my father. A pretty, fair woman, I remember her, always delicate, and going about the house, or sitting on her sofa with a shawl; a sweet-looking creature, gentle and placid, but with a great dislike to trouble of any kind, or being put out of her way. She seldom left the house, summer or winter, and year by year she got paler and more fragile, and by degrees the little cough I always remember her having, got worse, and used to disturb her at night. The few visitors we saw used to advise her seeing a doctor. But she always replied it was nothing, she would be better when the spring came, or the summer, or whatever the next season might be that was coming. They told her they did not think the place agreed with her; it was so damp; but she only smiled, and said, quietly, "Do you think so?" and thought no more about it. We children, too, thrived no better than the beasts on the farm; and yet I don't think there was any hereditary disease in the family; I never heard of any, at all events. But we grew up slight and pale, and weedy, and were always having

colds, and sore-throats, and croup. The quantity of mustard that was used in plasters was enough, and more than enough, I'm sure, to have served with all the pigs and oxen we ever reared, and as to the currant jelly, there was no end of it.

Then there came a hard winter. Oh well I remember it!

My sister Janey, sweet little blue-eyed thing, the image of mamma, got a terrible cough and pain in her chest, and the usual mustard plaster and currant-jelly water did no good. She got worse and worse, now shivering, now glowing with fever, and at last mamma thought that maybe it would be better to send for a doctor. But when the doctor came, it was too late. She had inflammation of the lungs, and died next day. The doctor said it was very unwise to let us go as we did all the year round, with bare arms and necks and legs, running in and out of the house. But we had always done so, and mamma thought that nonsense; it made children hardy, she said, so no change was made. But by-and-by Roger, the stoutest of us, was taken ill, much in the same way, and before the New Year he went too, and was laid beside Janey. Then mother grew weaker and weaker, and coughed awfully, and could neither sleep nor eat. Ah me, ah me! it breaks my heart to think of that time.

In a word, she was in a consumption before anybody in the house thought there was anything serious the matter. She lingered through the spring and summer, and in the autumn she died. It took my father by surprise, just as much as if her death were sudden. He could not and would not believe he was to lose her. He did what I have since noticed so many people do, watching over the sick-beds of those they love too well to own they must learn to do without them. He took notice of every little favourable symptom, and overlooked every alarming one; he never would go back to remember how much weaker she was than she had been three months ago. If she had a better night, or ate with any appetite, or seemed interested in anything, *that*, he considered, showed a real improvement, while the many bad nights, and the habitual dislike to food and the sad weary listlessness, were mere accidental and passing states. He never recovered the shock of her death; he became a silent, worn, broken-down man, and died two years later.

Within the next seven years Lena and Charlie followed, and there were Willie and I left alone in the old house, without a near relation, or, I may say, an intimate friend in the world.

You may guess if I loved Willie! He was two years younger than I was, and even while the others lived, we two had been dearest of all to each other. Oh, the sweet boy he was! with his soft eyes, and delicate skin, and fine hair, like a child's, always. He was tall and slender, such a willowy figure, and his hands white and transparent, like mamma's. I used to tremble all over if I heard him cough, and often I would wake up in the night, shivering from some horrible dream of his being ill, and going, like



the rest. Sometimes I used to think to myself, maybe it was true the place was not healthy, or that, at all events, it did not suit us. But where to go? How could we two, I a girl of twenty, Willie but eighteen, leave this, our own place, that we had never been away from since we were born, and go out to seek a home in the wide, wide world? Still, was I to see my Willie perish before my eyes, without even an attempt to see if a change might not save him?

So one night, when we were sitting alone and silent over the fire—we seldom talked much, for, as you may suppose, we had rarely much that was new or pleasant to talk about—and I was listening to that drip, drip, that I have said was so dreary, I ventured to open the subject. I took Willie's soft thin hand, and put it against my cheek, and held it there, looking into the fire while I spoke.

"Willie, dear, how it rains."

"It *always* rains, I think," he said.

"Well, I do believe it rains more here than in most other places. I'm afraid it rains too much to be very healthy."

"Oh, there's no harm in the rain, if it wasn't so dreary."

"But sometimes I'm afraid there *is* harm in it, and in the damp. I do think it hasn't agreed with us all."

"Oh, it wasn't that. A place we've been used to all our lives can't disagree with us. And if it did, where else could we go to?"

"There's the question. But I do think we ought to try to get a little change."

But Willie wouldn't hear of it then, so the matter dropped for the moment. Poor dear, he hated change or movement, or the sight of strangers, so that I could not find it in my heart to urge him. Besides, I had another reason, a foolish one, perhaps, but still it was so. We had determined together, when we were first left alone in the world, that henceforth we were to be all in all to each other. We would never marry, nor go out into society, nor be separated for one week, but live and die together.

Now, I thought, perhaps if I press it upon him, he may think I am speaking for myself; that it is I who want change, and another life, and other companionship than his.

And so the time went by, and I could see that my Willie's little strength and spirit were going with it, and in my own mind I resolved something should be done, and ere long what the thing should be.

Willie's godfather lived in Rockminster, which was about nine miles from us, and in a higher and drier part of the country. He was a banker there, a kind man, and well to do, and was about the only person who had continued to remember much about us, and take an interest in us. It was our own fault that more persons did not do so, for when we were left alone, many, even of those we hardly knew, came to see us, and offered their services, and asked us to their houses. But we were shy and sad, and

unused to strangers, and shrunk from them. So these good people, seeing it was no use to notice us, left us alone. But Mr. Heath would not be put off so. He had known my dear father when they were both boys, and his position with regard to Willie made him feel that he had a duty and a right as respected him. Still, though he came to see us as often as he could, and was anxious that Willie should take some occupation that would draw him into a more active mode of life, and bring him in contact with more people, he, in the face of Willie's constant objection to any change, by degrees left off urging him. For Willie, like many quiet people, was very determined when he took a resolution, and even I always approached any difficult subject with much diffidence and many precautions.

However, on this occasion I resolved to see what was to be done with Mr. Heath to get Willie into a new sphere, where both body and mind might be brought into more healthy action. For it wore my life out to see him, day after day, doing nothing but hanging about the place, in and out, in and out, weary, listless, and hopeless. Besides, too, he had taken to smoking a great deal more than was good for him, and I wanted to put a check on that.

So I wrote to good Mr. Heath, laying before him all my cares, and desires, and perplexities, but requesting him not to let Willie know I had done so. It was the first secret I ever had from my darling boy, and when I went out to post my letter myself in the village, and he, sitting in front of the door smoking, and occasionally throwing a stone at a sparrow, asked me where I was off to, I felt like a guilty creature being found out.

Two days after, Mr. Heath came over. Before he had been many minutes in the house, he opened the business. He told Willie that he was in want of, not exactly a clerk in the bank, but a young man of a superior position in life, a gentleman, in short, in whom he could have perfect confidence, to employ in copying letters and other light work. The duties were very trifling; the salary, to begin, would be a hundred a year; he should live with his own family, if he liked, and he pointed out all the advantages of the scheme, and the pleasures of this new life in such glowing terms, that I could see Willie, for once, was shaken. "But the farm," Willie said, "and the house, and Bessie?"

"Why, you'll let the farm and the house for a good sum. I know a man who would be extremely likely to take them; and, as to Bessie, she would come and live in Rockminster, and you could, if you preferred it, live with her. What does Bessie say?"

Hitherto Bessie, listening with all her ears, had said nothing, knowing that it was better to let Mr. Heath have his say out ere she chimed in. Now, however, I, as if this was the first I had heard of it, said as calmly as I could, that I really thought the affair was well worthy of consideration, and that I, for my part, could see no objection. However, Willie, half inclined, but



fearing to commit himself, asked time to reflect, and Mr. Heath rode off, pretty well satisfied.

You may suppose all the pros and cons that followed, and what work I had to keep the former in view, without appearing too anxious in the matter. However, the upshot of it all was that Willie consented to accept the proposition on one condition; namely, that Grimwold should still be our home. We would let the farm, but keep the house and grounds, and he would ride or drive over to Rockminster and back every day. I saw much to object to in this plan; especially I feared the fatigue, and the risks of bad weather. Still it was something gained, and as Willie had been used to occasional riding from his childhood, and was all the better for it, and that now the summer was set in, and the weather was not likely to cause much uneasiness, I made up my mind to eat my half-loaf with as much contentment as I could.

And soon I saw good reason for contentment. Willie was less tired than I expected, and he ate and slept far better. He got quite a nice brown over his dear pretty face, and of an evening, instead of smoking in silence, he used to tell me about his day, what he had done, and who he had seen, and about Mr. and Mrs. Heath and their children; and sometimes he used to be quite in spirits, and tell me funny things that made us both laugh as we had not laughed since we were children.

I found it very lonely, the long day, at first. But then I used to make myself as busy as I could about the house and in the garden, and contriving nice dinners for him, and then when the time drew near for his arrival, I made myself quite smart—he got to notice my dress now, and how I did my hair, and told me how the Miss Heaths wore theirs—and was ready at the gate, to open it for him and welcome him home, and hear and tell all the events of the day.

Very kind the Heaths were; they often asked me to go and spend some days with them, and invited me to their parties, of which they gave a good many. I could not always refuse; but ah, I found it but weary work! I was so unused to strangers, and to dress, and somehow or other I always felt so much more bereaved and lonely among that gay, healthy, loving family, than in my own quiet old home, where the memories of those who were gone kept me far more congenial company. I suppose my youth had died out of me when they died, and I was no longer able to take my place among the living. Not that at home I was unhappy, or even uncheerful; far from it, now that my precious boy was getting to what I wanted him to be.

So two years went by, and Willie was made a man of. His figure, though still slight, was no longer of that excessive slenderness and suppleness. His face had brightened and lost its soft girlishness; he moved about actively; he took to cricket and football with the young men of the village, and played in the matches, for Mr. Heath was always ready to give him a holiday, especially for such purposes.

As time went on, Willie got to enjoy his new life more and more; he became fond of society, instead of hating and shrinking from it, as he used to do, and not unfrequently he stayed a night at Rockminster for dinners and dances. He was vexed, dear boy, that I could not follow his example, and used to urge me to do so. But where was the use? it was no pleasure to me, and I felt it would be no credit to him, for me to be there, lost in the solitude my own sadness and loneliness made around me, in the midst of strangers. Whereas, when he came home and told me all about it, I could thoroughly enjoy it all, and asked him as many questions about his partners and their looks and dresses, and the dances and the music and the supper, as if I had longed to be there myself.

He had often talked to me of his greatest friend in Rockminster, Walter Ray. Such a fine fellow, he said, so good looking and bright and good tempered; such a shot, and such a rider and such a cricketer, a fellow who could do anything. I knew Walter Ray quite well from Willie's constant accounts of him, yet I was somewhat startled when one day Willie told me that he meant next evening to bring his friend home with him, to play at the cricket match that was to take place the day following.

"O, Willie," I said, "how can *we* entertain strangers?"

"Nonsense!" Willie replied; "Walter's no stranger to me, and therefore he mustn't be to you; and what does he want more than we have ourselves every day? He's delighted at the thought of coming, and he'll cheer you up, you old goosy girl, as you haven't been for many a long day."

Of course I said no more, and as soon as Willie was off I went to see about getting a room ready for him. Rooms enough there were, Heaven knows! all sad rooms, never inhabited since the corpses of those who had dwelt in them had been carried out. But it would not do to think of that now; so I chose the sunniest, and had a fire lit in it, for even though it was June, it struck damp and chilly when I opened the door. By-and-by, however, when it was well aired, and the roses and honeysuckles peeped curiously in at the long unopened windows, as though they were astonished to see preparations for anybody's coming to make the room alive again, and when I had put flowers on the mantel-piece, and arranged everything in apple-pie order, it did look cheery enough. And then I had to go and see what we could do about having a nice dinner, and the plate well polished up, and getting out the silver candlesticks and teapot, and the beautiful old Worcester china breakfast-set, and the scarlet and gold dessert service. Then I had to be off to the village to see if I couldn't beg, borrow, or steal some strawberries and cherries to put into it, for none of ours, hardly, were ripe yet.

And so the day passed away I didn't know how, till I found I had only just time, after I had shown Eliza how to set out the table, to



smooth my hair and put on a clean muslin gown, before Willie and his friend should arrive.

They came laughing up the drive, just as I had gone into Mr. Ray's room to give a last look, and see that everything was ship-shape. My heart beat, and I felt so foolishly fluttered, that I dared not go down at once and meet the stranger in the hall. I stole to the window, and peeped through the roses; his face was turned upwards at that moment, looking at them, I fancy, and, though he could not have seen me, I started back, as if I had been caught in some guilty trick. But the glance, brief as it was, that I had of his face, reassured me. Still I lingered, till Willie's voice, calling me from the foot of the stairs, brought me down to the presence of our guest.

I don't know how it was, but in half an hour I had quite forgotten that Walter Ray was a stranger, and found myself chatting to him almost familiarly. Dinner passed delightfully; he was more amusing than any one I had ever met in my life, not that *that* is much to say. He had been in all sorts of out-of-the-way places—South America, the shores of the Bosphorus, the Isles of Greece, and he intended in another year to start for Australia, and, if he liked it, settle there.

It was Willie's custom, be it known, to take a nap after dinner.

Poor dear, his long ride home used to tire him just enough for this, and he used to drop off like a child, as I sat with my work, talking to him. I had hoped he would keep awake to-night, it would look so uncivil, and when I saw him settling down in the arm-chair, and heard him flag in the talk, I fidgeted in my seat, and coughed and cleared my throat; in vain, his eyelids would droop and droop, and quite drop, and his head fall helplessly aside against the back of the chair. I coughed louder, and let fall a book, but Willie's eyes just opened for a moment, and then closed again.

I glanced towards Mr. Ray; he was watching my manœuvres with some amusement.

"Are forty winks tabooed in your house, Miss Osborne?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh no; I don't mind Willie's sleeping in general, but——"

I felt I was saying something stupid, and stopped.

"But you don't like him to betray the weakness to me? I'm afraid I've set him the example before now, so pray don't let that disturb you. But how do *you* pass your evenings? do you never find it hard to get through them, after the long lonely day?"

"Oh no; I am used to this kind of life and no other, and I would not change if I could."

"And yet," he said, half to himself, half to me, "what a life it is to one of your age! I know what the force of habit is; how prisoners learn, after long years of confinement, to dread removal; how women can fit themselves into the niche that is made for them, however narrow it be. Yet such a life is not natural, till the years that have brought the stormier experi-

ences of life to them have ended by bringing the desire for rest. It can't last for ever, you know," he continued, looking at me.

"But I think it will. I don't see what is to change it."

He shook his head.

"When one of you marries, how then for the other?"

"We never mean to marry, either of us."

He smiled.

"You think so? Why not?"

"Oh, that we decided on when first—we were left alone."

"I know you are in earnest. But you will see. If one of you kept such a vow even, it is impossible both should. Ah, how little you know of life!"

A sudden pang shot across me.

"You know something?" I said, glancing across at Willie; I dared not mention his name, knowing such utterance always disturbs a sleeper.

"No, I give you my word. I only speak from what I know of life. Besides, he is but a boy! At twenty there is little chance of such a change. I am five years older, but I have no present prospect of becoming a Benedick. I must wait for my unknown Beatrice, till I have a home to offer her, and till I am quite sure she is the *real* Beatrice. Don't despise us for the confession, but most of us meet a good many Rosalines before we discover Juliet."

Whether it was conveyed to Willie by the instinct a sleeper generally has of his being the subject of conversation, or what, I can't say; but at this point he woke, and the talk ran on the cricket match till bedtime.

After that Walter came often; I need not pretend that I did not learn ere long to see he came for me. And then rose in my heart a great struggle. This must not be: yet how prevent it?

Inexperienced as I was in the ways of the world, I should hardly have understood how to signify—as some women can by a hundred little nameless indications, without giving offence—to a lover I cared not for, that his pursuit was a vain one. How then assume an indifference I did not feel? How keep the boundary line I knew he would soon seek to overstep, when my heart rose up to welcome him over it?

Think what my life was, and what his coming made it! Think of the long, solitary days, which, whatever I did, left me more or less free to think of him. How his image became associated with everything around me, every occupation. Nothing to take me out of myself and him, no change of scene to divert my thoughts, no society to divide my interest. He was coming, and I longed for and dreaded it! he was gone, and left me a world of thoughts and recollections, to turn over and fill and feed my heart with, so that I hardly missed him ere he returned.

And all this was vain, idle, hopeless—must be kept down and put away. But how? Ah, how?



One day, early in the afternoon, I was in the garden, and started to hear a horse's footsteps on the gravel of the drive. Could Willie have come home thus soon for some unexpected reason? Visitors, especially on horseback, were so rare, that I hardly thought of them, unless it might be Mr. Heath. So I turned down my sleeves, took off my gardening gloves, and came forward to peep through the hedge. It was Walter Ray, alone. Oh, what should I do? What should I say? for I knew, seeing him thus, what he had come for.

Whether he saw me, or knew by some sound that I was there, I can't tell; but he stopped his horse, and before I could glide away, which was what I was tempted to do, he called me by my name. So I had to come forward to the gate close by, and meet him.

"Are you angry with me?" he said, when he had dismounted and taken my hand; for I was so flushed and trembling I could not speak intelligibly, and half turned from him, to hide my confusion.

"Forgive me if I have thus come upon you by surprise. But I *must* speak to you alone, and when I come with Willie it is almost impossible. Let me go and put my horse up in the stable, and come and speak to you here, may I?"

Had I dared to follow my impulse, I should have said, "Go, I may not listen to you; come no more, forget me, make my task of forgetting you possible—if it *be* possible still—try me not above my strength." But I murmured something, and in a minute more he was again beside me, and had drawn me, I know not how, by the mere force of his will, into one of the shadiest of the dark walks. I remember now, though I hardly heard them at the time, how the black-birds screamed and scolded as we entered it.

"I am going to Australia in two months," he said. Then he waited for me to speak, but I was still dumb.

"Do you remember, I wonder, something I said to you, the first time I ever saw you, about Beatrice?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You do?" he said, smiling, as if pleased and encouraged. "Need I tell you, Bessie, that I have found the real Beatrice? that I have come to ask her if she will take Benedick, with all his imperfections on his head?"

I struggled for a word, but instead came a passion of tears, so violent that he stood pained and startled.

"No, no!" I sobbed; "it cannot be! it must not be! Don't talk to me of this; leave me. All you can do for me is to leave me!"

"Bessie, darling! why is this? What have I said to pain or anger you? tell me!"

"I cannot tell you. I am not angry; it is not your fault. But you *must* leave me; indeed you must."

And I turned from him, and walked slowly in the direction of home. I was furious with myself, so furious that I fear I was almost rough to

him. He remained looking after me some moments in utter bewilderment; then he suddenly joined me.

"Bessie," he said, taking both my hands, so that I could not advance, "I cannot leave you without further explanation. You did not lead me to expect this, and you give me no reason for it. Tell me *why* you refuse to listen to me. You owe me this."

"You know the reason," I sobbed. "You know I told you from the first I never meant to leave Willie."

"But Willie will leave you; I tell you he will! O, Bessie, if you care for me, if *this* is your only reason for refusing me, don't—I beseech you—don't sacrifice yourself in this way for an imaginary duty. Listen! I have taken you, perhaps, by surprise. I will go to Australia alone if you will say that if I come back in a year you will marry me; nay, two years if you prefer it. Will you say so, Bessie?"

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"This is your last word?"

"Yes."

"Then good-by! I will trouble you no more."

He wrung my hands till the pain made me wince, and was gone.

I never told Willie what had passed, or even of his visit; it was impossible to me to speak of it; and oh, the anguish of trying to keep calm and cheerful, and to appear interested in what Willie was telling me of the Rockminster news, and of the grand public ball that was to be given there. Ah me! to smile through the life that had become suddenly one long, vain, empty yearning for what could never be.

In two months Walter Ray sailed for Victoria. He wrote me a line first. Was the last word I had spoken to him final? I could but say yes, and the next I heard was that he was gone. I had to listen calmly and make something like excuses for him when Willie told me how he had urged him to come and spend at least a day with us before he went, and how Walter had constantly refused him on some pretext or another, wounding his feelings, as I could see, by this imaginary unfriendliness.

A year went by. I was now much alone, for Willie not only frequently stayed in Rockminster for whatever gaieties might be going on there, but his friends often asked him to go with them on shooting and fishing and boating excursions some way off, and how could he refuse, poor dear? I was only too glad he should amuse himself. I felt I was, in spite of all my efforts, poor company for any one now, and he was always so happy to come home, and so full of all he had done and seen, that he was the less likely to notice the change in me.

One bleak autumn evening we were sitting by the fire together. As I could not talk to him now as I used to do, I had taken the habit of reading aloud, a proceeding which always had the effect of advancing his sleeping-time considerably.

But this night, when I took the book, he said,



with a half-averted face, "Not to-night, Bess; I want to talk to you."

I laid the volume aside, and sat down on a low chair by him, looking up expectantly.

But it seemed hard to begin, so I took his hand, stroking it down softly.

"Well, dearie?"

"Bessie!" He cleared his throat, but his voice was still husky. "Bessie, what would you say if I told you I was going to be married?"

What I *did* say, I don't know. I only know that the first thought that came into my head was not about Walter. It was this: So he has been carrying on this affair, and brought it to an end—for I *knew* it was settled—without giving me the slightest confidence. Not a hint that his fancy even had turned to one woman more than to any of the many girls he had carelessly mentioned as his partners at dances!

But he seemed, now that he had brought himself to speak, to perceive but little the effect of his communication, and told me the whole story right through.

Her name was Charlotte Turner; she was nineteen, very pretty, of course, danced beautifully, rode better than any girl he ever saw, and was "so jolly." He believed she had a little money, but he did not know, or even care. Oh, how I should love her!

I felt much more, God forgive me! as if I hated her, just then.

"But you'll never leave me, dear old girl," he said. "Whoever comes, I can't spare my old sis. You and Charlotte will get on so beautifully; you'll be such company for each other all day while I'm away. Though, indeed, I don't mean to go on at Mr. Heath's after he's found some one to take my place. I shall come home and take up the farm again."

I can't bear to think of it, or talk of it. I knew I should not like Charlotte, and though I tried, I couldn't. She was sharp and pert, and evidently looked on me as a dull dowdy sort of old maid; though, after all, I wasn't yet four-and-twenty. But dull and dowdy I may have been; I dare say I was; I had nothing to make me otherwise.

The wedding was over, and the honeymoon, and I made the old place as bright as I could, to receive them. There were great fires in all the rooms, and the new furniture looked so bright, and the fresh papers, though, indeed, we had hard work to make them stiek, on account of the damp; and what I used in coals and firewood during that month I'm afraid to say.

However, the house, I'm sure, did look fit for the reception of any bride, and I thought Charlotte must be pleased with it.

They arrived just as the day was closing in, and, as luck would have it, it was a wet day, and the drip, drip, was audible enough, even indoors.

"Oh, what a state the drive is in!" were the first words I heard Charlotte utter, as she got out of the carriage. "And how you are shut in with trees! Why, you can't see the sun

at noonday, here, I'm certain! Law, how dreary!"

This was encouraging! However, I said, "Never mind; come in, come in; it's cheery enough inside."

She came in, but she didn't seem to think so. Everything was "so odd!" "so queer!" "so strange!" Nothing was "so pretty." I cried myself to sleep that night. It was the first after her arrival I did so, but by no means the last.

Why need I go on telling all the petty mortifications I endured, the small stings, the smarts without end, she inflicted on me? I soon saw she had resolved, from the first, to make the place untenable—to drive me out by pin-pricks that should never draw blood, but that should sting and rankle.

I stood it as long as I could, for Willie's sake. But the day came when I saw she had made Willie understand "we could not get on together." It was my fault, of course. I don't blame my boy; I never did; he was an infant in her hands, and she never let him out of them for an instant.

Well, I have lived here all alone for the last two years. I have got used to it, and reconciled to it, in a way. I have heard of Walter lately. He is settled near Melbourne, but not married, which I'm surprised at. Does he ever think of that day in the garden, I wonder? If I had but known! Ah me!

#### THE DANES AT HOME, BY A FRENCHMAN ABROAD.

"OUR Own Correspondent" assumes various shapes, and appears in divers characters. He ought, indeed, from the nature of his office, to be an actor-of-all-work, a jack-of-all-trades, a polyglot, a universal genius. At a pinch, he should know how to bore holes with a saw, and to plane rough planks with a twopenny gimlet. He is required to make his way across country, without chart or compass; and, while doing so, to see the smallest object in the dark, and to hear the faintest whisper in a hubbub. He must be able to do without medicine, sleep, or food—except as occasional indulgences; to have all his wits about him, after forty-eight hours' vigil; to write graphically and legibly without daylight or candle; never to miss an uncertain and irregular post; and to know the movements, words, and thoughts of people who strive their utmost to conceal them.

It was doubtless his many and versatile talents which induced the Siècle to entrust M. Comettant with the mission of following the progress of the Danish war; and it may be stated that (although comparisons are odious), without being a Russell or a Gallenga, he manifested considerable ability. But what most concerns us, who possess other accounts of that cruel invasion, is that our writer, after being "tired of war's alarms," and quitting the scene of action, lingered for a while in insular Den-



mark, where his name and accomplishments secured him a hearty welcome.

The result is an amusing and instructive volume,\* the strategetic portion of which is here passed by, to leave more room for its social sketches. But the author's entry into Copenhagen was anything but cheerful. Every heart was oppressed with grief. He saw men weeping bitterly as they passed in silence along the streets. For Denmark is less a nation than one large family. Every one knows everybody; and there was no one then in Copenhagen who had not a son, a brother, a cousin, a husband, or a friend killed or wounded in that sacrifice to the idol of German pride.

The moral condition of a people is best seen by studying their amusements. In honest Denmark, where life flows calmly on in the quiet enjoyment of family affection, you would vainly seek those riotous pleasures which, in certain great cities, are offered to youth as a school of corruption. In Denmark, misconduct conceals itself, as if it were crime. There exist in that country none of those public establishments in which music and dancing serve as the pretexts for dissoluteness on the one hand, and the vilest interests on the other. And yet we are astonished that men accustomed to frequent such haunts should lose at last all moral sense, and should come to despising every woman, even the poor girl whom they will one day marry as a speculation; selling, in their turn, for a handsome dowry, the same insincere affection which they had been in the habit of purchasing! It is not a British, but a Gallic censor, who remarks, on this, that every effect, good or bad, must necessarily have a cause. If, in certain capitals, women of the world and girls moving in good society have been gradually losing, for some years past, that air of modesty which was, as it were, the perfume of their age and the halo of their innocence, this moral decline is mainly to be attributed to the influence of those vicious assemblies called public balls. In order to please and aspire to become the wives of men habituated to the sight of Rigolboches publicly violating the laws of decency, and to avoid appearing insipid in comparison, the least that can be done is to assume an air of importance and effrontery, to display their shoulders like Venus rising from the sea, and to dress at thermal watering-places in costumes suitable for the Carnival or the Bal de l'Opéra.

Denmark is to be congratulated on knowing all these fine things only by hearsay. It listens to the descriptions of travellers just as you would listen to a fictitious narrative, without being affected by the contagion. Its own calm and respectable amusements suffice, and it feels for riotous and questionable pleasures both a native aversion and a deliberate antipathy. It is determined to keep itself pure, even at the risk of becoming the laughing-stock of dissolute braggarts and public-house sceptics.

It is impossible to enjoy one's self more in-

nocently than the Danes. In winter the respectable citizens of Copenhagen go to the theatre in family parties, or accept private invitations, when they are not detained at their own fireside. Public balls are few and far between, and those which do occur no more resemble the balls opened to the Parisian public, than a religious procession resembles a Carnival orgie. A public masked ball, given at Copenhagen, went off with such decent reserve, the dancing was so quiet and decorous, propriety was so strictly observed, that *everybody* present appeared to belong to respectable society. Towards the close of the ball several couples betook themselves to a saloon where tables were laid, and supped with the same respect for public morality. The conversation was in an under tone, and when a powdered clown begged a pink domino to accept a morsel of lobster or a glass of champagne, he expressed himself in the choicest terms, and with the most scrupulous punctilio. One Amazon only ventured to provoke her cavalier by a playful tap with her riding-whip, and, notwithstanding the person, the place, and the hour, the action was remarked and considered offensive. Many funerals in Paris go off more merrily than this fancy ball. But between the excessive reserve of Copenhagen, and the cynical shamelessness displayed in similar assemblies in Paris, London, and some other capitals, the choice cannot give rise to a moment's doubt.

There are four theatres in Copenhagen, at the head of which stands the Theatre Royal. This house is subsidised by the state for the performance of opera, tragedy, comedy, vaudeville, and ballet. To the famous Holberg (who has been surnamed the Danish Molière) must be ascribed the honour of having founded the national theatre. Before him, the Danes derived all their literary notions from French authors, and the French language was the only one admitted into good society. In the time of Louis the Fourteenth there existed in Copenhagen but one single company of actors, and they were French. They played comedy, performed ballets, and, by way of variety, gave puppet-shows. Their manager, one Montagu, was appointed by King Frederic the Fourth professor of declamation, with the charge of training pupils to represent national pieces. With this view, Molière's *Avare* was translated into Danish, and was first performed at Copenhagen in 1722. The experiment met with marvellous success, and in the same year Holberg produced his first work, *The Tin-pot Maker*, which is, perhaps, also his best. His pieces are still played, as Molière's are in Paris, with the object of maintaining in the multitude a taste for legitimate and classical comedy.

Amongst the interpreters of these works, Madame Heiberg is one of the foremost. On the stage she appears to be only twenty years of age. Her voice is sonorous and sweet at once, like the sound of a musical instrument; her simple yet intelligent gestures are full of the sympathetic charm of youth. Like all artists of a superior

\* Le Danemark tel qu'il est. Par Oscar Comettant.



order, Madame Heiberg knows how to captivate the public by a word, a movement, and even by silence. She sometimes conveys her meaning without stirring in the least, and without uttering a syllable. Silence and immobility are thus converted into eloquence. A piece was written for her entitled "No." During the first half of the piece she has only this one word to pronounce, and she pronounces it nineteen times; but such is the marvellous suppleness of her voice, so intelligent is her countenance, that this simple monosyllable becomes, in her mouth, a speech full of charm and diverse emotion. These nineteen "Noes" express nineteen different thoughts, each perfectly characterised by the manner in which it is uttered.

Madame Heiberg is the widow of the eminent author whose name she bears. Before becoming acquainted with her future husband, she was engaged to a man quite unfitted for her, who, amongst his other gifts, possessed a rare amount of avarice. One day in early spring, the lady and her ungenerous swain were driving, in a hired coach, along an avenue in the park, near Copenhagen. The gentleman, in a fit of unusual ill humour, drove on and on without saying a word. The actress, out of patience, broke silence at last. Opening both the doors of the coach, "Monsieur," she said, "the best plan is to put an end to this. Do you get out at your door; I mean to get out at mine. Adieu for ever!"

Upset at first by the sudden rupture, which he did not in the least expect, he reflected an instant, and then seemed to agree to the proposition.

"But which of us," he asked, "is to pay the fare?"

Tragedy is played in Denmark in a less solemn and more human style than perhaps anywhere else in Europe. There is less measured strut than in England, less shouting than in Germany, and less appearance of having swallowed a dose of virioli than in France. One of their first tragedians is M. Michel Wiche, who also acts comedy in a superior manner.

The People's Theatre, "Folke Theater," is smaller than the Theatre Royal, but of more cheerful aspect, resembling in its arrangements the Théâtre des Variétés at Paris. Drama, comedy, and vaudeville are acted there. The actors are admirable for their natural and intelligent "play." Madame Caroline Marguerithe von der Recke, daughter of the celebrated dance-composer Lumbye, and wife of the clever vaudevilliste and song-writer, is the brilliant star who is worshipped by the astronomers of that dramatic firmament. It is a pardonable indiscretion to mention that this charming artist was born in Copenhagen in 1834. The Folke Theatre is proud of a heroine of the age justly glorified by the great Balzac.

To her other accomplishments, Madame von der Recke adds that of being the composer of very pleasing music. She has published several collections of melodies and ballads whose success was ensured by her singing them on the

stage, and in society, where she is sought not only as the fashionable actress, but as the talented woman and the well-conducted lady. It is greatly to the credit of Denmark that, throughout the whole of the little kingdom, no prejudice weighs on the profession of dramatic artist. When actors have talent and lead honourable lives, they are everywhere received with welcome, and treated with the consideration due to their merit. Several Danish actors have occupied eminent positions in the army, the magistracy, at the bar, in the government, in the liberal professions, and in science, before becoming, on the stage, the interpreters of works of genius.

When the warm and balmy breath of spring has swept away the mists which veil the sky during seven or eight months of the year, the men throw aside their furred overcoats, the women relieve their necks of their woollen cravats, and the lower parts of their faces of their silken chin-pieces, and everybody rushes abroad to take their full share of open-air pleasures. On the first of May, in the rural districts of Denmark, a fête is celebrated which bears the significant name "*Ride Sommer i By*," literally "to introduce Spring into the village." To lead spring into the village, the lads and lasses put on all their finery, the former bedecking their hats with pink, blue, or yellow cockades, the latter garnishing their corsets with the first-come flowers. Delegates canvas the farms and country houses for a tribute in kind, consisting of eggs, ham, sausages, cakes, poultry, and so on, which afford the material for a banquet in common. A king of the spring is elected by universal suffrage—always some handsome young fellow, who comes out triumphant from the peaceful contest. His first duty is to choose a queen; which is forthwith done. A garland of poppies and bluebottles serves as her diadem. The king and queen, arm in arm, gambol without fear of compromising their dignity; they even condescend so far as to stoop to a game of blindman's-buff.

Tivoli is, par excellence, Copenhagen's place of summer diversion. It is a very large and handsome establishment, where, for fivepence entrance money, you may enjoy a great variety of amusement. There is food for all tastes at Tivoli; a theatre for those who are fond of comedy, dancing, and pantomime; a concert-room for lovers of music; a circus for hippophiles; a ball-room; Russian mountains; cafés chantants; a pistol-shooting gallery; nine-pin yards; and finally restaurants and a bazaar whose stalls are kept by pretty attendants. It is not rare to see from fifteen to twenty thousand people at Tivoli. Its establishment is recent, being a lucky speculation of M. Carstensen, the eminent contractor. At Tivoli, the crowd circulates calmly and silently, as everywhere else; amusements are enjoyed with the moderation which characterises the whole of the Danish nation.

When people do not go to Tivoli, they betake themselves to the park, where the beauties of



nature are combined with the riches of art. Here is the temple of Apis—adorned with columns crowned by Corinthian capitals! A few steps carry you from ancient Egypt to modern Switzerland. A chalet stands by the side of a lake, which is not exactly the Lake of Geneva. Further on is the Chinese pavilion, Frederic the Sixth's favourite lunching-place. Beech is the prevailing tree; its delicate light-green foliage harmonises well with the general softness of the scenery and the gentle character of the population. Nature, in Denmark, has not confined her beneficent influence to man alone; it is extended to everything which lives and breathes. Wild animals are scarcely wild in this excellent country; the little birds will alight at your feet; and the very deer, timid as they are, hardly step aside to let you pass. Man, elsewhere the tyrant and the assassin of almost every created being, is in Denmark the animal's sympathising friend. An Animals' Protection Society would be an insult to the Danes; for, not a carter amongst them would overwork or brutally beat his horse. "One of these days you will come to Paris?" was inquired of a Dane. "No," was the reply; "you treat dumb creatures too cruelly there." How widely does France differ, in this respect—it is a Frenchman who confesses it—from Denmark! Not only, in Denmark, they do not kill the poor little birds—as in *la belle France*—for the sole pleasure of killing them, but the peasantry carry their compassion so far as to save them, in winter when the ground is covered with snow, from the pangs of hunger. From time to time they fasten to the naked branches of the trees bunches of millet, as a charitable offering to these poor little creatures, whom they could not see suffer without suffering themselves.

Shakespeare is very popular in Denmark. A student in whose presence the dénouement of *Hamlet* was criticised as an immoral and wanton piece of butchery, inquired, with a laugh, "Would you like, then, Laertes to have set up in business, and Gertrude to start a boarding-school?"

Is there such a thing as Danish music? To this plain question, distinctly put, M. Comettant, a most competent judge, feels himself bound to answer "No." In fact, although the Danes are extremely sensible to musical art; although in Copenhagen, as in Paris, there is a piano in every story of every house; although Denmark has given birth to five or six composers of real merit; it is not the less true that there is no such thing as Danish music. Nay more, there is nothing either in the melodic structure, nor in the harmonic treatment, nor in the style of the accompaniments, nor in the inspiration, to distinguish the innumerable small pieces which sprout daily in the music-publishers' shops, like mushrooms after autumnal rain, from the hundred thousand ephemeral compositions published everywhere more or less, but more especially in Germany, during the last century.

The Danish popular airs themselves are

scarcely Danish except in name; widely differing in that respect from the popular airs of Sweden, stamped as *they* are with the melancholy, dreamy, original, and deeply sympathetic genius of the North. Certainly, very pretty little compositions have been written by Danish authors. M. Weyse has published hundreds. But on searching their graceful pages for the mark of genius; you will find only the traces of imitation. M. Hartmann launches out into that nebulousness of sounds which has been named "infinite melody," and whose working out is best left in the hands of its patented inventor, Richard Wagner. His "*Dryadens Brvllup*," a long cantata-symphony, is an unlucky, because a faithful, imitation of the composer of the Tannhäuser's proceedings. M. Comettant thinks (and I heartily agree with him) that one Wagner in the musical world is quite enough.

Our author heard that strange production at a concert given at Copenhagen in April last, for the benefit of the soldiers' widows. As his reputation and mission merited, a place was reserved for him in the manager's box. Between the acts, he wished to go out. Instead of turning to the left, he turned to the right, and found himself with five or six ladies of aristocratic bearing, with gentleness and courtesy stamped on their countenances. In company with the ladies was a gentleman of remarkably distinguished appearance.

Naturally, M. Comettant removed his hat. The ladies and the gentleman slightly bowed in acknowledgment of the salutation. Then, believing himself in a public place, and supposing he had done enough to conform to the exigencies of politeness, he replaced his hat on his head. At that moment he fancied he saw a slight surprise expressed in the ladies' looks, while the lips of the gentleman betrayed a good-natured smile of amusement. The intruder tried to leave by the opposite door, but to his great astonishment he found it locked. Returning therefore, he again saluted the party, who bowed, and then re-entered his box.

But the rare distinction of the ladies, the grand air of the gentleman, who certainly was no common person, made a strong impression on his mind. Moreover, their faces were not utterly strange. He felt sure he had seen their photographs somewhere.

"Would you have the goodness," he said to a neighbour, "to tell me who are the persons occupying the side-box? The ladies are charming; and there is something intelligent and sympathetic about the gentleman which attracts the eye and captivates the mind."

"The gentleman, monsieur, is the King of Denmark, Christian the Ninth, and the ladies are members of the royal family."

While these explanations were being given, to his great confusion he distinctly heard the king inquire (although the words were spoken in an under tone), "Who is that gentleman?"

"Sir," answered the chamberlain, "his name is Oscar Comettant. He has been sent



by the French newspaper, *Le Siècle*, to follow the military operations, and report them."

"Very good," said Christian the Ninth, turning to the orchestra, which immediately struck up.

Monsieur C., blushing like a peony at the thought of having kept on his hat in the presence of the sovereign and the gracious princesses, felt an impulse to rush out and offer humble apologies for having mistaken the royal retiring-room for a public passage. On second thoughts, he remained where he was, for reasons which he specifies. He was right. In cases where it is evident that no intentional rudeness has been committed, explanations and excuses for mistakes made in ignorance often only make bad worse. In some of these little social messes, the more you flounder, the deeper you stick in the mire.

The ballet is the brightest gem in the crown of the Copenhagen Theatre Royal. The Danes are very proud of it; and their sentiment of national pride is, on several accounts, perfectly justifiable. Although the peculiarities of Danish ballet owe their origin to a Frenchman, the Marquis de Bournonville, who fled from the French Revolution to take refuge in Denmark, those peculiarities do not the less exist, and the Danish mimes are truly remarkable. M. de Bournonville beguiled the weariness of exile by initiating the fair-haired daughters of the north in the mysteries of capers and pirouettes. He founded a school of dance, in accordance with sound tradition, and inspired the Danes with a taste for divertissements, of which they had hitherto only an incomplete idea.

At Copenhagen are performed ballets taken from the Scandinavian mythology, impressed with original poesy, and extremely interesting in respect to the conduct of the story. The scenery is sufficient, even for persons who know the Grand Opera at Paris; the costumes leave nothing to be desired. As to dancing, pure and simple, it forms the smallest ingredient in these ballets. The Danes consider dancing, as elsewhere practised, indecorous. The Danish danseuses wear skirts which reach down to their ankles. But since it might happen that, in a pirouette, the dress might rise above the permitted level, the Marquis de Bournonville's virtuous pupils encase themselves in stout pantaloons of impenetrable glazed calico. Of course the upper part of these ladies' persons is an object of equal solicitude. Their well- clad charms brave every indiscreet and prying glance: that is, supposing that, in Copenhagen, any eye could ever be indiscreet. Their gestures and expression of countenance are in harmony with their costume. With arms slightly raised in front, and downcast eyes, they set their left foot foremost, and edify the pit by their grace and innocence, inspiring it with thoughts of family affection, of respect for statistical laws and social economy. Consequently, these respected artists are treated with every mark of pious admiration. To be a dancer, at Copenhagen, means to bid adieu to the futile and dangerous

pleasures of the world. For this reason, doubtless, the worthy Danes inscribe on the curtain of every theatre the characteristic motto, *ER BLØT TIL LYST*, "Not for amusement only." The ballet, like tragedy and comedy, ought to afford instructive lessons.

The Theatre Royal, of which the Danes are justly proud, is an unpretending, nay, even an ugly building, externally. Its interior arrangements are tolerably comfortable, and it has one remarkable peculiarity. The chandelier lights the theatre only between the acts. As soon as the curtain rises, the chandelier also is drawn up by invisible chains, and disappears in the ceiling. In this way the spectators in the upper tiers are not, as in most other theatres, blinded by the light, and compelled to turn their backs on the stage. In the new theatres *Du Châtelet* and *Lyrique* in Paris, the central chandelier is altogether suppressed, the audience part of the house being illuminated by gaslight, which makes its way from above through a ceiling of dimmed glass.

The government assists this theatre with sufficient liberality to enable it to secure for its actors a provision for life. Their salaries, it is true, appear but scanty, if compared with those received by artists out of Denmark. But the Danish singers contrive to live contented with what they get, having no other object than the culture of art, and no other ambition than to bring up their families respectably. There is no Conservatory of Music in Copenhagen; but a School of Dance is attached to the Theatre Royal. The children admitted, besides lessons in their art, receive a complete education in all the branches of elementary knowledge.

Like Paris, Copenhagen reckons a certain number of *Café-Concerts*, which are frequented exclusively by men of the middle class and passing strangers. Female singers, for the most part handsome and coquettishly attired, perform Swedish melodies and national songs to the accompaniment of the piano. Some few have good voices, and might, by painstaking, become true artists. Almost all these, however, are Swedes, who are much more richly gifted than the Danes in respect to voice. Denmark is still waiting for a *Jenny Lind* to spread the national vocal glory over the two hemispheres. It is surprising that these two countries, lying so near to each other, peopled by the same race of men, and which have several times been united under a common government, should present such marked differences in respect to voice and musical genius. Fine voices are almost common in Sweden; people sing there, as they speak, naturally and without effort. In Denmark, on the contrary, good voices are scarce, and the accomplishment of singing is invariably the result of determined and persevering application. Perhaps the very cold but very dry climate of Sweden, and the less cold but extremely damp air of Denmark, are the principal causes of the difference. Still, if Danish singers are far from common, instrumentalists abound everywhere.



The *Siccle's* correspondent wanted a pair of waterproof boots, to pitter amongst the mud and snow of Duppel. A friend took him to his shoemaker, M. Storm, at the sign of "The Red Boot," in Ostergade.

"Monsieur Storm?" inquired the friend, of an apprentice shoemaker.

"He is busy for the present," the lad replied.

"Will he soon be visible?"

"I think not, monsieur."

"What is your master busy about?"

"He is deciphering."

"Deciphering! What the deuce is he deciphering?"

"Some new music, which he received this morning."

"Ah, that is all!" the friend exclaimed.

"Come with me, then, I know the way to the piano."

They went, listened outside the door, and were astonished at the way in which the harmonious shoemaker deciphered his music. They entered the temple of Apollo, and were graciously received. The shoemaker-pianist informed his customer that the whole of his family cultivated music, and that he would have devoted himself entirely to that charming art, were it not that in Denmark, as elsewhere, boots and shoes met with a readier sale than quavers and semi-quavers. After hearing one of Beethoven's sonatas, the visitors returned to the shop, where a pair of unexceptionable boots were supplied to them.

The Danish ladies have a peculiar carriage, determined by a slight undulatory movement, which is neither that of French nor English women, but rather approaches the North American style of female deportment. When they are pleasing—and they please very frequently—all the merit is due to nature. Simply clad in woollen dresses—a silk gown is a rarity in the streets of Copenhagen—they employ, to attract attention, none of the thousand stratagems which constitute the arsenal of coquetry in other countries. If the men never turn their heads to have a second look at a passing pretty woman, the women never deign, by the slightest provocation, to trouble the serenity of the serious and thoughtful passenger. We ought to be grateful for their self-denial, remembering that they have an intelligent smile, white teeth, an abundance of fair and silky hair, and eyes like morsels of the azure sky.

In Denmark, where the men have not yet thought of selling their name for a woman's dowry, every marriage is what nature and morality pronounce that it ought to be everywhere—a marriage of inclination. The young man whose position is not yet assured, does not, the more for that, renounce a union with a girl

whose charms and innocence are her only capital.

After having made—almost always in the presence of the lady's parents—the mutual avowal of their inclination, the young man announces his matrimonial intentions, and solicits the favour of a betrothal. The parents accept; and from that moment the lovers are left completely at liberty. They go to the theatre, or out walking, unaccompanied. They are constantly together, and wait as patiently as they can for the time when the church shall bless their union. It is a very rare case indeed that the betrothed abuses the privilege allowed him. A man would be justly considered indelicate, if, after intimate acquaintance with a respectable girl, his affianced wife, he ran after other "flirtations," as the Americans phrase it.

Nevertheless, it must be confessed, there are men sufficiently careless of public opinion, and light enough, to make an amusement of these preliminaries to wedlock, which they have the boldness to say they prefer to wedlock itself. One old bachelor in Copenhagen was said to have been betrothed the ominous number of thirteen times. Another faithless female turtle-dove, somewhat advanced in life, was spoken of in indignant terms, because she broke off her engagement after a courtship of eighteen years. Just at the moment of a definite union, she had the audacity to ask for a little longer time for reflection. Subsequently, she married quite a boy, without relations, advice, or experience, whom she caught in his budding affections, as you take a young magpie from the nest. When she expected some manifestation of the wrath and resentment of her former sweetheart, she was not a little surprised to see him come to church and remain to witness the matrimonial rite. He pressed her hand more warmly than ever, and betrayed his secret thoughts by whispering, "Oh, my dear madam, you don't know what a service you have rendered me!"

To which the bride replied with equal emotion,

"Ah, Henrick! I love this lad because he reminds me of what you were twenty years ago."

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XXXV. A REMONSTRANCE.

We are now hurrying on to a crisis. It was better, indeed, that it should come to a crisis; for the demoralisation in the Fermor household was growing day by day. With such cold defiance, such quick temper, on both sides, it was not improbable that, to gain an advantage in the struggle, and secure a humiliation for an antagonist, one or other might forget decency, and make a confidant of that cruel gossip, the Public.

One night, Fermor, just going out, was summoned down to see a gentleman "in the hall." He came down impatiently, with the words, "I am busy. I really have no time now," on his lips. It was Hanbury. "Well," said he, coldly to him, "what is it *now*?"

"Can I speak to you?" said the other, earnestly; "five minutes is all I want. It is about yourself, too."

The servant was standing by, and hindered Fermor's angry answer.

"Go down, sir," he said. "What are you waiting there for?"

"Come in here a moment," said Hanbury; "I will not detain you. It is something that you should know."

"Now," said Fermor, as he closed the door, "I thought, on the last occasion, I had made myself understood. If this is on the same topic——"

"It is on the same topic," said Hanbury, firmly. "It is not for me to mind how you take it. To-day I have heard something which it is right you should know. Something which it would be a crime to conceal!"

This word stopped something in the nature of a protest against "interference."

"Ah, Fermor, get rid of this wretched sensitiveness, this terrible pride, which is destroying you. What infatuation is this that prevents you from listening to those who mean well, and would do you no harm? I *must* speak plainly to you; especially as I must tell you that the world is speaking plainly of you, and is busy with your name and affairs. O, Fermor, *do* listen to me now, without any of this absurd feeling. It is a friend who speaks to you."

This tone actually took Fermor's breath away. He had no reply to make.

"It is about Romaine and Mrs. Fermor," he said. "It should be looked to at once. I will tell you what occurred to-day. I was at our club, looking over a paper (though I don't care much for news), and there was a lot of young fellows about an old red-faced officer who was telling them stories. I heard the name of Romaine, and could not help listening. The old man was telling them some of his horrible old stories, and lamenting what he called the 'decay of fellows' at this day, and said that Romaine was the only man that had a spark of 'pluck.' And then one of the young fellows, whom I knew a little—and think of this, Fermor, in a public room!—laughed, and said that he knew what he was after, and that in a short time—You can guess, Fermor. And the old man laughed and enjoyed it. O, Fermor, you would not take my advice! I warned you in time."

The feeling in Fermor's heart was still not mortification, but anger, bitter anger, at one, a mere untrained fool like Hanbury, setting up to be wise and worldly. "You always come charged with good news," he said. "And how kind of my friends there to allow my concerns to be spoken of in a public place that way. I suppose *that* was friendly, eh?"

He had *now* caught Hanbury.

"I knew the man," said Hanbury, calmly, "and I went up to him, and asked him, before the others, had he authority for what he said, or did he merely repeat what he heard? He said it was merely a vulgar town story that 'some fellow' had told. I said that I knew both Romaine and you and the lady, that the whole was perfectly false from beginning, and that I knew it, and had opportunities of knowing. That Mr. Romaine was a friend—alone in the world with few friends—and that it was cruel and wicked to put such a construction on what was only good nature and kindness." (John Hanbury did not tell all he had really said or done, or how calmly and temperately he had brought the "young fellow" to account before the rest. How he had quietly asked him, was he sure about his information, and did he think it right to bring a mere vulgar rumour like that to the public room, and injure an innocent young girl in that way? "For my part," said John Hanbury, "I know *all*



the parties, and see them almost every day, and I say the whole thing is false—false in every particular; and I am sure after this you will not repeat it any more.” The “young fellow,” who had not yet lost the virgin bloom of youth, nor had learnt to consider Reputations to be mere low delf figures, with which he could play at “knocks” and “amash” at so many shots for a penny, became a little ashamed, and said he was sure it was a mistake. But the old colonel looked on with disgust, and repeated that though he knew nothing of the parties, he was “cursed” sure it was no mistake, and that every one of “the lot”—meaning ladies—were “skittish,” and “up to that game,” if you only “knew how to take them, danmy!”

Yet Fermor, as he listened, grew furious. “And do you mean to tell me you did this—made me and her the talk of a coffee-room? It will be all over the town! I tell you, I don’t want this championship, or patronage either.”

“Patronage!” said John Hanbury.

“I don’t, I tell you!” the other went on, with increasing excitement. “I suppose it is well-meaning, and all that sort of thing. But I don’t want it. I wish to God you would leave me and my concerns alone. I don’t want any man to be defending my wife in coffee-rooms.”

“But can you wonder at other people,” said Hanbury, quietly, “when you do not seem to do it yourself? Surely when you, who should naturally protect and watch over her——”

“That is my concern,” said Fermor, “quite my concern. Upon my word, it is coming to a pretty pass——But I must now request——”

“I am astonished,” said Hanbury, “I am shocked. I could not believe it of you. Such utter and miserable infatuation. It is charitable to suppose you do not see the danger. It is coming nearer every moment. What do you suppose is *my* concern in this matter? Do you fancy if it were any one else I should expose myself to what might be said? Ah, I may not tell you all. But there is one to whose name I am bound for life, in whom all that I can do or live for is centred. You know who that is as well as I. She has appointed me to this task. Her heart is set on it. And through me she tells you, fly, fly from this place, from this country, and take that poor girl with you. It is the only chance!”

During this speech, wonder, almost stupefaction, and rage, succeeded each other in Fermor. Wonder at the superior tone and weight Hanbury was assuming; stupefaction at the message he brought; and, finally, rage at the confidence and undertaking it implied.

“I am very glad you tell me this,” he said, with trembling lips. “That shows me how I can trust the rest of your advice. Miss Manuel—think of such a thing!—send me such a message, and by you!” He laughed aloud at the notion. “My good Hanbury, don’t come advising me again. You don’t know the world, I can see very clearly.”

“I tell you it is so, on my word of honour,”

said the other. “She loves Mrs. Fermor. She would help and save her. Listen to me, listen to *her*, Fermor. Only yesterday she conjured me to persuade you. She would give the world that you would go away, and take her advice. Do! I implore of you, Fermor.”

“How little you know,” said Fermor, struggling with the superiority. “Poor Hanbury. Women can easily persuade you. Ah, my good friend, in time you will come to learn that there is more meaning behind what women say than what *you* would fancy. Often the very contrary to what they say. Well, Hanbury, you are not *quite* in her councils, I can tell you.” (The opportunity was overpowering, and could not be resisted. He went on :) “I only say this much: she has her reasons, of course, for speaking to you; but, I can tell you, I am about the last person in town she would wish to leave it.”

The triumph in his eye was so intelligible, the flush of vanity to his face so marked, and the miserable egotism of the man so naked, that the whole truth came upon Hanbury like an inspiration. He started back, as though some one had suddenly whispered in his ear, “That weak blinded Fermor believes Miss Manuel to be in love with him.”

“O, Fermor,” he exclaimed, almost with contempt, “to see you sunk so low as this!”

Fermor coloured.

“You are indeed blind,” Hanbury went on.

“I was not prepared for *this*. I now see it is hopeless. It explains all. Be a man! Get rid of these delusions! It is laughable. She, who so lived for and loved that sister! Why, if there was one whom she should dislike and punish, and whom, indeed, I *know* she——But forgive me. I am speaking for your good, you know.”

Fermor’s fury and mortification combined were now at their height. “You come to insult me,” he said. “I don’t want you. Don’t interfere in my concerns again; I shall take it up seriously, if you do. It is going too far. Never interfere with me again. I warn you.”

“Very well,” said Hanbury; “you must take your course. I *now* see it all. It is the old infatuation, and you are scarcely accountable. You shall not offend me, Fermor, and I shall help you yet, in spite of yourself.”

Fermor was left in a state scarcely to be described. It was the insufferable air of patronage and of superior information and wisdom that galled him more than anything in the world, and, above all, that sort of privity with Miss Manuel. For the first time, too, an uneasy suspicion flashed upon him as to there being some truth in what that “stupid lumbering blundering fellow” had hinted.

From this moment a bitter fretful desire entered into Fermor to meet with Romaine and quarrel with him. This was indeed but a disguise for that wish to punish some one for the mortifications that were being heaped on him. Fighting was exploded, and not to be dreamed of; and he knew very well that the cool Romaine would not suffer it to come to that. So he



racked his brains to discover some way by which he could effectually outrage and insult him. In this mood, he unluckily came face to face with Mrs. Fermor. Here was the opportunity. She was the Christian thrown to the lion. *She* was not a cold skilled hand that could retort upon him or repulse him. At the sight of her, the lecture he had suffered, the mortifications, the suspicions about Miss Manuel, all came rushing on him. Here was a fit whipping-post ready to his hand.

She was in a soft humour. The sense of her loneliness and the feeling of desertion, was growing upon her. Perhaps, after all, she had been thinking, she had not been making allowance. Perhaps, with a little advance—But Fermor burst on her: "It seems we are now the talk of clubs and coffee-rooms, and strange gentlemen take up the cudgels for you good naturedly, and say you mean no harm. Cheerful news, eh? However, *that* is no matter, as it will soon end."

This made her as defiant as he was; as wounded, as rebellious, perhaps as vindictive. "As soon as you please," she said; "perhaps sooner. Do you wish the servants to hear as well as the gentlemen in the clubs?"

"This tone won't do," said Fermor, with a trembling voice. "I've had too much of it. Most luckily, it is not too late."

During this speech Mrs. Fermor had thought of a famous retort. She would not have repressed it for the world. "I am glad," she said, her little heart beating fast, "that there are gentlemen who take up my cause and have remarked the treatment I am subject to. I am *very* glad."

"Gentlemen or no gentlemen," said he, with a heart beating as fast, "these goings on must be stopped, and stopped promptly. As the beginning, I require peremptorily that you do not exhibit yourself at this foolish show of Lady Laura's. In fact, I shall see that you do not go."

"And what if I *do* go?" said Mrs. Fermor, with sparkling eyes.

"We shall see," said Fermor, scornfully.

"And we *shall* see," repeated Mrs. Fermor, as scornfully.

Yet only a few minutes before, during that interval of softness, she was thinking whether, after all, it would not be better to go to him and make this little sacrifice, as a sort of opening to reconciliation. But now that was all over for ever and ever. If she was to *die* she would go.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI. TOWLER AND BIRD.

POOR Mrs. Fermor! All helpless, and cast entirely among "gentlemen friends," she had no one to rely upon or look to for aid or counsel. Men, after all, with their free manners, were *true* beings. Not so faithless, she thought, as women. A hot spirit was working in her veins, a strange excitement, and pride was carrying her forward in this path. She had no time to think. Everything seemed to conspire cruelly to hurry her into that crooked course. Thus she gave directions that Mr. Romaine was not to be let

in; for she had begun to shrink from the calm collected air of direction and authority which he had latterly begun to assume. When he sauntered up the stairs, in defiance of these orders, her face flushed, and she drew back. "I am not at home," she said, excitedly. "I don't want to see people. I said that you were not to come in."

"A girl feebly tried to stop me," he said, "but I saw the lie on her lips. Surely I know that you are always at home at this hour. What is the use of this little artifice with me?"

"It is very wrong," she went on, passionately, for she felt her own helplessness. "You think you can do as you please here. I won't permit it," she added, with a little stamp; "you come here too often, and I have told you so."

"Perhaps so!" he said, looking at her with genuine astonishment, as it seemed to her. "I am sure I do. I must try and mend, though. You tell us these harsh truths a little roughly. You should break the fall, and prepare us. Last day you were kinder. Well! it is only one more like all the rest!" And, taking his hat again, added, "Good-by."

There was such a wounded hurt air in his manner, that her heart smote her a little.

"I always say more than I mean," she said. "I have no choice of words. *You* understand me, I know. I am worried and miserable. No one stands by me, or, I believe, cares for me."

"A discovery!" he said, bitterly. "But that's the old song from the beginning of the world. Who cares for me, I should like to know? Who has ever cared? I have given up looking for *that* sort of article. Only I *did* suppose," he went on, excitedly, "like one of the great dolts which all men are, that *you* had a sort of toleration for me—a good nature, a sympathy for the poor rough creature who has had his troubles, and whom you encouraged, I say, for some purpose of your own, into a dream that there was something like heart left on the earth. For a moment I believed in you, Mrs. Fermor! I supposed that you would not descend to the tricks and deceptions of other women."

"Tricks and deceptions?" she repeated.

"Using me," he went on, more excited still, "for the virtuous end of stirring up the slumbering fires of *his* affection. Oh, of course!" he said, "I am taking a liberty in making these speeches. But it is the truth."

"You do me injustice, indeed you do," she said. "I never dreamed of such a thing."

She felt, in penitential confusion, that she had behaved harshly—coarsely even. She would have done anything for an opportunity to show how sorry she was. "Sit down," she said, "won't you? If you go away at once, I shall know that you are offended."

"Offended?" he said. "No. It is more in sorrow than in anger—as men go away in the novels. And yet I don't know what to make of you," he said, sitting down. "I *ought* to go. And with it all I *don't* hate you, as I ought to."

She laughed and tossed her head, as any other



woman, the most prudish, would have done in the same case.

"I have no sense," he said, impatiently. "I have an odd stupid notion, or have dreamt it, that you are a *little* like myself: that you find that no one understands you, no one cares for you; that you are alone on an iceberg. It is a mere fancy, but it is in my head. No matter whether it be true or not." Mrs. Fermor sighed. "Well, I came to-night, merely because I heard that you were going—going at once. My sin was coming to say good-by."

"I—we—never thought of going," said Mrs. Fermor, wondering. "Who told you?"

"Well; one who is supposed to be a very great friend of yours and of mine—Miss Manuel. She was very eager about it, and wished me to persuade you to go. Why, I wonder?"

"Why?" said Mrs. Fermor, suddenly flashing out. "Ah! *you* can't guess; but there is a reason for all these things."

"It is a good reason, I suppose?" he said.

"Is it?" said she. "Ah, you who know the world so well have much to learn; and so have I. O," she said, almost crying, "I don't know where to turn to. Every hour brings out some new treachery."

"Exactly," said he, quietly. "We are wonderfully like, I see. Just what I find. But, dear Mrs. Fermor, it grieves me to see you in this way; you who are so young, and fresh, and fair, and who ought to be very happy. I can't be acting shams; I don't care to take the trouble. I tell you plainly, I have seen that there is trouble on your mind which I may help. Forgive me, if I say what I should not say, and give me but a hint, and I stop. But where I have a deep earnest and sincere interest in one who so brusquely turns me into the street——"

"I do indeed believe you to be a friend," said she, piteously. "And I should be ungracious if I did not understand your good will; but——"

"Now," said Romaine, drawing his chair closer, "I see most things, and where I don't see, I have an instinct. There is Fermor, your husband——May I go on?"

She looked at him irresolutely, and tried to call up her faithless pride, which was hurrying to the rear. "I think on this subject——"

"Exactly," he said, pushing his chair away again. "I knew it. Poor Romaine! he is always going through the ice."

"O, go on," she said, a little fretfully; "tell me what you mean."

"Well," he said, gravely, "Fermor, our friend, your husband—a good deal of allowance is to be made for him. He was a beau garçon once. His head was turned. (Don't be angry.) He has been humoured—perhaps spoiled. This I mean in his relation to the common world outside, walking the streets. Well, he treats that world with some airs, and how is that world curing him? How do you suppose? By leaving him altogether to himself. The treatment has already had a wholesome effect. It will do him good;

it will soften him in time. You see, the world is the best mistress *in* the world. You could not, my dear Mrs. Fermor, go to a better school."

She looked at him wondering, yet comprehending perfectly.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Fermor," he went on, eagerly, "we are all too much humoured—we men, I mean. You, I fear, are an angel of sweetness"—she started—"women, I mean. It does us no good. The more we get the more we want. We are not a bit obliged for the homage. There is some vile overbearing dross in us. Keep us at the grinding-stone, and we love you all the same. The sweet suffering wife is only a drudge, and *made* a drudge."

She looked at him still with dilated eyes, but his words brought conviction. A new light had flashed upon her. Long after he had gone, she sat pondering on them. At last she said aloud, "How rude and brutal I was to him, and how gently he bore my pettishness. I begin to think he *is* my only friend in this world. And all he says is so sensible."

Never was she so confirmed in her resolution of "dying first" before giving up going to Lady Laura's.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII. A BRAVE STRUGGLE.

LADY LAURA'S festival was now fast hurrying on. Once she had determined on it, she went to the task with truly Spartan energy. And, indeed, there was much to encourage her. Though her worn and jaded limbs tottered as she struggled up the steep and stony mountains, still she flourished up on her poor old shoulder a banner with the device of Excelsior. She seemed to force on events by her indomitable will. And it had actually come to pass just a few nights before at old Lady Tozer's, that Young Spendesham, arriving about one A.M., very pink and dewy about his face, and very rich and thick about his speech, and full of kindness and good will to all men and women in his sentiments, had fallen into the meshes of a Calypso, who had been looking out for him for hours, and had been led away to her island—a greenhouse upon the stairs, where he long sat in a wine-y rapture. Sometimes Calypso made as though she would seek Calypso's mamma, but was checked by Ulysses, who, in his deep rich voice said, "Don't go yet;" or, with deep and burning reproach, "You w-ant to go—you d-oo—you know you do—wharserfellarsname?" conveying indistinctly that he dreaded the influence of a rival. On which the gentle Calypso began to pry curiously into the joinings of her fan, and asked with gentle suffering where had *he* been all the night? On which Ulysses began to protest hotly, "Nonedeed! But *you*—you want to go—I knowt—Issashame, I say! Tell me now—wharserfellarsname—I mean," he added correcting himself, "wharser-ullerfellarsname? No, no," he added, gloomily, "you won't tell me, I know you won't!"

Later, an hour later, Calypso whispered softly to her mamma, and the worn lines of mamma's



face were lit with a flush of hope. She had laboured through the heats, and had quarried iron rocks, and had found what had repaid her. She hurried at once to secure the young lord. She took him captive, wisely and warily, on the spot. "I am so glad," she whispered to him. "This is a happy moment for me. The happiest moment of my life." Had she been at all familiar with Holy Writ, she would have quoted *Nunc dimittis*. And then she led him to this person and to that, and exhibited her prize. "Lady Tozer," she said, "you know Lord Spendlesham, Blanche and he have been settling something together. Most suitable in every respect," she whispered. My lord, still dewy—about as rich and thick in his voice as curaçoa—and swinging back and forward to the banister, as if preparing for a spring, said something about a "sharmigirl." Lady Laura kept to him fast, and went through the rooms, dragging him at her ear, so that presently everybody, including some safe business-like friends, became acquainted with the joyful news that young Spendlesham had proposed for that second Fermor girl.

Thus inspired, Lady Laura toiled up the heights with renewed energy. Was she at all mortal, or did she find sleep or support from such things as breakfasts and dinners, from meats or wines? Night and day it was all one; she worked and toiled with head, heart, and hands. She should have been a general in the field. She found everything; she thought of everything; for Blanche and her sister were poor helpless creatures. Yet at this time the tradesmen and tradeswomen were coming thick and fast to the door; were pressing and loud voiced; and, once in the hall, refused to depart without audience. The job-master was heard below, turbulent and insolent. Lady Laura above in her bedroom—where a "cheap Dorcas woman;" was at work under superintendence, and where her own worn fingers laboured at tulle and silk—came down courageously and calmly to meet these rude Troopers. The job-master she worsted easily; with him she took the high tone. She whipped him across the face with "My daughter's marriage with Lord Spendlesham." "His lordship," she said, "will be mounting his establishment when he returns from his wedding tour, and I should like to have mentioned your name to him. He will want hunters and carriage-horses, and all sorts of things. But now you have been so troublesome to me, that really," said Lady Laura, smiling, "I don't see how I can reasonably mention you to him." The job-master was repentant in a moment. "You see 'ow it is my lady," he said, "we as keeps 'orses find it very 'ard to make the thing go." And then he said it was of no consequence, and retired.

With Madame Gay her encounter was of a different nature. That shrill and feline milliner had taken off her gloves, which every Frenchwoman wears to hide claws, and had long since been "spitting" and screaming at her

debtor. She had dared to send an "Attorney's letter" to Lady Laura. Lady Laura drove to her boldly in the job-master's carriage, and courageously strode in to her den. "Where is madame?" she said to the neat Phyllises who were scattered among the bonnets and dummies. "Send her here, please."

Madame came with the feline tusks displayed, and the whiskers almost visible. "I have received *this*," said Lady Laura, showing the letter. "I shall take no notice of it whatever. You have injured yourself more than you fancy. My daughter shall not get so much as a bonnet for her trousseau from you."

"I do not care," said the milliner, "but you shall pay me all de same."

"At my convenience," said Lady Laura. "I have it here," she said, showing some notes, "but you shall wait. I shall take care that my daughter, who is to marry Lord Spendlesham, shall not deal with you. I have shown Lady John Villiers *this*, and she says it is outrageous. If I was to tell this generally, I could ruin you."

Lady Laura drove away—in the job-master's carriage—again victorious. The milliner made a degrading submission. She found money, too, did Lady Laura, just as skilful spendthrifts find money, and perhaps in the same way. She may have been to a dirty snuffy Jew in a dirty snuffy back parlour, and have raised it on a bill, as well as the clever spendthrift. She may have taken her grandmother's heavy silver teapot and sugar bowl under her cloak, and gone down a remote street in the city, to a silversmith where such things were bought, and where she would have made a good bargain and got more money than another man or woman. There were old diamond earrings, too, which her father had given her when she was a girl, centuries ago, when there were such things for her in the world as affections, and sympathy, and associations, and hearts, before the frosts of fashion had set in and killed every plant and flower. When she took these trophies out of their worn velvet-lined case, something like a faint breath of warmth and softness seemed to come out with them. She handled them with reverence. These, it was well remembered, disappeared about this time.

Workmen were in the house, busy in the drawing-rooms constructing a stage, under Mr. Romaine's superintendence. Fine scenery was being painted, musicians were secured to play suitable music, and the light green vans of Deval, the well-known monopolist pastrycook, had been seen occasionally at the door. These splendid auxiliaries happily required no ready money. The coming alliance, belled about in the fashionable papers, was accepted as a note of hand, and readily discounted. Madame Gay, deeply repentant, was permitted, at her own urgent entreaty, to prepare a gorgeous fancy dress of richest texture and materials, to set off Blanche's charms. The house was in possession of visitors and strangers all day long. It was



upside down, topsy-turvy, on its side. There was no breakfast, no dinner, in regular fashion. Nor did the relations with the servants—at all times peculiarly delicate—permit of any despotism. It was understood, however, that they too were to share in the general largess that was approaching, and during the interval suspended all hostile action. Wonderful old Spartan! she controlled everything, and found everything, and thought of everything, brought everything gradually into shape. There are many such wives, widows, and martyrs, labouring about us, who do more in their own way than the most slavish lawyer who ever struggled to earn his bread, or to become Attorney-General and Chancellor.

### MILK.

If any one thing had to be selected which should prove more clearly than any other, the utter impossibility of comparing the perfection of divine with the imperfection of human skill, few better examples could be chosen than that familiar fluid, Milk.

Set an accomplished chemist, aided by a first-rate cook, to manufacture by their united skill, an universal aliment, which should suffice in itself alone for the nutriment of man and beast; which should suit all ages, from the infant to the octogenarian; which should neither cloy the palate nor clog the stomach, when taken in moderation; which should supply growth, sustain strength, and satisfy the cravings of appetite,—it is quite certain that they would not invent such a compound as milk, if they had not milk before them as a pattern to copy.

Our mother's milk is one of the few articles of food we ever swallow without its having cost a money payment or an equivalent for a money payment. It comes exactly *when* we want it; and its quality, at its first coming, is exactly *what* we want—purgative. The milk first secreted, called colostrum, differs considerably from the normal liquid. The fatty globules contained in it vary greatly in size, often being very large. Consequently, babies who are prevented by circumstances from taking a good draught of their mamma's first milk, are treated, instead, with a nice little dose of castor-oil. With cows and other animals, the colostrum possesses similar properties.

Moreover, our mother's milk alters in quality as we advance in age, and ceases naturally when we ought to do without it as our main subsistence. We are created to be omnivorous; that is, to replenish the earth, to till and subdue it—to have dominion over the fish of the sea, as well as over bird and beast. During the days of our strength and manhood, we are not to depend on milk alone. But that we may never be utterly deprived of this beneficent elixir, Providence has given us races of animals whose habits and structure peculiarly adapt them for the purpose. Sea, land, and air, provide us with aliment; we consume fish, flesh, fruits, vege-

tables, grain; but the ruminants only, with few exceptions, furnish milk for our daily use.

Milk is remarkable as being *the* characteristic of one grand division of animated creatures, at the head of which we, mankind, stand. The class Mammalia, the mammals, derives its name from "mamma," a teat. However differing in size, habit, form, and structure—from the tiny shrewmouse to the enormous elephant; from the ape, who has four hands, to the horse, who has none; from the human being, who walks erect, to the seal, who grovels on the sand, and crawls on the rock for want of having hind legs to walk with; from the bat and the vampire who fly in the air, to the whale and the porpoise who float in the ocean—all agree in having teats, and in feeding their new-born young with milk.

The offspring, therefore, of all mammals are truly parasitic on their parents during their early infancy. None of them can, like chicken just escaped from the shell, feed at once exclusively on the diet which is to sustain them as adults. Even those which, like the foal, walk and run soon after their birth, still do not graze for a certain period afterwards of various duration, but are fed by sucking the udder only. Without milk (or some imitation of milk, in which itself enters in considerable proportion) they could not be kept alive. We all know the helpless condition of little puppies and kittens. Blind, and scarcely capable of locomotion, they draw their sustenance and growth solely from the fountain of the mother. Rats and mice (and several other rodents) are still more rudimental and dependent when they first enter the world. The most so of all probably are the young of the marsupials, or pouch-bearing animals, the kangaroos and opossums, which are almost shapeless little lumps of flesh, with scarcely a feature distinguishable except their mouth, by means of which they hold on to the dam, and feed, much as a leech fast fixed to its prey—only without ever being satisfied, and quitting hold—until due development and strength are attained. A day-old kangaroo is as parasitic a creature as a tapeworm.

A curious subject is opened up by the study of the means and the matters which fulfil the offices of milk in nourishing young organisms not belonging to the mammalia, whether amongst animals or vegetables. There is no room to enter upon it here; but we may merely indicate the store of nutriment laid up in seeds, nuts, and grain, for the early support of the future plant; the absorption of the yolk in oviparous creatures, and the ready-digested food (in various stages of preparation, according to the time elapsed since hatching) with which many birds feed their callow young. In pursuing this inquiry, it will be found that God has taken the same precautions to ensure the early growth and subsequent increase of the humblest blade of grass, as of the noblest animal. We hesitate which to admire the more: the simplicity and unity of the means employed, or the diversity and grandeur of the results obtained. If celestial phenomena fix our wonder by their perfect order



and precision, it is not less true that a careful examination of apparently the simplest works of creation will also reveal marvellous and unexpected harmonies.

Milk is a white, non-transparent, homogeneous fluid, heavier than water, of agreeable and slightly sweetish flavour. If the milk betray imperfect liquidity, it is not healthy milk, nor of good quality. Its whiteness and non-transparency are owing to its constitution. Milk, in familiar terms, may be said to be composed of four main ingredients; cream or butter, caseine or cheese, lactine or sugar of milk associated with other salts, and buttermilk or whey, which forms the watery portion of its substance. Seen under the microscope, it is found to be full of globules of various sizes, which swarm in good milk, are less abundant in poor milk, and are still more numerous and large in cream. The different appearances of good and of thin milk are not unlike the different aspects of a slice from a rich plum-pudding and a slice from an economical one. It is these globules—the plums and currants of the mixture—which give to milk both its colour and its opacity. The greater opaqueness of cream and the semi-transparency of skimmed milk, or milk that has been liberally watered, are a popular confirmation of the fact. To see the globules in milk and the difference of their size well, a high magnifying power (from five to six hundred diameters) is desirable; but they are perfectly and distinctly visible with a good instrument magnifying from two hundred to two hundred and fifty diameters.

The watery portion of milk possesses no microscopic properties; nor are we aware that there are microscopic means of distinguishing the milk of one class of animals from that of another, as there are of detecting different bloods—the blood of reptiles, for instance, from the blood of mammals. Each milk-globule consists of fatty matter or butter, and is enveloped in a thin coat of caseine, which prevents the globules from melting into each other. If a portion of a drop of milk be placed on a glass slide for microscopic observation, and the thin glass cover be rubbed to and fro with a certain degree of pressure, the cheesy coating will be ruptured, the globules of oil will run together, and shreds of the coats, like broken egg-shells, will be visible. If acetic acid be added to milk, the coats will be acted upon, and the confluence of the globules be also produced. The same effect occurs naturally in sour milk, causing the globules to be larger and more irregular in form (frequently becoming elongated and united in twos, so as to bear some resemblance to young mushrooms) than they are in fresh milk.

Milk affords an interesting subject of study, from its being the first aliment on which all have, or ought to have, fed. Any deficiency in its supply in infancy, is often felt through childhood, youth, and even manhood. How can growing babes make gristle and bone, if they do not take in the proper materials to make them with? Pap and arrowroot may be as palatable, but they do not contain the same elements as

milk. Milk suffices, alone and unaided, to maintain and develop our bodily frame. A curious problem, therefore, presents itself at the outset; namely, to trace, in the composition of milk, the composition of our bodily organs.

One of the least known, but also one of the most indefatigable and conscientious authors who have added fresh facts to the natural history of milk, is the late M. Quevenne, who, in collaboration with M. Bourchardat, published, in 1857, an interesting work, *Le Lait* (Milk). During the nineteen years he spent at the *Hôpital de la Charité*, there were very few days on which he did not make experiments to decide questions relating to the composition of milk. From this bland and apparently simple liquid, he extracted no less than thirty-two different kinds of substances, including water. The union of ten of them constitutes butter. Four had been considered as a single substance, known by the name of caseum, or pure cheese. Amongst the rest are lactine, sulphur, iodine, besides phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash, iron, manganese, and soda. Who would guess that such a multitude of ingredients were to be found in a glass of milk?

Nevertheless, by carefully searching out matters which enter it only in very small quantities, analysis promises still further discoveries. For in this liquid, be it remembered, we ought to find *everything* which exists in the human frame; or at least everything which can give rise, by admirable transformations, to the multitudinous compounds of which the human frame is composed.

Food serves the double purpose, first of maintaining vital heat in an animal, and, secondly, of increasing its growth by the addition of fresh substance to its various organs. In the latter office may be included the repairing of losses and injuries, as well as the accumulation of store of flesh and fat. Heat-giving aliments are burnt in the living human body, in such a way as to produce a temperature of  $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  centigrade, or  $99^{\circ}$  and a fraction of Fahrenheit, which is consequently called “blood heat.” The result of the combustion is water and carbonic acid, which escape by the lungs. Every adult person, in ordinary health, exhales more than two pounds of carbonic acid in four-and-twenty hours. The heat-giving aliments contained in good fresh milk are lactine and butter.

Lactine is a white sugar, crackling, brittle, scentless, slightly sweet, which may be procured by the evaporation of skimmed milk. It is called very properly sugar of milk; and it is known that all sugars are not equally sweet to the taste. Thus, cane sugar is sweeter than beetroot sugar. It exists in eggs, and in the milk of some, probably of all, carnivorous animals, with whom its quantity is increased by feeding them on bread. But what we know of *their* milk is mainly derived from the sow and the bitch; for few people would undertake the task of milking a tigress or a lioness.

Cow's milk contains five per cent of lactine; ass's milk, six and a half; woman's milk, seven



and a half immediately after confinement, and two and a half at the end of two years, but it then becomes richer in cream. In general, woman's milk is extremely variable. The human infant is born naked; he therefore requires milk which abounds in heat-giving elements—and Providence supplies him with it.

Butter, which may be called the soul of milk, is introduced into the blood by the process of digestion, and thereby serves the purpose for which it was intended,—namely, to keep us warm and comfortable. Butter produces considerably more heat than lactine. It is stored away in the magazines of our body both more easily than lactine, and in greater quantity. For these reasons, its digestion requires more exercise than the digestion of lactine does.

The hue of butter varies according to season, being paler in winter. The succulent pasturage of early summer gives it a rich light-yellow tint, which is imitated in some rural districts by adding decoction of marigold flowers, or juice of carrots, to the cream; in others, by infusion of turmeric. Butter becomes liquid, in the shape of oil, at a temperature of from 72° to 77° of Fahrenheit; cold reduces it to a firm consistence, and even makes it hard. Hence, butter is popularly said to go mad twice a year: when it slips through your fingers and runs away, and when it is so stiff and stubborn that it refuses to spread beneath the knife. There are climates and seasons so hot that, in them, solid butter is an impossibility, except with the help of ice. Even in temperate climates, successful butter-making is an art of such nicety that the vulgar regard it as a mystery which is sometimes influenced by other than mere natural causes. Cows and dairies are apt to be bewitched, to the present day. If butter won't "come," put the key of the church door into the churn. Almost every pastoral locality has its own proper charm, believed to be of special efficacy, but often not better founded than the old notion that, in insect transformation, the head of the caterpillar becomes the tail of the butterfly.

Milk also furnishes caseum and albumen—cheese, and a substance resembling white of egg—as plastic aliments, supplies to assist our growth. They produce flesh, repair losses, and the growth of muscle, and are harder to use up than other matters. In cow's milk, they figure for thirty-eight parts in a thousand; in ass's, for twenty-one; and in woman's, for fourteen only. Of inorganic elements, water is found in uniform quantity in those three milks. The salts—the materials daily employed in building up our frames—are found in the following proportions: seven in a thousand in cow's, five in ass's, and two only in woman's milk. These proportions are in perfect harmony with the respective rapidity of growth in the respective young. The young of either quadruped grows much more rapidly than the baby. And therefore—as nothing comes of nothing—it absolutely needs a different quality of milk.

But the composition of the inorganic elements found in milk is as complex as their destined

uses. Phosphates of lime and magnesia serve to solidify the bones. Phosphate of soda and potash, chloride of sodium (common salt), and chloride of potash, enter into the composition of the blood. The latter salt is found in the muscles. Fluorate of lime hardens the teeth and bones. And finally, iron, in very small quantity, assists in forming the globules in blood.

The quality of an animal's milk varies during the act of milking. At the commencement of the operation it is bluish, and contains no cream; at the close, it is extremely rich in cream. Hence, the care taken by good dairywomen to milk their cows dry to the very last drop. The final draughts, sometimes called "the strippings," are the best. Dr. Hassall confirmed the fact by experiment, and added, that the great difference in the amount of cream contained in the first and last milk taken from the cow at one milking, appears to be satisfactorily explained on the supposition that the fatty matter in milk obeys the same laws of gravity in the udder of the cow that it obeys when set aside in an open vessel.

This fact is not without its practical importance. It is common for invalids and others to procure their glass of milk direct from the cow. But in this way they seldom obtain their proper share of cream—which may be an advantage in some cases, and a disadvantage in others. In many places, it is usual for cows to be milked in the presence of the purchasers. Although in this way the buyer succeeds in procuring it genuine, he does not always obtain the best milk.

The adulteration of milk is one of the most noxious frauds that can be committed in supplying food for public consumption. True, it does not actually administer poison; but it strikes at the root of a nation's health by enfeebling the young, pinching the underfed, and stinting the sustenance allowed to the sick and aged. It is like committing murder by pin-pricks. Where aliment is measured out to each mouth, as in innumerable public and private establishments, the daily subtraction of even a small proportion becomes, in the long run, a serious evil. It is starvation administered in small doses. A rich man's child, living at home, may care little about the quality of his milk; but to workmen's children, and even to schoolboys and schoolgirls, it becomes a matter of vital importance. For, to mention nothing else, the abstraction of the cream, by diminishing one source of animal heat, if long continued with children mainly fed on milk, causes them to flag, pine away, and die.

The commonest and the easiest adulteration of milk is the removal of the cream and the addition of water—the substitution, in fact, of skimmed milk and water for pure milk as it issues fresh from the cow. The jocose title "sky-blue," by which the falsified article is known, shows that, in England, the imposture is not regarded with extreme severity. In France, on the contrary, the adulteration of milk is punished with wholesome—some may think



excessive—rigour. We copy one out of several instances lying before us, textually from the official journal of a French department. It occupies the most conspicuous place, and is in larger type than the rest of the page.

"Insertion by authority of Justice. Extract from a Sentence pronounced the 29th of January, 1864:

"The person named LEQUETTE (Charles Constantin), aged thirty-three years, merchant milkman, dwelling at Arras, has been condemned, by the said sentence, to eight days' imprisonment and a fine of fifty francs, for having adulterated an alimentary article destined to be sold, by putting into his milk two-tenths of water. It has, moreover, been ordained that this sentence should be posted, by quotation, to the number of eleven copies, notably on the door of the prisoner's house, and that it should also be inserted once, by quotation, in the journal *Le Courrier du Pas-de-Calais*, and that at his expense."

Note how strictly our neighbours adhere to their decimal system. They can't say "one-fifth" of water, but "*deux dixièmes*." The unkindest cut of all is the accusing poster on the culprit's door. The fine might be paid; the prison might be entered as a temporary residence—everybody must board and lodge somewhere—but the ignominious paste and paper are enough to raise a blister on the door itself.

Other like offences are visited by similar infictions. For example, another number of the same newspaper opens with: "The person named LEVEL, aged thirty-six years, egg-merchant, born and dwelling at St. Amand, arrondissement d'Arras, has been condemned to eight days' imprisonment for having offered for sale, in Arras market-place, eggs which he knew to be rotten. It has, moreover, been ordained that this sentence should be posted to the number of twelve copies, notably upon the door of the house of the said Level, and that it should, besides, be inserted in the journal *Le Courrier du Pas-de-Calais*."

The strictness of the French municipal authorities respecting the quality of the milk brought in for sale, has given rise to curious scenes. One small fortified town had to abstain from that liquid for a whole day. It had been suspected, for some time past, that the milk from the country was not so good as it should be; so it was determined to try it, and make an example. One fine summer's morning, the first-come milk was tested and condemned; its vendors accordingly were booked for punishment. The legal avengers, like spiders in the centre of their web, quietly awaited the entrance of fresh arrivals within the walls; but no milk-bearers came, human or asinine. The news had spread outside, like wildfire, causing a general rout of donkeys and milk-cans. The officials therefore sallied forth to make a raid, intending to pounce upon their victims there and then. But they found the ground covered with pools of what should have been milk, while its guilty owners fled in

all directions, barely saving their pots and pails. Next day, and for some time afterwards, the community was served with milk genuine as the cow had yielded it.

What, then, it may be asked, is to become of the immense quantity of skimmed milk which remains in the hands of butter-makers? This: Its public sale (in that shape) should be utterly prohibited. Converted into cheese, or assimilated into pork, it becomes wholesome and saleable food. But as skimmed milk it should not be allowed to go beyond the producer's homestead. There, it may do real good, by entering into the composition of broth and bread, and by helping to feed domestic animals and poultry. Curd, which it yields, is especially useful in rearing young chicken and turkey-poulters.

Three principal motives urge French legislators to insist on a supply of unadulterated milk. First, regard to the public health, which is intimately connected with such a supply. Secondly, agricultural interests; the better milk is, the more will be consumed; the more there is consumed, the more cows will have to be kept, and the greater will be the resulting quantity of manure, which is the backbone and mainstay of agriculture. Finally, commercial morality is promoted by the refusal of justice to close its eyes to, or tolerate, the slightest mercantile fraud. It is the same principle which suggested the severity of the French Code against theft, burglary, highway robbery, swindling, breach of confidence, and the like. And it would be rash to deny that that severity produces excellent deterrent effects. "Not English," objects the British bigot. So much the better, say we.

A frequent cause of the adulteration of milk is the demand of the buyer for unreasonable cheapness. If the consumer insist on having, for a penny, a quantity of milk which is worth three-halfpence, and if one competitive milkman will supply the article required, other milkmen follow the example, and the quality of the milk is deteriorated. It would be much better economy to pay a better price for a better article. Consenting to be fed with diluted milk, is, in fact, the first step to living exclusively on the pure contents of the limpid stream. But one's own bodily frame ought to be the very last subject for experiment in the art of reducing necessities to their lowest figure. A man may try to bring his horse down to a straw per day, but it would be imprudent to carry out the system by confining his own nutriment to a daily pint of milk and water. In short, it is better to have to pay a coal-merchant's, tailor's, butcher's, even a milkman's bill, than an apothecary's or an undertaker's.

On the other hand, some few milk-sellers may be tempted by their own greediness to make undue profits. They may do so for a time, but will find themselves mistaken in the end. Honesty, in all things, is the very best policy. The persevering sale of genuine milk will alone secure and retain good customers. But milk varies in its composition naturally; in which case, the fraud is imaginary. It also occurs



less frequently than is imagined. Even the variations may be imaginary. The proportion of water contained in milk can be ascertained.

For the means of detecting the adulteration of milk, the reader is referred to Hassall's *Adulteration Detected*, in English, and *Bouchar-dat's Lait*, in French. The easiest test is its specific gravity, which in genuine cow's milk has an average of about 1.030 (water being 1.000). It is frequently several degrees lower, but it seldom exceeds 1.031. The variation in the specific gravity of milk is caused by corresponding variations in the quantity of cream or butter present. The butter of milk being so much lighter than water, the greater the proportion of butter, the lighter, of course, is the milk. Pure milk, therefore, not deprived of its cream, has a less specific density than skimmed milk, the difference being caused by the lightness of the cream.

Many people imagine that flour, chalk, starch, and the brains of calves or sheep, are intermixed with skimmed milk to imitate the absent cream. Such unpleasant suppositions are happily unfounded in the majority of instances. Dr. Hassall never met with those substances in milk; although Professor Queckett had in his possession drawings made from samples of adulterated milk, showing the presence of both starch and cerebral matter. A dishonest practice, sometimes resorted to, is to remove part or the whole of the cream, and mixing the skimmed milk with a portion of fresh milk, to sell the mixture as pure whole milk. It is rare that anything else is added than water and bi-carbonate of soda, professedly to make the milk keep. Carbonate of magnesia is also employed to make cream keep. The worst specimen examined by Dr. Hassall contained fifty per cent, or one-half water. In the Jura, and other parts of Switzerland, Gruyère cheese is made in partnership. Each partner contributes new milk, and the produce is manufactured in common; which explains the magnitude of those cart-wheel cheeses. No skimmed or watered milk ever shows itself *there*. An adulterator would be banished and disgraced for ever. Such examples are of extremest rarity.

But milk is a liquid whose constitution quickly changes naturally, of itself, and without any adulteration. It is sensible to the action of the air, and especially of acids, such as vinegar and lemon-juice. Mixed with the latter, it curdles instantly. Rennet affects it in a similar way. The curd so obtained is pressed into cheese. Rennet is made from the gastric juice of animals, but more particularly from that found in the maws or stomachs of sucking calves fed entirely upon milk. These maws are preserved by salting. If the maw be good, a bit no bigger than a sixpence, put into a tea-cupful of water with a little salt, twelve hours before it is wanted, will suffice to curdle eighteen or twenty gallons of milk. The quality of the cheese depends greatly upon the rennet; and almost every celebrated cheese-making district has its own receipt for preserving and employing the maw. Artichoke flowers also curdle milk.

Milk, left in repose, spontaneously separates

into two portions. The cream rises to the top, and the blue milk remains below. By keeping, milk turns sour, because its sugar is transformed into lactic acid. It then curdles. Cow's milk undergoes the lactic fermentation. Under certain conditions (not always easy to attain) mare's milk undergoes the alcoholic fermentation. It then becomes koumi, a favourite Russian beverage. The skin formed on the surface of boiling milk is not cream, but a mixture of coagulated albumen and cheese; the sediment remaining at the bottom, is not, as is often supposed, flour which has been added, but cheesy matter. To keep milk from turning, a few drops of liquid ammonia would be better than the bi-carbonate of soda usually employed by dairymaids.

Railways have been very influential in securing to large populations a daily supply of good milk. Before their existence, the graziers round Paris transformed their cows into milk-machines. Not contented with the normal quantity of seven or eight quarts per day; by feeding their cows with salted fodder and giving them flour and water instead of green food, and by keeping them constantly confined in the stable, they contrived to extract from fifteen to twenty quarts a day for a couple of years. The milk was rich in lactine; but the cows became consumptive. At the least draught of cold air, pneumonia declared itself, and a dairyman's whole stock might be dead in twenty-four hours. As an excess of refinement and ingenuity, cows have been milked by machinery; but, before pronouncing on the merits of the system, we should like to hear the cows' report.

The French have a useful comprehensive word, "laitage," to express everything which is made of milk. Thus: The Dutch drive a great trade in laitage; the food of the Swiss consists mainly of laitage—which makes some of them look as if their flesh were cheese, and would turn to Welsh rabbit, if toasted. Tastes differ in respect to laitage; which is said to favour the increase of intestinal worms, if too predominant in the diet, and taken without salt. The old rules for a course of milk diet, when to leave off, and when to go on, are surfeiting even to read. The canny Scotch shepherd who, having to drive a flock of ewes to London, lived exclusively on their milk, to save his board wages, must have had enough of it by the time he reached the metropolis. Ewe's milk has been in high and ancient repute with many tribes. It was used for the manufacture of cheese, many centuries before there is any record of this article of sustenance being made from the milk of the cow. The famous French Roquefort cheese is made of ewe's milk. Some people prefer sour milk to fresh. The Irishman delights to wash down his potatoes with buttermilk—perhaps though, because he can get nothing else. Mare's milk is more pleasant than cow's milk to Tartar palates. The Arabs drink camel's milk, either alone or mixed with rice and flour; their butter is made of goat's or sheep's milk, which latter, although exalting the milk of the cow in the quantity of butter yielded, yet that



butter is inferior in quality, is less solid, has an oily taste, and soon becomes rancid—which is a recommendation to many consumers. It is made by putting it into a goat-skin, tied to one of the tent-poles, and for one or two hours moved constantly backwards and forwards, furnishing pleasant amusement for the womankind. The Bedouins eat butter to excess. Whoever can afford it, swallows a large cupful of butter every morning before breakfast, and snuffs up as much as he can into his nostrils, while his whole food swims in butter. The Icelanders prefer, for fish sauce, high-flavoured butter twenty years old. They eat “skyr,” or curd, with biscuits, and drink a sort of buttermilk entitled “blanda.”

### ORIENTAL SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Orientals attribute to supernatural agency everything for which their ingenuity cannot account. They believe that evil spirits plot by day in hidden places, but come forth at night to give effect to their mischievous devices. They are most awake when mortals sleep, and have many mysterious ways of making their presence known. They have their institutions and their hierarchies, their treaties of peace and their war-like outbreaks. Some are more malignant, some more powerful, than others. Some may be conciliated by secret services, and may be safely trusted when their good will has been secured. Others are wholly malicious, and any show of kindness, they exhibit only to betray and sacrifice those who listen to their suggestions. Some are supposed to bring messages from the dead, to be acquainted with secrets hidden from mortal ken, and to be entrusted with the revelation of events about to happen. Many are served by subordinate spirits, upon whom they confer certain limited attributes, and charge with special missions to man. Half the legendary narratives with which the people are amused by the professional story-tellers are connected with the spiritual world. All Oriental languages are imbued with a mythic phraseology. It forms a part of their proverbial expressions, characterises their poetry, and is cemented with the whole social machinery. Among us, notions of spirits are vague and shadowy. In the East, everybody is a believer; many profess to have seen supernatural beings; not one has failed to hear of their existence and their presence. Traditions are distinctly interblended with authentic history, and miraculous interferences are held to be no exceptions to the laws of Providence—they are *the law*.

The country of the blacks (ancient Ethiopia) has its northern frontier at the first cataract, and the somewhat scattered town of Deir presents a singular contrast to the appearance of the Egyptian towns, in which the Mahomedan Fellahen and the Christian Copts predominate, and it is only now and then that any number of woolly-headed negroes are seen. The Nubian race is among the most civilised and the most

teachable of the Africans, and a Nubian captain will often be found commanding dahabeahs and other vessels on the Nile, and holding in obedience and subjection a crew of the long-haired people, whether the colour of their skin be light or dark brown. They consider themselves, as a nation, far superior to the labouring classes on the banks of the Nile. Clot Bey, who was at the head of the medical schools in Egypt, told me that he had once to perform an operation on a Nubian negro by the amputation of his leg. The man displayed an extraordinary self-possession, and did not even utter a groan while under the surgical knife. “You are indeed a brave fellow,” said the Bey, after the limb was removed; and the Nubian quietly but proudly replied, “Did you think I was no better than a fellow?”

Besides the virtue of exorcisms exhibited by repeating a sentence from the Koran, the Nubians believe that they can escape from the power of the Afrits by crossing a running stream. An Afrit, they say, cannot follow a human being over a rill or a river. Hence, if either can be reached, they find an undoubted protection from the visitations of the Giant Spirit. Heathens, Jews, Mahomedans, and Christians, all, whenever able, have recourse to these means of safety, and endeavour, as soon as possible, to place a water barrier between themselves and the Afrit enemy. But the Nile, above all other waters, is deemed a secure defence. Not the love of the Jews for the Jordan, or the Indians for the Ganges, is stronger than that of the Egyptians for their own ancient and honoured river. Once in my travels, when I had given a few paras to a poor woman for holding my horse, she expressed her gratitude in these words; “May Allah bless thee, as he blessed the source of the Nile!”

The manuscript of a French traveller which I have seen gives a glowing account of the erudition, the public and private virtues, of the then prime minister of the famous Ali Pasha of Yanina, Mahomet Effendi, and of his son, Wehib Effendi. Mahomet was a master of the Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Greek, and Albanian languages; learned in geometry, algebra, geography, and history. He had, moreover, though a very zealous Mussulman, studied the religious questions which separate the Oriental from the Occidental churches, and was also a poet and a philosopher, and, best of all, a just and a popular functionary, of whom it might be said, a rare eulogium in the Ottoman Empire, that he has never abused his authority. There are not many modern Turks who have acquired a literary reputation among their countrymen. Mahomet Effendi is among the few of whom both priests and people speak with pride. Even the Greeks, who seldom allow that any good can come out of Islam, make an exception in his favour, for he is accessible to the giaours, and distributes his bounties with a liberal and impartial hand. I, says our narrator, have been admitted to his cabinet, I have enjoyed his society, full of wit and wisdom. His presence inspires respect, all the more



because he is surrounded by none of that ostentatious and costly display with which Oriental men of rank ordinarily seek to dazzle and to impose reverence. The retinue of himself and his son consists of twelve men-servants, of whom one only is a slave. His harem is confined to five or six females, who are treated with a kindness seldom witnessed in the Levant. His whole stud has but two, though those are singularly beautiful horses. I know of no palace in the East where what is glittering and sumptuous is made so subservient to what is really comfortable and commodious. His table, though on great occasions worthy of his enormous wealth, and loaded with expensive luxuries, is ordinarily simple. The library is almost unique. It consists of two thousand eight hundred volumes, whose value must not be rated by an European estimate, as all the works are in manuscript. Very many of them are rare and costly, and, taken one with another, are worth two hundred piastres each. Independently of these he has a large collection of books in French, English, and German. All his leisure hours are devoted to study, and he is, with good reason, considered the most learned man in the Ottoman dominions. His son is scarcely less deserving. He follows close upon his father's footsteps; has devoted himself particularly to the study of the positive sciences, particularly to chemistry, mechanics, and hydraulics. He is altogether above the common prejudices of the people. He occupies a leading position, and stands high in favour at the court of the Vizier Ali Pasha.

Wehib Effendi related to me that one of his relations, named Achmet Aga, whose house is only a few steps from his father's hotel, had a wife who had inspired a Djin with a passion which led to his exercising over her an irresistible influence. This poor woman, both young and pretty, as is usually the case when such connexions are formed, entirely lost her health and spirits. Her husband was obliged to have her imprisoned in a room of which the windows were walled up, preserving only a small light, that opened upon the corridor of the harem, and this, although too small to admit of the passage of a man's body, was protected with two strong bars of iron. The door of this chamber was locked and barricaded outside, and no person was permitted to enter, the woman being in a state of excitement which rendered it dangerous to approach her. The husband and his brother constituted themselves the keepers of this recluse, who was shut up for a period of eight years. Notwithstanding this isolation, at the end of about three years and a half the unfortunate creature gave birth to a shapeless monster.

Seized with fear at the sight of this phenomenon, the husband fled from the house, and made known to Mahomet Effendi the cause of his flight, but he dared not ask the minister to visit the apartment, and personally to inquire into the circumstances, on account of the Mahomedan law, which forbids any man, except the husband and the nearest relations, to look upon an undressed and unveiled woman, and

Mahomet Effendi being but a cousin, was a degree too far removed. He urgently exhorted the husband not to forsake his unfortunate wife, who would be in danger of dying of starvation if he discontinued his care of her. Achmet Aga followed his advice, and at the end of three days the horrible object to which his wife had given birth was nowhere to be found. The unhappy idiot never appeared for a moment to have cared about it, and she acted precisely as though no living creature had ever been in the room with her.

At length, after eight years of seclusion, her husband was much astonished when she one day said to him that the Djin, who had exercised so powerful a sway over her, had restored to her both liberty and reason. Achmet Effendi hastened to gratify her wishes. She then washed and purified herself, put on her garments, and left her prison. She lived for some years afterwards, in the perfect enjoyment of her senses, and died much regretted by her husband, only nineteen months since. (The MS. is dated 26th June, 1817.) She could never give any account of the phenomenon which she had brought into the world, and was indeed in perfect ignorance with respect to the events that had occurred at this period of her malady, being extremely astonished when asked by her husband to relate them.

During the period of the incarceration of this luckless woman, Wehib Effendi and other relations and friends frequently passed an evening with her husband, in the hopes of administering some consolation by distracting his mind from painful thoughts, and more than once they had unequivocal proofs of the presence of Djins in the house. Among other anecdotes related to me by Wehib Effendi, in confirmation of this view, I will give the following:

One evening, Wehib Effendi, accompanied by his uncle, the late Omar Effendi (with whom also I was acquainted), went to the residence of Achmet Aga. They had been conversing for about half an hour, when suddenly a bunch of keys, hung on a nail by the side of the chimney-piece, vaulted, apparently without assistance, from their usual position towards the middle of the room, and taking a bound upwards, sent forth from the ceiling so fearful a clang, that it might have been supposed some person was shaking them violently together. Wehib Effendi and his uncle were both alarmed, but the master of the house reassured them by telling them that, though similar events occurred in his dwelling most days, no one had ever suffered any injury in consequence. The rattling of the keys lasted about a quarter of an hour, after which the bunch returned to accommodate itself to the situation it had previously occupied.

Examples of the truth of the science called Ilionoscopy, vulgarly Platti, or Influence of the Shoulder of Mutton bone:

1. The principal person among the Greek inhabitants of Livadia, Signor Yanski Stamos Logothetti, a straightforward man, and devoid of prejudice, with a highly instructed and cultivated mind, related to me, on the 13th of August, 1816, that one day a tenant farmer of



his came to him to settle accounts. The dinner-hour having arrived, the visitor sat down to table with Signor Logothetti, and, it being much the custom to serve roast mutton in Turkey, there was a joint of it on the table. The countryman uttered a cry of surprise and terror while handling the shoulder-bone of the meat. The host inquired the cause of his alarm (for it is well known in Turkey that many persons, more especially villagers and highway robbers, are well informed on this subject), but the tenant waived a reply, and obstinately refused to satisfy the curiosity of Signor Logothetti.

A very short time after this interview the son of this gentleman became suddenly ill, and died at the end of two days. The servants then told the afflicted father that this was the death which his tenant had foreseen when examining the bone of the shoulder of mutton, and that he had confided the result of his observations to them after dinner, giving them at the same time strict injunctions not to anticipate the sorrow which their master was about to experience by mentioning the subject to him.

One of my best friends formerly served from his earliest youth in the military marine, and has in many hardly-contested combats covered himself with laurels. This estimable man is Captain Marcellese. He was born at Bonifaccio, in Corsica: he is brave beyond contradiction, sagacious and untrammelled by prejudice, well informed, full of probity and virtue, and so extremely sensitive where a point of honour is concerned, that he might well be considered incapable of telling a lie. At Prevesa, on the 16th of June, 1816, the following incident was related to me by this gentleman:

When a young man, Captain Marcellese went one day with some of his friends to hunt in the neighbourhood of St. Bonifaccio. At the foot of a mountain they rested for a while, and partook of refreshment. A peasant who carried their provisions for them had a shoulder of mutton allotted to him as his portion, and immediately cried out while examining the bone, saying that there was a treasure buried on the summit of the mountain. The whole company laughed at him; but he was so persistent in demanding assistance for searching the spot, that at length a few volunteered to make the ascent with him. Arrived at the top, they actually found a rather large sum of money in gold, which amply repaid them for the fatigue they had endured in searching for it.

N.B. This science of the shoulder of mutton is very well known in Turkey, and I had heard so many incontestable, striking, and interesting exemplifications of its truth, that I had a great desire to be taught its mysteries. On the 22nd of June, 1817, I obtained a tolerable insight into the subject at the small cost of a single shoulder of mutton. I took care to write down what I learnt, and to add to the document two drawings of the bone, which were numbered, so as to correspond with the instruction I had received.

A Jew who practised medicine in Widin, a town of European Turkey, related to me during my residence there, the following circumstance

which occurred in his house, and with which all the inhabitants of Widin were well acquainted.

This man, not having any children, had recently taken into his house the brother of his wife, a boy of eight or nine years of age. It happened one day that his wife was in the kitchen near the fire making pastry, and a cat which they had possessed for some time was lying at her side; the brother of this woman entered the kitchen holding a stick in his hand, and with it he gave a sharp blow to the cat, which, notwithstanding the flame and smoke, took refuge in the chimney and altogether disappeared. The husband having returned for dinner, observed that his wife set apart portions of each dish separately; having inquired for whom they were intended, she replied that they were for the female stranger. "What female stranger?" asked the husband, and was told it was for "the stranger who lodges in the upper chamber." At length, after much questioning and answering, the husband came to the conclusion that his wife had lost her senses, and he employed, but without success, the remedies that he thought likely to cure her. He caused exorcisms to be recited by the Khakham (Rabbi) of Widin, and also by several Mahomedans, but it was all in vain. At length, at the end of twenty-two months, during which he had patiently awaited the result, he resolved to obtain a divorce and to take another wife. While this matter was pending, there arrived in the town a Turk, who, having heard this affair mentioned, offered from kindness of heart to cure this woman without charge, and the husband, who wished for nothing so much as to see the health restored of his wife, whom he had always tenderly loved, consented to have this last experiment tried. The Turk, after much ceremony with his *Tesbih* (rosary), wrote a brief note, which he fastened with a silk thread to a female white pigeon, and placed the bird in the middle of the room, where, at the expiration of a minute, it died. Then he ordered the mad woman to tell "the stranger" to leave her alone, or that otherwise he would kill her in the same manner that he had killed the dove, and that she ought to return to the place from whence she had come. The patient obeyed him, and all at once, after fulfilling his orders, she heaved a profound sigh, and looked around with an air of astonishment; then, assured that "the stranger" had departed by breaking through a pane of glass in the window of the upper room, she became comforted, and felt herself inwardly changed. The truth of the window being broken was confirmed, and the wife from that moment enjoyed all her intellectual faculties as before her deprivation, nor has she ever given any sign of mental aberration for more than seven years. I saw her in the month of April, 1814.

There is now (February, 1818) living in Yanina a respectable Turk named Isaak Bey. He is from thirty-six to forty years of age, a very courageous and sensible man, and by those who best know him generally esteemed. When about seventeen, he happened one day to visit



one of his father's estates, where he amused himself with watching the oxen treading out the corn, a patriarchal custom which still prevails in Turkey, as the flail is but little used. When the work was concluded, he entered within the circle which had been trodden by the animals in their rounds; in a moment he observed standing by his side a young girl about the same age as himself, of extraordinary attractions, and very richly dressed. Under the impression that the lady must be the daughter of one of the neighbouring landed proprietors, he was extremely astonished at seeing her unveiled and not wearing the accustomed outer garment, and with the usual want of gallantry of Orientals towards the fair sex, he said to her rather roughly, "Haidé!" which means, "Begone with you!" But the beautiful creature, in tender and supplicating accents, confessed that she was dying with a passion for him which she could not overcome, and assuring him that she was visible to him alone, explained that she did not belong to the race of Adam, but that she was a Peri. He replied in such few words as his timidity allowed him to utter, but she shortly afterwards came to take up her abode with him, and a liaison was formed which lasted eleven years, during which time she did not permit him to marry any woman of mortal race. At the end of that period, when hunting one day in the environs of Yanina, his beloved (who had passed the previous night with him) appeared on the banks of a rivulet, and told him that she was about to set out on a warlike expedition, and that if by the end of four days she did not revisit him, it would be a sign that she had been killed, in which case she had no objection to his forming new engagements. To his great sorrow that short period passed away without his seeing her; he waited many months, and at length married the lady who is his present wife, but his Peri never reappeared.

This affair is well known in the town of Yanina, for Isaak Bey had himself mentioned his connexion with the Peri, and also related to the friends who were hunting with him what had taken place on the borders of the stream, where they noticed him as if in conversation with some one.

### COACHING.

NERO doubtless thought himself a smart young fellow, a fast man of the Roman type, when he drove through the streets of his capital in his decemjugis, or chariot drawn by ten horses. It was not, however, a comfortable affair after all. Those chariots must have been shaking, jolting, rumbling, inelastic, bone-tormenting vehicles; for they had no springs whatever. The chariots which Pharaoh lost in the Red Sea, and those which Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans alike used, had the body or platform so connected with the framework of the wheels, that every shock received by the wheels was transmitted to it; and the charioteer could only bear these shocks by standing, and making the best he

could of the elasticity of his feet. Some of the vehicles were strong, to override the enemy in battle; some were elegant, with an arched covering decked with costly trappings; but easy to the drivers or occupants they could not have been. Not until the makers devised springs, could any such vehicles be pleasant to ride in. Thin laths of wood, as we all know, are very elastic, if not very strong, while resting horizontally on two supports at the ends; and many forms of vehicle have derived a certain degree of comfort from being placed on such wooden springs. Another arrangement is to pass strong straps or thongs underneath the body of the vehicle, and fasten them at the ends to standards raised upon the carriage to which the wheels are attached. Much later and much more efficacious was the adoption of steel springs, in which a perfectly elastic substance, disposed in various ways, gives to the body of the vehicle a luxurious ease of movement. When four wheels began to be used instead of two, the vehicles were very difficult to turn, because the front pair would not and could not move except in harmony with the hind pair; but by degrees the ingenious plan of *locking* was adopted, which enables the front pair to turn round independently on a vertical axis, and to accommodate the vehicle generally to the curves and windings of the road.

Beckmann and a host of other learned pundits have dived into musty old records to discover when and where these various improvements were invented or first adopted. If they have not fully succeeded in their search, they have, at any rate, collected a curious amount of gossip. In the feudal days men were, or professed to be, scornful of riding in carriages, deeming such a mode of travelling too effeminate; but great ladies, after indulging in the luxury, taught their husbands to do likewise. The queen of Charles of Anjou towards the close of the thirteenth century entered Naples in a caretta, resplendent in velvet and gold; but what kind of vehicle this caretta was, is not clearly told. Chariot, charat, charotte, chariette, caretta, car, chare, chair, carriage—all are supposed to have been derived from some one word, modified in different ways and in different countries. Froissart speaks of charrettes used by the English in the days of Edward the Third. There are many reasons for thinking that these vehicles, however gorgeous they may occasionally have been, would have woefully failed to realise modern ideas of comfort; for, even if supplied with leathern springs, they rocked to and fro when driven at anything beyond a walking pace, and tumbled the riders about in rather sea-sick fashion. As to the first *coach*, closed in on all sides, there have been almost as many claimants to the honour of inventing it, as there were cities which claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. The palm, however, seems to be due to Hungary, which possessed a kotzee, or cotzee, in the fifteenth century, sent as a present from the King of Hungary to the Queen of Bohemia. About the year fourteen hundred and seventy, the Emperor Frederick the Third came to Frankfort in a covered coach; the novelty was



commented on at the time, because it enabled his imperial Majesty to brave a shower of rain without needing lacqueys to hold a canopy or covering over his head. In the next following century, Germany, with its army of princes and electors, was especially rich in dazzling gilded coaches. France was not so fortunate; Henri Quatre had only one coach; and one day he wrote, "I cannot come to you to-day, because my wife is using my coach."

There is a wordy war as to the first coach, properly so called, seen in England. Stow says that Walter Rippon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland, in fifteen 'fifty-five, being the first ever seen in this country; and that nine years afterwards, he made the first "hollow turning coach" (whatever that may mean) for Queen Mary, "with pillars and arches." Another account states that the first coach in England was brought over from the Netherlands by William Boonen, in the seventh year of Elizabeth's reign. Possibly Boonen was the first importer, but Rippon the first English maker. One of Rippon's coaches had "a chariot throne with four pillars behind, to bear a crown imperial on the top, and before two low pillars, whereon stood a lion and a dragon, the supporters of the arms of England." This coach had no coach-box for the driver; and indeed such an appendage seems to have been of more recent introduction. About this time the French coaches had a canopy supported by ornamental pillars, and stuff or leather movable curtains all round. A curious record is in existence of the cost of a dashing turn-out in Elizabeth's time. In the household book of the Kytson family, dated fifteen 'seventy-three, there is a sum of 34*l.* 14*s.* set down for a "coche and furniture;" 2*s.* 6*d.* for painting the family arms upon it; and 11*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.* for horses to draw it. The English ambassador to Scotland, two years before the close of the century, astonished the gude folk of Edinburgh by bringing his coach with him. Five years later, when James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England, he rode on horseback from the northern capital to the southern; but his queen "came to Sanct Geill's Kirk, well convoyit with coches, herself and the prince in her awin coche, guhilk came with her out of Denmarke, and the English gentlewomen in the rest of the coches." While King Jamie was on the English throne, Taylor the Water Poet heartily abused all street vehicles, inasmuch as they lessened his trade—that of a waterman. He characterised the coach as "a close hypocrite; for it hath a cover for knavery, and curtains to vaile and shadow any wickedness. Besides, like a perpetual cheater, it wears two booties, and no spurs; sometimes having two pair of legs to one boote, and oftentimes (against nature) it makes faire ladies wear the boote; and if you note, they are carried back to back, like people surprised by pyratts, to be tyed in that miserable manner, and thrown overboard into the sea. Moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crabs, in being drawn sideways as they are when they sit in the boot of the coach; and it is

a dangerous kind of carriage for the Commonwealth, if it be considered." This allusion to persons sitting back to back, and others sitting sideways, points to modes of construction not much adopted in later years. Early in Charles the First's reign there was a satirical account of a battle between the sedan and the coach, with a beer cart as umpire; each trying to prove that the other was not well adapted to the streets of London. The umpire's decision is worthy of all note: "Coach and sedan, you both shall remove and ever give way to beer cart, wherever you shall meet him either in city or country, as your ancient and elder brother"—which he unquestionably was. About the middle of the same century, the Empress of Germany had a glass-panelled coach, through which she and her subjects could see each other; it was called the "imperial glass coach." Germany could produce such a vehicle better in those days than England, owing to the greater development of its glass manufacture. Peter the Great's carriage, about the time of our George the First, was a close coach, made of deal stained black, with four wheels, and windows of mica or talc.

How the construction of pleasure carriages improved during the last century, as exhibited in the "state," "dress," "town," and "family" carriages of royalty and nobility, it is not here to tell; nor of the later advancements which have rendered English carriages the best in the world. The progeny is a numerous one, blessed with names derived from all sorts of etymological sources. Of these the Great Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one contained about a hundred and forty specimens of constructive skill in the form of coaches and other road vehicles; and the jury who reported on them remarked on the entire absence of those old symbols of luxury—family travelling carriages. They were surprised at the deficiency, but they regarded it "as accounted for in a great measure by the demand for carriages of this description having been so materially diminished by the general introduction of railways." The jury praised the coachmakers for the strength rather than the tasteful design of the exhibited carriages. "Comparing," they said, "the state of the art of carriage-building in former not very distant times with that of the present, we consider the principles of building in many respects greatly improved, and particularly with reference to lightness and a due regard to strength, which is evident in carriages of British make, and especially displayed in those contributed by the United States." But: "We regret to remark, under the head of elegance of design, that we find in the exhibition of carriages a great deficiency. While we admit, therefore, that there has been considerable progress in the principles of carriage-building, we are of opinion that the style has been injured by injudicious innovation."

Eleven years later, when the International Exhibition called for another series of Jury Reports, the coachmakers came in for their share of comment. If the cab-owners would attend to what the jury said on this occasion



it would be more pleasant for all of us: "As regards its street-cabs, London is worse supplied than many European cities (with the exception of a few clean and well turned-out Hansoms), and far worse than most of the English provincial towns. There is no necessity to vary the size and build of such vehicles, as they exist here in only two types—the 'Hansom' as an open-air, the 'four-wheeler' as the close one. They might be produced in great numbers by machinery; all the parts might be duplicates one of another; the wheels, axles, springs, bodies, seats, &c., might be made of one size and gauge, to interchange; the rapidity of manufacture, facility of repair, and general economy of production, would appear to be advantageous to all parties. Those of the public who cannot afford to keep carriages of their own, might be carried in vehicles that should be, at least, clean, safe, and comfortable. With very little care in machinery, they (the cabs) might be brought into use without that very pungent smell of the stable which is probably disagreeable to every one except the owner and the genuine London cabman. For many years the public omnibuses in Paris have been made on this plan; the various parts are made alike, and to interchange. The facility and rapidity of repair in such cases is more advantageous than may at first sight appear; seeing that every day the vehicle remains under repair is a loss to its owner, whose profit depends on its being at work and earning money."

A tiny exhibition, just now occupying a few paragraphs in the newspapers, has grown out of the larger international displays. As thus: At Paris, ten years ago, the English coachmakers, thrown into each others' company as exhibitors, came to know each other in ways apart from mere rivalry in business; and they formed a "Master Coach-builders' Benevolent Association," which has done much good among those who can't turn the wheel of fortune exactly in the proper way. Then the workmen took up the idea, and founded an "Operative Coachmakers' Benevolent Institution." Then, knowing that the arts of design have a good deal to do with the beauty of a coach, the masters and the higher grade of workmen gave their support to a Coach-builders' Art Journal, in which photographs as well as hand-drawings are brought to the aid of the coach-designer. It was at the last annual dinner (we *must* have annual dinners in England) of the Operative Coachmakers' Association, when employers and employed were assembled at the same board, that the question was mooted—"Shall we have an exhibition?" The ornamental painters, and grainers, and marblers, under the old designation of painter-stainers, had set the example in two or three successive years, by holding an exhibition of their craft at Painter-Stainers' Hall: and there seemed no reason why an analogous attempt should not be made by the coachmakers. There has been for two centuries a "Worshipful Company of Coach and Harness-makers," with a hall in Noble-street, Cheap-side; but this is one of the old City companies

which have, now-a-days, very little to do with the crafts to which they nominally belong. The company did not start this exhibition, but it agreed to lend its hall, and to give prizes to the exhibitors; and the leading coachmakers offered other prizes, and so did the Society of Arts: inasmuch that there seemed no reason to doubt that the idea could be carried out.

And it has been carried out. On the first of February in the present year the "Operative Coachmakers' Industrial Exhibition" opened, for the display of drawings, designs, plans, models, and specimens of actual work in all the branches of coach-making. Exhibitors were tempted to do their best by prizes offered for heraldic and ornamental chasing, electro-plated chasing, working drawings for private and public vehicles, stuffed and quilted carriage cushions, under carriages for elliptic springs, pads and bridles, carriage dash-irons, carriage lamps, coach door handles, hard and soft-solder plating, panel painting, heraldic painting, sham caning, &c. This sham caning is so curious an affair, that we may as well say in a few words what it means. It is a manufacture of wood panels to imitate interlaced basket-work. The invention originated in France, where it was due to a retired soldier of the First Empire, named Fert. He not only made large quantities for the French coach-builders, but for some time exported a considerable quantity to England. By improved processes it is now made in England more accurately, and in a greater variety of patterns, than in France. It is much used to give a light appearance to small carriages, principally for country use. It forms a neat and durable substitute for the real wicker-work formerly used, which became rapidly deteriorated by mud and moisture.

The exhibition in Noble-street was exactly what we might have expected it to be—an illustration of the handicrafts concerned in the building of a coach or other vehicle. There was thus a unity of purpose about it, not possible in the miscellaneous exhibitions springing up all around us. The coach-body makers sent models and drawings and specimens of all sorts of carriages, especially landaus, which seemed to be in high favour; and one of them sent a model of a "hospital carriage, to be drawn by hand, to go through any ordinary door, and to stand in the hall of the hospital ready for use;" while another specimen was "a hospital carriage to be drawn by a horse, for longer journeys, or for use in bad cases, to avoid jolting as much as possible." The under-carriage makers showed and told us all about axles, carriage springs, pole and box, swingle-trees, &c. The coach painters exhibited many specimens of panel painting, sham cane-work, striping, and spoke painting. One of them sent a panel which had been cut out from a shelf or workshop door where the painters had been wont to rub their brushes after using; when the surface was lowered, levelled, and polished, the play of colours and the intricacy of curls and waves was extremely curious—*only* curious as yet, but possibly suggestive to an ingenious workman of something practically useful. The herald paint-



ers sent resplendent specimens of those lions and unicorns, knights and barbarians, which they are supposed to know so much about, but which are so mysterious to other people. The trimmers did their duty in the forms of silk curtains, lace fronts, quilted morocco cushions, spring cushions, hammercloths, and glories for coach roofs. The leather and harness makers exhibited tugs and hames, pads and bridles. The coach metal-workers had plenty to do, for there is a large amount of beading and ornamental metal work, in silver plating and other metals, in and around a well-built private carriage. And then other persons sent a multitude of objects, more or less illustrative of the main object in view. The workmen of the Brighton Company's railway carriage works sent very good models of the three classes of carriage on that line; and the authorities at Euston-square sent models of those post-office railway carriages, or travelling post-offices, which are peculiarly a type of the go-ahead age in which we live. But the visitors would have liked to see the inside of these model carriages, with model clerks sorting model letters and putting them into model bags. Then there was a model of the Queen's state coach, that sumptuous affair which cost eight thousand pounds some time in the last century.

The committee of the exhibition threw out a useful hint to the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers, respecting the desirability of "establishing a collection of ancient models and drawings of carriages, to be preserved as memorials of past times, together with the names of those who made them; forming an interesting illustration of our domestic history, in connexion with the art of coachmaking. Possessors of such articles would doubtless cheerfully contribute to such an object." And if the Company would also form itself into a Benevolent Association for the Improvement of Third-class Railway Carriages, it would call down blessings on its venerable head from those who do not exactly see why, as coals are carried for a halfpenny a ton per mile, free born Britons should be charged (weight for weight) thirty times as much, for riding in dirty boxes or in open pens. The Operative Coachmakers could not, perhaps, develop this reform; but we thank them for their interesting little exhibition nevertheless.

#### KATE.

"WHAT has become of the Mahons?" said Jammie Tulloch to me, about seven or eight months after his return from India, as he sat in my chambers one fine spring morning. Jammie was my first cousin once removed, at least so his grandmother, my aunt, once explained, and the Mahons stood in the same relationship to me, on the other side of the house, and always, by the way, seemed to stand much nearer. "Old Mahon was very hospitable and kind, when I went to Dublin, let me see, seventeen or eighteen years ago, it must be," continued Tulloch. "I nearly lived in his house. What pretty children he had."

"Well, he has come to grief since that time," I returned. "His wife died, so did the eldest boy; the second one is away somewhere in Australia; Mahon himself is here in London with the two girls, and a good deal reduced in circumstances, I am sorry to say."

"The deuce he is," said Jammie, his strong jaw drooping with sudden regret and disapprobation. He could sympathise with sorrow or mental suffering honestly enough, but there was moral guilt in pecuniary troubles which grated on his perceptions in some mysterious way.

"Is he very hard up?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," I replied, cautiously. "They seem to get on quietly, but comfortably. I often see them, and they were asking about you last Sunday."

"Is he doing anything?" asked Tulloch. "Likely to come round?"

"Well, he works with a lawyer at Westminster, but he is not likely to make a fortune again; he is at the wrong side of sixty for that."

"Why, I thought he was as safe as the bank! He lived in such style—horses, carriages, and such a house! But I suppose he has something comfortable left?"

"I hope so. But you will come and see them?"

"Who, I? Certainly. They are not in what you call distressed circumstances? Because that is painful, and does not answer, eh?" said Tulloch, with a shade more than ordinary of Scotch in his tones, as was his habit when asking a question anxiously.

"Oh no, not at all; you will see nothing to distress your feelings; but you need not come, you know."

"But I certainly shall come. I don't forget old times, my boy, and Mahon was uncommonly kind to me when I was a raw youngster!"

"How are you off for time? Shall we go to-day?"

"Yes, I have nothing particular till three. I don't care if I do. What are the lassies like?"

"As pretty girls as you would see in a day's march; up to fun, and fresh as roses."

Tulloch's eyes sparkled. He was an ardent admirer of beauty, and had seen very little freshness in the sixteen or seventeen years during which he had been indigo planting, and shipping, and importing, and otherwise scraping together the forty or fifty thousand pounds which men said he had invested safely, before he set himself to enjoy life, and live like a gentleman.

"It is some way off, by Kensington, but we will soon rattle down in a Hansom." Which we accordingly did. (I paid for it.)

Mahon and his daughters lodged in an old-fashioned roomy house on the sunny side of the road. The door was opened by an indiscriminate grubby sort of a bundle, known as "Matilda" by the lodgers, and the "gurl" by the missis; however, the room into which we were shown obliterated that bad impression. It was a large three-windowed apartment, with a faded carpet and faded furniture; but the muslin curtains were full and fresh, there were some pretty worked cushions about, and one or two



baskets of bright flowers—besides a stand of plants in the centre window.

The eldest girl, Kate, was writing at a small table covered with papers near the fireplace. Ellie, the youngest, was diligently at work repairing a number of gloves which lay before her.

I went in first. "I have brought you a new cousin forty-five times removed, though bodily present."

Kate, whose back was towards us, sprang up, and came forward with that unspeakable welcome in eye, lip, and cheek, which no mere word can ever say. She was emphatically a woman, somewhere about twenty-three or twenty-four, with a tall rich figure, full of splendid outlines, so easy, so flowing, sinking down into chairs with careless complete repose, and rising up into tall stateliness, for which her crouching attitudes did not prepare you. With masses of chesnut brown hair, bright and clean, but, alas! not tidy, tumbling into her ink and over her paper, and thrust every now and then behind a tiny ear, showing the round white throat that looked as if its tint resulted from a diet of cream and almonds, and under the wide brow those dark grey eyes, with their long black lashes and infinite variety of expression! O Kate, Kate, I was a fool then. O Kate, Kate, I am a fool still!

Ellie was some six years younger; a slender, fair-haired, deer-like creature; saucy, and fearless with the daring of utter innocence; the confidence of one who had never known a wound.

Both girls had the same grey eyes, but in Kate's there was at times an intensity of expression, as though the soul was looking inward; both had mouths somewhat wider than the rule of beauty admits, the same brilliant teeth, that helped to give such radiance to the smile, but round Kate's lip a tender pensiveness hung always, though it could laugh right merrily, and smile right scornfully. "Who is it, Uncle Harry?" said Kate, giving me her slight hand, while Ellie familiarly hugged my arm, and Tulloch stood transfixed by Kate's eyes.

"Ah!" she said. "It must be Jammie Tulloch. I think I remember his face."

The delighted Scot, albeit not a man of many words, managed to say that "He could remember her, though—though she was——" he paused.

"Rather better looking than she promised to be?" put in Ellie.

Tulloch coloured, and we sat down.

"How is your father?" asked our Caledonian relative.

"Quite well," returned Kate. "He is out," she added, addressing me; "he is gone to Mr. Timbs. He had a note this morning to say he had more work for him."

"Ah, yes," I interrupted, for I did not want them to be over-candid before Jammie. "Your father's experience must be of great value to Mr. Timbs."

"I wish he thought so," said Ellie, laughing.

"You have been a long time away from all your friends," said Kate to Tulloch. "How glad you must be to come back!"

"Yes! it is as well to rest awhile; but I am thinking of joining a concern in the city. It does not do to let one's money lie idle, and not to make the most of it."

"Idle," cried Ellie, "certainly not. Amuse yourself diligently."

"I did not make it for that," returned Tulloch.

"What did you make it for?"

"Do not mind her, Mr. Tulloch," said Kate, smiling; "she is a saucy girl."

"And what have you been doing with yourselves since Sunday last?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing particular. Kate has been working at that crabbed manuscript till her eyes must ache, and we have been to hear the band in Kensington Gardens. I saw Miss Goldfrap there. She is really wonderfully pretty for such a rich girl. She was with my little girl's mamma, so I pointed her out to Kate."

Ellie gave lessons in music to some juveniles at a great house in the neighbourhood, where she was an especial favourite, being like a concentrated gleam of sunshine.

"Is that the daughter of Goldfrap, Grimes, and Co.?" asked Jammie, rather eagerly.

"I do not know about the Co.," said Kate, laughing, "but the lady's father had a great house in the city, and she has a large fortune."

"And so you remember me, Miss Mahon?" asked Tulloch, who had a certain amount of restless vanity, arising from a doubtful estimate of himself.

"Yes," returned Kate. "That is, hearing your name, I know why your face is familiar to me."

"I was very anxious to see you, very," said Tulloch, "as Longmore here will tell you, very anxious, indeed." And the conversation flowed on easily in an exchange of questions and compliments—these last somewhat clumsily offered by Tulloch to Kate, with whom he seemed suddenly and violently enamoured. I wondered she took them so kindly, though I confess there was a tone of rough sincerity about him.

"Let us all go and walk in Kensington Gardens," he exclaimed at last. "It is a beautiful day, and the young ladies have not been out."

"Ah, no," returned Kate, "I have a task to finish, and must accomplish it. No such pleasant expedition for me."

"And I have not time," said I, gloomily; "I have an appointment at four."

"Well, I suppose you go to the Crystal Palace sometimes?" said Tulloch. "Let us go down next Monday, Longmore, and myself, and you two."

"Delightful!" cried Ellie. "Only we must take papa, and go on Saturday. Monday is too much crowded."

"Yes, Saturday, if you like it better; but not this Saturday, I am engaged to dinner."

"Very well, the next," said Kate. "Papa shall write to you, Uncle Harry. But we shall see you before; mind you don't stay away again such a long time."

"All Tulloch's fault, my dear girls. He has been sight-seeing with such pertinacity that



nothing short of Aberdeen granite could stand the wear and tear."

"What a charming girl!" exclaimed Tulloch, as soon as we were in the street. "I never saw such eyes, such hair, such a figure! And the young one is a fairy. Really you did not say enough for them."

"Take care, man. Kate is hard to please, so do not lose your heart, and think you have a safe game."

"Game! Why, don't you think she is far too sensible not to know the value of a comfortable home, and enough to keep her? However, they seem pretty comfortable. I suppose old Mahon has a trifle to leave them—not much—but still a trifle?"

"I know very little of his affairs," I was beginning, when my companion suddenly hailed an omnibus.

"May as well go that way, as we are not in a hurry."

I assented. And as we rode along meditated on the little there was to know of poor Mahon's affairs.

He got occasional work in the office of a well-known and eccentric solicitor; and Kate, who had a genius for languages, obtained frequent employment in translating French and German, while Ellie had music pupils. So, among them, they kept the wolf from the door, and enjoyed life amazingly.

But Kate was the providence of the family. If this rich Scotchman were to take a fancy to her, would it not be well for all parties? For that iron-jawed bright-eyed man, yes. But for her, though the ease and security of her material life would be secured, I shuddered at the idea of such profanation. I could see that, to him, she would be so much fair flesh; eyes, teeth, lips, hair, up to the market value, he was disposed to put upon her; but the proud tender spirit, the pure frank heart with its wealth of love, the bright joyous nature, the keen intelligence, what would these be to him who only wanted a beautiful echo?

Next morning the following note was put into my hand:

"Dear Longmore,—I was very sorry to miss you and Jammie Tulloch to-day. The girls tell me he has turned out a fine young man. Bring him over to dinner on Thursday; a leg of mutton at six, and a hearty welcome. Tell him I suppose he can do without finery, for an old friend. You will be glad to hear that I have a good long job with Timbs; shouldn't be surprised, if I play my cards well, that he takes me on permanently, say as manager. Anyhow, I see the tide's turning. The girls send their love, the darlings! Luck ought to come, if it was only for their sakes. Yours always sincerely,

"CORNELIUS MAHON."

I lost no time in communicating this invitation to Tulloch, who was highly pleased to accept it, and we agreed to go together the following day.

I saw immediately on entering that my Hibernian relative had imbibed a large draught

of hope's elixir; there was a certain uprearing of the head, a sparkle in his bright blue eye, a curl of suppressed fun and good humour about his mobile mouth, which bespoke magnificent schemes. Poor Mahon! His plans were generally on the inverted pyramid system; from a pin's point of a base, what a spreading superstructure he could raise. Nature is a beneficent compensator. Mahon had little of this world's goods, but then fancy and temperament supplied him with true riches.

Tulloch could count on hard cash for every well-considered project his practical imagination suffered him to indulge, but beyond, were no pleasant wanderings, no heart warming anticipations for him.

While these thoughts came unsought, the object of them was bestowing the heartiest of welcomes on Jammie Tulloch. He had sprung with the agility of youth from his easy-chair, his slight tall figure almost as upright as of yore, his fine aquiline face beaming with the light of the child-like heart within.

"Delighted to see you, Tulloch, my boy!" he exclaimed. "Faith, you are a fine-looking fellow. I always said you'd fill out, and there was room for it. Lord! what a bag of bones you were! Here's little Ellie, she was only an infant when you saw her, but Kate says she remembers you. And now you are come home for good, what do you intend to do? Go into parliament?"

This, laughing heartily, Tulloch disclaimed; and after some general talk, Mahon cried,

"Ring the bell, Ellie darling, here's Tulloch ready to pick the bones of the chair he's sitting on with the hunger."

The bell was answered by a promising jingle, and dinner appeared.

There was a round plump leg of mutton, delicately browned, and a piece of creamy white crimped cod, with rich oyster-sauce, and there was veal cutlets with forcemeat, and there was a delightful fondue, and there was a goosberry tart with cream, and there was a nice little dessert of oranges and grapes.

The viands were irreproachable, and if the attendance were reproachable, there was an honest jollity about the whole thing that was charming. The jumping up for bread, the hunting in improbable corners for the corkscrew, the indiscriminate opening of beer bottles by every one in turn, the benevolent striving to save Matilda from additional runs up and down stairs, gave a cheerful pic-nic aspect to the entertainment. Then the joyous hospitality of our host! How he beamed upon us from behind the leg of mutton, and praised it, and said what a bargain it was (indeed this was the case with everything at table), and dropped unexpected tit-bits and spoonfuls of gravy on the plates within reach, and made surprising "long arms" to those that were not, and pressed us to drink the beer and the sherry, and apologised for not having port, but that little miser Kate would not let him have any, "tho', faith, he was the first of his name that ever was without a bottle, of the best; not that you are a miser, mee darling, but prudent, and here's your health, my



jewel!" Is it not all written in the records of pleasant imprudence? It was a treat to dine with Mahon. You felt that every morsel you swallowed invigorated your host. Alas! that the unalloyed gold of such a nature is so unfit for general circulation, that the sandstone which can be so readily and gracefully moulded, will not stand the wear and tear like the granite!

Tulloch was loud and emphatic in his praises of Kate's prudence. His deep-set dark eyes dwelt upon her with such undisguised admiration that she coloured, and evidently strove to avoid them.

After the cloth was removed, a jug of deliciously iced cold whisky-punch was produced:—the manufacture of Ellie, who declared the weather too warm and spring-like to permit hot water and the inevitable fumes.

It was a pleasant dinner; even I, though generally his Mentor, and always warning my facile cousin against unnecessary expense, was carried away by the fun, the irresistible enjoyment of Mahon, in the exercise of unwonted hospitality, the genial glow which seemed to pervade all things. And Kate looked divinely handsome in a white muslin and blue ribbons, while her sisterly confidence in me was charming, though I confess Tulloch's admiration filled me with a vague dread.

The young ladies retired to some invisible withdrawing-room, and then we talked business and politics, and then Mahon confided to us his plan for taking possession of Timbs's business, and creating out of it a great Irish corresponding and agency office, with an appointment of parliamentary solicitor for the kingdom of Ireland, and even condescending to do English bills as well.

Tulloch listened with a slight contraction of the eyes, and then he confided in turn how he intended to buy a house and furnish it, and that he thought he might spend two thousand pounds a year, and that, if Mr. Mahon thought he saw his way clearly to making a good thing of the business of which he spoke, he (Tulloch) would not mind investing a couple of thousands to forward the scheme, provided there was no risk.

"Risk! my dear fellow," cried Mahon, his eyes sparkling; "it's as certain as you are lifting that glass of punch to your head. Such an opening! Old Timbs is a clever fellow, but no enterprise, sir. He feels it. It was only the day before yesterday he said to me, 'Mahon,' says he, 'you're a clever fellow. How is it you've come down in the world?' 'Faith I never could tell,' says I. 'Luck was against me somehow, though I was an enterprising fellow.' 'Ah!' says he; 'enterprising! Just so. I never was enterprising. Now, I suppose if I took you as a partner you would make my business spin prettily?' So you see the old chap has some thoughts of it. I am not given to fancy things, you know, but it looks like it; and if our friend Tulloch here was inclined to advance the capital——"

"Shall we call the girls back?" said I, hastily interrupting the conversation at this dangerous point.

Then the multifarious bottles and glasses, &c. &c., were cleared away, and Kate quietly put all things in order, and placed a basket of flowers once more in the centre of the table, and then the cottage piano was opened, and the girls sang simple old duets and sweet ballads, until Tulloch was in raptures, while I played a bit at backgammon with Mahon, and so the hour for parting came too soon.

"I am quite vexed I have to go to this big dinner on Saturday," said Tulloch. "I should like to go to the Crystal Palace with you. Why will you not come on Monday?"

"Oh, it is too crowded and too disagreeable," said Ellie. "Saturday is the day."

"I shall see you before," returned Tulloch, "and settle where we shall meet. I suppose Victoria station will be the best for us all?"

"No, no! We will not go down by train," said Kate. "It is such a business getting away. The last time we went, Uncle Harry treated us to an open carriage, and the drive was delightful."

"Oh," returned Tulloch, with a slight change of countenance, "very well."

Our adieux over, we strolled along, cigar in mouth.

"I fancy you live rather fast, Longmore," said Tulloch, gloomily.

"I? Far from it. I am as careful a fellow as ever lived. Why, Kate Mahon calls me a screw, and I am always preaching prudence to her father."

"Well, he seems prudent enough—at least his daughter is. What a wife that girl would make! I'll get her to choose some of my furniture."

The next time I saw Tulloch he was in a thoughtful mood.

"We had a great spread at the Mortimers'. Such a lot of dishes and wines! Why, a dinner like that must cost a fortune."

"Yes; I dare say it does. Yet I'll wager a round sum you enjoyed our little scramble at the Mahons' much better."

"I believe you!" said Tulloch, emphatically. "Why, I eat twice as much there; but—I met Miss Goldfrap. Indeed, I took her down to dinner. She is a fine girl—a tall fair easy-looking creature: and, Longmore, she has thirty thousand! There is a catch!"

"Why don't you go in and win thirty thousand?" I returned, carelessly.

"Well, I dare say I could, if I liked; but, somehow, I cannot help fancying Kate Mahon. I was always a fool about a pretty face. Come now, you are in all the secrets. What tin will the old fellow leave her?"

"An old coffee-pot probably, not a jot more."

"What, do you mean to say those girls are unprovided for?"

"Yes; utterly."

"What an infernal shame!" was the energetic reply. "What a reckless old scamp that Mahon must be," he continued, with some heat, as though personally injured. "I declare I would not have accepted his invitation to dinner if I had known all this!"



Tulloch now got into a sort of easy way of dropping in at the Mahons' and taking a cup of tea; and it was wonderful, considering the distance between Regent-street where he lodged, and Kensington, how often he contrived to pass his evenings at Number Thirty-five, Sheffield-row. I know, whenever I could snatch an hour or two to pass there, I always found him installed—generally close to Kate—while he and Ellie rallied each other, and I was usually handed over for a hit at backgammon to the papa.

I confess I was annoyed. Could Kate care for this man, whose whole exterior was a complete though unintentional deception? He had sound health, capital digestion, and a certain surface sensitiveness which laid him peculiarly open to the delight of pleasing.

Then the superiority of his pecuniary position gave him a delicious sense of pre-eminence over those who used to patronise him, mixed with the extreme attraction Mahon's lovely daughters naturally offered: while they, inexperienced and full of all generous-heartedness, gave him credit for the truth of sympathy, which led him to desert his gayer friends for that humble house.

And Kate used even to look with admiration at the tall stately form and bold black eyes of the stalwart Scot, at least I thought so! while she was insultingly familiar with me. Why had I let her glide into that half-sisterly half-filial tone of intercourse? Yet, was it not better so? I was not, to use a favourite phrase, "in a position to marry," and how could I dream of dragging my sweet cousin into even deeper troubles than she had already to contend with?

It happened that we both (Tulloch and myself) met one Saturday evening, about three weeks after the little dinner above described, at Sheffield-row, and, to our surprise, Kate was absent.

"Where is Kate?" was our unanimous exclamation.

"Gone to dine with Timbs; no less," returned the father, laughing heartily. "You know, he is educating her; he thinks she hasn't been properly developed, so he sends her books. What's the last she has been reading, Ellie dear? Abercrombie's Intellectual Powers? More power to him. And then, when the old fellow thinks she has sufficiently marked, learned, and inwardly digested it, he sends for her, and the devil a thing have they for dinner, beyond the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but two chops. Oh, Lord! To think of scraping up a hundred thousand pounds, spending your youth and manhood putting it together, to dine on a chop every day in a room without a carpet, when you are on the shady side of sixty! Faith, my Katie is the only glimpse of comfort the old sinner has, so he sends for her now and again, to teach her how to live. Heaven help him!" added Mahon, laughing genially out of his superior heart-wisdom. "As if she couldn't teach a dozen like him, if they were not too old to learn!"

"But," said Tulloch, a little bewildered by the train of ideas this speech suggested, "Mr. Timbs is a man of high standing in his way, a man of substantial wealth." Tulloch spoke in the tone of genuine respect with which he

always mentioned money, and as though he were somewhat scandalised by Mahon's half-contemptuous mention. "I am told his name on a direction would float any company."

"May be so; he ought to have something, for it's a poor life to be always rolled up like a mummy in parchment."

Kate came in before we left. She looked a little weary.

Tulloch became, almost imperceptibly, less impressed about her than formerly. He seemed awakened to the fact that the kindly Bohemianism of the party did not suit his substantial position.

Our Crystal Palace expedition had somehow never come off. In truth, Tulloch hated to spend his own money, but, to do him justice, he was equally careful of other people's; and, I know not if it were tact or forgetfulness, but the girls had dropped the subject.

On the evening in question, Kate observed that she did not think the renowned Timbs was well, or in his usual spirits. "Poor old man," she added, "I feel sorry for him."

Tulloch seemed uneasy at this. How was it that persons earning their daily bread with uncertainty should look down upon and compassionate a millionaire like Timbs?

Then Kate sat down to the piano, and sang us some Scotch and Irish ballads with simple pathos, and in just the rich sweet voice you might expect from her.

We returned in an omnibus that night as usual, and before we had proceeded half way, a little elderly pale foreign-looking woman, who sat upon the opposite side from us, suddenly discovered that she had lost her purse; she was respectably dressed, in well-preserved but faded black, and it was pitiable to see the fierce trembling anxiety with which she shook herself and disturbed every one, and appealed to the conductor.

"Mais bon Dieu! I had it when I got in at Hammersmith." A frantic plunge into her pocket. "Ah! ciel! would these gentlemen be good enough to move?"

I rose, so did Tulloch, but grumblingly. "I suppose she thinks we picked her pocket," he muttered.

"Hush!" said I, for the poor soul, seeing that it was indeed gone, sank down on the seat and covered her face, with such sincere and genuine emotion, that I could not but feel touched.

"But I have not money to pay my fare," she exclaimed, removing her hands from her face, which looked ghastly.

Though at the risk of being considered a muff, and feeling considerably ashamed of myself, I said, "Do not let that distress you; I shall be very happy to pay it; I hope you not lose much."

"No, not much, yet all to me! Thank you, sir; you do me a great service."

She got out somewhere in Piccadilly, and I very readily bestowed the required sixpence on the conductor.

"Well, you *are* green for a Londoner!" said Tulloch, with a sneer, as we stood in the street. "I never saw a more regular 'do.'"



"I do not agree with you," I returned, rather warmly; "at any rate, if a 'do,' not a very expensive one."

"Sixpence is sixpence," said Tulloch, "and if she had had anything in her purse she would have taken better care of it."

"Well, I don't begrudge my sixpence. Good night."

We, that is Kate and I, went the next day but one after this to hear the band play in Kensington Gardens. There was the usual crowd; however, we managed to get a seat, and were lazily amused watching the motley mass of colour and variety of countenance, while many an eye was turned admiringly on my beautiful companion. Suddenly I exclaimed, "Why, there's Tulloch, and a very pretty girl with him!"

"Where?" cried Kate, eagerly. I pointed him out, and, as I looked in her speaking face, could not help fancying her countenance changed, and her colour paled.

The lady beside whom Tulloch walked was above middle height, and plump, not to say fat. She had a fair round fresh-coloured face, and a pair of baby blue eyes; a contented smile sat upon her countenance, and she looked the very picture of material ease and comfort. She was richly and becomingly dressed, evidently by a good artiste, and her whole appearance was in perfect accordance with the requirements of conventionality.

Tulloch seemed to pay assiduous court to her, and the lady seemed well pleased.

"Don't you know who it is?" said Kate.

"No."

"Why, it is Miss Goldfrap, the heiress."

"Is it indeed?"

We watched them take several turns; they were evidently accompanied by a large and brilliant party; as they passed us for the third or fourth time Tulloch's eye caught Kate's; he looked a little confused, and merely bowed his recognition.

Kate smiled (a bitter smile).

"Jammie Tulloch is on his good behaviour to-day," she said; "he must not acknowledge his country cousins."

I laughed somewhat uneasily, for I felt unpleasantly vexed. Here had this fellow been indulging in the cordial delight of those friendly evenings with poor old Mahon and his daughters, and doing his best to persuade Kate he was in love with her, and now, at the first glimpse of a richer prize, he was off. It was too bad! And Kate—I could not make her out; could she care for him? It was hard to say. The most unattractive man at other times acquires a wonderful interest in the eyes of a woman who believes he loves her!

"It is time to go home, Harry," said Kate; "and will you come in and have tea and 'summat' with it, as our landlady says. Papa will be home about seven, and you do not mind roughing it with us?"

"No, certainly not; and I have a book here for Ellie, which I want to talk to her about. By the way, how does your education get on with Timbs?"

"Oh, very well indeed; he is very good to me in his queer way, and has been ever since I went to him so boldly—with no introduction beyond his having been papa's London correspondent long ago—and asked him to give my father work. How wonderfully we have got on since we came here, and what a friend you have been, dear cousin!" She pressed my arm so tenderly to her side, looking up into my face. Oh! what a tender look of gratitude! What pain and pleasure it gave me! She loved me; but only as a useful old friend.

As we passed through the less frequented part of the Gardens, we met Tulloch returning alone. He greeted Kate with rather forced cordiality, and said he was coming to look for her. She received him kindly enough, and we strolled on together. As we approached the further gate near Kensington Gore, a lady in rusty black came in from one of the side-walks, and went slowly along in front of us. It was a small unfashionable figure; and yet the gait and air were refined, and the aspect was that of a gentlewoman. She walked with short mincing steps, not English in style.

How like that person before us is to our old French governess, Madame la Rose; so like!" exclaimed Kate, "it transports me back to old times to look at her. It must be ten years since we parted. Do you remember her, Uncle Harry?" She left when we broke up, and went abroad with an English family. How kind and good she used to be."

Here the person in question sat down wearily on a bench, and as we drew near Kate cried aloud, "It is Madame la Rose! Dear madame, don't you remember Kate?" and they were embracing and half crying the next moment.

Tulloch's brow darkened, and he looked greatly annoyed. "I tell you, Kate, this would look very queer if any one we knew came by; do stop this nonsense," he said, rudely and peremptorily.

She raised her head indignantly. "Then leave us, if you are ashamed," she said; "you are not wanted here!"

Tulloch turned pale with anger. He thought his money entitled him to the tenderest consideration, the most careful observance. He turned to go. "Don't be offended," I said, laughing; "*you* began it; Kate is not in earnest."

"I don't know that; but I warn you, Longmore, take care of that woman: she is an impostor. I thought so the night before last; I am certain of it now."

"We will see," I returned; for I also had recognised the stranger to be the poor woman who lost her purse.

Tulloch walked off, and I turned to Kate, who was now seated by her ex-governess, tenderly holding her trembling hand and looking into her face with those wonderful grey eyes—those eyes like wells of kindness wherein wearied hearts might steep themselves and be refreshed.

"Oh! it is the good God who has guided you to me," the poor Frenchwoman was saying, "and I was in despair! I had eaten my last meal, and paid my last week's lodging, for the



day before yesterday, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to get an engagement at Richmond, some villain stole my purse. But for a kind gentleman I could not even have paid my fare. And to-day I strove to find some one in this wilderness to help me, but in vain, and my courage is gone; I have been ill, too."

Her story was short. On leaving the family to whom she went from the Mahons', she set up a school in some south-coast watering-place. Not having sufficient capital, she was obliged to give it up. She then came to London, and was there seized with rheumatic fever, and on her recovery found her slender resources almost exhausted. Her complete destitution, however, was accomplished by the loss of the purse containing her all. This was of course told at length with many interjections.

"Let me speak to you, Uncle Harry," said Kate, drawing me aside. "I must help this poor dear thing, and I have not a penny to spare. Had I not better take her home? Ellie and I have a large room; she can sleep there, and perhaps we can help her to pupils."

"My dear girl, you have enough to do to provide for your own wants. This would be an imprudence. You do not know what a burden you may bring upon yourself."

"I know it is imprudent; but what can I do? She is an eminently self-helpful woman. I cannot desert her in her sore distress. How could I ask for help, if I did? No, Uncle Harry; there is no choice."

"Come with me, dear old friend," she said, again taking Madame la Rose's hand, "come! We are poor enough; but what we have, we will share with you till you can help yourself. Come; you know what pleasure it will give us to have you for a guest. Take my arm; it is not far."

"Ah, noble heart! Ever the same from childhood," cried the delighted Frenchwoman. "I must go with thee; yet will I not long be a burden. I shall gain strength and confidence amid your kind faces and familiar voices."

"Well," said I, "if madame will let me assist her—for I see she is a good deal shaken—we shall reach your abode all the sooner, Kate."

"Ah," returned Madame la Rose, "it is the gentleman who so kindly assisted me the other evening! Sir, you have brought me good fortune."

That was a glorious evening at Number Thirty-five!

How Mahon welcomed the poor lonely Frenchwoman and treated her "en princess," and talked of all the obligations he was under to her, and how he mixed her a tumbler of whisky-punch (which was abomination to her French palate), and how he gloried in her reminiscences of his past grandeur, and confided to her his prospects of future splendour, would take a far more eloquent pen than this poor pen of mine to describe.

I dare say it was all very imprudent. Nevertheless, if the recording angel's office be not abolished in these hard times, that night's work was a grand entry for his glorious volume.

Tulloch was in a sad state about this pro-

ceeding of Kate's. In fact, the whole family went down I don't know how many per cent through so flagrant and reckless an act.

"I am afraid those Irish people are incorrigible. In short, poverty only teaches extravagance and bad habits. I feel it due to myself to draw out of that concern as fast as I can. I am an open-handed open-hearted sort of fellow, and I feel I must resist my natural inclinations and try to be consistent. I should have liked well enough to have given that old woman sixpence the other night; but you see it would have been an infringement of principle, eh?"

"Very likely," said I.

"Now, when you are among a substantial lot of people like the Grimeses and that set, you feel safe. There will be no demands made upon you, no——"

A knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in!" said I. And enter Mahon and Ellie, looking like a wild rose, in a fresh blue muslin, a straw bonnet, and white ribbons.

"Come to pay you a visit, Harry, my boy. Saturday is Ellie's holiday, and poor Timbs is so ill nobody gives me any work in the office now, so we came off early. And how are you, Mr. Tulloch? Faith, you have been a stranger of late. What have you been doing with yourself? You ought to come over of an evening, as you used. We have a most agreeable woman staying with us, a French lady, a trifle come down in the world, like myself, but knows life well."

Poor Mahon was oblivious of the fact that Tulloch knew the whole circumstance, and that the most extended knowledge of life was of small value in his eyes if not founded on a solid basis of credit at your banker's.

"Oh, papa! Mr. Tulloch knows all about it," said Ellie, with a wicked twinkle in her eye. "He knows what a misfortune poor madame met with, and as she wants all sorts of things we cannot get her, I am going to try a subscription for her. Now, I know you are rich and generous, Jammie, so I shall begin with you. Come! What shall I put you down for?"

Tulloch looked very black. "I seldom subscribe, except to well-known charities," he began.

"Well known! and is not this well known?" cried Ellie. "Come, I'll let you off with a couple of guineas, in consideration of not appearing in print. Come, it is cheap, you know; because if Goldtrap and Co. were getting up a thing of the kind you would have to give ten."

"Ah," cried Mahon, "do not limit him; maybe he'd like to give the ten unknown."

We all (except Tulloch) laughed heartily.

"Well," said Tulloch, rising, and speaking strong Scotch, "I was going over to say good-by to you to-day, for I am off to Paris for a week or two."

"Oh, good gracious! Give me the two sovereigns first. I'll let you off the two shillings, and I'll tell Kate you are a darling!"

Tulloch resigned himself, and produced the two sovereigns.

"Give my love to Kate. I'll come and see



her as soon as I return. And, Mr. Mahon, excuse me, but get rid of that Frenchwoman as soon as you can. Why should you burden yourself with her?"

"Burden! Sure it's a pleasure. And the girls find her a great comfort. And now do you take care of yourself; there are no end of fortune-hunters in Paris."

So Jammie Tulloch departed, and I could not say whether he left much regret for that departure behind him; for in a day or two I went on circuit myself and was absent a month.

On my return, I found two letters awaiting me. The first was from Ellie. She informed me that they were going on very tranquilly, and that Madame la Rose had got two pupils, and talked of taking a room in the same house, so as to board with them.

"Mr. Timbs is dead, you will be sorry to hear," she continued, "so papa has lost that source of present work and grand anticipation. We have never seen or heard anything of Jammie Tulloch since the day I extracted the two sovereigns from him. Do you think he died of the operation? Do come out and see us soon. I think Kate looks ill, and is not as bright as she used to be. She sends her love—so does madame—so do I.

"Ever yours, ELLIE M.

"P.S. An old clerk of Timbs's told papa that you were to be married shortly to a lady with quantities of money, the daughter of an eminent Q.C. I hope it is not true. What should we do without you?"

How could so absurd an account get into circulation? And how could Kate—that is Ellie—believe it?

The other letter was from Tulloch, and announced his engagement to Miss Goldfrap. "I wish," he wrote, "you would see the Mahons and break this matter to Kate. I do not mind confiding to you that the poor girl was extremely partial to me; nor was it without an effort that I gave her up. Nothing but a sense of what was due to myself would have induced me to do so; but when all expenses come to be paid out of one pocket it makes a serious difference. Be sure you say how warmly I admire her, and anything else that would soothe her feelings which suggests itself."

Confound the coxcomb! To dare to write thus of my peerless Kate! But must he not have had good reason to do so, or, with his caution, he would not? Oh, idiot that he was, to weigh a few thousands against the worth of such a gem! Well, it's an ill wind that blows no one good; she may turn to me yet. And really this last circuit shows me a very fair chance of success. In four or five years, at this rate, I may venture—

But my further speculations were cut short by the entrance of Mahon in a state of the wildest excitement, with a letter in his hand.

"Longmore, my dear fellow, here's great news; read that. Sure that poor fellow

Timbs has left my darling Katie his residuary legatee. Residuary; no less! And faith they say he has left a bank of money; but as sure as ye sit there, them devils of English lawyers will cheat the poor girl of the half of it. We got the letter this morning, so I came to you direct—you that have been our friend through thick and thin, sunshine and storm! Now go to these people, 'Pluckett and Maule,' and inquire about it, and find out when we can touch the cash, and come back and dine, and I'll go and order in a nice little dinner, with a bottle of port and champagne too, faith!"

The letter in question was from a well-known firm, to whom I soon proceeded, and who permitted me to peruse a copy of the will. It proved, that after large bequests to charities, to distant relatives, to old servants, a large residue came to my fair cousin—so large as even to surpass the fortune of Miss Goldfrap. After a few formalities she would be able to take possession.

A few weeks later, and I was explaining and advising with Kate in a long tête-à-tête interview. After listening to her quiet and sensible projects respecting her father and sister, I approached a subject we had hitherto avoided.

"How furious Tulloch will be when he finds he lost you and got less money with Miss Goldfrap!"

"Why?" she asked.

"Because—because—but I cannot jest, dear Kate, about what may have cost you even a passing grief—he was not worthy of you!"

"What are you talking of?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Why, you must know that Jammie Tulloch was a man utterly without attraction for me; was not at all the sort of man I could fall in love with." Meeting my eye, she blushed and bent her head. Her glorious hair fell over her cheek and had to be shaken back again.

"Not the sort of man you could fall in love with?" I asked: my heart beating wildly. "What sort of man *could* you fall in love with, Kate?"

"One who can be generous as well as prudent," she said, in a low tone, clasping her hands together; "one who can do long and true service to a friend, as though it were a personal gratification; one who is brave enough to give his arm to a poor forlorn shabby stranger in the gayest gathering-place in London!"

"Kate—beloved Kate!" I threw myself at her feet.

"No! Not there, truest, kindest! but in my arms! against my heart!" said Kate.

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII. A WARNING.

THE eve of Major Carter's marriage had now arrived. A few stray questions had come, like "dropping shots," from a few inquisitive persons. That awkward and ugly challenge, "Who is he?" was of course varied; some putting it in this form: "Who the deuce is he?" "Who the d—l is this Carter?" But the replies were satisfactory always; and, better than all, Carter was seen quartered with Sir John Westende, that baronet leaning on his arm. A respectable and even brilliant company had been asked, and really secured by the major's exertions, to do honour to his nuptials.

The universal feeling about Mrs. Wrigley was, that she was making "a wretched old fool of herself;" but that about the major was as though he had performed a clever feat, like one who had made a successful venture in cotton or indigos, or had happily run a blockade. "Of course he'll choke off the poor old soul after a time," said Colonel Foley, in a spirit of rude jest, and leaning both hands on his stick, as if it were a spade. "Carter is a little impatient, *deu-side-ly* impatient, I can tell you, and will not wait long for any man—or woman either."

The major was coming home that afternoon, looking down on the flags with a complacent smile of pleasure—for he had happily made sure of a young lord out of a cavalry regiment, who would be as good as a pine-apple for the feast—when he happened to pass near the top of the street, where the Irrefragable had its office. He thought that as he was now going away on this delightful wedding—beginning a new life, as it were—he might as well give them a last injunction. He walked in and put his usual question, gaily adding, that he supposed he would be paid some day—say about the time of the final redemption of the National Debt—come now? Mr. Speedy had not yet returned, but would most likely be home the day after to-morrow. "And *then*," added Mr. Speedy's *locum tenens*, "you shall hear from us."

"You must direct, then," said the major, still gaily, "to the Great Hotel in Paris, or to the

Isles Britanniques at Rome; and I declare I had rather you would not, for I don't want to be worried with business *now*. You don't know, perhaps, that I am going to be married to-morrow morning? We go across to Calais to-morrow night."

"You *do*?" said the *locum tenens*, astonished. And there was a general up-turning of faces in the office.

When Major Carter left it, his reflection was the old reflection—how ready the world is to do homage to what is flourishing *in* the world. The manner of these fellows "is quite changed to me," he said, "now that they see I am bettering myself."

In the office, the *locum tenens* said hastily to *his* deputy, "We must have Speedy back at once!" And in a few seconds the messenger was hurrying to the telegraphic-office with a written scrap of paper.

Still smiling, and still moralising on this "cringing" character of the world, the major walked on towards the fashionable quarter. He was painting in for himself this breakfast on the next morning, with the fashionable faces he had secured to grace it. He was reading, in anticipation, the fashionable journal of the day after—The Morning Plush—with the select list. He grew soft and tender over himself, as he thought of the battle of life he had fought, and fought so successfully. "I had only myself to help me," he said, looking back. "I had to fight my own way, and I think I have done very fairly. Always been with the best, and have done them no discredit. This is not so bad a finish." He was still smiling to the flags as he walked, when a carriage, which had passed him, stopped suddenly, and a lady called to him. The major's fingers went to his hat by a sort of instinct.

Miss Manuel had been driving here and there, in fact she knew not whither, still pursued by the eager wish to do something towards stopping the great evil. She suddenly saw Major Carter smiling to the flags (and sometimes tapping them playfully with his stick), when the thought flashed upon her, "This poor wretch! I have been labouring to do him mischief. At this moment judgment may be gathering over his head. He is unworthy of serious punishment for what he has done to *us*—at least others may hunt



him down if they will—and a word to him will be no harm."

The major's smile passed away as he saw who it was. So, *she* was also of that world who came cringing to him as his prospects brightened! But the game *she* had played with him was too serious.

"Major Carter," she said, "I have just stopped to tell you something. I know all sorts of people, and hear all sorts of things. I am told that you are about being married one of these days. Let me advise you—look carefully to yourself. There are dangers that perhaps you have not thought of. Don't think of marriages, or such things. I confess I am no friend of yours, but still I give you this friendly warning."

For a second a shade of anxiety and alarm came into his face. Then it was all clear, and he laughed.

"I know that you are no friend of mine, Miss Manuel," he said. "But I can't be angry with you. You are very clever. I really admire you. But I am not angry with you. We have had our little game out, and it is not for me to say who has been the winner. But you are welcome to the title, with all my heart. I am in good humour with all the world to-night. So thanks, a thousand thanks, for your very melodramatic warning."

He was indeed in good humour that evening. As he walked away, he was greatly amused. "What a clever creature," he thought, "and how well she did it. For the moment she almost took me in. Another man would have been frightened, and perhaps listened to her. Her last move has failed. I should not be surprised if she went mad one of these days."

#### CHAPTER XXXIX. MAJOR CARTER'S WEDDING-DAY.

THE following morning—the day of the Carter wedding—was a bright one, with plenty of sun. There was great flash and bustle in the little square where Major Carter lived. Nearly every one round knew of the solemnity. Many were at the windows, and a few on the steps. A series of expresses seemed to be flying backwards and forwards between the major's house and other quarters. He himself, bright and shining as a new suit and the very closest shaving and polishing could make him, was seen in glimpses and flashes, as it were, now flinging himself into a cab and disappearing, now dashing out of a cab on to the steps, into the house, as though he had come with a reprieve for a criminal.

So with Mrs. Wrigley, the widow, on whose figure workwomen and maids had been at work from an early hour. She was in a sort of fat flutter and trepidation. As she said often, "the moment of her destiny was drawing on." They had invested her with the richest, stiffest, white satin, which was as inflexible as milled board, and dressed her in it, as though she were an idol. Her neighbours knew of it, and were out on *their* steps; and a great carriage—not the chariot,

which was wanted for another purpose—waiting at the door, with a huge display of favours and ribbons, proclaimed through the street the general notion of Marriage.

She was presently at the church, where there was a block of carriages already, belonging to the gay company that Major Carter had so carefully recruited. It was a fine fashionable temple, where the thing was done in a highly fashionable way, and by a highly fashionable incumbent. Where the cushions showed the impressions of select elbows and select knees; and where the letters of the Commandments seemed to run indistinctly into the characters of the Court Guide. In such a temple the rite received extra solemnity; and the fashionable incumbent was "assisted" by the Rev. Alfred Hoblush. Thus, standing at the rails, in this atmosphere of Belgravian sanctity, with the crowd of ladies and gentlemen of good degree looking on, Major Carter was united to his bride. The fashionable incumbent almost chanted the words of the rite, bleating them, as it were, plaintively; and to his song the work was accomplished.

It was a happy moment for the major. Bride and bridegroom came out together on the top of the little steps in the sort of little slum at the back of the fashionable temple. But many select rites had glorified the slum. Their carriage was there, and the crowd, who lived in the back lane, and whose life was to see marriages driving away in inexhaustible variety. The major and his bride, enshrined in this carriage as in a casket, drove away in a tumult of happiness.

At Mrs. Wrigley's mansion was the breakfast, and the company. Such a company! It did honour to the major's recruiting powers. It had cost him infinite pains and trouble. To some he had to give "bounties;" others, who might be called "bringers," he had to supply with "head-money;" but still there were the ranks full, and a goodly show. There was a nice leavening of aristocracy—Lord Puttenham, and the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Brownbill, being present; there were some "nice girls," in that gay and glittering plumage which is only seen at weddings and flower-shows; there were officers for the nice girls, men whom Major Carter took pleasantly by the arm or shoulder; there was "Old Foley," tightened almost to gasping, Young Brett, Lady Laura Fermor and her daughters, who had been persuaded to come, with some pains. Young Spendlesham had agreed to come too, but, at the last moment, had sent a note with an excuse about important business. Many and many times did Lady Laura's eyes wander wistfully to the door.

The feast, sumptuous indeed! The arch-pastrycook had looked to it. Everything rich, or delicate, or costly, was spread out. The bride and bridegroom sat side by side. The fountains of champagne were flowing briskly, and faces framed in white bonnets began to acquire that heated flush which always attends on this morning feasting. It is a proud hour for Major Carter.



He thinks again, as he looks down the table, and reciprocates the fat "ogle" of his bride, how he has fought away, single-handed, through life, without aid from any one, and is now ending so respectably.

Now we must have some speeching. It is rather a nuisance—perhaps a little old fashioned; but where Lord Puttenham has kindly expressed a wish to air his rhetoric, such considerations must be waved. He does it very neatly, and dryly—in chips, as it were. A little attempt at humour, which, we may be sure, is not allowed to miscarry. It was an "auspicious" day, he said. His friend Carter, he was sure, had made a judicious choice. He was sure to make the lady he had selected happy, though his friend Carter, he must say, had one fault—he was one of the most unmusical men he had ever met with. (This allusion produced extraordinary merriment.) Yes, his friend Carter, he would do him that justice, did not know a crotchet from a quaver, though he sincerely hoped that in their married life there would be an absence of crotchets of a particular sort. (Roars and applause.) Perhaps that was the reason that he himself (Lord Puttenham) had never married—he was too musical. (Amusement.) The man who had not music in his soul, or would not appreciate a posthumous quartet of the immortal Beethoven's, he would say was fit for treason and stratagem, and all that sort of thing. Though he was quite sure that his friend Carter would not indulge in any stratagems as regards Mrs. Carter (great amusement), whose health he would now propose, &c.

It was a happy moment, one to look back to, when Major Carter rose, with half a glass of champagne in his hand. His white crisp face was a little flushed with other half glasses. He was inclined to say, "God bless you all," many times over. At least he thought he was affected. The image present to his mind was that of labouring through a hard life, and having now finally come into a port of ease and quiet. This he expressed. Mrs. Carter looking up at him with the soft gelatine eyes. "I have fought my way," said Major Carter, with the half glass of champagne in his hand, "through difficulties. I am not ashamed of it. I have made friends for myself, and I hope and believe they are not ashamed of me. I have had troubles, and I am not sorry to have had them. It has shown me the value of friends—of such friends as I now see sitting round me. We are now going away," continued the major, "I and the lady whom I am proud to call my wife. But we shall return soon, I hope. We shall see—and enjoy, I trust—the pleasant seductions of foreign countries. We may stay a long time or a short time, according as we find it; but believe me," and the major's voice faltered a little, "whether long or short, we shall both look forward to the time when we shall return once more and meet—"

Just at this moment, when Major Carter was

raising his champagne-glass again, Major Carter's son, who had not been missed at the feast, entered hastily, and hurried down the room, behind the chairs, to where his father was standing. This was an interruption. Every one looked at him, and saw in the son's face a strange and frightened expression. His father, thus checked rudely, and yet seeing that he was making for him, stopped, and looked angrily at him. Every one felt that this was a most awkward gauche creature, and that the major was to be rather pitied.

In a second he was at his father's ear, and gave him a short whisper. "What?" said Major Carter, laying down his glass quickly. People at the end even seemed to be straining their ears to listen. The son repeated his agonised whisper. The major's head shot round suddenly to a door behind him. When it was seen again, the champagne flush was gone, and there was a twitching and spasm in the region about his lips.

A mixed company is quick at reading signs. "What the deuce is it?" said Lord Puttenham, putting up his eye-glass. "The man is ill, or has heard some bad news." Mrs. Wrigley, heaving in a fright, said anxiously, "O, what is it?"

The series of ghastly twitches that shot across the major's face were recollected afterwards. So, too, was the worn agonised face of his son. More terrible, too, was it when the major, steadying his face, as it were, by his hand, forced a smile, and brought out a few words.

"A little matter—am sure you will excuse me a moment—shall not be away long."

Again his head turned round to the door behind him—for there were two to the dining-room—and by this one dinner entered. The white bonnets—and the faces flushed with heat inside—began to turn to other white bonnets. Such do not like any "unpleasantness." "Is it an illness?" it was asked; "or what is it?"

Major Carter had gone to that door behind him, opened it, but had shut it hastily, and seemed to put his foot against it. He hurried down the room to the other, that twitch in his face working all the time, and strange falterings coming from him which seemed to say, "Back in a moment—so sorry—a little business." In a second he had shot through the folding-door at the end.

"Dammy!" said Colonel Foley, who had followed all his motions critically, addressing his neighbour, "it *must* be bailiffs!" The son with the miserable face followed him out.

Outside, in the street, the accustomed crowd were waiting—the carriages for the flushed faces, and the old-fashioned swinging chariot (the coach-box removed, with postilions and posters) to take away "the happy pair." The curious were expectant. It was known that "she" was an "old woman." Public sympathy was for him.

The gentlemen attached to the carriages were



talking together in a group, and such of them as had canes leant on them.

Suddenly—about the time that it was known that the major was addressing the company—a cab drove up, and two plain blunt-looking men jumped out, hurried up the steps, but had rung the bell very quietly. As soon as the door was opened, they had stepped in promptly, without telling their business, and one of them, taking hold of the handle, had shut the door to, himself, very quickly. The gentlemen outside with the canes assumed them to be connected with the feast. They asked for the major. The servants of the house were all about the hall, some at the door listening (with the freedom pardonable on such an occasion) to the major's speech.

The hard-working faithful son, who was upstairs looking to the last preparations for his father's departure, came down to them. One of the hard plain men, with a sort of tap on his arm, took him aside, and gave him a short whisper, finishing off the whisper with a sharp nod. The son gave a gasp and a half cry, and looked at them with a wild stupid stare.

"Better *you* tell him," said the plain man, "than we—more decent of the two. Ah! two doors, I see."

And he walked down the passage to the door by which the dinners made their entrance.

On him had looked out for a second the white twitching face of the major. To the other, who waited in the hall, the white twitching face also presently showed itself.

"Now, now," it said, "what is this? At such a time, too! Really, most inconvenient! Now, take care," said he, dropping his voice; "is there *no mistake*?"

"On my word, Major Carter, no," said the blunt man.

"Most inconvenient," said the other, rubbing his white fingers over and over each other. "At such a time, too. Come up-stairs with me to the drawing-room for a moment, will you?"

The two rough men agreed, and they went up; Major Carter, in his bright wedding finery, a little in front. Menial eyes wondered exceedingly. The hall door was now open, and the gentlemen on the steps (with the canes) looked in eagerly. There was quite a perspective of menial faces and canes. The two men and the major shut themselves in the drawing-room, and locked the doors.

A few minutes later, the son, with a miserable and despairing face, looked into the dining-room, where was the feast in all its magnificence, and the flushed faces, and he whispered to the person nearest, imploringly, "*Do go away, and get them to go away. O, something terrible has happened!*"

This was but a whisper, yet somehow every one in the room had an instinct of what was said. There was a sudden rustle of ladies rising, a sound as of chairs pushed back. Even the newly-made Mrs. Carter—in an agitation she had not

known for years—hurried to the door. The ladies fell back from her—female public outraged at having been seduced into this unpleasantness.

"But what *is it*?" said the young cavalry lord. "No one seems to know."

"Bailiffs, as I hope to be saved," said Old Foley. "I know the look of the thing. I remember Tommy Jackson, at a dinner he was giving to a few——"

In a few moments, by some mysterious means, the word "Police" had got into the room. No one could tell how, for no one could know. Perhaps they read it in guilty characters on the miserable son's face, perhaps it was in the air, and had forced itself on every one present. Then it was, *sauve qui peut*.

"Come, Blanche," said Lady Laura, gathering up her skirts as if she were in the ward of a Fever Hospital. "Let us get away from this dreadful place. Good gracious! Never mind calling up the carriage—they will keep us hours—we can walk to it." She was thinking of young Spendlesham.

At the door, the old chariot and the posters were waiting in stupid immobility. The news had not reached the crowd outside. But there was a perfect rout. The gentlemen with the canes were busy. The carriages were plunging and converging to the door, while the old chariot stood waiting for its tenants, as if they were really to come out together. The crowd, thinking so too, gathered more and more on the steps, and looked eagerly into the hall.

They were never to come out together. Mrs. Wrigley was in her bedroom in fits, with a charitable lady or two trying to help her. One gentleman or two, whose sister or mother or wife had left a shawl or a parasol in the drawing-room, hurried up, and, trying the doors, found them locked.

Inside, the miserable Carter sat handcuffed between two officers. They were waiting—charitably—for the house to be cleared.

Finally it *was* cleared. There were wild stories among the neighbours, and a small knot kept about the door for the rest of the day. In a short time arrived Mr. Speedy, who went in. Then the drawing-room door was unlocked, and a cab called. Then the hall door was opened quickly, and a short thin figure, with a white face, muffled in a great cloak, ran down the steps with a blunt man on each side, and got into the cab. "There he is!" said the little knot. There was no glowing list of fashionable company in *The Morning Plush*; but in the evening papers was to be read for a penny an account of the whole. One called it "*The Interrupted Wedding*," another, the "*Esclandre in Fashionable Life*." Translating both, Major Carter was formally charged before a magistrate with the murder of his first wife in Wales, and was transmitted, by the night train, to that jurisdiction, to await his trial. It furnished abundant talk



and discussion for a week, and every one who had luckily been at the breakfast was at a premium.

## PHOTOLOGICAL FACTS.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

*Φῶς*, *phōs*, light, and its genitive case, *φωρός*, *phōtōs*, of light, are the root whence several ancient and modern words have sprung. *Phosphorus*, in Latin *Lucifer* or the Light-bringer, was once the morning star, the planet *Venus* when she shines before daybreak and ushers in the dawn. *Phosphorus*, now, is a substance so called because it carries light with it, or is self-luminous, in distinction to substances which shine only when they burn with sensible heat, as wood, coal, candle, oil, and gas. *Phosphorescent bodies*—certain stale fish, the tail of the glow-worm, the head of the fire-fly, centipedes, and other creeping things at special seasons, the waves of the sea—are such as give out light without undergoing appreciable combustion. A photometer is a measure of the intensity of light; a photograph is a writing or picture drawn by the agency of light. Photology may be taken to be the history, description, and explanation of the theories and facts relating to light. With the rapid progress which the science is making, it is probable that before long the word "photological" will become as familiar to our ears as its popular congener, "geological."

Photological phenomena are made known to us by what is called the sense of sight, but which, the more we think about it, assumes more and more the nature of an intellectual faculty rather than of a gross corporeal sensation. As the brain is the instrument and medium of thought, so the retina of the eye is the instrument and medium of vision. Wound a man's retina, he ceases to see; oppress his brain, and he loses thought and consciousness. Sight is consciousness, observation, reason, extended and applied to indefinite distances and depths. Sight, quite as much as speech, is the means of interchanging thought, the channel of communication between soul and soul. Nay, it is more so. Sight enables us to learn and comprehend what passed in the minds of the bygone dead. Their impressions, reasonings, and conclusions, are treasured up for us in books, which sight alone permits us to decipher and interpret; for characters printed in relief, to help the blind to spell and read, are only an accidental corollary to the previous original gift of sight. It may be fairly assumed that no blind man would ever invent an alphabet. Moreover, without uttering a word, two pairs of eyes shall exchange glances and signs conveying a hundred different meanings.

The sense of hearing allows mind to hold intercourse with mind, through material, mechanical ponderable means—the air and the sound-waves in it which are excited by every sonorous body. You can often see the vibratory

mechanism which produces sound; as in a harp-string, the rim of a very large bell, in a drum-head, a tuning-fork, and many other instances. And when you cannot actually behold it, its action is betrayed by the motions of dust or sand scattered upon the sounding body. You feel it when the pedal pipe of an organ makes you tremble by the utterance of its deep sympathetic note. But sight places us in direct communication with every visible thing around us, and more—with the souls of our fellow-men, with the humbler reason and instincts of animals, with the world of plants, with the living mass of ocean, and with inert matter mightier in magnitude than Pelion ten times piled on Ossa—and all through an imponderable agent, light, which we cannot conceive to be material, since it traverses with marvellous rapidity and without injuring them or leaving a trace, solid bodies of great hardness and density, diamond, crystal, glass, and ice. Light may either be an emanation, a something darted out from the sun and other luminous bodies, or it may be undulations in an ether (so subtle that we can hardly call it material) which must pervade all space, and—what is more difficult to comprehend—must penetrate all transparent bodies. But whether emission or undulation be the actual means by which light is propagated, for us the grand and blessed fact remains that the Creator has said, "Let there be light!" There is light.

It is in the faculty of sight that we make the nearest approach to the condition of spiritual beings; whom we figure to ourselves as intelligences endowed with perception, but unencumbered with the burden of bodily frames and frailties. We suppose them to behold, and watch, and take cognisance; to gaze with adoration at their Maker's perfections, and to look down with pity on the sorrows of men; but to be subject to no really corporeal pain, pleasure, or infirmity.

Milton, indeed, makes Satan

—first know pain,

And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd,  
when Michael's

—sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd through him. But th' ethereal substance  
clos'd  
Not long divisible.

And

Soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout  
Vital in every part, not as frail man  
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
Cannot but by annihilating die;  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the fluid air.  
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
All intellect, all sense: and as they please,  
They limb themselves; and colour, shape or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

It may be asserted, at any rate, that, of all our senses, sight is the least sensuous. A pleasant sight pleases us in quite a different way to that in which an agreeable perfume, a deli-



cious fruit, a genial warmth, and even harmonious sounds please us. It is a pleasure afforded to the mind. A painful sight gives pain which has no analogy to the annoyance caused by a disgusting stench, a nauseous drug, a severe burn, or a discordant noise, such as the sharpening of a saw, which sets the hearer's teeth on edge, and makes cold water run down his back. A sight may be so painful and agonising as to render the seer motionless and deadly cold; to cause vomiting, congestion of the brain, apoplexy, convulsions, and even death. But it exerts that powerful influence solely through the effect of mental emotion. It is the soul only which suffers first, although its suffering acts afterwards upon the body.

Light further resembles thought, in *not* acting instantaneously. We say "as quick as thought;" and we may say, if we please, "as quick as light," with equal truth. But light takes time to travel from one point to another, however inappreciable to us that infinitesimal period of time may be. Thought, likewise, takes time to evolve itself, whether our intention in thinking be to recall the past, to imagine a fiction, or to form a judgment. To collect our thoughts, is a work of time. Intricate reasonings, logical conclusions, poems, romances, pictorial and other artistic conceptions, require time for their elaboration, and are not flashed off with the suddenness of a miracle. So also it is with the transmission of light.

The sense of sight, which we owe to the existence of light, endows us even, through its agency, with an approach to the gift of ubiquity. By sight, we dart our own personality to various different points in rapid succession; we become aware of distant objects and events; and yet we remain, all the while, wherever we happen to be in bodily presence. We are witnesses to, and are immediately present at, all that passes within the range of our ken.

Consider well the enormous difference between the man born blind and the man whom Providence has blessed with sight. The blind man's is an isolated intelligence. His knowledge of what exists, and of what is going on, around him, is exceedingly limited—confined to what he can touch, and feel, and perceive with his grosser bodily senses. Sound even can give him information of events taking place only throughout a quite restricted extent of space. Of facts and phenomena which have their seat beyond the limits of the terrestrial sphere, he can have no cognisance—scarcely a conception. The atmosphere is very partially open to his observation. The wind he can feel, and the thunder he can hear; rain will wet him, and snow will chill him: but what notion can he form of the lightning's flash; of clouds, and their varieties; of fog and rime; of sunsets, aurora boreales, and shooting stars? He is apprised of the sun's existence, exactly as he is of that of his kitchen fire; namely, by the warmth which sunshine impresses upon his skin. Of the sun riding in the heavens, of the solar system of planets and satellites, of the starry firmament, however well

described and explained to him, he can merely form a vague and incomplete idea. Nay, he would be quite excusable in entertaining doubts as to the reality of the wonders described to him. The blind man has not even circumstantial evidence to prove the truth of much to which he is required to give credence. For seeing only is, if not thoroughly believing, at least complete perception and understanding.

A blind man, as far as observation is concerned, is, mentally, a mathematical point. He has no observant breadth, nor length, nor thickness. However bright his intellect, it must remain a mere speck, concentrated in one focus, without power of radiating outwards, or of receiving radiation from without. So that sight is the most grasping and comprehensive of all our senses, as well as the most spiritual and intellectual in its functions. Through it we learn what motion really is; space becomes to us a fact, instead of a puzzle; and, by it, we are enabled to admit, though we cannot quite hold it in our mental clutch, the meaning of the word Infinity. Within its own range, it makes us omnipresent.

Standing on an eminence, with one of Nature's grand panoramas before us, sight empowers us to assimilate the whole, as if it were a part of our own individuality. We drink in the landscape with our eyes. We embrace every detail. We are instantly present at every locality included within our vast horizon. We follow the windings of the stream. We leap, with the cascade, from rock to rock. We track the changes in the forest, verifying the altered features brought about by increase of altitude. We mark where oak and beech give way to fir; where stunted shrubs can climb no further; and where naked storm-rent peaks tower above all.

There are mountains on whose inaccessible summit human foot has never yet trod. Notwithstanding which, we, who enjoy the gift of sight, know them, and what is happening about them, as if they lay in our daily track. We are as sure of the nature of their slippery ice-fields, their perpendicular precipices, and their treacherous snows, as if we had tested each by handling. Not a mist, however light, can curl round their apex, or repose on their side, without our being informed of it by an unfailing telegraph which reaches where no other telegraph can climb.

But our consciousness is able to throw itself to distances far beyond the mountain-tops. We know whether the earth is wrapped around by a mantle of clouds in the heights of the atmosphere, or whether no condensed vapour is held suspended in the whole azure abyss which lies between us and the moon. Beyond the moon, we travel onwards; and, with the chronometer which we hold in our hand, we measure movements whose scene of action is removed by an interval which would take us months and years to traverse in person, even if we pursued our way at cannon-ball speed, incessantly. As certain as we are that the hands of the clock on our chimney piece complete their round, one



in sixty seconds, another in sixty minutes, and another in twelve hours; so certain may we be that Saturn's nearest satellite rushes round its parent planet in less than a day, at the very short distance of not two of the planet's diameters, while Jupiter's corresponding moon takes more than a day and a half (brief space enough), at the height of three diameters in the sky, to complete the tour of *her* central world. The revolutions of those satellites, we feel quite assured, are no more a deception, an optical illusion, than the balls which a juggler keeps circling in the air a couple of yards in front of us.

To extend our discoveries beyond the solar system, the reader here shall be reminded of what he may have read before.\* Light, we know, may be dissected. A sunbeam darting through a keyhole, and falling on a triangular prism of glass, is resolved into separate rays, which give the respective colours of the rainbow. The ray, so far analysed, is called the prismatic spectrum, and forms an oblong stripe or image of coloured light. From Newton's time until quite lately, the dissection of the spectrum went no further.

By skilful observations with prisms, Dr. Wollaston, and afterwards Herr Fraunhofer, discovered that the oblong image, obtained by decomposing sunlight, was crossed in various places by dark lines, which always occupy the same relative position when the prismatic spectrum is obtained from the sun; while the light, either from fixed stars or from artificial sources, gives a spectrum either without lines, or crossed by lines occupying different positions. The important point was, that the position and number of the lines were invariably the same when the light was obtained from the same source. These lines were called Fraunhofer's lines, and so the matter rested for a while.

But recently, the discovery was made that various mineral substances, entering into flame or fire, not only alter the colour of the flame, but cause a variation in the spectrum obtained from the light given out. Such variations were found so constant and unfailing in betraying the presence of that substance in the flame, that they allowed the practice of a new mode of analysis, consequently called spectral analysis. Thus sodium, the metallic basis of common salt, mixed with burning combustibles, gives a ghastly yellow colour to the flame, and a peculiar marking to the spectrum. It shows a single vivid yellow band, due to the combustion of the metal. Every other combination in which the same metal exists, always produces the same result; so that by the presence or absence of the particular band of colour which belongs to sodium, the presence or absence of that metal can be detected with perfect certainty. The same is true of calcium, the metallic base of lime, and other like substances; also of copper and the other ordinary metals, each of which

communicates a colour to flame, and exhibits its own proper bands in the spectrum.

Spectral analysis, thus briefly sketched, has been employed to examine the light of the sun; and it reveals to us the fact that the sun contains a number of metals identical with those which are found on earth. This delicate but certain mode of investigation, which we owe to Messrs. Kirchhoff and Bunsen, has since been applied to the still more difficult task of ascertaining the constitution of the nebulae.

The nebulae are cloud-like luminous bodies, of various shape, shining with a pale uncertain glimmer, some of which have been calculated by Sir John Herschel to be situated at such enormous distances, that their light takes no less than two millions of years to travel from them to our earth. Some few (as the nebula in the constellation Andromeda, and the Magellanic clouds which revolve round the South Pole) are visible to the naked eye; but the greater majority are telescopic objects. The study of the nebulae followed the invention of the telescope. *What are they? That is the question.*

In 1612, four years after the accidental discovery of the telescope, Simon Marius described the nebula in Andromeda. In 1656, Huyghens traced the image of that which is observed in the sword of Orion. These two clouds, Humboldt says, might be regarded as a more or less advanced condensation of vapoury matter and cosmic nebulosity. Marius, when he compares the nebula in Andromeda to the light of a candle seen through a semi-transparent body, clearly indicates the difference which exists between the nebulae properly so called and the clusters of stars more or less distinct, such as the Pleiades and others, observed by Galileo.

Galileo, not considering the nebula of Andromeda worthy of any special attention—although the most powerful instruments have not yet discovered in it any stars—took *all* nebulae, and the Milky Way itself, for luminous clusters of stars huddled close together. He made no distinction between what is cloud and what is stars, as Huyghens did in the nebula of Orion.

Since those days, it is to William Herschel that we owe the greater part of our knowledge respecting the nebulae. According to him, they cover one two-hundred-and-seventieth part of the whole visible firmament. The number of nebulae whose place has been determined in right ascension and declination, already exceeds three thousand six hundred. All of these, seen through a telescope, appear, at the first glance, completely different from the other heavenly bodies. But in proportion as the means of observation are increased by the construction of more and more powerful instruments, it is found possible to *resolve* an increasing number of nebulae; i.e. to ascertain that many of these luminous masses *are*, as Galileo supposed, accumulations of stars crowded together, whose minuteness (in consequence of their prodigious

\* See Recent Discoveries concerning Light, in vol. v., page 270.



distance) causes the stars to appear confused to our unassisted eye.

At one time, the results achieved by Lord Rosse's gigantic telescope, gave rise to expectations that *all* the nebulae might be resolved. It was confidently asserted that if any doubt was still entertained respecting their resolvability, that doubt was very small indeed. At a later period, nevertheless, Lord Rosse had not yet completely succeeded in resolving the whole of Orion's nebula; he expressed his hopes of being able to do so, and that was all. In spite of similar efforts made by other astronomers, there still remain nearly four thousand unresolved nebulae; that is, nebulae in which it has not been possible to ascertain the existence of distinct luminous bodies—of stars, in short.

Two hypotheses have been started about the nebulae. One assumes them to be clusters of stars, so distant that their light becomes confused into a faint blot or blur, which only requires instruments of sufficient power to show the separate stars of which it is composed. Each nebula was taken to be a little, or rather a partial universe, complete in itself. This theory, originally held by Galileo and Cassini, has Lord Rosse, Herschel, and others, amongst its modern supporters.

Other not less illustrious astronomers, as Halley, Kepler, and Tycho Brahe, have maintained that true nebulae do not consist of stars. It is assumed that there exist in the heavenly spaces luminous masses of cloudy matter, which, by slow and gradual condensation, ultimately become stars. According to this theory, the impossibility of resolving certain nebulae is owing, not to the weakness of our telescopes, but to the very nature of the object viewed. The well-ascertained variations of the forms and dimensions of certain nebulae, the assurance acquired by science that there exist heavenly bodies of all dimensions and all densities, the excessively slight density of the comets, and the known laws of attraction, are so many presumptions which argue in favour of this second hypothesis. Its extreme probability has been further confirmed by the application of the spectral analysis.

It was a bold idea for weak and ephemeral man to investigate the nature of bodies outlying on the uttermost verge of visible space, and belonging to long-expired epochs of time. These nebulae, whose light is now being analysed—these stars in which we have ascertained the presence of a number of earthly elements—may have been extinguished, perhaps, for thousands of years, or may have gone to illuminate other regions of the heavens. In consequence of their prodigious distance, and the time their light requires to reach us, we may see them here after they have ceased to shine. Sight thus carries us back into periods of distant time, just as it conveys us forward into regions of distant space. We see distinctly, with our own living eyes, what was happening ages ago. The stars are for us, according to Humboldt's expression, the voices of the past wafted back to us.

In November last, Mr. Huggins read before the Royal Society an account of his experiments on the light of the nebulae. Spectral analysis had already taught us that, with the exception of a few trifling differences, a great number of the fixed stars possess a physical constitution identical with that of the sun. Consequently, prismatic observation would appear to be the best means of determining whether there exist any essential difference between the fixed stars and the nebulae—either in the nature of the matters composing them, or in the conditions under which their light is emitted. In short, this ingenious method promised to resolve the problem whether the structure of the nebulae is comparable to that of planets and stars; or whether they are mere vapour without any nucleus or denser consistency, and composed solely of cosmic matter of excessively feeble density.

This is scarcely the place to describe the arrangement of Mr. Huggins's optical apparatus. He selected for examination the nebulae which offer small round or elliptical disks, and which Sir John Herschel classed as planetary nebulae. There is little probability of their being resolvable. Their colour is green, and sometimes blue, and they present no sign of central condensation. The first examined was a nebula of the Dragon. Its light, unlike that of all other extra-terrestrial bodies, is not composed of rays having different degrees of refrangibility, and therefore does not form a spectrum. It is in great part monochromatic—that is, of one single colour; and after passing through the prism, it remains concentrated in one brilliant line. Careful examination discovered, besides, a second bright line separated from the first by a dark interval; and afterwards, a third bright line, but much fainter than the other two. The position of the first corresponds to azote; that of the second to hydrogen; the third appears to belong to some unknown element. It is close to one of the brilliant stripes observed in the spectrum of baryum.

In the majority of the other nebulae examined, the three bright rays have been seen in the same position; in some few, a fourth stripe has been remarked.

Such nebulae, our astronomer believes, can no longer be regarded as clusters of suns resembling our sun and the fixed stars in their constitution, but as stars or astral bodies of a distinct form and peculiar constitution. Instead of being incandescent bodies, in a solid or a liquid state, transmitting light of various refrangibilities through an atmosphere which intercepts a certain number of rays—which appears to be the constitution of our sun—they (or at least their luminous surface) ought probably to be considered as enormous masses of gas or luminous vapour. As far as we know, it is only by matter in a gaseous state that light can be emitted, having so limited a degree of refrangibility. The extreme simplicity of the structure of one of these nebulae is indicated by the three bright stripes, if we regard them as denoting the pre-



sence of azote, hydrogen, and some unknown substance only.

Spectral analysis, therefore, renders probable the hypothesis of a cosmic matter whose successive condensation has given birth to the worlds which revolve in space. It supports Laplace's theory of the origin of our solar system; that the nebulae are suns in the course of formation; and that the organisation of matter is still going on before our eyes, although at distances inconceivable by the human mind.

## THE REMEMBRANCES OF A CORNISH VICAR.

It has frequently occurred to my thoughts, that the events which have befallen me since my collation to this wild and remote vicarage, on the shore of the billowy Atlantic sea, might not be without interest to the reader of a more refined and civilised region. When I was collated to the incumbency in 18—, I found myself the first resident vicar for more than a century. My parish was a domain of about seven thousand acres, bounded, on the landward border, by the course of a curving river, which had its source in a sister-stream in a moorland spring within my territory, and flowing southward, divided two counties in its descent to the sea. My seaward boundary was a stretch of bold and rocky shore, an interchange of lofty headland and deep and sudden gorge, the cliffs varying from three hundred to four hundred and fifty feet of perpendicular or gradual height, and the valleys gushing with torrents, which bounded rejoicingly towards the sea, and leaped at last, amid a cloud of spray, into the waters. So stern and pitiless is this iron-bound coast, that within the memory of one man upwards of eighty wrecks have been counted within a reach of fifteen miles, with only here and there the rescue of a living man. My people were a mixed multitude of smugglers, wreckers, and disenterers of various hue. A few simple-hearted farmers had clung to the grey old sanctuary of the church and the tower that looked along the sea, but the bulk of the people, in the absence of a resident vicar, had become the followers of the great preacher of the last century, who came down into Cornwall and persuaded the people to alter their sins. I was assured, soon after my arrival, by one of his disciples, who led the foray among my flock, that my "parish was so rich in resources for his benefit, that he called it, sir, the garden of our circuit." The church stood on the glebe, and close by the sea. It was an old Saxon station, with additions of Norman structure, and the total building, although of gradual erection, had been completed and consecrated before the middle of the fifteenth century. The vicarage, built by myself, stood, as it were, beneath the sheltering shadow of the walls and tower. My land extended thence to the shore. Here, like the Kenite, I had "built my nest upon the rock,"

and here my days were to glide away afar from the noise and bustle of the world, in that which is perhaps the most thankless office in every generation, the effort to do good against their will to our fellow-men. Mine was a perilous warfare. If I had not, like the apostle, to "fight with wild beasts at Ephesus," I had to soothe the wrecker, to persuade the smuggler, and to "handle serpents," in my intercourse with adversaries of many a kind. Thank God! the promises which the clergy inherit from their founder cannot fail to be fulfilled. It was never prophesied that they should be popular, or wealthy, or successful among men; but only that they "should endure to the end," that "their generation should never pass away." Well has this word been kept!

Among my parishioners there were certain individuals who might be termed representative men; quaint and original characters, who embodied in their own lives the traditions and the usages of the parish. One of these had been for full forty years a wrecker; that is to say, a watcher of the sea and rocks for flotsam and jetsam, and other unconsidered trifles which the waves might turn up to reward the zeal and vigilance of a patient man. His name was Peter Burrow, a man of harmless and desultory life, and by no means identified with the cruel and covetous natives of the strand, with whom it was a matter of pastime to lure a vessel ashore by a treacherous light, or to withhold succour from the seaman struggling with the sea. He was the companion of many of my walks, and the witness, with myself, of more than one thrilling and perilous scene. Another of my parish notorieties, the hero of contraband adventure, and agent for the sale of smuggled cargoes in bygone times, was Tristram Pentire, a name already known to the readers of these pages under their former name of Household Words. With a merry twinkle of the eye, and in a sharp and ringing tone, it was old Tristram's usage to recount for my instruction such tales of wild adventure, and of "derring do," as would make the foot of an exciseman falter, and his cheek turn pale. But both these cronies of mine were men devoid of guile; and in their most reckless of escapades innocent of mischievous harm. It was not long after my arrival in my new abode, that I was plunged all at once into the midst of a fearful scene of the terrors of the sea. About daybreak of an autumn day I was aroused by a knock at my bedroom door; it was followed by the agitated voice of a boy, a member of my household, "O, sir, there are dead men on Vicarage Rocks."

In a moment I was up, and in my dressing-gown and slippers rushed out. There stood my lad, weeping bitterly, and holding out to me in his trembling hands a tortoise alive. I found afterwards that he had grasped it on the beach, and brought it in his hand as a strange and marvellous arrival from the waves, but in utter ignorance of what it might be. I ran across my glebe, a quarter of a mile, to the cliffs, and



down a frightful descent of three hundred feet to the beach. It was indeed a scene to be looked on once only in a human life. On a ridge of rock, just left bare by the falling tide, stood a man, my own servant; he had come out to see my flock of ewes, and had found the awful wreck. There he stood, with two dead sailors at his feet, whom he had just drawn out of the water stiff and stark. The bay was tossing and seething with a tangled mass of rigging, sails, and broken fragments of a ship; the billows rolled up yellow with corn, for the cargo of the vessel had been foreign wheat; and ever and anon there came up out of the water, as though stretched out with life, a human hand and arm. It was the corpse of another sailor drifting out to sea. "Is there no one alive?" was my first question to my man. "I think there is, sir," he said, "for just now I thought I heard a cry." I made haste in the direction he pointed out, and on turning a rock, just where a brook of fresh water fell towards the sea, there lay the body of a man in a seaman's garb. He had reached the water, faint with thirst, but was too much exhausted to swallow or drink. He opened his eyes at our voices, and as he saw me leaning over him in my cassock-shaped dressing-gown, he sobbed, with a piteous cry, "Oh, mon père, mon père!" Gradually he revived, and when he had fully come to himself with the help of cordials and food, we gathered from him the mournful tale of his vessel and her wreck. He was a Jersey man by birth, and had been shipped at Rio, on the homeward voyage of the vessel from the port of Odessa with corn. I had sent in for brandy, and was pouring it down his throat, when my parishioner, Peter Barrow, arrived. He assisted, at my request, in the charitable office of restoring the exhausted stranger, but when he was refreshed and could stand upon his feet, I remarked that Peter did not seem so elated as in common decency I expected he would be. The reason soon transpired. Taking me aside, he whispered in my ear, "Now, sir, I beg your pardon, but if you'll take my advice, now that the man is come to himself, if I were you I would let him go his way wherever he will. If you take him into your house, he'll surely do you some harm." Seeing my surprise, he went on to explain. "You don't know, sir," he said, "the saying on our coast:

Save a stranger from the sea,  
And he'll turn your enemy.

There was one Coppinger cast ashore from a brig that struck up at Hartland, on the Point. Farmer Hamlyn dragged him out of the water and took him home, and was very kind to him. Lord, sir, he never would leave the house again. He lived upon the folks a whole year, and at last, lo and behold! he married the farmer's daughter Elizabeth, and spent all her fortin rollicking and racketing, till at last he would tie her to the bedpost and flog her till her father would come down with more money. The old man used to say he wished he'd let Coppinger

lie where he was in the waves, and never laid a finger on him to save his life. Ay, and divers more I've heard of that never brought no good to they that saved them."

"And did you ever yourself, Peter," said I, "being, as you have told me, a wrecker so many years—did you ever see a poor fellow clambering up the rock where you stood, and just able to reach your foot or hand, did you ever shove him back into the sea to be drowned?"

"No, sir, I declare I never did. And I do believe, sir, if I ever had done such a thing, and given so much as one push to a man in such a case, I think verily that afterwards I should have been troubled and uncomfortable in my mind."

"Well, notwithstanding your doctrine, Peter," said I, "we will take charge of this poor fellow, so do you lead him into the vicarage and order a bed for him, and wait till I come in." I returned to the scene of death and danger, where my man awaited me. He had found, in addition to the two corpses, another dead body, jammed under a rock. By this time, a crowd of people had arrived from the land, and at my request they began to search anxiously for the dead. It was, indeed, a terrible scene. The vessel, a brig of five hundred tons, had struck, as we afterwards found, at three o'clock that morning—night, and by the time the wreck was discovered she had been shattered into broken pieces by the fury of the sea. The rocks and the water bristled with fragments of mast and spar and rent timbers; the cordage lay about in tangled masses. The rollers tumbled in volumes of corn, the wheaten cargo; and amidst it all the bodies of the helpless dead, that a few brief hours before had walked the deck the stalwart masters of their ship, turned their poor disfigured faces toward the sky, pleading for sepulture. We made a temporary bier of the broken planks, and laid thereon the corpses, decently arranged. As the vicar, I led the way, and my people followed with ready zeal as bearers, and in sad procession we carried our dead up the steep cliff, by a difficult path, to await, in a room at my vicarage which I allotted them, the inquest. The ship and her cargo were, as to any tangible value, utterly lost.

The people of the shore, after having done their best to search for survivors and to discover the lost bodies, gathered up fragments of the wreck for fuel, and shouldered them away; not, perhaps a lawful spoil, but a venial transgression when compared with the remembered cruelties of Cornish wreckers. Then ensued my interview with the rescued man. His name was Le Daine. I found him refreshed, and collected, and grateful. He told me his Tale of the Sea. The captain and all the crew but himself were from Arbroath, in Scotland. To that harbour also the vessel belonged. She had been away on a two years' voyage, employed in the Mediterranean trade. She had loaded last at Odessa. She touched at Rio, and there Le Daine, who had been sick in the hospital, but recovered, had joined her. There, also, the captain had



engaged a Portuguese cook, and to this man, as one link in a chain of causes, the loss of the vessel might be ascribed. He had been wounded in a street quarrel the night before the vessel sailed from Rio, and lay disabled and useless in his cabin throughout the homeward voyage. At Falmouth, whither they were bound for orders, the cook died. The captain and all the crew, except the cabin-boy, went ashore to attend the funeral. During their absence the boy, handling in his curiosity the barometer, had broken the tube, and the whole of the quicksilver had run out. Had this instrument, the pulse of the storm, been preserved, the crew would have received warning of the sudden and unexpected hurricane, and might have stood out to sea. Whereas, they were caught in the chops of the Channel, and thus, by this small incident, the vessel and the mariners found their fate on the rocks of a remote headland in my lonely parish. I caused Le Daine to relate in detail the closing events.

"We received orders," he said, "at Falmouth to make for Gloucester to discharge. The captain, and mate, and another of the crew, were to be married on their return to their native town. They wrote, therefore, to Arbroath from Falmouth, to announce their safe arrival there from their two years' voyage, their intended course to Gloucester, and their hope in about a week to arrive at Arbroath for welcome there."

But in a day or two after this joyful letter, there arrived in Arbroath a leaf torn out of my pocket-book, and addressed "To the Owners of the Vessel," with the brief and thrilling tidings written by myself in pencil, that I wrote among the fragments of their wrecked vessel, and that the whole crew, except one man, were lost "upon my rocks." My note spread a general dismay in Arbroath, for the crew, from the clannish relationship among the Scotch, were connected with a large number of the inhabitants. But to return to the touching details of Le Daine.

"We rounded the Land's End," he said, "that night all well, and came up Channel with a fair wind. The captain turned in. It was my watch. All at once, about nine at night, it began to blow in one moment as if the storm burst out by signal; the wind went mad; our canvas burst in bits. We reeved fresh sails; they went also. At last we were under bare poles. The captain had turned out when the storm began. He sent me forward to look out for Lundy Light. I saw your cliff." (This was a bluff and broken headland just by the southern boundary of my own glebe.) "I sung out, Land. I had hardly done so when she struck with a blow, and stuck fast. Then the captain sung out, 'All hands to the maintop,' and we all went up. The captain folded his arms, and stood by, silent."

Here I asked him, anxious to know how they expressed themselves in such a time, "But what was said afterwards, Le Daine?"

"Not one word, sir; only once, when the long boat went over, I said to the skipper, 'Sir, the boat is gone.' But he made no answer."

How accurate was Byron's painting:

Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave.

"At last there came on a dreadful wave, mast-top high, and away went the mast by the board, and we with it, into the sea. I gave myself up. I was the only man on the ship that could not swim, so where I fell in the water there I lay. I felt the waves beat me and send me on. At last there was a rock under my hand. I clung on. Just then I saw Alick Kant, one of our crew, swimming past. I saw him lay his hand on a rock, and I sung out, 'Hold on, Alick!' but a wave rolled and swept him away, and I never saw his face more. I was beaten onward and onward among the rocks and the tide, and at last I felt the ground with my feet. I scrambled on. I saw the cliff, steep and dark, above my head. I climbed up until I reached a kind of platform with grass, and there I fell down flat upon my face, and either I fainted away or I fell asleep. There I lay a long time, and when I awoke it was just the break of day. There was a little yellow flower just under my head, and when I saw that I knew I was on dry land." This was a plant of the Bird's-foot clover, called in old times Our Lady's Finger. He went on: "I could see no house or sign of people, and the country looked to me like some wild and desert island. At last I felt very thirsty, and I tried to get down towards a valley where I thought I should find water. But before I could reach it I fell and grew faint again, and there, thank God, sir, you found me."

Such was Le Daine's sad and simple story, and no one could listen unmoved or without a strong feeling of interest and compassion for the poor solitary survivor of his shipmates and crew. The coroner arrived, held his quest, and the usual verdict of "Wrecked and cast ashore," empowered me to inter the dead sailors, found and future, from the same vessel, with the service in the Prayer Book for the Burial of the Dead. This decency of sepulture is the result of a somewhat recent statute, passed in the reign of George the Third. Before that time, it was the common usage of the coast to dig, just above high-water mark, a pit on the shore, and therein to cast, without inquest or religious rite, the carcases of shipwrecked men. My first funeral of these lost mariners was a touching and striking scene. The three bodies first found were buried at the same time. Behind the coffins, as they were solemnly borne along the aisle, walked the solitary mourner, Le Daine, weeping bitterly and aloud. Other eyes were moist, for who could hear unsoftened the greeting of the Church to these strangers from the sea? and the "touch that makes the whole earth kin," in the hope we breathed that we, too, might one day "rest as these our brethren did"? It was well-nigh too much for those who served that day. Nor was the interest subdued when, on the Sunday after the wreck, at the appointed place in the service, just before the General Thanksgiving, Le Daine rose up from his place, approached the altar, and uttered in



an audible but broken voice, his thanksgiving for his singular and safe deliverance from the perils of the sea.

The text of the sermon that day demands its history. Some time before, a vessel, the *Hero* of Liverpool, was seen in distress, in the offing of a neighbouring harbour, during a storm. The crew, mistaking a signal from the beach, betook themselves to their boat. It foundered, and the whole ship's company, twelve in number, were drowned in sight of the shore. But the stout ship held together, and drifted on to the land, so unshattered by the sea, that the coast-guard, who went immediately on board, found the fire burning in the cabin. When the vessel came to be examined, they found in one of the berths a Bible, and between its leaves a sheet of paper, whereon some recent hand had transcribed verses the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third of the thirty-third chapter of Isaiah. The same hand had also marked the passage with a line of ink along the margin. The name of the owner of the book was also found inscribed on the fly-leaf. He was a youth of eighteen years of age, the son of a widow, and a statement under his name recorded that the Bible was "a reward for his good conduct in a Sunday school." This text, so identified and enforced by a hand that soon after grew cold, appeared strangely and strikingly adapted to the funeral of shipwrecked men; and it was therefore chosen as the theme for our solemn day. The very hearts of the people seemed hushed to hear it, and every eye was turned towards *Le Daine*, who bowed his head upon his hands and wept. These are the words: "But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us. Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail: then is the prey of a great spoil divided; the lame take the prey." Shall I be forgiven for the vaunt, if I declare that there was not literally a single face that day unmoistened and unmoved? Few, indeed, could have borne, without deep emotion, to see and hear *Le Daine*. He remained as my guest six weeks, and during the whole of this time we sought diligently, and at last found the whole crew, nine in number. They were discovered, some under rocks, jammed in by the force of the water, so that it took sometimes several ebb-tides, and the strength of many hands, to extricate the corpses. The captain I came upon myself, lying placidly upon his back, with his arms folded in the very gesture which *Le Daine* had described as he stood amid the crew on the maintop. The hand of the spoiler was about to assail him, when I suddenly appeared, so that I rescued him untouched. Each hand grasped a small pouch or bag. One contained his pistols; the other held two little log reckoners of brass; so that his last thoughts were full of duty to his owners and his ship, and his latest efforts for rescue

and defence. He had been manifestly lifted by a billow and hurled against a rock, and so slain; for the victims of our cruel sea are seldom drowned, but beaten to death by violence and the wrath of the billows. We gathered together one poor fellow in five parts; his limbs had been wrenched off, and his body rent. During our search for his remains, a man came up to me with something in his hand, inquiring, "Can you tell me, sir, what this is? Is it a part of a man? It was the mangled seaman's heart, and we restored it reverently to its place, where it had once beat high with life and courage, with thrilling hope and sickening fear. Two or three of the dead were not discovered for four or five weeks after the wreck, and these had become so loathsome from decay, that it was at peril of health and life to perform the last duties we owe to our brother-men. But hearts and hands were found for the work, and at last the good ship's company, captain, mate, and crew, were laid at rest, side by side, beneath our churchyard trees. Groups of grateful letters from *Arbroath* are to this day among the most cherished memorials of my *escritoire*. Some, written by the friends of the dead, are marvelous proofs of the good feeling and educated abilities of the Scotch people. One from a father breaks off in irrepressible pathos, with a burst of "O my son! my son!" We placed at the foot of the captain's grave the figure-head of his vessel. It is a carved image, life-size, of his native *Caledonia*, in the garb of her country, with sword and shield.

#### "LEFT HIS HOME."

He left us all one bright June dawn,  
Taking his watch down from the nail,  
Just as he always used to do;  
Leaning his hoe against the rail  
As he turned round to kiss our George  
(Who ran to push the gate), and bent  
A curious kind of look at me  
And little Bessy, as he went.

He picked a tuft of hollyhock,  
Then gave a sigh, and one more look,  
As 'yont the elm-tree in the lane  
The shuddering willows three times shook.  
I heeded not the warning then.  
'Twas ten years since, this very day,  
That Robert left us all alone,  
And took yon path, the Hindon way.

Sometimes, when 'mid the brooding mists  
That shroud the valley and the lake,  
Looms through the golden harvest moon,  
And glows o'er down, and hill, and brake,  
I think I see him in the dusk,  
When George is playing at the door,  
And spring to meet his welcoming arms,  
As I have done so oft before.

Or some morn in the harvest-time,  
As when he left me, he will come,  
Meeting me down a row of sheaves;  
And we shall hurry laughing home,



And wake our boy with kisses, then  
He'll take his favourite seat and tell  
Of his mysterious wanderings,  
And what the day he left befel.

Sometimes I dream I see a man,  
His back towards me, by a brook  
Full of swift-darting trout, whose fins  
Flash past the weed-drifts as I look.  
A dying fish flaps on the grass—  
Then, led by something that I see,  
I steal still closer to his side:  
He turns. O, gracious God, 'tis he!

Or—think not of it, my worn heart,  
Some winter's night, when I am old,  
There'll come a beggar lame and bent,  
And pale and shivering with the cold.  
And when I bring him to the fire,  
He'll call me by the fondling name  
He used to twenty years ago,—  
O, should I know him if he came?

Dear George, if father should return  
When I am under churchyard grass,  
Tell him how oft I spoke of him,  
And take him out that he may pass  
Near where I lie asleep, and see  
If the tears fall for her he left.  
O, agony of lingering grief!—  
Yet, George, I am not quite bereft.

### ARTIFICIAL FERTILITY.

AMONGST the tens of thousands of Englishmen who daily consume their allowance of flour and flesh, the majority believe that grass grows without care, and that if land be ploughed or digged and sown, a profitable crop will follow as a matter of course. On the other hand, a select and semi-scientific few, in equal ignorance, denounce the stupidity of modern farmers, and rhapsodise (out of a book they do not understand) on some scheme for carrying the fertilisers of hundreds of acres in a waistcoat-pocket, or for converting into a revenue counted in millions, the black streams that flow through the sewers of our great cities. Yet there is a spice of truth in both these crude notions.

In a new country, where land is cheap and labour dear, colonists naturally settle on the most fertile soils. In the more genial climates, on such soils the rudest cultivation will produce an abundant corn crop. The settler in the Western States of America and in Australia digs a hole with his hoe, scatters, and covers up a few seeds, measures the length of the hoe's handle, repeats the process, and, with no more trouble, in due time gathers an ample return of Indian corn. In India and China, if the soil be merely scratched and irrigated, almost any crop may be grown. The tropical air is loaded with the elements of fertility.

Not so in our colder and long-cultivated latitudes. There the rich alluvial soils which yield richly year after year without artificial assistance, are rare and precious. The great mass of the farm-land of this country gives back in propor-

tion as it receives, requiring, to make the most profitable return, not only careful cultivation by hand, or horse, or steam power, or all and other mechanical aids to fertility, but a constant liberal supply of home-made or purchased manure, and purchased food for their live stock—generally of all three.

From very early ages, all cultivating tribes have, more or less, imperfectly attempted to maintain and increase the fertility of soils by two modes—by rest, or, speaking technically, by fallow, and by manure. On a great part of the farm-land of France and Germany half is alternately in fallow. These two methods were used for thousands of years before chemists discovered what it was that manure gave back to the soil, and why certain soils were reinvigorated by a cessation of cropping. The Chinese practised manuring before Rome was built, but the climate of China, especially as regards rainfall and sun, removes that country from any useful comparison with European culture. The Romans, the most careful and exact of agriculturists (whose practices are minutely recorded by Columella), made all possible use of fallows, but failed to understand the necessity of manufacturing farm-yard manure, by feeding live stock on food rich in fertilising agents, and thus they reduced lands from which they drew their supplies of corn, to barrenness. The late Mr. Thomas Gisborne, a very competent authority both as a Latinist and agriculturist, states that the Roman agricultural course was, with partial exceptions, a crop of grain and fallow. Every year one-half of the arable land was in grain, one-half in fallow; arable land was manured only once in six years, and in that period bore three grain crops and one green crop—rather hard usage. It is true that Roman writers on agriculture give very minute directions for husbanding manure and manure-making articles, but a large portion of what was collected was devoted to vines, olives, and other fruit. The results were, that in the course of half a century the returns of corn decreased from fifteen for one in the time of Varro, to four for one in the time of Columella, and every later writer complains of the diminishing produce, and thus while the price of corn rose from three shillings and sixpence to ten shillings in the time of Cato, and sixty shillings the quarter in the time of Pliny, and while the cost of labour did not increase, the selling price and rent of land steadily declined. In England—in spite of the ominous prophecies of a distinguished and angry foreign chemist, who, great in general principles, has always failed miserably when descending to give practical advice—the reverse of all this has taken place in this country. The price and rent of land and labour have risen from generation to generation during the last hundred years, and the amount of produce per acre has been very materially increased on light and naturally barren soils by the use of farm and artificial manures, and on stiff clay by the use of thorough draining and deep cultivation.



Modern and Roman agriculture, when compared, present this remarkable contrast, "The Roman agricultural authors never look forward, but backward." They do not hope to increase crops, they only struggle to prevent them from falling off. The Englishman fully maintains, and in half a century has largely increased, his per acre produce.

In the modern farming of the highest order on our light lands—that order that raises the greatest possible amount of corn and meat from a given space—the land is constantly treated, not as a mine of wealth, to be continually worked by the spade or the plough, according to the dream of poets, but as a mere sponge, with which fertility is annually infiltrated in the shape of manures, in order to be extracted in the shape of crops. As long as the average supply of food in England was equal to the average demand, farmers were content to farm by the rule of thumb—that is, by making use of the experience of their forefathers and their neighbours; but when the demand exceeded the supply, when they were invited to buy manures as well as seeds, they were compelled to consult the chemist, and learn the reason why of many operations they had long blindly and often successfully followed. At the same time, it must be admitted that according to the experience of most exact observers there must be some material difference between the effect of cultivation under a British and an Italian climate. We have plenty of light sandy soils, like important districts in Norfolk, Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, which, without sheep, root culture, oil-cake, and artificial manure, would rapidly revert to the condition of the barren wastes from which they were reclaimed by liberal landlords and enterprising tenants, but we can find no instances in which a fair loamy soil of average fertility, cleverly cultivated, has ever been actually exhausted.

Mr. T. B. Lawes, who has expended upwards of twenty thousand pounds in agricultural experiments on his estate of Rothamstead, which have been carefully recorded in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, grew wheat for twenty years on one acre of fair loamy soil; the result was sixteen bushels the first year, seventeen and a quarter bushels the last year, and an average of sixteen and a quarter bushels during the twenty years.

Thirty years ago—perhaps if we were to write twenty-five we should be nearer the mark—the farmer relied for keeping up the fertility of his farm almost entirely on sheep feeding and his farm-yard manure; he did not always take great care of that. If he lived, say in the midland counties, he heard, perhaps, that the Cheshire dairymen were using bones, or if in the west of England, man lime, but he had no means of learning whether either would suit his midland fields. It was the gradual increasing use of artificial, or rather portable, manures, that first introduced the farmer to the chemist. The acquaintance, which seemed very unpromising at

first, has ripened into an intimate and mutually profitable connexion. The use of rape cake, bone-dust, and other than farm-yard or such accidental manure as seaweed or sprats, grew up by imperceptible degrees long before farmers obtained any other guide than experience of the special value of each kind of fertiliser. Thus in the west of England, from immemorial times, lime was used with great effect, especially in reclaiming waste land, for lime has a double value, first in assisting to burn up and decay exuberant half-dead vegetable matter of peaty and other soils, and next as supplying itself to soils where lime—an important constituent—was absolutely wanting.

We have no authentic record of how bones first came to be tried as a manure. There is a vague story that the first experiment was accidentally made of an accumulation of horse-bones near a kennel of Yorkshire fox-hounds. At any rate, in the time of Arthur Young, the Cheshire farmers found out that broken and crushed bones had a great effect in restoring the fertility of pastures exhausted by centuries of feeding for dairy purposes. We know now that bone-dust restores to pastures the very constituents—phosphate of lime—that are removed by milk, butter, and cheese; but the practice was pursued long before the chemical reason was discovered. From dairy pastures crushed and ground bones found their way to the turnip-fields, which were coming into use on every good farm a hundred years ago. The bones seemed to complete a circle of treatment that came into use about the same time. Turnips fed sheep, which, before root cultivation was introduced, could only be fed in winter on hay, a scarce, expensive food. The sheep's manure fertilised the soil while feeding, and prepared it for the corn crop in the following year. As this style of sheep cultivation was carried out on the heaths, wolds, and commons of Cambridge, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, where farm-yard manure was not too plentiful, the bones came in, well distributed by a rude drill, to swell the turnips that were to feed the manure-distributing sheep. Very soon the bone-land farmers found the advantage, adding to the flesh and improving the manure, by giving peas, corn, and eventually oil-cake, to their flocks.

Sir Humphry Davy's ingenious speculations were the foundation of a school of agricultural chemistry, but to his suggestions only a select few farmers paid any attention. Amongst them was, however, Mr. Coke of Holkham, who sixty years ago drilled in turnip-seed, and used large quantities of purchased rape-cake as manure. But he and his tenants, with the Duke of Bedford, Lord Yarborough, Mr. Chaplin, and their tenants, stood almost alone for the next twenty years in this astounding extravagance and daring innovation.

The importance of the portable manure trade, and the profession of an agricultural chemist, date from 1835, when a Liverpool merchant imported a cargo of Peruvian guano, the most concentrated and powerful of portable manures.



Guano is the excrement of birds feeding on fish in almost rainless zones, deposited on desert islands in the course of thousands of years. In the same year nitrate of soda and other portable manure was also imported from South America. Chemists analysed guano, and found it richer in ammonia, the principal element in fertilising corn crops, than any other known substance. But, although farmers had not then reached their present state of confidence in chemists, they were rapidly converted, in spite of the patriotic speeches of haters of innovation, by the sight of great crops grown with the help of guano by the side of poor crops grown without.

In 1839, Professor Liebig had suggested the application of sulphuric acid to bones for the purpose of producing "super-phosphate of lime," the leading element in root crops. His suggestion was first applied on a commercial scale by a young Hertfordshire squire, whose favourite pursuit had been chemistry even when an undergraduate at Oxford. His agricultural connexions and position, as one of the council of the Royal Agricultural Society, brought into notice "Lawe's super-phosphate" as a portable manure which crops could absorb more quickly than even bone-dust. Super-phosphate of lime supplied a want long felt by the root-grower of a portable manure which could be applied when and where required to fertilise the plant at a critical time, and push forward its leaves beyond chance of injury from the "destructive fly." Stimulated by the steady demand, bones were imported from every country in the world, especially from the plains of South America, where at that time beasts were slaughtered for their hides and tallow only. Next, the geologist came to the assistance of the agricultural chemists, and fossils, eoprolites, and apatite were found, when ground and submitted to the action of sulphuric acid, to yield a less soluble but still useful phosphate of lime.

The introduction of these two eminently portable manures, the one ammoniacal, the other phosphatic, producing evident and extraordinary effects, created a new class of manufacturers, who, by the manipulation of bones, flesh, blood, and other waste material containing nitrogen and the phosphates, with an admixture of guano, produced ammoniacal and phosphatic manures of more or less value for each description of crop, corn, roots, clover, beans or grass. Amongst these manufacturers were many able and honest men, who maintain their position to this day. But there were also a crowd of impostors, who palmed upon the credulous farmers, at an apparently low price, worthless stuff bearing in colour and smell a very close resemblance to really valuable manures. And it was in this way that farmers first began to consult the chemist, and place confidence in the inquiries of science. What farmers had to learn is very neatly explained in the following passage from Gibson's *Hand Book of Agricultural Chemistry*: "In applying manures, we not only put back into the soil the fertility that has been taken

away in crops, but we add new material, and by altering its constitution add to its productiveness. It often happens that soils possessing most of the character of fertility are defective in one or two essential constituents; by adding these, the quality of the land is greatly improved. Few soils are equally fitted to grow every kind of crop. For instance, clay soils, which will produce fine crops of corn with little or no manure, do not yield the best crops of turnips. Turnips will flourish where corn fails, while lime soils are particularly favourable to clover, pease, and other leguminous plants. A complete soil, on the contrary, will produce with almost equal luxuriance every kind of crop."

In theory, any soil may be rendered perfect and complete; in practice, the improvement must be limited by the cost, especially of carriage. It would require on some soils forty shillings of special manure to grow twenty shillings of produce.

In the transition stage of British agriculture, say between 1844 and 1855, there was an axiom, which, from the mouth of a squire of the old school, addressing, say, a party of Northamptonshire farmers, never failed to bring down repeated rounds of applause: "Nothing like muck." Of course this axiom was accompanied by contemptuous reference to guano and other foreign rubbish. It was reserved for the chemists to show the true value, the true mode of manufacturing, preserving, and applying the invaluable home-made manure. If the Royal Agricultural Society had done nothing else than give the world the benefit of the experiments of their chemists, Professors Way and Voelcker, the vast cost of its maintenance would have been amply repaid.

Dr. Voelcker states broadly that no amount of artificial manure, however skilfully mixed and prepared, can ever imitate or supersede the use of farm-yard dung. But artificial manures will often supply, within the short time required for starting and maturing a crop, a want which no quantity of farm-yard manure could supply in the time. For example, the essential of a good corn crop is ammonia or nitrogen, of a root crop phosphate of lime; both these constituents are found in well-rotted farm-yard manure. But to get one pound of ammonia we must take one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and to get a pound of phosphate of lime one hundred pounds of well-made dung, while we can get both in about twenty pounds of artificial manure. What are called exhaustive crops are those which draw the greater part of their nutriment from the surface—for instance, flax; but the chemist has taught the farmer that after a crop of flax an excellent crop of wheat may be grown by a top dressing of guano, which supports and stimulates the young wheat crop until it has had time to send down its rootlets, and drink up the ample stores of fertility available in well-cultivated soil.

The advantages, then, that have been derived from the discovery and invention of what, for



convenience, we will call artificial manures, are threefold. First, portability: they can be easily applied to a crop, either by the drill, or broadcast, as a top dressing; and they can be economically carried to districts where little farm-yard manure is made, and where, from the steep character of the ground, carting manure is too costly. Next, they supply a stimulant in an active concentrated form, which secures, at important periods and to the very place wanted, rapid vegetation; and, lastly, they induce farmers to study and adapt the cultivation of their farms to the character of the soil.

It was soon found that artificial manures were wasted when applied on undrained, ill-cultivated soils. It did not suit farmers to have a manure for which they had paid eight or ten pounds a ton in hard cash washed away from the undrained surface by the first heavy shower; thus, the sale of artificial manures stimulated the extension of thorough drainage. It was also found that a thorough trituration of the soil was essential to produce the utmost benefit from artificial manures. Clean cultivation was an obvious part of farm economy, because it would not pay to grow weeds with manure that cost money. Artificial manure, by introducing the farmer to the chemist, had another effect, it taught him to study and husband the manures he manufactured at home; that is, to consider the effect on the manure they produced of the food he gave his live stock.

By degrees the trade in imported and artificial manures has become enormous. Professor Way has recently estimated the annual consumption of guano at from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand tons, and of phosphate of lime, including bones, at from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand tons; guano being worth thirteen pounds, and super-phosphate seven pounds, per ton.

But this vast consumption of portable manures has in no degree checked the use of the home-grown article, farm-yard manure; on the contrary, it will be found that those farmers who feed their live stock most liberally on oil-cake, pulse, and other purchased food, and who most carefully prepare and store farm-yard dung, are also those who most liberally invest in portable manures, whether ammoniacal or phosphatic. The accepted directions for growing a first-rate crop of mangel-wurzel, are the careful ploughing or smashing up by steam-power of a stiff soil, the ploughing in of twenty loads per acre of good farm-yard manure, and the addition at sowing time of two hundred weight per acre of a portable root manure, principally composed of phosphate of lime, with a slight mixture of guano. Dr. Voelcker has proved that phosphate of lime, while so valuable an assistant in growing roots, produces little or no effect on stiff clay soils without deep and complete cultivation; and he has pointed out that there are in this country a class of clay soils which will grow excellent and repeated

crops of grain, if well deeply cultivated, with little or no manure—such is the aptitude of these soils to assimilate the vast stores of ammonia floating in the atmosphere. It is on such soils that steam cultivation plays an important part.

On the general run of clay soils, the use of solid long straw farm manure is essential in a mechanical point of view; it helps to make the soil loose, and reduce it, in conjunction with the plough or the steam cultivator, to the fine tilth, the porous disintegrated state, which is the great object of the husbandman in northern and weeping climates.

About the same time that purchased portable ammoniacal and phosphatic manures were introduced to the farmers of this country, an exceedingly ingenious gentleman, the late Mr. Smith of Deanstons, who had in turn been a farmer and a manufacturer, and experienced equal ill success and displayed equally extraordinary inventive ingenuity in both pursuits, thought he had discovered a system which, had it realised all his expectations, would have been something very like agricultural perpetual motion.

He found at Edinburgh a truly "Foul Burn," which had for nearly two hundred years conveyed the sewage of part of the city over certain fields on the sea-shore. At the time he made his examination, this liquid sewage, flowing from the city on a hill, had been for upwards of twenty years carefully conveyed on the water-meadow system of irrigation over several hundred acres with an admirable result.

He found sea-sand, perfectly worthless in its original state, converted, by sewage irrigation, into meadows, bearing every year a series of most luxuriant crops of natural and artificial grass, and yielding rents of from twenty to thirty pounds an acre.

The sight fired his sanguine imagination. He was at that time an officer of the new board for improving the sanitary condition of the towns by drainage and water supply, and he believed that he saw in agricultural use and sale of the sewage of towns, an unfailing source of revenue, from which the whole cost of sewers, and water supply, parks, fountains, and other public embellishments, might be defrayed. But as all towns were not so fortunately placed as Edinburgh, on a hill, and as in expectation of a universal demand—for other crops beside grass would require irrigation—with characteristic ingenuity he devised a system for pumping by steam-power where gravitation could not be employed, and of distributing the liquid manure through a network of subterranean pipes, worked by a steam-engine, with hose and jet like a fire-engine. In the absence of exact chemical knowledge, he calculated that sewage was of about half the strength of guano, and that clay soil would yield to liquid sewage as bountifully as sand. We now know that one-twentieth would be nearer the mark.

Human excreta had been in use as manure



from the earliest ages. We might here say a great deal about China, had it anything to do with our subject. But it has not. The climate of China is as unlike that of England as the habits of the people are.

Until the general introduction of sewers and suppression of cesspits, and of house to house water supply and suppression of wells, the sewage of our great cities—and especially of London—was a regular article of exchange between the town and the country. The carts and waggons that brought in hay, straw, and garden vegetables, took back not only stable dung, as at present, but the contents of cesspits, and found in the latter a valuable manure, second only in power and utility to the best farm-yard dung.

The reports of Smith of Deanston, and his directors and coadjutors at the Board of Health, who were not practical agriculturists, and had all the enthusiasm of amateurs to whom a new branch of knowledge had been opened, created great excitement in the speculative world. The stores of neglected sewage were measured against guano, and rather the advantage was given to the sewage. Companies were formed for desiccating and deodorising the solid, and for distributing the liquid, and extraordinary expectations were entertained of the results.

The fact is, as chemists and practical experience have since taught us, there is no sort of likeness between sewage and guano, and no sort of possible competition as long as the latter exists. The value of guano consists in its concentrated strength and consequent portability. Theoretically, it contains seventeen times, practically, twenty times, as much ammonia as the very best specimen of farm-yard or human manure, and ammonia, as already observed, is the most powerful manurial ingredient in producing cereal, which are the most profitable crops.

But the amateurs who had the matter in hand, being without experience, and excusably dazzled by stories of Chinese and Italian cultivation, pursued a theory which, had it been pecuniarily sound, would have realised millions, and have formed half the farms of England into irrigated fields.

According to this theory, framed in forgetfulness of the rainy nature of our climate, liquid manure was superior to solid manure under all circumstances, and on all crops, and all soils, and town sewage was equal to the best liquid manure. But this last theory was based on another theory, viz. that the water of a town properly sewered and fully supplied, would not exceed twelve and a half gallons per head. On the soundness of this theory, or rather bundle of theories, which was authoritatively and officially propounded for several years in Board of Health Blue-books, much discussion arose in agricultural circles, to which it is not now necessary to refer, because we have enough examples on a large scale, and enough evidence from men in every respect competent to settle the

paying part of the question. In several counties of England and Scotland farms were laid out at vast expense for the express purpose of converting all the farm dung into liquid; the fields were covered with a network of iron pipes, through which the liquid was forced by a steam-engine, and distributed over the land in artificial rain by hose and jet.

In Scotland, Mr. Telfer's farm of Cumming Park, and Mr. Kennedy's of Myremill, were for several years quoted as examples of the splendid success of the liquid manure theory. Certain it was that they both grew such crops of Italian rye-grass (five and six cuttings more than eight tons to the acre in one season) as had never been heard of before. Mr. Telfer's was, perhaps, the most beautiful model of dairy farming in Europe. The cow-house was as clean as a parlour, cleaner than most cottages; not a particle of straw was used; the cows reposed on coconut matting. The butter produced commanded the very highest price in the London market. Myremill farm, on a larger scale, was cultivated with equal enterprise. But in England and in Scotland, whether the cultivators were farmers, or merchants, or retired tradesmen, the general results were invariably the same. No instances can be quoted of pecuniary success—the sole test of success in agriculture—where it was necessary to drive the liquid manure through hose-jet by steam-power, or of the successful application of liquid manure to clay soils. In several instances the experiments ended in total and disastrous ruin—the most enterprising being the most unfortunate.

When the Western Bank of Scotland suspended, the model farms of Cumming Park and Myremill disappeared from the agricultural world, in which for so many years they had held so conspicuous a position. Nothing has been more distinctly settled than that liquid manure cannot bear the expense of hose-jet and steam-engine on a really paying farm. It was also found that the only crops that would bear and repay the *continuous* application of liquid manure were natural and Italian rye-grass, grown on self-drained soils. There are seasons of drought when a supply of water, or better still of liquid manure, would be of the greatest value in damping the earth, before or after drilling roots, in reviving a transplanted crop of cabbages or mangel-wurzel, or refreshing corn in an early stage of growth, or saving a hay crop; but the fact became, by every year's experience, more prominent, that grass, which grows for more months in the year than any other crop, and which has, when cut, an almost unlimited capacity for absorbing moisture, and growing again, is the most profitable crop for the application of a constant supply of liquid manure. On the other hand, while under-piped steam-worked liquid manure farms failed to pay, wherever liquid manure was applied to grass in the cheapest manner, by gravitation through open channels or porous soils, the results were satisfactory, and often very profitable. But it is necessary to keep in mind that modern



town sewage is a very much more diluted fluid than the liquid manure of a well-managed farm, to which guano and super-phosphate are not unfrequently added.

All towns completely sewered have very far exceeded the estimate of twelve and a half gallons of water per head. There are no towns supplied with water closets in which the sewers do not receive, from one source or another, upwards of thirty gallons of water per head per day. In London the supply is over forty gallons per head. Now every gallon of water, beyond four or five, diminishes the manurial value of the sewage.

But here, again, we need not theorise. In eight towns, sewage has been applied to agricultural purposes. An examination of the experience of these towns brings out plainly certain very important facts. The eight towns are: Alnwick, Croydon, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Malvern, Tavistock, Rugby, and Watford.

The mode of application and the result of the application in these towns is given in a table (which it would take up too much space to quote), to be found in the Appendix of a very comprehensive pamphlet on the Value of London Sewage.\* From this table we find that in all the instances in which the distributing arrangements are actually at work, the application is exclusively to either natural grass or to artificial, such as Italian rye-grass. That in the instances which are most conspicuously successful in a pecuniary point of view, viz. Edinburgh, Carlisle, Croydon, Malvern, and Tavistock, the application is by gravitation on the water-meadow system in opposition to subterranean tubes, hose, and jet. That at Rugby, which was underpiped and is worked by a steam-engine, the hose and jet has been abandoned in favour of open channels, and at Watford the sewage, which was expected to be available for even the two hundred acres underpiped, is applied to growing rye-grass on seven or eight acres. At Rugby, the sewage which Mr. Campbell rented for two hundred acres is applied to about twelve acres of grass. In all the examples the success is the greatest where the land is porous, self-drained, and so situated that the sewage can flow over the surface from field to field until all the fertilising matter is absorbed. In Edinburgh, pure sea-sand, irrigated with sewage, has for more than forty years yielded enormous quantities of produce in grass, worth every year twenty-five to thirty-five pounds an acre, and at Croydon, although it is more difficult to arrive at the true profit, because the experiment is recent—the proceeds being divided between the landlord, the Croydon Board of Health, which is the first tenant, and Mr. Marriage, the farmer, who rents it from the Board of Health—there is no doubt the value of the produce is about the same as at Edinburgh.

\* The Agricultural Value of the Sewage of London. Stanford, Charing-cross.

At Alnwick, which has been sewered and supplied with water on the most modern system by Mr. Robert Rawlinson, C.E., the sewage can only be raised to the requisite height by a steam-engine, and then the climate being very rainy, the farmers did not find the increase in grass crops equal to the expense of the pumping apparatus, and after two years declined to pay for the pumping.

It is with this experience before them that the Metropolitan Board of Works have been called on to select a plan for turning the sewage of London to use, and saving the Thames, at Barking, from pollution. For at Barking, according to the original main drainage scheme, the sewage of nearly two million inhabitants of the north side of the Thames was to be poured into the river at low water.

The sewage of London cannot be applied to land with the same facility as the outpourings of a village or the contents of a farm tank. First, the contents are enormous, and the tide constant, running day and night. If the Thames is to be kept clear every day, two hundred and seventy-seven thousand tons, or about ten million of cubic feet, which would fill a lake of seventy-five acres three feet deep, must be laid upon land of a character which will absorb it without creating a nuisance—an awful foul and murky stream, scarcely to be realised without being seen, has to be disposed of. Next, the manurial virtues of this stream, in which the excreta of each person are diluted in more than forty gallons of water, are very feeble. If the water supply of London could have been restrained within Mr. Edwin Chadwick's estimate of twelve and a half gallons per head, then the demand amongst farmers would have been much more active. Such a liquid sold at twopence per ton would have secured to each purchaser, for something like fourpence-halfpenny per acre, the annual excreta of one inhabitant. But all men of practical and scientific experience are agreed that, to make the most of the sewage of London, thousands of tons must be poured on the poorest and sandiest soil that can be found, and then the marvels of the Edinburgh Craighentemy meadows may be renewed, and land not worth five shillings an acre made worth five or six hundred pounds.

On this point agriculturists, agricultural chemists, and engineers of special experience, are entirely agreed. The Metropolitan Board, before deciding on the merits of the various schemes submitted to them for the utilisation of the sewage of London, had the advantage of being able to read the evidence taken in two successive years before two committees of the House of Commons. The unanimity amongst those whom practical experience and scientific research rendered peculiarly competent witnesses, was remarkable. No man has paid more attention to the question of utilising town sewage than Mr. Robert Rawlinson, one of the engineer inspectors of the first Board of Health. He has had great experience, and his experience



has confirmed him in the necessity of applying sewage to land, but modified his original views of its value. Mr. Rawlinson is part proprietor of a small estate at Worthing, purchased for the express purpose of irrigation by sewage on the same plan as at Croydon—viz. open channels and surface application. He says: "At Worthing they act with wisdom; they charge nothing for the sewage. If they had charged anything, there would have been no experiment. They not only give the sewage, but lift it on the land." We are going to put the sewage of two thousand people on forty-two acres. "I do not approve of the method of passing sewage through small pipes and applying it by hose and jet. You cannot make sewage pay in that way. If I had to do with the sewage of London, I should try to get it on an area of about thirty thousand acres. To distribute it over four times that area would cost sixteen times as much, both for distribution and management."

Sir Joseph Paxton is a specimen of the most intelligent class of agriculturists and cultivators. His practical evidence agrees entirely with that of the agricultural chemists. He says: "I consider sewage a great rough sort of business; you cannot put it into nice forms and ways. I should like very much to apply small dressings to land by hose and jet, so as to just wet the roots of plants, if you can show me how to do it, but I have not the slightest notion that you will ever get the system applied to the extent that would be necessary for disposing of the sewage of London. According to my calculations, the excreta of two hundred and fifty persons can be placed on an acre of ground, so it would take about thirty thousand acres of land to extract all the absolute growth out of the sewage of the three million inhabitants of the metropolis. According to a rough guess, you have something like forty gallons of water to each inhabitant per day. Now, forty gallons would not be very strongly impregnated with matter which would largely develop plants. On the other hand, water alone, if you could get it on the land, would, at certain times when wanted, be worth one penny to twopence a ton. Sandy soil is the best, a soil that will allow a very large quantity to pass through it without artificial drainage. On sand in proper weather you can hardly apply too much sewage to vegetation; in clay lands it is otherwise, because it cannot pass off."

Mr. Christie Miller, the fortunate proprietor of the Craigentemy meadows, with nearly forty years' experience, gives evidence which in every particular squares with Sir Joseph Paxton's opinions. He says, that while the results of the application of sewage to grass recently mowed in hot weather are perfectly marvellous, producing a visible growth in forty-eight hours, he is satisfied that it is not likely to be beneficial to wheat or turnips, under ordinary circumstances. "Water streamed upon arable land makes furrows

and channels, and washes the roots of wheat and turnips bare."

The agricultural chemists—for instance, Professors Way and Voelcker—agree entirely with the agriculturists. They recommend as most profitable the application of large quantities of liquid sewage to sandy or self-drained soils, and to grass crops, because they can take a profit by manure almost all the year round. Professor Way says: "I can make sand by the application of sewage water richer in clay every year, but I could never get a clay soil open enough to receive sewage." Both these eminent chemists treat with ridicule the enormous value put upon the sewage of London in parochial and City of London corporation discussions, and by the celebrated Professor Liebig. They agree that, theoretically, if something that is quite impossible to do could be done—that is, if the manurial ingredients contained in the sewage of London could be dried and exhausted—the value would be about twopence per ton, but "when you have the ingredients analysed, you have by no means arrived at the value of the sewage practically for farming purposes." Thus, although the solid matter in a ton of liquid manure is worth, theoretically, twopence a ton, the liquid manure is not worth nearly so much, because the solid matter is mixed up with a large quantity of water, which, during the greater part of the year, in our climate is surplusage, if not positively injurious to the most profitable crops of a farm.

The value of sewage for dairy purposes has been shown in a very striking manner by the experiments of Mr. J. B. Lawes, as one of the Royal Commission on the subject. He found that while an acre of grass unmanured kept a cow twenty weeks, producing milk worth eleven pounds, fifteen hundred tons of sewage made an acre worth eighteen pounds fourteen shillings, three thousand tons, twenty-six pounds eighteen shillings, and four thousand tons, thirty-one pounds eleven shillings. Yet there are people stupid enough to believe that Mr. Lawes, who has spent in the last twenty years more than twenty thousand pounds in agricultural experiments, is opposed to the utilisation of sewage. With the preceding evidence before them, it is not extraordinary that the Metropolitan Board rejected the scheme of a person who, like Rip van Winkle, seems to have slept away all the period of experience between the time when Smith of Deanston dreamed his dreams of millions of revenue from town sewage, and when Croydon turned its liquid refuse to agricultural use, and Mr. Robert Rawlinson matured his plans for irrigating meadows with the contents of the sewers of Worthing, rejected a scheme for pumping back the sewage collected at Barking, to Hampstead or Harrow and Shooter's Hills, and thence retailing it at twopence a ton over half a million acres, to be netted with iron pipes and irrigated by hose and jet, a class of clay-land farmers who have always, and wisely, rejected the use of liquid manure



—a scheme which was to cost six millions to carry out, and three hundred thousand a year to work.

The Board have approved a plan prepared by an eminent engineer, Mr. George Hemans, for reclaiming a large part—about ten thousand acres—of sea-sand in Essex, and creating on it, by the constant irrigation of London sewage, the fertility presented by the Edinburgh meadows. This plan will secure to the inhabitants of London the steady absorption of the whole sewage of the north side of the Thames. It will turn this worthless tract of sea-sand into meadows worth five or six hundred pounds per acre, while the huge brick culverts, forty miles in length, which will conduct the sewage to flow by gravitation over the sands, will be so arranged that the farmers on either side, occupying something like eighty thousand acres, will be able to obtain either a constant supply for a complete sewage farm, or occasional irrigation in times of drought; an inestimable boon which will enable them to save in dry seasons roots, cabbages, lettuces, grass, or other thirsty crops, by a timely application of a gigantic watering-pot, without incurring the expense of the elaborate machinery required by subterranean pipes and hose and jet irrigation.

Thus will London get rid of her constant supply of sewage, the Thames be saved from pollution, and the ratepayers become sleeping partners without risk in a most promising scheme of reclamation and irrigation.

### WANTED TO BORROW, ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

HAS it ever been your fate, reader, to be in want of money? I don't ask whether you have—for all men have, and women, too, for that matter—felt a temporary pressure caused by an empty purse, or a much too small balance with your banker. But have you ever known what it is to feel that, unless you can by a certain—and not far off—day find a sum of money which to your means bears about the same proportion that half a million sterling would to a City magnate of the second class, you would come to grievous trouble? To illustrate what I mean, I will tell my own tale of what recently befel me in matters monetary.

I had backed a bill of one hundred pounds for a friend. Of course the said friend promised most faithfully that I should never hear of the document again; it was “a mere matter of form.” Equally as a matter of course, when the bill fell due my friend could not pay it, and, to avoid proceedings being taken against him, “kept out of the way;” in other words, he betook himself to the Continent. Unfortunately for me, my occupations prevented me leaving London, and so within twenty-four hours after the bill was dishonoured, I received a lawyer's letter requesting me to pay the amount *at*

*once*—the word used was “forthwith”—with interest, and further to remit the writer six-and-eightpence for the letter he had there and then written to me. I was further informed, that if I failed to comply with any one of these demands, “immediate steps would be taken to compel payment, without further notice.”

At the time I received this pleasant epistle, I had at my bankers the modest sum of forty-four pounds seven shillings and sixpence, and in a few days more my month's salary of twenty-five pounds would be payable. On the other hand, it was close upon Christmas. The butcher, baker, grocer, children's school bills, rent, rates, and taxes—to say nothing of my own tailor, my wife's milliner, and the bill for “the girls' clothes”—had all to be paid. If I managed to make tongue and buckle meet for the past quarter it would be as much as I could do, and now I had the additional burden of this one hundred pounds thrown upon me. I sat for some time contemplating the letter I had received, wondering by what process a man could be “compelled” to pay money when he had not the wherewith to pay it, and thinking whether it would not be a good thing to learn the secret, in order that I might sometimes apply it to myself.

At last I resolved to be up and doing. I went to call upon the solicitor that had written me the letter, and was by him referred to the holder of the bill. I called upon the latter, and was referred back to the solicitor. To this gentleman I exposed the exact state of my finances, and showed him how that, unless I was given time, it would be utterly impossible for me to meet the bill. When convinced of this, the attorney promised to see his client, and to let me know what could be done. A day or two after, I received a letter from him, stating that if I could get another householder besides myself to join me in a fresh bill for one hundred pounds at two months, pay ten pounds down, and insure my life for one hundred and fifty pounds, the holder of the bill would not press me for immediate payment.

These terms I declined, but offered to pay ten pounds down, in order that I might have time to look about me, and see whether I could not raise the money. This was agreed to, but I, unfortunately, did not ask for the agreement to be in writing. I paid the ten pounds, on a verbal understanding that proceedings were to be stayed for the present, and the next day was served with a writ.

Now a writ upon a bill of exchange is a thing not to be trifled with. You cannot, to use a legal term, “enter an appearance” when sued upon such a document. As the solicitor to whom I applied for advice informed me, once a writ is served upon any one for a bill of exchange, he must either pay the money within twelve days from the time of such service, make up his mind to have an execution put in his house, or, should he have no property that can be seized, be arrested. I had, therefore, exactly



twelve days left me in which to find one hundred pounds, or else make up my mind to be lodged in Whitecross-street, unless I preferred an execution being put in my house, and perhaps three hundred pounds' worth of furniture being taken to pay a debt of one hundred pounds.

Here, then, commenced my troubles—not that I thought at first there would be any difficulty in the matter. For did I not, in common with all the hundreds of thousands who read the Times, Post, Daily Telegraph, and other papers, see announced every morning, in some half-dozen advertisements, that money can be had almost for the asking? I took the first of these advertisements that came to hand, and learnt “THAT MERCHANTS, TRADESMEN, AND GENTLEMEN, IN POSITIVE EMPLOYMENT, CAN HAVE CASH ADVANCED UPON THEIR PROMISSORY NOTE ALONE, WITHOUT SURETIES, BILLS OF SALE, OR SECURITY OF ANY DESCRIPTION. ALL INQUIRIES AND REFERENCES ENTIRELY DISPENSED WITH, AND THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE OBSERVED. NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER UNTIL THE MONEY BE ADVANCED. APPLY PERSONALLY, &c. &c.”

Here, thought I, is the very thing for me. I believe I am “a gentleman,” I know that I am “in positive employment,” and so it will follow, as a matter of course, that I can have “cash advanced upon my promissory note alone.” But I was doomed to be soon undeceived.

I proceeded to the place named, which was at the office of a Loan Society in the City. Upon entering, I was shown in to the secretary, who in his manner was politeness itself, and at once proceeded to business.

“What sum did I require?” “Was I a householder?” “Was my furniture my own?” “Was it paid for?” “What did I require the money for?” “Had I any other debts, and of what amount?” “What was the amount of my income?” “From what source was it paid?” “Had I any property independent of my salary?” All these questions were asked me, and my replies written down there and then. Having done this, the polite secretary informed me that a “gentleman from their office would wait upon me next morning at my house, and that if his report was favourable, I could have a cheque for the money on the following day, if I would call again about noon.” Our interview was all over in ten minutes or less, and I was politely bowed out of the office.

Early on the following morning, at my own house, a gentleman was announced as wishing to see me. He introduced himself as Mr. So-and-so, sent by the Secretary of the Loan Society. Like the chief of his office, no one could be more gentlemanlike in his manners, or more prompt in his way of doing business, than was this young man. As regards the furniture, he merely glanced at what he saw in the drawing-room, but did not ask to be shown any other apartment in the house. He requested me to show him my agreement with my landlord, and my receipts for rent, taxes, and rates, of all of

which he made notes, and took his leave, begging me to call at the office the next day about noon, when I believed that I would “find no difficulty” in obtaining the loan I required. He was not more than a quarter of an hour in the house altogether.

Accordingly at twelve o'clock on the following day I presented myself at the Loan Office, and was at once shown in to the very civil secretary, who on this occasion was more polite than ever, and, according to his excellent habit, at once proceeded to business.

“We have no objection, Mr. Jones,” said he, “to advance you the money you require, but our terms are high, for we do a very risky business. Moreover, in addition to your own note of hand, we shall require a Bill of Sale over your furniture. If you agree to our terms, all the necessary papers can be signed and witnessed here at once, and you can have a cheque for the money in ten minutes' time.”

To a man with a writ hanging over him, the prospect of a cheque “in ten minutes' time” was both pleasant and tempting, but being born north of the Tweed, I desired to look more closely into the business before I committed myself further. Moreover, I objected to the Bill of Sale upon my furniture for two reasons. In the first place, although partially, the furniture was not wholly paid for. In the next place, I knew that all Bills of Sale must be registered, and that most registrations, being published weekly in certain mercantile journals, tend very greatly to damage the character of those on whose property, or goods, the Bills of Sale are made. To this the very civil secretary replied that as, although not entirely paid for, the furniture was to all intents and purposes my own, there would be nothing dishonest or dishonourable in giving a Bill of Sale upon it. I could not quite see the logic of this argument, but did not make any reply for the present. As for the registration of the Bill of Sale, he assured me that nothing of the kind was intended. The Bill of Sale would be kept by the Loan Society, and only registered in the event of my failing to make the payments I had entered into at the required time. Being so far satisfied—although by no means altogether so—I then looked closer into the other terms propounded to me for the proposed loan.

I was to give four notes of hand of twenty-five pounds each, payable at one, two, three, and four months respectively, in addition to the Bill of Sale. Should I fail in any one of my payments, the Loan Society would have full power to sweep down upon my house, and take everything out of it. For these four notes of hand I was to receive a cheque for eighty-four pounds—sixteen pounds being deducted for interest and expenses. I was thus to pay at the rate of forty-eight per cent per annum for the loan of one hundred pounds; but, as after one month I was to pay back twenty-five pounds, I should then be paying interest at the rate of forty-eight pounds for seventy-five; and as after two months—supposing my instalments to be duly



paid—I would have reduced my debt to fifty pounds, I should then be paying at the rate of forty-eight pounds per annum for fifty pounds—or within a fraction of a hundred per cent—while for the last month I should be paying interest at the rate of forty-eight pounds per annum for the loan of twenty-five pounds, or close upon two hundred per cent. With terms like these no wonder that the Loan Society could afford to do “risky business;” which, in my own case, having the further security of my furniture, I could not see was so very dangerous.

To conclude a loan on these terms appeared to me little short of madness, to say nothing of the moral dishonesty of giving a Bill of Sale upon what I had not paid for. I must, however, do the secretary the justice to say that he did not press me to close with his terms. He was polite to the last, even when he could plainly see that I did not intend going through with the business. We had a long conversation upon loans and loan societies. He told me that the losses of the office were rather over than under one hundred pounds a week, but, notwithstanding this, the net profits upon their paid-up capital was more than seventy-five per cent per annum. The names of the directors as well as of the shareholders, he said, were known only to themselves, but even the latter did not exceed a dozen in number. The loans they made generally exceeded two thousand pounds a week. They never asked for references, and kept everything perfectly private respecting loans made to individuals. They never discounted bills, nor would they lend upon the personal security of other parties. Their business was, he repeated, very risky, but it was certainly profitable. We parted excellent friends, I merely saying that I would think over the proposition, and give him an answer in a day or two. Of course I never intended to move further in the affair, and he plainly saw that such was my determination. But I had nothing to complain of. If the terms asked for the loan were high, the lenders had a perfect right to ask their own conditions. They had not asked me for a shilling in the way of “inquiry fees,” or office expenses, and—had I chosen to give the interest they asked—I believe that the money would have been promptly paid.

Failing to obtain the money I wanted in the East, I tried the West-end of London. This time I applied to a gentleman who advertised as being willing to “ADVANCE MONEY IN TOWN OR COUNTRY AT FIVE PER CENT, UPON PERSONAL OR OTHER SECURITY, FROM ONE HUNDRED TO ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.” His office was in a street off the Strand, and, on calling there, I was requested to wait a short time, as Mr. Watson was particularly engaged. Beggars must not be choosers, nor must borrowers be fastidious. I therefore said I should be happy to wait in the outer office, and was offered the advertisement sheet of the Times, with which to amuse myself until the great man was ready to see me.

I had had plenty of time to read all the births, marriages, and deaths, announced in the leading journal—to speculate upon all the mysterious advertisements in the second column, in which E. A. M. is entreated to write to his afflicted wife, and J. S. G. is requested to return home to his disconsolate family—and to wonder who were the extra-honest persons that sent halves of five-pound notes to Mr. Gladstone in payment of over-due income tax—long before it was intimated to me that Mr. Watson could see me. At last I was shown into his sanctum, and was received by an elderly gentleman, with a remarkably unpleasant expression of countenance, and whose large white whiskers formed a curious contrast to his fawn-coloured wig. After a few preliminary remarks, I mentioned my proposed loan, upon which the old gentleman seemed quite surprised, as if it could ever enter into the mind of any man to visit him for the purpose of getting money. He hummed and hawed, said money was very difficult indeed to be had just at present, and ended by asking me what amount I required, and what security I proposed to offer.

I replied that, seeing by his advertisement he advanced money at five per cent, I had called upon him. That I wanted a hundred pounds, repayable by monthly instalments of five pounds. That I would deposit in his hands shares in a certain company representing two hundred pounds when taken at par, but which were likely soon to be at a premium, and that I would, moreover, give him the security of a friend, who guaranteed that, in the event of any instalment not being paid, he would pay the amount.

Mr. Watson made a note of all I said, and informed me that, before he could take any steps whatever in the matter, I must pay an inquiry fee of two guineas, which would not be returned in the event of my loan not being carried out. This I agreed to, and at once paid the money, being told to call again in three days, when a reply would be given me.

I did call again in three days, and was told that Mr. Watson was out, and would not be back for some hours. I called twenty-four hours later, and found he was most particularly engaged. I wrote a somewhat indignant letter, and received no reply. I wrote a second time, and met with the same result. I called once more, and after waiting a considerable time—on this occasion the amusement provided for me was the advertisement sheet of the Daily Telegraph—was shown into the money-lender’s private office only to be received by him standing, and to be told that my proposition for a loan could not be entertained. I believe that man, like many others of his fraternity in London, never lent money, nor indeed had any to lend, but that he lived upon the inquiry fees which were paid by persons who, like myself, attempted to borrow money from him.

My time was running short. Between the loan office and Mr. Watson seven days had been



lost, and in five days more—one of them being Sunday, on which nothing could be done—the writ would be run out, and I should be liable to be arrested without warning of any kind. In my despair I applied to a solicitor, who advised me to get the amount upon a three months' bill, which was to be backed by a friend of his for a consideration of ten pounds. To this I agreed, intending, during the three months which I should thus gain, to obtain money from another source. The bill was drawn by me, and accepted by a gentleman to whom I paid a bonus of ten pounds, and who, at the same rate of commission, would have accepted a bill of any amount I liked to name. This time, however, I took the precaution of bargaining that the ten pounds was only to be paid in the event of the bill being discounted, for my friend the solicitor only found me an acceptor for my bill—he did not undertake to provide me with a party who would discount it. However, he gave me a letter of introduction to a bill-discounter in the City, who, although high in his terms, was safe to “do” the bill for me.

“High in his terms!” I should rather think he was. To find this gentleman’s office was as difficult as to obtain reliable information out of Bradshaw. It took me the best part of an hour to hunt behind the Mansion House for the court in which, up four pairs of stairs, with one small boy for a clerk, and a few broken chairs as furniture, he transacted his business. To do this money-lender justice, he was very prompt in his dealings. He at once said he would take the bill—which was drawn at three months, for one hundred and thirty pounds, in order to cover contingencies. For this bill he offered me a cheque for eighty pounds, thus charging me interest at the rate of something like one hundred and eighty per cent per annum.

To accept terms like these would have been utter madness; therefore, although almost despairing as to what to do next, I betook myself away, taking with me the bill of exchange, which was now of no use.

An advertisement of “THE MUTUAL, GENERAL, UNIVERSAL, BENEVOLENT, AND PRUDENT LIFE AND LOAN INSURANCE SOCIETY,” attracted my attention about this time. I had but few days left in which to obtain the money I required, but, by paying another ten-pound note to the holder of the bill upon which I was being sued, I obtained an undertaking that judgment would not be signed against me, nor would any further proceedings be taken for another week, thus paying at the rate of more than a pound a day to stave off annoyance for the present. Having managed this, I called at the “MUTUAL, GENERAL, UNIVERSAL, BENEVOLENT, AND PRUDENT LIFE AND LOAN INSURANCE OFFICE,” and asked upon what terms I could borrow a hundred pounds. I was informed that I should in the first place have to insure my life for three hundred pounds; that I must give a bond signed by three householders of solvent means for the due repayment of the loan; and that, should any one of the instal-

ments which I engaged to pay not be paid at the time appointed, my sureties would be at once called upon to pay up the whole loan. In the mean time, I was given four printed forms, one of which I was to fill up, and one of each of which had to be filled up by the gentlemen who consented to be my sureties. But I was told that, before any steps whatever could be taken in the matter, I must pay down the sum of two guineas as an inquiry fee, which amount, the clerk told me, “would on no account be returned should the loan not be carried through.” I paid the money—not without misgivings as to my ever deriving any benefit from so doing—and betook myself to getting three friends who would act as my sureties in the bond I had to give.

After four or five days of incessant toil, worry, and trouble, I managed to obtain the consent of three friends to join me in the bond. One of these was a clerk in a government office; he was a householder, and had an income of about three hundred pounds per annum. The second—also a housekeeper—was managing man in a large merchant’s office in the City; his salary was two hundred pounds a year, besides which, he had a little private property of his own. The third was a retired Indian civilian, whose pension and income together amounted to upwards of two thousand pounds a year.

Believing myself now quite sure of obtaining the loan I wanted, I returned to the office of “THE MUTUAL, GENERAL, &c.,” and gave in the names of the parties who had agreed to become my sureties. I was then told to call again the next day, when the medical officer of the company would meet me, and, after due examination, would report as to whether my health was such as to warrant my life being insured for three hundred pounds—treble the amount of the loan I had asked for.

At the hour appointed I was at the office—taking care to bring with me the one guinea, “not one pound,” as the clerk said, when he told me—required as a medical fee before I could be examined by the doctor. It so happened that I had always considered myself, and I was considered by others, to be an exceedingly healthy man. I was yet but in the prime of life, and had really never known what serious sickness was since I could remember. I therefore thought that this medical examination would be more a matter of form than anything else. Not so the doctor. He seemed determined to earn his fee conscientiously. Had I been endeavouring to enlist in her Majesty’s Life Guards he could not have taken more trouble to find out whether there was not something amiss with me. Not succeeding in discovering, in my present state of health, anything that he could object to, he made me go back into a complete history of my past sanitary life, putting to me leading questions much the same as a French procureur-général does to a prisoner, when he is doing his utmost to make him out as criminal as possible. At last he fairly ran me to ground by an acknowledgment on my part that ten years previously,



when in India, I had been confined to bed for a week with what I believed one of the doctors who then attended me had called rheumatism. This discovery appeared to make the medical adviser of the "MUTUAL GENERAL BENEVOLENT AND PRUDENT" quite happy. Of this rheumatic admission on my part, he never lost sight of throughout our interview. He talked about my spleen, asked questions about my liver, remarked that men with florid complexions had often a tendency to apoplexy, and that people who had resided long in India often died suddenly when they came back to England. But he never entirely abandoned the rheumatism, every now and again returning to the subject, and making little pencil notes all the time on the margin of the printed form he had before him.

Happy at last to be done with this medical tormentor, I rushed from the office, and went to see whether my sureties had been written to respecting the proposed loan. I found one of them, my Indian friend, looking over the printed paper which he had received from the "MUTUAL GENERAL" office. These papers contained a series of questions which each surety had to answer, and which, taken together, formed a complete private history of the individual who replied to them. "I would almost lend you the money myself," said my friend, "rather than answer all these impertinent queries." However, as he had promised to "see me through it," he kept his word, and in due time the papers of my three friends were returned properly signed and attested to the Loan and Insurance Office.

Five days later I received a formal answer to my application. It was to the effect that the insurance upon my life could be effected, but that, owing to previous sickness—the rheumatism, I presume, had been made the most of—I must be charged a higher rate of premium than what was marked in the tariff of the "MUTUAL AND GENERAL" for men of my age. Further, that the loan I proposed would be carried out, provided I obtained another surety in the place of Mr. Blank—one of the gentlemen whose name I had given in as agreeing to sign the bond with me—who could not be accepted by the office, because he was already surety for another loan in another insurance office.

Here, then, was all my labour and anxiety thrown away. I had tried hard to get three friends to be joint sureties for me, and had, after a vast deal of trouble, succeeded. I had paid two guineas inquiry fees, and one guinea medical fee, at the "MUTUAL GENERAL" (besides ten pounds to stave off further proceedings in

the matter of the bill on which I was sued). Of this week but one day was left me, and I was as far as ever from obtaining what I wanted. In utter despair I went—as a last and desperate resource—to a loan office of the commonest description. I paid half a sovereign that was asked of me as an inquiry fee, and which was received by the seedy clerk, to whom I paid the money, with a grin of satisfaction, as if at the prospect of his next Saturday night's wages being higher than usual. I never expected to obtain a loan from this office, and therefore can hardly say that I was disappointed when informed that the directors were "not prepared to entertain my proposition." If they had said that the office had no money to lend, it would have been nearer the truth, for I verily believe that this establishment lived entirely upon the inquiry fees, and that directors, trustees, shareholders, manager, secretary, actuary, accountant, auditor, and cashier, were one and all represented by the seedy clerk who had been so pleased to receive my ten shillings inquiry fee.

Men in trouble often do last what they ought to have done first, and this was my case. To borrow the money with which to pay off the debt I found utterly impossible, except upon terms which would be but adding greatly to my embarrassments at a not very remote period. In backing my friend's bill I had acted foolishly, imprudently, and even wickedly; for no one has any right to promise what he cannot fulfil. There was but one remedy left me if I wished to save being locked up in Whitecross-street prison, and that was to take out my protection as a bankrupt. I did so, and went through the court, greatly regretting the money and time I had wasted in endeavouring to procure a loan, and firmly resolving never again, on any consideration whatever, to write my name upon stamped paper.

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XL. CASE AGAINST MAJOR CARTER.

WHILE the hubbub goes on, and people are asking each other in streets and clubs, "I say, what's this business about Carter?" we may look back some weeks to that stormy night at Bangor, when young Doctor Jones was away, and Miss Manuel, like an avenging angel, was sitting before the old man, who was crouching in his chair. She literally wrung the whole story from him in bits and patches.

First, he recollected Major Carter, with his wife, coming to the place, and had seen them walking about very often. How she, he had noticed, was so quiet and white, and always had her timid eye fixed on the major, as if expecting something. Her voice was gentle, and she feared her husband. The major very often, said the old man, came into the shop, and talked, and talked pleasantly too, but not so much to him. It was delightful to listen to him; he knew the world so well. He was above them all in this place—miles above them.

The old man's son had just then come home, and had begun to help in the business; and the major fancied him a good deal more than his father. His reverence for the major far exceeded that of the old man's. "He can do anything, that man," he often said to his father. "He could be prime minister. He can turn you and me round his finger. We are mere babies to him." As indeed they were. And with Dr. Watkyn, Major Carter sometimes took a walk, though in a private direction, for he was careful, and saving of his dignity. And young Dr. Watkyn was heard to say often, that he would to Heaven that man could stay for years in the place. His words were like gold.

Presently, Mrs. Carter, always ailing, began to become ill regularly, and the major became changed into the most devoted of nurses.

"I was brought to see her," said the old man, "and my son was brought too. And I will confess that, being accustomed only to the plain, intelligible sicknesses of our rough country people, and my son having much the same sort of experience, we could not make much of the matter.

The major had all the feeling in the world, and tried to help us as well as he could; but what could be made of a lady who was wasting and wasting, and growing sick, and then growing well, and then wasting again? We could only call it consumption. At last, on one Sunday night, when we had been at meeting—Must I tell you?"

Miss Manuel, with her eyes on the coals, said, impassively, "Go on."

Those Welsh coals, long undermined like a little quarry, suddenly crumbled down and made him start. "Go on," she said again. "Finish."

"Ah, begin, you should say," he replied, "for it is all to come yet. That night I had been rummaging among our old jars and drugs, looking for some calomel, and found, as you have often found, perhaps, a heap of things that I had no idea I had. As I was rummaging and dusting, the major came in and sat down despondingly upon a chair. 'Worse to-night, Jones,' he said. 'Only think, the faithful partner, who has held to me, come weal, come woe, for so many years.'

"At this moment, a neighbour came in with a long story about his wife, Jenkin, who was lying ill, and could get no sleep at night from a herd of cats who had their meetings at the back of his house. 'Give me some poison, doctor,' he said.

"I recollected finding among the other things a little strychnine, which got there I don't know how. I gave him some, and went out to the door with him to talk over the state of his wife, leaving the major behind leaning his head on his hand."

Miss Manuel slowly turned her face away from the coals, and was looking eagerly at him.

"I only say this," said the old man, looking restlessly from side to side. "Two days later, the neighbour came back for more of the poison, which had done good work, and I never could find it. Even that night I missed one of the bottles, but I did not know it was *that* one. When the neighbour came again, and I could not find it, something whispered me that the major had taken it. It seemed unjust—unreasonable—wicked; but the idea took possession of me."

The wind, long kept waiting, was now thundering at the old bow-window, as if it had suddenly found a shoulder, and was driving furiously with that shoulder against the door.



The old man shrunk away in terror, and stopped for a moment.

"The neighbour came pretty often—for he was anxious about his wife—to see if I had found it, and came often, too, when the major was sitting in the parlour. 'What a fuss,' he said one day, in a pet, 'about that wretched stuff. I never come in here but you are harping on it. Give that fellow something else, and have done with him.'

"Well," said I, 'major, it was very odd the way it disappeared.'

"Very odd?" he said, impatiently; 'in this wild nest of confusion, it is a wonder you can find anything.'

"My son had to go up to the major's wife the next night, who was very ill indeed, in something like catalepsy. 'A new shape, father,' he said to me, when he came home. 'That woman is running the round of every sickness in the Clinical Medicine. I can make nothing of her. There she is, now chattering and trembling, and her spine going like a pendulum—'

"What idle stuff this is," said Miss Manuel, suddenly. "All foolish dreams! And this is your story? You mislay a dusty old bottle, and you talk of poisoning! A nightmare."

"Ah! I wish it were," said he, crooning the words out sorrowfully. "But my son, a week later, searching in a cupboard in her room when the major had gone down, found the very bottle (for it had a special make)—I wish *that* had been a nightmare!"

Again Miss Manuel's eyes sparkled with interest. She said, "You know something more."

"Ay," said he, "and that she herself told us. That is her scared looks at him. Never for a single moment—and this I remarked—did he allow any one to be in the room with her without being there himself. He was on guard always. Once she half whispered to me, 'For God's sake send me no more' (drugs, she meant), 'they are killing me,' and that moment he came with some cooling drink for her.

"No, no! no more," she said, half rising up in her bed. 'I will have nothing else. Ask these doctors. I shall die soon; but not by—'

"Hush, hush!" said the major, laying his hand on her shoulder. 'This is for your good, dear. You *must* take the things. Look! I should ask nothing better myself.' And he drank some of it with relish, and with his eyes fixed upon her. She hung down her head and took it silently. 'Ah,' he said, with a sigh, 'some-way we two have never understood each other through our lives, and never will. It is too late, I fear, now.' I believed in the major that night.

"Two nights after, Mrs. Carter died. They came running for me (I was stronger then than I am now) about eleven o'clock, and I went up. She was shaking and chattering with her teeth clenched, and the major and his son holding her by the wrists. I never heard such shrieks and such signs of agony. Her eyes were starting out of her head. But we could do nothing. Towards morning she got quiet, and by six, when

one of those spasms was coming on again, went off with a shriek, and a sort of jump into the air.

"Two days after she was buried, the major came to me in my parlour. He was in deep grief, and wanted a certificate of her death, and the cause of her death. It was a matter of form. I was very silent, and, I suppose, suspicious. 'Why do you want this?' I said.

"As a matter of form," he said. 'I must look to these things for the sake of my son. It is odious to me at this time, when I should be at the grave of my wife; but some one must look to these things. We must have this, to get some little property to which she is entitled.'

"How?" I said. 'Through a will?'

"O, that is no matter," he said, shortly. 'All I want is the formal paper, just to satisfy those insurance people.'

"I started up. 'O, it was an insurance, then? Ah, Major Carter!'

"He stamped his foot. 'What do you mean?' he said, turning on me. 'Take care! No tricks of this sort. I warn you it will be dangerous trying them with me.'

"But I don't know," I said (he had quite scared me), 'what I am to sign. I know *no* cause of death. It seems all mysterious.'

"Then," said he, promptly, 'try your post mortem. Look for yourselves, both of you. I give full permission. If you doubt your own skill in these matters, get some one else that *has* skill, and I will pay. What is it you are at?'

"My son here came in, and Major Carter addressed him.

"What is this humour your father has got into?" he said. 'I can't follow him. He is hesitating about giving the plain formal thing always given. God knows I have trouble enough without having old men's scruples to remove. See to it, Watkyn, do. I am tired and sick.'

"I am weak, I am afraid, but my son spoke with me, and reasoned with me, and showed me what he thought was the folly of these scruples. Later, too, when the major's cold eye fell upon me, it quite scared me. That night he came back when my son had just gone out, stayed exactly a minute, but during that minute fixed that dreadful eye upon me, and said, coldly and distinctly, 'Mind what you are about, and take a friendly hint. I have crushed many as obscure, as an obscure country doctor. Take care I don't stamp you under my foot. Be wise,' and he threw the paper down on the table; 'make up your weak mind before the night is over!'

"Well, I signed that night, and—and have had a weight upon my conscience ever since. It has put ten years to my sixty years, and has made me decrepit and miserable. These stormy nights, which come so often, make me tremble. Listen! There it goes; and I often think, if I was to be called away in one of these wild hurricanes—what—"

For more than an hour he sat and cowered under Miss Manuel's eye, sometimes shrinking



away in alarm, and stopping short in what he was telling; refusing, in abject terror, to say more. Then would come a burst of the wind and a sudden howl from the storm outside, and he would shrink and fling his head into the cushions of his chair, as if it were the earth. When he looked up again, he would see the calm face of Miss Manuel opposite to him, like a judgment. He was driven on. When all he had to tell had been wrung from him, one of the wild hurricanes came down the street, and brought with it the clatter and the roar and the metallic jingling of dislodged slates cantering down the street on their edge. With it, too, came the sound of horse's feet and of wheels, which stopped suddenly at the door. Then there were voices. The old man was on his feet in an agony of terror.

"It is a judgment on me," he said. "He is come again, and he will tell that man, and I shall be destroyed. Go! go quick! leave me here. O, if he should find you——"

"Hush!" said Miss Manuel. "You may trust me. No one shall know a word, nor even the whisper of a word." And she had flown to the door, and was up-stairs in her room in a second.

It was the son come home. The eminent country doctor had by some accident been beforehand with him. The pink Welshman was soured. He started when he saw his father at the door. "Not in bed!" he said, roughly. "What work is this? What have you been at? Come!"

The old man quavered out some excuse about having fallen asleep. But the son was suspicious, with the suspicion, too, of ill humour, and went away lowering at the pale and trembling father. But he was yet more suspicious when Miss Manuel announced that she was going away, and took an early train to London. Most joyful was the maid in whose service she was.

Later, Mr. Speedy, and, later still, the Crown solicitors came to gather up yet further details. They groped and ferreted here and there, but they found the scent had grown cold. There were terrible gaps, and a dozen links wanting here and there, and no dexterity of the legal whitsmith could join them. Still, there was "a fair case" to go to a jury on—a case handsomely suspicious. Then misfortunes came thickly. Old Doctor Jones died suddenly; and though his testimony, such as it was, was forthcoming in another shape, still it would not have such an effect "with the jury." An eminent Nisi Prius advocate had been secured for the prisoner, who would "knock to pieces" the "wretched case for the Crown," made up, as it was, of "old medicine bottles," and of the damaged capacities of a miserable old dotard, who "crooned" all day and night over a fire, and who, his neighbours would show, had not been in his right mind for years. Claysop, M.P., "in his place" in the House, put a question to the Home Secretary, and threatened to move for papers and correspondence, and the Home Secretary said he would communicate with

the legal advisers of the Crown. In various newspapers there were articles headed "Major Carter's Case." It was taken up so warmly, and every day grew so weak, that presently all proceedings were dropped. It was spoken of by Major Carter's "friends" as "a conspiracy." But Mr. Speedy and the insurance office kept him at bay; and certainly Major Carter—who was seen very often on the Continent afterwards with his wife and son—never attempted to enforce his claim by process of law.

#### CHAPTER XLI. THE "MODERATES' CLUB."

THE town still talked for some days of this "painful" business, and a morning penny journal had a gaudy leading article, worked in all the rich colours of word painting. At the Moderates' Club, Sir Hopkins Pocock, now become faintly querulous, and with a grievance in his pocket which he took out to show to every one that he met, acquired some little importance by his patent rights in previous portions of the major's history. "I knew all about him; I know all about him," he said, pushing himself into a knot of Moderators. "Bless you! there was a very curious business at Monaco, long ago. I never told of it before; but *now*——" And then Sir Hopkins began a calumnious little history about a bill, and the clergyman of the place's son, who was only fourteen, sir, and looked twelve ("quite a child! O, it was very bad!"); by reason of which adventure the major had to hurry away precipitately from the place. Into which little story, however, he managed to introduce so many ingenious references to his own hard condition, and to the cruel way in which his public services had been acknowledged, that the more youthful Moderators yawned in his face, and, going away, told other Moderators that "Old Pocock was at it again."

To this society belonged Romaine and Fermor, and many more of the same standing. It was a little select, more fashionable than political, and to Romaine's exertions, Fermor had indeed owed his entrance. This obligation—with some more of the same social cast—he was now carrying about like a coal of fire on his head. On this night Fermor was dining by himself at a lonely table, full of bitterness. The club joint was tasteless to him; for, close by, with his back to him, was Romaine with three others dining in great spirits, and Romaine, more sarcastic, boisterous, noisy, and even insolent, than usual. Old gentlemen, busy with their newspapers, protested with fierce looks against his merriment. They were talking of the wedding.

"I knew it all along," said Romaine, in a noisy burst. "I told every man I met it would come to a business. Ask Wallis! And yet a good fellow! I am sorry for him, I am indeed. He was always civil to me. I believe it is a conspiracy; or, if it's not, it's all one. I like him the better for it. I wish all the old wives in the world could be got rid of in the same way. I do,



on my soul! But he had enemies—dozens of them. I have reason to know it."

"Tell us about it, Romaine," said some of the others. "Do now."

"O, it will all come out by-and-by," said he. "They want to turn him into a felon. I suspect a certain lady-friend of ours to be at the bottom of it; one of your fine flashing Judith-and-Holofernes pattern."

"Bet you a sovereign I name her," said a man opposite him. "Alfred-place! eh?"

"Keep your sovereign for your tailor, my friend," said Romaine, contemptuously. "For a wonder, you have made a guess. You all know," he said, dropping his voice, "that Miss Manuel! She has done the thing, I'll swear! I know her touch! It's so shabby, and so like a woman: all about a sister of hers."

"She is a fine woman, though," said the "man" who had offered the sovereign.

"Fine woman!" said Romaine, with disgust. "I hate to hear fellows talk in that way, as if they were speaking of joints of meat. Fine or not fine, I dislike her. She is dangerous and spiteful. I recommend all here to keep clear of her."

Fermor listened, and heard all this with tingling cheeks. Her name to be bandied about in this low way in a public room, before waiters and "men!" Long he had been watching for an opportunity of some quarrel with Romaine; some reasonable opening, when he could "put him down." It seemed to be now hurrying on.

Romaine had turned suddenly, and had seen Fermor. "O, ho!" he said; "we must mind what we say. How de do, Fermor? He is one of her sacred band. Don't denounce us, Fermor."

There were a dozen feet between Fermor and the others. Over such a space he could not bring himself to hurl back the retort he wished; so he made no answer. The other gave a significant glance at his fellows. He was rampant with mischief and spirits. "I can't understand," he went on, "such a thing in nature as strong-brained single women who can go about like single men. I should like to have it explained to me. The idea of having a club at one's house, and taking in all the men of the town! You talk of a fine woman! now, I like something petite—something pretty, and soft, and dainty," and he looked over at Fermor. The "men" laughed, and Fermor thought it was because they knew to what Romaine was alluding. He would have given the world to have grappled with him on the spot; but he did not know how to begin.

Presently Romaine and his men went away noisily to the smoking-room, and then to the billiard-room. Fermor got up promptly, and followed them. He never took his eyes off Romaine. The other seemed to understand him perfectly, and, as he smoked and played, kept up a running fire of strokes at him all the night; "nagging," it would be called in popular slang. Young Brett presently dropped in, and looked on.

"That's the style," said Romaine, pocketing

a ball with extraordinary violence. "Look at that, Fermor! That's the way I treat any man, woman, or child, that interferes with my play. Pocket them, eh?"

He looked at Fermor insolently as he walked past him to make a fresh stroke.

"Let them get out of my way, I warn them. There again!" and he executed a vindictive cannon. "I say, now, Brett, we'll call the white ball Fermor. There he goes. Pocket again." And he walked round once more. "Red ball. Now, Fermor, you know who the red ball is for. There she goes. No; not quite, this time!" He missed his stroke.

Fermor sat on the benches with compressed lips. He was waiting till the room cleared a little more. There were only half a dozen men there.

## HOW TO RECRUIT THE ENGLISH ARMY.

CERTAIN circumstances had allowed me some years ago to show kindness to a French officer when he was sick in a foreign land, and he wished to return my hospitality. I wished much to see something of the interior life of a French regiment; and, like all who take an interest in our own service, I had for some time past watched the gradual falling off in the number of recruits for the English army, and had certain theories of my own which I wanted to test by the working of the conscription system in France. I therefore accepted the invitation.

In the French army it is not customary for all the officers of a corps to dine together. What in our service is called the mess, has of late years been introduced into the Imperial Guard by the Emperor, but the system is not found to work well. In the line, the custom is for the unmarried field-officers to dine together at some pension, or hotel, where a table d'hôte is kept up for their exclusive use at a fixed hour every day. In like manner the captains of the regiment dine together at another pension, whilst the subalterns have a third—generally the best, because the members are the most numerous—table for themselves, which is quite apart from their brother-officers. My friend being a captain in the regiment, I every day breakfasted and dined with him at the pension where he and his eighteen or twenty brother-captains had their meals. We had our déjeuner à la fourchette every morning at nine, and our dinner at five. For this feeding—and I defy any man of moderate means to have two better meals—each officer who sat down to table paid the sum of sixty francs a month, or about one shilling and eightpence sterling a day. I often contrasted this amount with what my own mess bills used to be in the English army, when my month's pay was barely enough to meet the expenses of eating and drinking a not very well cooked dinner and a little fiery wine, without taking into consideration the cost of breakfast in my own room. For these sixty francs a month, the French officers had



every expense of table provided, the only extra being a subscription, which was perfectly voluntary, of two francs each per month, which formed a small fund by which a few bottles of champagne were provided on extra occasions, such as a stranger like myself joining their pension for the first time. After dinner we generally resorted to a café, where officers of different ranks met together every evening to read the papers, smoke cigars, play dominoes or chess, or sip their coffee or "grog." In this establishment there was a room set apart for such officers of the regiment as liked to subscribe to what they called their "clobber."

It was in this "clobber" that I used to see the officers of all ranks belonging to the regiment. One night, when sitting with my friend apart from the rest of the company, our conversation turned upon military education and military promotion. Until then I was—and I imagine most Englishmen are—under the impression that, though promotion from the ranks is frequent in the French army, the great majority of those who hold commissions have all passed through the military college. My friend, however, undeceived me. At the time we commenced our conversation there were present in the room not fewer than thirty-five or forty officers, including the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of his own regiment, and some half-dozen cavalry and artillery officers who had looked in to join in a glass of "ponch," and take a hand at "veest." My friend looked carefully round the room, noting to himself the names of all those present, and then told me that, with the exception of about ten officers (there were two or three of the artillery and cavalry that he was not certain about), every one present had risen from the ranks.

I could not help expressing surprise; for, not only were the officers present quite as gentlemanly in their habits and manners as the average officers met with in any English regiment, but most of those below the rank of field-officers were—or appeared to be—too young to have had time to pass through the ordeal of the barrack-room, and to have graduated successively as corporal, sergeant, and sergeant-major, up to the rank of commissioned officer.

There was another subject connected with the French army, in which I found out my error. In England we are under the impression that the ranks of our neighbour's land forces are almost entirely recruited from the conscription. In former days it was so, but ever since Napoleon has been emperor he has been doing his utmost to increase the number of what the French call volunteers. So successfully has this scheme been carried out, that, whereas before 1848 not one soldier in fifty was a volunteer, there are now in all the crack corps—the Zouaves, Chasseurs d'Afrique, Hussars, and such-like—quite as many volunteers as conscripts; and in regiments of the line these bear the proportion of full twenty per cent, or one-fifth of the whole. So fast are the proportions of volunteer enlistments to conscriptions increasing

every year, that it is believed conscription in France will soon become almost a dead letter, except in time of war.

"How is it," I asked my friend, "that the emperor has managed to increase, or rather to create—for until he came to power, voluntary enlistment in your army was a thing almost unknown—the number of volunteers from about two to twenty, and, in many cases, to fifty per cent in the whole army?"

"Simply by raising," was the reply, "the prospects of all who enter the ranks of their own free will, and by giving them a fair share of promotion, even up to the highest grades. In former days, though the theory of promotion from the ranks existed, it was not, except under the first empire, put in full practice. It is true that sergeants and sergeant-majors received their due share of promotion to the rank of commissioned officer, but under the restoration, as during the reign of Louis Philippe, they seldom rose higher than lieutenants, or at the most captains. But under Napoleon there is a marked preference given to young men who have begun their career by shouldering a musket, or cleaning a horse; so much so, that many parents, whose sons wish to enter the army, prefer keeping them at home, or at school, until they are eighteen or nineteen, and then letting them enlist, instead of sending them to the military college."

As my informant finished speaking, there entered the room a captain of Lancers, about thirty years of age. He was introduced to me, paid me a very well-turned compliment about the English cavalry regiment which he learnt from my friend I belonged to—a corps he said he had seen in the Crimea—and, after talking with us ten minutes or so, passed on to another part of the room. As he left us, I remarked to my friend that *he* did, at any rate, not look like an officer who had risen from the ranks.

"You are mistaken," was the reply. "Seven years ago that gentleman was a private soldier. His history is word for word what would describe the career of a dozen officers in every regiment in the French army. He wanted, when sixteen years of age, to enter the military college, but his father would not let him, wishing him to follow his own profession, that of a notaire, or lawyer. The young man remained in his father's office until he was twenty-one years of age, and being then free from control, enlisted as a dragoon. In the school of his corps he qualified himself to become a corporal, and passed an excellent examination. In our army this is the first and sure step towards further promotion. In four years he attained to the rank of sub-lieutenant, and was transferred in that rank to the Chasseurs d'Afrique in Algiers. He saw some service there, but more in the Crimea, and still more in Italy; on returning from which country, he received his captaincy. He may expect, in a couple or three years more, to be a major (*chef d'escadrons*); in five years more, to be colonel of a



regiment; and to be a general of brigade whilst yet in the prime of life."

"Now tell me," said I, "has not private interest something to do with this system of promotion?"

"I will not deny," said my friend, "that in the French army an officer who has interest gets on better than an officer who has not; but the influence of 'interest' upon promotion is every day getting less. For instance, supposing two officers of equal merit in the same regiment, the one having a friend at the War Office, the other not having this advantage, I have no hesitation in saying that he with interest would win the race of promotion before his companion. But day by day the emperor is making all officers' and non-commissioned officers' promotion to depend entirely upon the number and quality of the marks he bears opposite his name in the books of the regiment, or rather in his own register. These marks he may add to or diminish any day by his own conduct, whether for good or bad, or by his own aptitude or otherwise for the service. Moreover, nothing is done in secret. The annual report of each officer's character and improvement is made by the inspecting general, who at his yearly visitation sees each officer alone, the only other person present being the chief of the general's staff, who is always an officer of the staff corps with the rank of colonel. It is most unlikely that either of these gentlemen should be interested in the promotion of any officers who come before them in the course of duty. True, now and then we hear of an officer whose promotion is very quick, and who is therefore believed—often with good reason—to have some influential friend in high places, but this is the exception, not the rule, and it is very rare indeed either to hear officers grumble because they have not been promoted, or to meet with officers who are discontented at the promotion of any particular individual of their regiment."

"But," said I, "tell me how it is that your soldiers and non-commissioned officers come to be so certain of their promotion? What is the usual routine in advancing these gentlemen to the higher ranks?"

"When," replied my friend, "a young man joins a regiment as private soldier, the first thing he must do is to learn his duty as a soldier. In the infantry this will take him about twelve months; in the cavalry nearly two years. During this time he is called a 'young soldier,' and is obliged—he has no option—to attend for three hours every day one or other of the two regimental schools. In the first of these he is taught the mere elements of education, reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic. Should the recruit be a mere peasant, or should his previous teaching have been very defective, he must go to this school. But if it is found that he knows his own language well, and has a fair knowledge of figures, he is sent to the upper school, where he is taught the higher branches of mathematics, and the theo-

retical part of his profession—such as the rules of outpost duty; the principles of forming field defences; the mode of providing for a party of men he may command in an enemy's country; the rules, regulations, orders, and practice of the French army, as well as the rewards he may gain, and the punishments to which he may be liable, if brought before a military tribunal."

"Once a sergeant," continued my friend, "the promotion to be sub-lieutenant depends very much upon circumstances. If the regiment be on service, and a sergeant have a chance of distinguishing himself, he is sure of promotion at once. Moreover, vacancies that happen in the field—whether from sickness or from deaths in battle—are pretty certain to be filled up from the non-commissioned officers of the corps. A sergeant who knows his duties well, is considered fully eligible for the commissioned ranks of the army, and those who do not obtain the promotion in their own or some other regiment, are pretty certain to be provided for in the staff of garrison towns, in the pay, clothing, or some other department of the army. But in our army no man of fair education, good conduct, smartness as a soldier, and a certain amount of application, need fear obtaining promotion if he enlist. Among our highest officers—marshals, generals of division, and of brigade—rather more than one-half; and among our colonels and lieutenant-colonels, nearly two-thirds; have, in their day, either shouldered muskets as foot soldiers in the ranks, or cleaned horses as private dragoons. Among the orderly officers attached to the household of the emperor, fully one-half have in their day passed through the barrack-room."

My friend took me next day to the barracks, where three or four candidates for the rank of corporal were being examined. The examiners were the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, a major, and three captains of the regiment. The young men under examination were asked how the soldiers' soup—the chief ingredient of French soldiers' dinners—ought to be prepared? In their replies there was a slight difference, which the old colonel—who had himself risen from the ranks—at once corrected; giving due praise to the soldier who had answered most correctly, and who, for other reasons, was finally declared to be the successful candidate. The officers of the regiment then, one and all, went up to shake hands with him, and congratulate him upon his having gained his first step. I was told that he was the son of a tradesman at Marseilles, and that the soldier who had come off second, was the son of a man of title and nephew of a marshal of France.

Since I returned to England, I have often thought it would be a great advantage if some such system of promotion could be introduced into our own service. In these days no man, unless he is either in the lowest state of poverty,

\* The training of a French soldier is described in detail, by a retired non-commissioned officer of the French army, in volume viii., pages 445-469, of this journal.



or is, from his ignorance, utterly useless in any trade or calling, will take service, or engage in any undertaking, unless he hopes sooner or later to better himself. If he enlist, his prospects are hopeless. Even if by smartness, good conduct, and proficiency, he become a non-commissioned officer, there remains between him and the commissioned ranks, a gulf which is almost impassable. Allow that, in process of time, one sergeant out of three or four hundred, in times of peace, is promoted to the rank of cornet or ensign, what hope has he of further advancement? In the whole English army—cavalry, artillery, engineers, and infantry—there are not two dozen captains who have risen from the ranks; and I question whether there are more than two or three field officers. The reason for this is the purchase system, which, to our disgrace as a nation, the legislature persist in upholding, and which is the real cause why our recruiting is almost at a stand-still, and must, before long, come to a dead-lock.

There are in England a vast number of young men, chiefly of the middle class—sons of medical men, clergymen, lawyers, small landed proprietors, and others—born with an innate distaste of anything like a professional life. These youths generally waste the best years of their lives by “loafing” about their native place, until the paternal purse and patience are alike at an end, and then they betake themselves to one or other of our colonies. These would make excellent soldiers, and have all the dash and daring required for active service; but want of money hinders them from entering as officers, and to enlist in the English army is not only a moral degradation, but sacrificing every chance of ever making a name or even gaining rank. Why should we not make the army fit for such young men to enter, to better their own condition as well as that of the service? To do this, the punishment of the lash must be abolished. No reflecting man who respects himself will ever enter the ranks so long as there remains *even a chance* of his degradation by flogging. The next great evil we have to contend with, is the purchase of commissions, and of promotion. So long as this national disgrace remains in this country of all the countries in Europe, no poor man will enter the army, for he knows well that his poverty will be an insurmountable obstacle to his advancement.

Lastly, abolish all direct appointments to army commissions. There ought to be but two modes of entering the service: the one through the military college—the education at which, by the way, is not so expensive as to be entirely beyond moderate means—the other through the ranks and the barrack-room. Let the latter become a certain means of obtaining commissions for well educated men, who are smart soldiers and of good conduct, and let there be no question of money to hinder their advancement. Do these things, and we shall soon be able to dispense with lying recruiting

agents, crimps, and all who inveigle the unfortunate recruit of the present day into “taking the shilling:” while we shall most assuredly make our own army as popular as the army on the other side of the Channel.

### THE STEAM'S HIGHWAY.

THERE is a royal commission now sitting to inquire into the costs of conveying travellers and goods by railway. Everybody knows, or can know, beforehand, what discoveries this commission will place upon record; but the use that will be made of the information so to be authenticated, partly depends upon the public's minding its own business. The common roads of the country are more naturally its own business than anybody's. But what are the common roads? The Queen's Highway is at present the paved or macadamised horse-road, which, for all the larger concerns of travel and traffic, is superseded by the rapidly developing Steam's Highway. Instead of a railway here and a railway there, we have, or shall soon have, a railway everywhere. The iron roads have already become, to all intents and purposes, the common roads, and are, for all the business needs of the nation, that which the old king's highway used to be. Is it desirable that when railroads have become, for all distances of any length, the only natural means of land communication between one part of the country and another, they should be distributed into the absolute keeping of a great number of irresponsible bodies? Does it mend the matter that those bodies are often in conflict with each other, and always wage war with the public by a hostile system of taxation; now drawing thirty-five millions a year out of the public pocket for much less than half the service that sum ought to buy? If the public will but take the trouble to inquire into this matter for itself, there can be only one result, and it will not take long to secure a reduction of the cost of railway travelling to one-third of its present rate.

Of course we all know it is very desirable that we should pay a railway fare of five shillings where we are now paying fifteen. The suggestion of such a change is indeed so unexpectedly agreeable, that we assume the notion of its possibility to be much too good to be true. Yet it may very well be, that where we now pay fifteen shillings for a railway journey, our grandchildren will be paying only eighteen-pence!

Is it absurd to say that transport by railway should be twenty times cheaper than coach travelling used to be? A pound of coke evaporating five pints of water will develop force enough to draw two tons weight on a railway to the distance of a mile in two minutes. A train of coaches weighing eighty tons, and holding two hundred and forty passengers, can be conveyed from Liverpool to Birmingham and back in seven hours, by four tons of coke, which cost about five pounds. To carry as many on a common road, would require



an establishment of three hundred and eighty horses, and they would only do the work in four-and-twenty hours. Of course it is fair to ask, Why is there no proportionate reduction in the charges for conveyance? Because there is, on the railway line, not only the coke and water and working staff to pay for, but the heavy charge on the capital sunk in making the iron road. So, many say: forgetting that, the road once made, the cost of each act of conveyance deducted from the sum paid for the service, is all that determines profits. The prime cost of the road, except as an element in its stability and cause of more or less current expense for repairs, can have nothing to do with the calculation. Upon a balance of current profit and loss alone, it is to be decided what fares will pay best.

The tradesman who raises the price of his goods to pay for a new shop-front may lose old customers worth many shop-fronts. He looks rather to its effect in tempting new customers over his threshold, and his question is simply whether he can make most money by a system of small profits and many sales, or by fewer sales at higher profits on each article, or by charging an enormous profit, and thereby enormously reducing the number of those who deal with him. Reliance is placed on the attraction of large numbers of customers, by taking from each only a modest toll of profit on the cost price of goods sold in many a shop of costliest construction. And, as a matter of fact, the railway lines on which the most money was spent for each mile of original construction, are those on which the charges are the lowest. Whatever the cost of making the line, when once it is made, profits depend on the daily relation between working expenses and receipts. Now, the average fares on English railways are at present twopence-farthing a mile for first class, three-halfpence for second class, and a penny for third, while in a railway train carrying a fair load, when all expenses of conveyance, indirect and direct, have been allowed for, it appears that the cost price of carrying a first-class passenger is a penny for sixteen miles, for carrying a second-class passenger a penny for twenty-five miles, and, by still closer packing, a third-class passenger is conveyed forty miles for a penny. Thus, if the number of travellers increased sufficiently, it is, at any rate, conceivable that a half-crown fare from London to Liverpool might pay better than a fare of thirty shillings.

Railways do find, indeed, at the season when they are sure of a full load of passengers, excursion trains to be a most profitable part of their business. But in habitual use, trains run at what we now regard as the exceptional excursion price, would, it is found, yield a trifle less profit than trains carrying a few passengers who pay a high price for the use of them. It pays shareholders a trifle, only a trifle, better, while it answers the public purpose immeasurably worse, for the railroads to carry one passenger who pays nine shillings, instead of eight

passengers who pay only one shilling apiece. Thus, for the sake of the odd shilling, the train runs with an insufficient load, and seven people, who might have been benefited by the use of what has now become the common highway, are shut out of it. By study of the relation of tariffs to profits on the French bridges and roads, it has been shown that, as the charge rises, there is a diminution of their use, but a gradual rise in the receipt from tolls up to a certain point; beyond which, excess of charge defeats its purpose, and receipts decline. Thus, of a hundred persons who pay for the use of a road or bridge at a charge of a penny, eighty will use it, and the receipts are eighty pence. At a charge of twopence, only sixty-three will use it, but the receipts, being twice sixty-three, rise to one hundred and twenty-six pence. If the charge be threepence, only fifty will incur it, but the receipts still rise, for three times fifty are one hundred and fifty. At a charge of fourpence, only forty-one will use it, but four times forty is again a higher point attained in the receipts. By charging a penny more, eight persons more are excluded from use of the road; but there is yet increase in the receipts, though but an increase of a single penny. After that point, the increase of charge produces dwindling profits until it comes to a point absolutely prohibitive. Now, the whole business of a private railway board having its own monopoly of traffic, is to find the point of highest receipt, and if one more turn of the screw exclude hundreds of persons from the use of their line, and an almost imperceptible increase of revenue, yet, if it be increase, it is the railway directors' present duty to secure it.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the companies were all extinct, and that the railways were the Queen's highways: that is to say, public roads, with their traffic service under control of the people for whose use they are constructed. In that case, it is obvious that the addition of a half-per cent to the working profits—which is all that is got by substituting a half-prohibitive tariff for habitual use of "excursion fares"—would be as nothing to the diffused national prosperity that must come of a thoroughly cheap, and still profitable, system of passenger and goods traffic. Towns would flourish, industries revive, town workers could afford to live in country houses, health would be cheaply restored by accessible sea-breezes; we should all be practically nearer to one another, healthier, wealthier, and wiser, for our opportunities of free movement and ready intercourse.

A committee of the House of Commons once declared "that the roads of a country are public concerns, and necessary to the people as the air they breathe." Suppose the country now to be of opinion that it is unwise to delegate to conflicting bodies of private individuals the whole charge of the roads as monopolies and individual trade speculations of their own. Well, for the present, that is too much to suppose. Thirteen great companies now possess and manage three-fourths of the land traffic of the



United Kingdom. Some charge for their services nearly twice as much as others. The Great Eastern charges more than twice as much as the Caledonian for carrying a first-class passenger a hundred miles. Of forty-two of our companies, the fares now range from a halfpenny to three-pence-halfpenny a mile for first-class travellers; from a halfpenny to twopence for second class; and for third class from a farthing to three-halfpence. An excursion train on the Great Western to Plymouth, takes passengers at the rate of fifty pence the hundred miles; on the South Eastern to Ramsgate, the charge for the same service is twenty pence the hundred miles. The prime cost, direct and indirect, of carrying a first-class passenger a hundred miles being only sixpence, fares are charged which compel trains to run with an average of only a tenth of the number of passengers they are capable of carrying, and with a third or a quarter of the loads that could be taken with no appreciable addition of expense. The dearest line to travel on, Carmarthen and Cardigan, charges four hundred and fifty per cent more than the North and South Western, the line with lowest fares. And it is a notable fact that this line with lowest fares pays a dividend of six per cent to its shareholders, while the North London, also a line of cheap fares—three-farthings a mile for first class, and less than a halfpenny for second—although it was ten times as expensive to construct as an ordinary line, enjoys also the rare distinction of paying a dividend of six per cent.

Let us see what happens when railways contest with each other for possession of some line of traffic. At the time of the Manchester Art Exhibition, a contest between the London and North-Western and Great Northern Companies enabled Londoners to go to Manchester and back for seven-and-sixpence for first class, and for second class five shillings. The whole expense of each train so run was fifty guineas, and the average receipts from each were one hundred and seventy-four pounds. The contest lasted during the summer months, to the very great advantage of the public; and a half per cent was all the fall in the railway dividend.

The quarrel in the years 'fifty-two and 'fifty-three, between the South-Eastern and Great Western, for the London and Reading traffic, lasted about a year and a half. To a distance of sixty-seven miles and back again, passengers were conveyed during all that time for three shillings first class, and two shillings second class. On other parts of their lines, those companies were charging ten times as much: yet, where the fares were lowest, there was an average profit of two hundred and fifty per cent upon the cost of running every train. Again, ten years ago, the Edinburgh and Glasgow and the Caledonian lines quarrelled and took passengers by all trains from Edinburgh to Glasgow, forty-six miles, for fares of one shilling, nine-pence, and sixpence, being one-eighth of the former charges. The Caledonian paid only a half per cent less dividend; yet here was not only a reduction of fares to one-eighth, but also

a division of the traffic between two contending lines. Under the present system of fares, an ordinary passenger train may be compared to a four-horse coach carrying one passenger upon each journey.

On the Bombay and Baroda Railway, where the gradients are very favourable, and a single engine can draw heavy weights, the average rate of fares for all classes is two shillings the hundred miles, or one-sixth of the average rate in England. In Belgium, when the railway system of that country was planned, the government undertook that it should be managed exclusively for the public convenience, as neither a burden nor a source of revenue, and the fares were fixed at less than a penny a mile for first-class passengers. The Belgian Minister of Finance, M. Rogier, resisted the adoption of the English system; for, he said, "whoever holds the railways, holds a monopoly, and that should only be allowed to exist in the possession of the State, subject to the responsible advisers of the Crown."

On our railways, as they are, there are made in a year about two hundred and ten million of journeys, the payment for which is about fifteen millions sterling. For conveyance of goods we pay to the railways about seventeen millions sterling, at rates varying from twelve and six-pence the hundred miles for a ton of stone or manure, to thirty-seven and sixpence for the same conveyance of a ton of cotton goods. For a hundred tons of coal or coke, the average rate of charge is over a pound a mile. The cost price of that service is only one-and-fourpence; and, as the price of coal at the pit mouth is about a fourth of what we pay in London, if railways were managed with an eye to public benefit, even with three hundred per cent profit on the railway carriage, coal could be sold in London at ten shillings a ton. The Midland Company stated in evidence on this subject, that after they had brought coal from Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire at a charge of six shillings a ton, a toll of two shillings a ton was levied on it by another company for crossing over the lines to Kensington Basin. A Committee of the Society of Arts on the Small Parcels Post, found that a parcel sent from Land's End to John o' Groat's must be transferred through nineteen separate conveying interests, from each of which inquiry must be made in event of delay or loss. Sometimes, a company forming a link in such a chain of conveyance, in feud with a neighbour or for other causes, checks general transit by a prohibitive charge. Feuds there may well be, for these companies are heavily taxed by conflicting interests. Four lines were, at the outset, proposed from London to Brighton, and the parliamentary expenses of their contest for one year amounted to a hundred thousand pounds. "There were about twenty counsel engaged, headed by six king's serjeants and king's counsel; there was a regiment of twenty eminent solicitors, flanked by a whole brigade of parliamentary agents, and a whole army of surveyors and engineers, whose chief business appeared to be to contradict each



other, the lawyers aiding and assisting, and chuckling with delight."

But now comes the question whether the chief highways of this country are to remain an inharmonious system of private roads, levying at discretion a high and widely-varying rate of tolls on our land traffic, or whether it is possible to bring them under popular control, make them our own, and have the utmost use of them.

In the year eighteen 'forty-four, an act of parliament was passed to give the country power, if it had the will, to buy on certain terms all the railways made on our own soil after that date. The country was to come into possession of this power, on the expiration of twenty-one years from the date of the act. The term expires, therefore, in this year 'sixty-five, and the time has arrived when the public may consider whether it will exercise the power it acquires over five-sixths of the existing railway mileage, and whether, in the present state of the railway market, the other sixth would not be glad to take part in a bargain that would benefit alike the country and the railway shareholders. The act of 'forty-four was introduced by Mr. Gladstone, then President of the Board of Trade, and was founded on the inquiries of a committee nominated and presided over by himself. Before that committee, Mr. Baxendale, head of the great carrying firm of Pickford and Co., and chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, said, "I have always considered that the commerce of this country has prospered to the extent it has done in consequence of the great freedom of communication; I have always considered that the roads of the country belonged altogether to the people, just as much as the light of heaven." And Captain Laws, who, as manager of the Leeds and Manchester Railway, first introduced third-class carriages in England, thought that the iron roads might be managed for the country on a method intermediate between the companies' system and the penny post system, or with rates little above the working expenses and the interest of money, as a means of "giving very great facilities, and greatly promoting every description of domestic industry, whether of manufacture or agriculture." He thought that a great saving might be effected by an uniform and far less costly management, and the cessation of feuds and parliamentary contests; and that the system, as then established, not only had much of the character of a monopoly, but that every extension was calculated to increase that monopoly immensely, and to establish a continuation of monopolies.

Of the act of 'forty-four, when it was introduced, Sir Robert Peel said: "They were about to say to the railway companies, You shall not have a permanent monopoly against the public; but, after a limited number of years, we give you notice we shall have the option of purchasing your property." The limited number of years is now expiring, and it is for the public to consider whether it can wisely take to itself and make its own, the great and costly network of the private roads that have almost

exclusive mastery over our means of inland communication. As an element in such consideration will be a study of the present cost of railway conveyance, upon that subject the commission is now sitting, which will arrive at facts such as those we have here given from a volume upon Railway Reform, by MR. WILLIAM GALT, who has done more than any other man to fix public attention on the facts and principle involved in the whole question.

If the people should elect to purchase, the first obvious question is, Where will they find all the money? Even Great Britain cannot write a cheque for the fair price of all the railway property in the United Kingdom. If the railway companies were unwilling parties to the bargain, they could probably demand cash payment, and so destroy all chance of arrangement. But the standing interests of the companies are not opposed in this matter to those of the public; so purchase would mean, simply the exchange of railway shares for a certain amount of government stock: the shareholders giving up property from which they receive an uncertain dividend for a fixed annuity secured in perpetuity. The transfer of railway into government stock might be made in proportion to the average dividends paid by each company for three years previous to purchase, or with reference to the current market price. The act of 'forty-four fixed the rate at an equivalent to twenty-five years' purchase, estimated on an average of profits for the three years previous to sale, and provided valuation, determined in case of difference by arbitration, for railways that were not paying dividends of ten per cent. Railway property has declined so much in market value during the last twenty years, that it all falls under the latter clause, and the arrangement for transfer of stock proposed by Mr. Galt is, that railway shares should be exchanged for government stock with an average bonus of about fifteen per cent upon their actual market value. He would be an odd shareholder who would object to such a bargain.

But would the railways under the new system be a good security to underlie the public funds? All the territorial property of England is security for the Three per Cents. For the additional charge, there would be the same security with all the railways added. If there were a short-coming of railway profits, it would be because the public, while having all its powers of prosperity enlarged by the increased facilities of travel and traffic, still kept in its pocket cash that, under the old system, came out of it; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would know how to get at that. But, in fact, since it has been proved by experience that a sacrifice of at most one per cent from a five and a half per cent dividend will secure a reduction of fares to one-half or one-third their present rate, the development of wealth and prosperity by all the aids that could then be given, would probably pay back even that one per cent in a hundred indirect ways: to say nothing of the immediate profit from a purchase advantageous to both



parties, and the great subsequent economy from the cessation of contests and the saving in working expenses that would result from the amalgamation of the lines.

Well, we will grant all that to be reasonable enough, and well worth public consideration. But how is the last grand difficulty to be conquered? If the iron roads belong to the country, and are to be subject in every respect to legislation with regard to nothing but the public interest, who is to direct them? For, certainly, neither Mr. Galt nor Mrs. Grundy, nor anybody else, will permit the mass of patronage involved in the gift of all the places upon all the railways to be vested in the crown. Nobody believes that all the railways of the nation can be as well governed by a Circumlocution Office as they are governed now by their own boards of able and competent directors. What Mr. Galt proposes is, that government should have very little railway patronage, and that the administration of the railways should remain still with the ablest of the men who now administer them. The country itself in parliament learns what it ought to pay, and decides what it will pay, for railway service, and directs every change of system that it finds to be necessary for its safety, comfort, or convenience. The present directors of each important railway line elect their most competent men to form a railway board of four-and-twenty members, under a president and two vice-presidents, who should be responsible servants of the State: one vice-president permanent, for mastery of business details; the other two removable with a change of government. The duties of this board, composed of men acquainted with the railway affairs of each part of the country, should be strictly administrative, to carry out the system as required by parliament. Under them, each line should be managed in harmony with the main system, but with minute reference to the convenience of the district served by it, having the same local board of directors that it now has, and the same staff; the whole existing personnel of the railway service being retained, and all fair compensation made to any one whose office is abolished. And it does really seem far from impossible to effect an arrangement which shall make the public a large gainer, while nobody whose fortunes are in any way connected with the railway interest shall be a loser, and very many will be gainers. In fact, the railway interest is, we believe, not recusant; the only real obstacle to the achievement of this great change which would knock off two-thirds of the expense of railway conveyance, is public inattention, and, in the absence of a knowledge of that fact, natural incredulity as to the chance of so great a boon being attainable.

For a spirited and valuable sketch of the possibilities of the case, and the facts from which they are inferred, we commend everybody to the short published address on Railway Reform, read by MR. EDWIN CHADWICK to the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, as President of its

Department of Economy and Trade. Branch railways can now be constructed at one-third of the cost of the old ones; and by improvements of construction—including the use of steel rails, which last ten years longer than iron, besides being safer—the cost of working can be reduced. By keeping the goods traffic clear of the passenger traffic, the trains can be run at increased speed. The journey to Edinburgh could be safely reduced from twelve hours to seven, and more than proportionally cheapened. Even on lines of inferior construction, trains are now run at a speed of from fifty to sixty miles an hour. We should be free also to give ourselves more complete passenger accommodation; with a way for guard or passengers from carriage to carriage; with carriages well warmed, lighted, and ventilated; and we could have on the improved lines, movement so easy that the traveller could write; we could have upon all lines, easy sleeping-couches to be secured in the night trains; and arrangements to provide in the trains tea, coffee, and other refreshments of good quality, which travellers could take at their own leisure and convenience, without choking themselves, or scalding themselves, or suffering delay upon the journey. All these things are not only possible, but have actually been done in the trains furnished by the American Sanitary Commission for the conveyance of wounded soldiers; and there is no reason why one must have a sword or a gunshot wound to earn the right of travelling in a train with an attached kitchen, and otherwise made thoroughly comfortable. Then again: we might all pay, in a trivial addition to each fare, an insurance fee, which would make immediate compensation the rule in all cases of accident, while enforcing for our own sakes the precautions by which almost all railway accidents can be prevented.

At any rate, we should have—especially after the complete abolition of the law of settlement—a readier harmony between supply and demand in the labour market. The man who has no work in Lancashire could be carried cheaply into Devonshire if wanted there; or he could afford to move about freely in search of work.

Goods also could be supplied direct from the best source. With a harmonised railway system and cheap parcels carriage, private customers may be supplied from a hundred miles away, as easily as from a distant street in the same town. Retail traders may keep reduced stocks, and save themselves many a loss by ordering from the manufacturers perishable articles or articles of perishable fashion, more nearly as they are demanded of them by their customers. The fish of the seaports can be poured into the inland towns. The mother who may now send her soldier boy a Bible weighing half a pound for twopence, but cannot send him a pair of warm stockings knitted by her hand, may send what little gift she will, if, with command of the railway system (and saving of the heavy fancy charge that is now made for conveyance of the mails), a parcel post be grafted on the existing



post-office system. It could be done at a stroke almost. By mounting a few more rural post-men upon carts, and making due addition to their work and pay, the existing post-office machinery of collection and distribution could be adapted to the conveyance of light parcels of every kind. The telegraphs along the railway lines would also be available for the establishment of a cheap telegraph post.

What need we say more? Is there not here, enough to make it manifest that the railway system has attained, or is attaining, the point when, by complete assimilation to the public needs, it is capable of making wonderful additions to the welfare of the people? English railway property pays a net average of four per cent. The Belgian lines, at fares one-third of ours, pay five and a half per cent. But we need copy nobody. No foreign nation has all that we desire, and all that we can, if we will, attain. By private enterprise we have secured the finest railway system in Europe. By converting all these private roads into public roads, with advantage instead of loss to their shareholders, and by employing the ability now bestowed on their direction as monopolies, in their administration for the highest welfare of the public, we may take a new lead, draw closer together all the corners of our land, add greatly to its commercial prosperity and its domestic comforts, and, foremost still, set an example to surrounding nations as instructive as that of our great measures of postal reform. The only real difficulty is, that the public is new to this idea of change, and therefore not prepared sufficiently to support a bold measure of legislation.

#### THE BOAT OF GRASS.

For years the slave endured his yoke,  
Down-trodden, wronged, misused, oppressed,  
Yet life-long serfdom could not choke  
The seeds of freedom in his breast.

At length, upon the north wind came  
A whisper stealing through the land;  
It spread from hut to hut like flame,  
"Take heart! the hour is near at hand."

The whisper spread, and lo, on high  
The dawn of an unhopèd-for day:  
"Be glad! the northern troops are nigh,  
The fleet is in Port Royal Bay!"

Responsive to the words of cheer,  
An inner voice said, "Rise and flee!  
Be strong, and cast away all fear;  
Thou art a man, and thou art free!"

And full of new-born hope and might  
He started up, and seaward fled;  
By day he turned aside—by night,  
He followed where the North Star led.

Through miles of barren pine and waste,  
And endless breadth of swamp and edgè,  
By streams, whose tortuous path is traced  
In tangled growth along their edge.

Two nights he fled—no sound was heard;  
He met no creature on his way;  
Two days crouched in the bush—the third,  
He hears the bloodhounds' distant bay.

They drag him back to stripes and shame,  
And bitter unrequited toil;  
With red hot gyves his feet they maim,  
All future thought of flight to foil.

We shuddering turn from such a cup,  
Nor dare to look on his despair;  
For them—oh! let us offer up  
The Saviour's sacrificial prayer.

But the celestial voice that spake  
Ere in his soul, might not be hushed;  
The sense of birthright once awake,  
Could never, never more be crushed.

And brave of heart, and strong of will,  
He kept his purpose, laid his plan;  
Though crippled, chained, and captive still,  
A slave no longer, but a man.

Eleven months his soul he steeled  
To toil and wait in silent pain,  
But in the twelfth his wounds were healed—  
He burst his bonds, and fled again.

A weary winding stream he sought,  
And crossed its waters to and fro;  
An Indian wile, to set at nought  
The bloody instinct of his foe.

The waters widen to a fen,  
And while he hid him, breathless, there,  
With brutal cries of dogs and men,  
The hunt went round and round his lair.

The baffled hounds have lost the track—  
With many a curse, and many a cry,  
The angry owners called them back,  
And so the wild pursuit went by.

The deadly peril seemed to pass,  
And then he dared to raise his head  
Above the waving marsh grass,  
That mantled o'er the river bed.

Those long broad leaves that round him grew  
He had been wont to bind and plait,  
And well with simple skill he knew  
To shape the basket and the mat.

Now, in their tresses sad and dull  
He saw the hope of his escape,  
And patiently began to cull  
And weave them in canoe-like shape.

To give the reedy fabric slight  
An armour 'gainst the soaking brine,  
With painful care he sought by night  
The amber weepings of the pine.

And since, on that Egyptian wave  
The Hebrew launched her little ark,  
Faith never to God's keeping gave  
So great a hope, so frail a bark.

Oh, silent river of the south!  
Whose lonely stream ne'er felt the oar  
In all its course, from rise to mouth,  
What precious freight was that you bore!



The grizzled oak and tall dark pine  
Stretch out their boughs from either bank  
Across the stream, and many a vine  
Festoons them with luxuriance rank.

The yellow jasmine fills the shade  
With golden light, and downward shed  
From slender wreaths that lightly swayed,  
Her fragrant stars upon his head.

But still the boat from dawn to dark  
Neath overhanging shrubs was drawn,  
And loosed at eve, the little bark  
Safe floated on from dark to dawn.

At length, in that mysterious hour  
That comes before the break of day,  
The current gained a swifter pow'r,  
The boat began to rock and sway:

He felt the wave beneath him swell,  
His nostrils drank a fresh salt breath,  
The boat of rushes rose and fell—  
"Lord! is it life or is it death?"

He saw the eastern heaven spanned  
With a slow spreading belt of grey,  
Tents glimmered, ghost-like, on the sand,  
And phantom ships before him lay;

The sky grew bright, the day awoke,  
The sun flash'd up above the sea,  
From countless drum and bugle broke,  
The joyous northern Réveillè:

Oh, white-winged warriors of the deep!  
No heart e'er hailed you so before:  
No castaway on desert steep,  
Nor banished man, his exile o'er,

Nor drowning wretch lashed to a spar,  
So blessed your rescuing sails, as he  
Who on them first beheld from far  
The morning light of Liberty.

THIS SLAVE'S ESCAPE WAS ACTUALLY MADE AS DESCRIBED, AND HIS FRAIL BOAT ATTRACTED GREAT ATTENTION AT THE NEW YORK SANITARY FAIR; TO WHICH IT WAS SENT BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

## DEATH IN THE LATEST FASHIONS.

LET'S do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make Death proud to take us,

said Cleopatra, when planning that most characteristic of parting scenes on poetical record, in which "the wrangling Queen" and "the Serpent of old Nile," to outwit victorious Cæsar, crowned herself to take her last sad journey, like the great Queen which she was,—who had withal been something of a courtesan, which means something of a coquette.

The deckings of Death by paganism have been mostly, and are in many countries still, hideous, elaborate, and splendid. Think of such obsequies as those of Radama, King of Madagascar—of such an African rite as the one so admirably sung by Herr Freiligrath, in which a horde of living women, with all their warm treasure of youth and life and beauty, and all

the trash which passes with them for adornment, are forced, with a ghastly pretext of willing pride, to share the grave of their lord and master!

Think of the Sutte, which has been bravely stood up for, as an East Indian institution—akin to those of hook-swinging by half-mad Fakirs, and of the crushing chariot of Juggernaut—by such fossil legislators of the Circumlocution Office as would let Ill alone; this burning of the widow being only by one shade worse than another distribution of the dying and dead! Think of the family festival of the Battas, put on record by Sir Stamford Raffles in his work on the Indian Archipelago! They did (if they do not now) kill, and cook, and eat their grandfathers and grandmothers when the same were proved to be efete and past work. And the dinner-party given on the occasion passed as an exceeding sprightly jollification.

But the above, it may be said, are savage death-ceremonies. Can our United Kingdom, first and foremost in civilisation, show nothing (respective circumstances considered) analogous? London, I am afraid, our head-quarters of the above-claimed perfection, has given an answer—and not a stammering one—to this question within the last few weeks.—In a couple of examples, it has proved that we can still allow, as a tribute to a great dead man, no matter whether ecclesiastic or lay, such a show as a lying in state—that grim union of Death and upholstery.

The coffin of the Cardinal, so detailed the daily press, was lined with white and amber satin. The diseased face was plastered where the fatal sores had been: on the feet the shoes of splendour had been put on. The gloved hands were garnished by rings more precious than those the worm will wind round them ere the year is out. Can it be said that love and reverence prompted the arrangement of such a masque of splendour and corruption? Dismal, hollow lie! Coarse, tawdry disrespect, rather, to the inevitable Angel, in whose coming there is that instant, awful summons of change,—not to be arrested, not to be disguised, by rouge, and jewels, and millinery, or even by a last bed lined with white and amber satin!

We have been used to comment freely on the wasteful arrogance of our ancestors, and on their battling with the destroyer, inch by inch—ay, some of them in their own persons. Who has forgotten Princess Buckingham, the bastard daughter of our King James the Second, and her provisions for a state funeral, as recounted by Walpole? "She has sent for Mr. Anstis," he writes to Sir Horace Mann, "and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before all the pomp was come home; she said, 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to see?' Let them send it, though the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all. She made her ladies vow to her that, if she should be senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead.—She not only," continues the keen chronicler, "regulated the ceremony of



her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure of herself for Westminster Abbey, but had shown the same insensible pride on the death of her only son, dressing his figure, and sending messages to her friends, that if they had a mind to see him lie in state, she would carry them in conveniently by a back door."

(This was in the early days of newspapers. On the day of writing this, was advertised in our leading journal the place where tickets were to be had for the Black Show, and whither faithful retainers of a deceased nobleman were to repair and find their "fittings.")

"Princess Buckingham sent," to resume Walpole's narrative, "to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the Duke's body. Old Sarah, as mad and as proud as herself, sent her word that 'it had carried my Lord Marlborough, and should never be profaned by any other corpse.' The Buckingham returned, that 'she had spoken to the undertaker, and he had engaged to make a finer for twenty pounds.'"

It might have been hoped that *our* world was becoming wiser; and that the simple and touching mortuary dispositions of the last deceased Queen of England might not have been without avail as an example. "I die," said the will of that sovereign lady, "in all humility,"—and the one state request left by herself, in regard to *her* funeral, was, that, being the widow of our Sailor-King, she should be borne to her grave by man-of-war's men. Surely a simple loving nature spoke in this provision, which sets such a direction above and apart from those in which the coffin lined with amber and white satin cuts a figure for a paragraph, or for which mourners are directed by advertisement where to apply for "fittings," and cards to enter the Black Chamber.

Let us go back for a homelier illustration. I was born into a world, in a quiet corner of England, where usages little less preposterous universally obtained, and a certain festival was held over Death, even among those who embraced Dissent under presence of a rigour which has no longer any existence anywhere in this country; among persons who considered Music and Painting as the devices of the Evil One; and who took up their parable against colour in nature. I remember a preacher whose mind was made uneasy by the sight of a field of red clover, and another who assumed it sinful to wear any garments that had been dyed.—But even these narrow and sincere fanatics permitted the junketing of savoury meats and strong drinks in the House of Mourning on the day of interment. I am free to tell (the time is so far away, and the departure of every one whom the tale could wound is so complete) of a woman, admirable in acting up to her conscience—the brave head of a large and attached family—who laid herself down to die at an advanced age; having made every just and conceivable provision for the comfort of every one that was to follow her. She had a few minutes to spare ere the extreme moment came; and those she turned to account

by ordering the dinner which was to be given at her own house on the day of her own funeral. "And see," she said, "that the knives are sharp—for when my husband died, and Cousin *Somebody* sat at the bottom of the table, the goose was mangled, and nobody got a proper helping."

The fancy for "funeral baked meats," however, has been exploded in this country, save, perhaps, in the wake of the poorer Irish. Why then cling to the barbarisms of making the bed of Death a show? Why this ghastly funereal magnificence, so terrible to real grief, as distinguished from gaping curiosity? No one that has ever taken part or place in any spectacle of the kind, can have failed, be he kinsman, or friend, or stranger, to have been repulsively struck with the incongruities it must present.—I was in Victor Hugo's cathedral, Notre-Dame de Paris, to see there the lying in state of M. de Quélen, the predecessor of that archbishop who, on his Christian mission to make peace, was shot down on the Barricades of 1848. Nothing could be well more impressive than the appearance of the cathedral, hung as it was with black, dimly lighted, and up one of the side-aisles of which the spectators crept in silence,—their approach being regulated by those police restrictions, which, as regards the management of crowds, our neighbours understand so well. Droning psalms, accompanied by the nasal serpent, enhanced the gloom of the scene. But the suppressed talk of the men (perfectly audible to the women) with which they beguiled the step by step pilgrimage, was of a cynical uncleanness, that made the cheek redden with shame.—And when we got to the chapel, where the dignitary laid in his splendour, with the face uncovered,—and where each was allowed two minutes of genuflexion at the rails of the illuminated chapel, to gaze on the sight, and (by courtesy) to say a Pater or Ave for the parted soul:—"Stop, Anatole," said my neighbour to his companion, with an oath which shall not pollute this paragraph, "only look! They have painted the old cove's cheeks, and his lips too!"—The other swore they had done no such thing; and by disputing and betting on the fact, the two beguiled the slow exit from the holy place; made more solemn (one might have thought) by the presence of the cold clay of him who had been in some sort a king and a ruler there.

There is not one reader of the above desultory paragraphs, that has reached man's estate, and used his faculties of observation, who could not add to them similar recollections derived from history or similar experiences of his own, in which every feeling of what is just and becoming and affectionate to the dead, has revolted against shows which belong to feast and festival, to pleasure and triumph,—to the hours when the heart expands with success, and the open hand showers its gifts—but which are cruel, disproportionate, repulsive, barbarous, in short, as belonging to the awful moment of severance between this life and that which is to come.—How



long will it be ere *lie-ing* in state shall cease out of a Christian land, which professes itself to be a land of thought and enlightenment?

### MAUREEN LACEY.

#### IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

It was Hallow Eve in the island of Inisbofin, off the coast of Connemara, seven miles out in the Atlantic. There had been a ruddy sunset, and the sea round the tall grey crags was still heaving with wonderful colours. The blazing crimson, vivid purple, and tawny gold, that had burned on cloud, hill, and wave, were getting toned down to deeper, staidier hues. Maureen's long day's work in the open air was almost over, and she stood knee-deep in the heather, binding her bundle of broom with a rope of straw.

Round and round about her swept the sad barren island, very sad and very barren at such a season, and such an hour. High, bleak, wandering uplands, deep purple hollows, long brown flats of treacherous morass, dark melancholy pools studded with clumps of lonesome rushes: only here and there a soaring crag still rosy. Maureen raised her head and looked around, pausing a moment before swinging her fragrant burden on her shoulders. She was scarcely musing upon the beauty of the scene; she knew nothing about the artistic splendour of its desolation. More likely she was thinking of whether the frost was coming yet, and how long the potatoes would last, as she stood there making a picture herself in her short crimson petticoat, and nappikeen of chequered blue, knotted under her chin. She rested, not to enjoy anything, but to draw breath. She looked like a girl who had worked a good deal, and who meant to work more. Her steady mouth in its silence said this; so did her quick blue eye; so did every motion of her lithe active figure. Her face was round and comely, and there was beauty in the wreath of rich yellow hair that crowned her shapely head. A few years more of such hardships as Maureen had endured since her childhood, would take the softness from her cheeks and the lustre from her locks. Still, rack must be carried from rock to field, potatoes planted, turf cut and stacked. Rent must be paid, and meal bought when the potatoes failed. Maureen would have little time to think of her looks.

Maureen had a good walk before her, for she was now standing in what is called the West Quarter, and her home was at the North Beach. Swinging her burden on her shoulders, she set out at a brisk pace. There was not a sound in the air but the screaming of some seamew round a pool, or now and then a whirring noise of wings, as a sudden flight of moor-fowl rushed past overhead. Even the break of the sea on the shore was lost, except for that almost imperceptible sighing which is perpetual in the island of Bofin. Maureen took heed of nothing as she hastened on. Her thoughts were full of the potatoes.

Presently a more homely sound stole over the air. Some one was whistling on the path

behind Maureen. Hearing this, she quickened her steps, with a sudden heat in her face, and tightness of breath. But the following foot came surely on. Its pace was swifter than hers.

"Save ye, Maureen!" said a genial voice beside her. "Give us the bun'le. Yer fair broke in two halves with the weight of it."

This speaker was a stalwart young fisherman, with as much eagerness in his bronzed kindling face as there had been haste in his pursuing step. Maureen stopped short, and looked at him with a proud troubled directness in her eyes.

"What for should I give you my bun'le, Mike Tiernay?" she said, sternly. "You just carry yer own bun'les, and I'll carry mine. That's the safest that I can see betune us two."

She gave her burden a resolute jerk, and began plodding on more steadily than before. But Mike kept by her side.

"It's always the hard word with you, Maureen," he said, bitterly. "It's often a throuble to me wondherin' if I was to work for a hondhert years for wan smile, would you give me that same in the end?"

"Just as likely not," said Maureen, shortly. "If ye have so little to do with yer time begin and work for girls that has the world light on their shouldhers. There's plenty in Bofin 'll give you smiles for nothin' without waitin' for the hondhert years to be up. Maureen Lacey hasn't time for sich foolery!"

"Whisht, Maureen!" cried Mike. "You know well that I care as little for the smile that isn't on your face as the hungry man cares for the stone by the roadside. Ye know that the sight o' you's mate an' dhrink to me the longest day that iver I fasted, an' the smallest word you'd spake in the winther is sweeter to me than the larks' singin' in the spring. But if my corpse was waked to-night you'd thramp over my grave to-morrow, an' think more o' the daisies ye hurt with yer foot, than of me lyin' below."

"Yer not dead," said Maureen, sullenly, "nor dyin' neither, nor likely. But if ye were, an' yer grave lay in the road o' my work, I suppose I'd thramp over it all as wan as another. An' as for smilin', it's little good smiles 'd do betune you an' me. They wouldn't boil the pot for the dawny stepmother an' the weeshie wancens at home. I've given ye this answer many's the time afore, though wanst might have been enough, a body 'd think."

"Well, Maureen," said Mike, drawing himself up, "I'm not the mane wretch to keep botherin' a girl wanst she said in airnest 'Mike, I don't like you, there's others I could like better.' But that's what you niver said to me yet, Maureen, an' in spite o' yer hard words there's a glint I've seen in yer eye, ay, faith! a weeshie glint, that keeps me warm the cra'lest day that iver I put in on yon waves. There's news I wanted to tell ye to-night, an' a bit of a question I wanted to ax ye. But when ye come slap on me with yer crass talk, it just chokes the courage down my throat."

"I'm glad it does," said Maureen. "I neither want to hear yer news, nor to answer yer ques-



tions. An' now we're comin' to the village. Here's my path, an' there's the road to the East Ind. Ye'd better let me go home my lone."

"Go your lone, then!" said Mike, fiercely, "an' I'll go mine. I'll be better off than you, anyways, that hasn't as much as the sore heart for company. Sorra bit! but such a thing was left out elane the day ye were made. Maureen!" he added, eagerly, as she turned away, his angry voice falling to a coaxing whisper, "there's to be a Hallow's Eve dance at Biddy Prendergast's to-night. Hurry the childer to bed, an' give yer mother her beads to count at the fire, an' come. Will you?"

Maureen had stopped short. "No, I won't," she said, in a low voice.

"Feth ye will now, avourneen!"

"Feth I won't!" persisted the girl, doggedly, with her eyes on the ground.

"An' ye plase, then," cried Mike, with another burst of passion. "There'll be plenty of likely girls at Biddy's—Peggy Moran for wan, the best dancer in the island. Bad seran to the bit of my ould brogues that I won't dance aff my feet to The Little House undher the Hill with her. No, but ye'll come, Maureen. I'll take my oath that I'll see you comin' walkin' in like a May mornin' afore I'm up on the floor a crack with Peggy."

Maureen gave her bundle one final jerk, and Mike one final glance, as she turned away.

"An' if you do," she said, "I'll give ye lave in full to take as lies every word I've said to-night, an' every could word that iver I said since you begun to spake to me this ways. A pleasant dance to you, then, with Peggy Moran. Good evenin'!"

She turned off abruptly, and struck out on her homeward path. Mike gave one passionate look after her, and then marched away in the other direction, whistling The Little House under the Hill with all his might.

The defiant echoes shrilled about Maureen's ears as she hastened on. She was near her home now. The rough shingle of the North Beach opened grey and wide before her. Here and there a tall crag stood up like a ghoul and wrapped the shadows about it. Inland, falls and hills had changed from brown to black. A purple darkness had settled over the track she had travelled. The sound of the tossing surf became more loudly audible at every step, and the "village," an irregular mustering of cabins, sent forth a grateful savour of turf smoke upon the raw lonely air. Lights twinkled here and there from windows, and the red glow of the fire shone under every open doorway. Before passing the first of these doors, Maureen stopped and wiped a hot tear or two from her cheek with her apron. Then she hurried on, lightening her step as she trod the rough causeway of the "village," threading her way amongst her neighbours' houses, and hearing from many an angle as she passed the ruddy thresholds, "There's Maureen Lacey gettin' home, poor girl!"

At one of the furthest cabins facing the sea Maureen stopped, and stepped over the door-

step into the firelit shelter. Her eyes, accustomed to the red smoky atmosphere, saw her stepmother sitting at the hearth-stone with a child upon her knee, and some four or five other little ones grouped about the embers at their play. These Maureen had expected to see, but her eyes went straight from them to two other figures, less familiar. Two visitors, a man and a woman, were seated properly on chairs, visitor-like, at a respectful distance from the fire. On these, for the sin of their presence, Maureen's glance passed severe judgment.

"Save ye, Con Lavelle!" she said, slowly, as she closed the door behind her, "Save ye, Nan!"

And then, without heeding their response, she went to the furthest corner of the cabin, and threw her bundle of heather from her back upon a heap of turf. Straightening her bent figure with a sigh of relief, she untied the blue kerchief from her head, and knotted it loosely round her neck. She passed her hand over her hair, damp with the dew, and smoothed back a straggling lock or two. Then, with her arms full of turf, she came silently over to the hearth, and began to "make down" a good roaring fire to boil the potatoes for the supper. The visitors drew back to give her more room, and the stepmother whispered, as she bent forward to the blaze,

"Who was walkin' on the bog with you, Maureen?"

A flash leaped out of the girl's eyes. She went on with her task in silence for about a minute, and then she said, in a steady voice, loud enough for the others to hear:

"If ye hard there was any wan, mother, ye hard who it was, and so I needn't tell you what you knowed afore."

"What was he sayin' to you, asthore?"

"It's no matter to anybody what he was sayin'. He's plottin' no murther, that his words should be kep' an' counted."

"An' what did you say to him, avourneen?"

"Nothin' that went again my promise to you, mother. An' now that you've sifted and sarched me afore strangers, we'll talk about somethin' else, an' ye plase!"

So saying, Maureen rose to her feet with a brusqueness of manner that cut the dialogue short. The visitors, uneasily silent while it had lasted, now shuffled in their seats with relief. Con cleared his throat, and Nan clattered her chair closer to the hearth. Maureen drew a stool from the corner and sat down, leaning her back wearily against the ingle wall. Nan Lavelle, a good-humoured looking, rugged-faced young woman, in a bran-new green Coburg gown, was the first to speak.

"We come, Con an' me," said Nan, "to see if you'd go with us to the dance at Biddy Prendergast's. There's to be two pipers, no less, wan Tady Kelly, from Mayo side, forbye our own Pauden; an' the two's to be at it hard an' fast for which has the best music. They say that this Tady has great waltzes an' gran' fashions, but Pauden's the best warrant for the jig-tunes after. An' there's to be tay



up in Biddy's new room, an' duckin' for apples, an' jumpin' at candles. Sorra sich a turn-out ever you seen! You'll come, Maureen?"

At the beginning of this address, Maureen had changed colour quickly, and, seizing the tongs, had commenced a fresh attack on the fire. Now she answered readily:

"I thank you, Nan," she said, "for comin' so far out o' yer way for me; an' I'm obliged to yer brother, too. But I think I'll not stir out again to-night."

"Och now, Maureen, yer not in airnest; yer not goin' to spen' yer Hallow's Eve at the fire-side yer lone. Sorra wan o' you!"

"I'm goin' to my bed, by-an'-by," said Maureen. "I'm thinkin' it's the fittest place for me that's been workin' hard since four this mornin'."

"Ay, Maureen, you work too hard," said Con Lavelle, speaking for the first time, shading his eyes with a brawny hand, while he shot a glance of tenderness at her from under his massive rough-hewn brows.

Maureen flushed again as she felt the glance. "That's for my own judgment," she said, impatiently. "I'm young an' strong, an' if ever I'm to work it's now for sure; an' I thank you, Con!"

"But you'll come to the dance?" said Nan, coaxingly.

"No, Nan; I'll go to my bed."

"Well, if ever I seen or hard of such a girl!" said the sickly stepmother, fretfully. "Heavens above! when I was yer age there wasn't a dance in the island that I wouldn't be at. Come, none o' yer laziness, Maureen! Bed, indeed! I tell ye there's nothin' on airth for restin' young bones afther a hard day's work like a good dance. Up with you, girl, an' put on yer shoes, an' take the cloak."

"Mother!" said Maureen, looking up in amazement, "don't bid me for to go to-night. You don't know what yer doin'."

"But I do bid you for to go, an' if you gain-say me now, it'll be the first time in yer life. As for not knowin' what I'm doin', it's a quare speech, Maureen, an' wan I didn't expect from you. Be off with ye, now!"

"An' I'm to go, mother?"

"You're to go, an' be quick!"

"Then let it stan' so," said Maureen, rising up suddenly, and looking down at her stepmother with a queer expression on her face. "I'm doin' yer biddin', an' come good or come ill of it, ye must bear the burthen. I'll go."

Down to the room went Maureen, with a lighted candle in her hand, which she stuck in a sconce on the wall.

"I have sthrived an' I have wrought," muttered she, as with trembling hands she began to put on her grey worsted stockings, and the shoes that on Sundays and state occasions only, covered her nimble feet. "I have toiled for her, an' she niver would give me my will as much as to the sayin' of I'll go, or I'll stay. Now I'm doin' her biddin', as I still have done it, an' if

ill comes out of it, let her look to 't. I've hardened myself, an' I've hardened myself, but I'm not as hard as the rock yet. An' if I go at all, *feth* I'll go dacent, an' not be danced undher foot by the grandeur of Peggy Moran, with her genteel airs, an' her hoops, an' her five muzzlin flounces, stickin' out all round her, starched as stiff as the grass in a white frast. Oh!—"

Here Maureen gave one desperate gasp of impatience to the thought of Peggy Moran, and struck her heel on the ground to drive it home in the unaccustomed shoe. Who should keep her from going to Biddy Prendergast's dance now? Not all the men in Bofin, armed to the death with shillelaghs.

She opened an old painted chest in the corner, and produced a gown. This gown had belonged to her own dead mother, and was the one piece of finery which Maureen possessed in the world. It was a grand chintz, with blue and gold-colour flowers on a chocolate ground, and fitted her figure to a nicety. This was quickly assumed, and her long amber hair rolled round her head in as smooth a wreath as its natural waviness would permit of. When this was done, a little cracked looking-glass over the hearth declared her toilet complete. Then she came back to the kitchen, and while Con Lavelle's admiring eyes devoured her from a shadowy corner, she served out their supper of potatoes to the children, and placed "the grain of tay" in a little brown teapot, burnt black, on the hearth within reach of her stepmother's hand. These things done, she put the key of the house in her pocket, and taking "the cloak," a family garment, she followed her friends out of the cabin into a calm moonlit night, which had replaced the gloomy twilight.

Biddy Prendergast's house was in the Middle Quarter village, a good walk from the Widow Lacey's. When Maureen and the Lavelles arrived at the festive scene, operations had already commenced. Screams of laughter greeted their entrance, from a crowd of boys and girls who were ducking for apples in a tub of water behind the door. The kitchen was lighted by a huge turf fire that roared up the reeking chimney. In the smoky rafters hens dozed, and nets dangled. Fitches of bacon and bunches of dried fish swung in the draught when the door was opened. Biddy Prendergast was a well-to-do woman, one of the island aristocrats. In the ingle nook two or three *culliaghs*, anglicè crones, were toasting their knees and holding their chat, while the light leaped over their worn red petticoats and withered faces and hands. In a retired corner was Pauden, the island piper, wrinkled and white-haired, sitting with his knowing eyes half closed, droning and tuning at his pipes, holding commune with them, as it were, rallying and inspiring all their energies for the coming struggle with the rival pipes and piper, who had come to dispute the palm for skilful harmonies with the Bofin instrument and the Bofin musician. Tady, the other performer, was "down in the room" at his tea. And "down to the room" went our party from the North Beach.



In this room a notable assemblage was convened. A long board, contrived by means of several small tables, was spread with tea, soda cakes, "crackers," and potato cakes, several pounds of butter in a large roll being placed in the centre on a dish. A bed, with blue chequer curtains and patchwork counterpane, choked up one corner of the room, leaving no space for chairs. This difficulty was comfortably ignored by the guests sitting on the bed, and nursing their cups and platters on their knees. Those opposite were less fortunate, as the heels of their chairs were nearly treading on the hearth. All the élite of Bofin were here. There was Timothy Joyce, the national schoolmaster, about whose learning there were dark reports. It was whispered that he had a crack right across the top of his skull, occasioned by too reckless a prosecution of abstruse studies in his youth, and that this was why he wore his hair so long, and brushed so smooth and close above his forehead. There was Martin Leahy, the boat-maker, the ring of whose cheerful hammer on the beach, late and early, helped the larks and the striking oars in the harbour to make music all through the summer months. There was Mick Coyne Mack, the last name signifying "son," an Irish way of saying "junior." He was clerk in the chapel, a spare grizzled man, a great hand at praying and discoursing, a famous *votée* (devotee), and almost as good at an argument as the schoolmaster himself. Then there was Tady, the strange piper, who having penetrated as far as Dublin and Belfast in the course of his scientific researches, and picked up odd polkas and operatic airs from hurdy-gurdys and German bands, was looked upon with much awe, as a superior professor of music. There was a young man, a cousin of an islander, who had just returned from America, with genteel clothes, a fine nasal twang in his speech, and plenty of anecdote about foreign lands. And though last, not least, there was the captain of a trading sail ship, that, on her way from Spain to Liverpool, had been driven out of her course and taken refuge in Bofin harbour.

Biddy Prendergast, a plain-faced woman in a grand dress cap and plaid gown, was making tea at the head of her board, in high spirits. She was talking volubly, joking and laughing at Mike Tiernay, who with a huge black kettle in hand was replenishing her earthen teapot. Every now and again she winked at Peggy Moran, who sat close by, with her back to the fire, in all the glory of the five muslin flounces, a knot of red ribbons blazing under her chin, and her great black eyes dancing responsive to Biddy's winks, or falling demurely on her teacup when handsome Mike looked her way. Not a doubt but Mike was the best-looking man in the house, tall, and manly, and bronzed; with his coaxing voice, and his roguish smile, and his frank way of tossing the dark curls from his forehead by a fling of his head. Peggy, the belle, had long desired to count him on the list of her admirers. Peggy had three cows and two feather-beds to her dower;

the finest fortune in Bofin. Biddy, through pure good will to Mike, her favourite, was trying to make a match between him and the heiress. This unknown to the elder Morans, who would sooner have seen their daughter mistress of Con Lavelle's fine farm at Fawamore. Biddy's hints and Peggy's handsome eyes had until to-night remained unheeded. Now there was a sudden change. Mike was remarkably civil to both of these ladies. He tucked Peggy's flounces carefully away from the fire, and helped her twice to crackers. Peggy dimpled and blushed, and Biddy laughed and winked, and Mike was in the act of pouring the water and the teapot, when the door was pushed open into Maureen and her friends came in.

A scream from Biddy greeted their entrance. "Bad manners to it for a kittle!" cried Mike, getting very red in the face. "Is the finger scalded aff o' you entirely? Sure if it is I'll put a ring on it for a plaster, an' if that doesn't mend it, sorra more can I do."

The finger was suitably bound and bemoaned, and Biddy pardoned the offender, forgot her pains like a heroine, and attended to her new guests.

"Come down, Con, come down, man, here's a sate by the fire. The night's cold. Good luck to ye, Nan, hang yer cloak on the door there, an' come down an' ate a bit o' somethin'. Yer welcome, Maureen Lacey! Make room, girls, an' let her come down. It's seldom we get you to come out. An' how's the rumatics with yer mother?"

Con Lavelle being an important man, the richest farmer in the island, was soon forced into a seat by the fire, and he and his sister had their wants quickly attended to. Maureen, who was looked on by the hostess as rather an inter-loper, was not so eagerly noticed. Maureen felt this with a swelling heart. The next moment Mike had shouldered his way to her, had cleared a place for her on the bed, and taken his seat beside her, just at the corner, where he could draw back his head behind the looping of the curtain, and look at her proud downcast face as much as he pleased. Maureen, with a huge cup and saucer in her hands, trembled so, that she spilled the tea all over her grand chintz gown. Sitting there opposite to Peggy Moran's jealous eyes, with Mike leal and true beside her, Maureen struggled in the toils of the temptation to turn round and smile in his face, and ask him to hand her a piece of cake. She knew that Mike was thinking of her last words to him on the bog, knew it by his jubilant air, and the fire from his eyes that shone on her from behind the looping of the curtain. The temptation fought within her to let him have it his own way. In the whirling vision of a second she saw herself Mike's wife, mistress of a snug little shelter at the East End, making ready the hearth for Mike coming home from his fishing. No more drenching in the high spring tides, battling with storm and rain, carrying home the sea-rack on angry midnights. No more long days of labour



in the fields of strangers for the wretched earning of sixpence a day. No more lecturings from a fretful stepmother, but always these strong hands beside her, and always these tender eyes. O, for Mike she could gladly work with him could starve if need be. These things strove within Maureen as she sat spilling her tea over her grand chintz gown. But the old strain of duty, of pity for those depending on her, of fidelity to her promise to her stepmother, still kept its echo sounding in her ears, though but dimly and from afar off. The temptation shook her; but when the gust allayed itself, she regained her vantage ground, breathless, but sure of foot. The habit of restraint was strong within her. She did not turn and smile on Mike; neither did she ask him for a piece of cake.

Peggy Moran, sitting with her back to the fire, was beginning to get very red in the face. Biddy Prendergast's wit had fallen dead. There was no one to tuck Peggy's flounces away from the blaze, nor to hold the kettle gallantly for Biddy. Maureen sitting there, filling the moments for herself with the intense vitality of her own hard struggle, was looked upon by her two female neighbours as an unpardonable poacher on their promising preserves. But tea was over now, and the two pipers were sending forth rival squeaks and groans in the kitchen. Young feet were restless, and old feet too. The "room" was deserted, and the dancing began with spirit.

Maureen had made one gallant struggle, but it was hard to be proof against all the enchantments of this most trying night. When Mike, whom many glancing eyes coveted for a partner, eagerly pressed her for the first dance, her customary short reply was not ready; and she found herself up on the floor by his side before she had time to think about it. As for Mike, he was wild with spirits. He saw Maureen's conduct in the light in which she knew he would see it. He thought she had relented at last, and made up her mind to smile on him for the future. By-and-by Maureen caught the spirit of the dance; panting and smiling, she tripped it with the nimblest amongst them. Everything began to slip away but the intense delight of the moment. Blushing rosy red, her eyes sparkling, her hair shining and shaking out in little gleaming rings about her forehead, her face developed a radiant beauty that hardly seemed to belong to the grave Maureen. An overheard whisper from some one to another—"Lord! such a handsome slip as that girl of poor Lacey's is growin'," did not tend to sober this hour of elation. Who will not thrill at praise, especially if it comes at the moment when one is under the eye whose apple one fain would be? The flush of conscious youth, and health, and beauty, glowed on Maureen's cheek. All the sunny ardour of her Irish nature, so long kept under, the smouldering love, the keen relish for harmless pleasure, the laughter-loving enjoyment of wit and humour, burst forth from within her for this one glorious evening, and

flushed in her beautiful face, and made music in the beat of her brogues on the earthen floor.

Peggy Moran and the young man from America with whom she consoled herself, tried to get up one genteel round of the Copenhagen Waltz. This being finished, Pauden the piper asked Maureen, in compliment to her dancing, to tell him her favourite tune. Whereupon Maureen, with a sly laugh in her eyes, asked for The Little House under the Hill. This was Pauden's greatest tune, and at it he went with the will of a giant, his white hair shaking, his wrinkled cheeks bursting, and his one leg with its blue-ribbed stocking and brogue, hopping up and down under his pipes with might and enthusiasm. How he shrilled and shrieked it, how he groaned and wheezed it, and how all the company joined in at last and danced it! How it was stamped, and shuffled, how the deafening clatter of feet, and the "whoops!" and "hurroos!" rose up to Biddy Prendergast's smoky rafters and wakened the hens, and set them a clucking, and how Tady, the vanquished professor, sat sad in the corner and mused on the primitive state of uncivilisation in which these benighted Bofiners were plunged! There was only one other who did not join in the dance, and who stood with his long loose figure drawn up against the wall in a corner, his wistful eyes searching the crowd of bobbing heads for the occasional glimpse of one face. Con Lavelle was full of uneasiness. Only once had he smiled to-night, and that was when the Liverpool captain (who, ignorant of Irish jigs and their mysteries, had until now kept him company in his corner) had delivered his weighty opinion that Maureen Lacey was the best dancer, and the prettiest girl in the house. But the captain had caught the contagion at last and joined the crowd, and Con Lavelle was alone.

After this jig was over, the house being literally "too hot to hold" the dancers, they turned out in couples, some to go home, others only to cool themselves in the moonlight, and return. Of these latter were Mike Tiernay and Maureen Lacey. Under the shelter of Biddy's gable wall Mike got leave at last to "spake" all he had tried to say so often, and Maureen cut him short with no cross answers. He told his news, and he "axed" his question.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next night a yellow moon hung high over Bofin, gilding the spars of the Liverpool trader, rocking still in the harbour. The headlands lay like good-natured giants smiling in their dreams. An ocean of silver glimmered out of the obscurity of space and kissed their feet. Along the road to the North Beach a man was plodding with a parcel under his arm. There were few in the island who would walk abroad, alone, once the night had set in, for the spiritual population of Bofin is said to outnumber those who are counted in flesh and blood, and the night is the elfin day. Men and women shut themselves into their cabins at twilight and love not solitary walks. But Con Lavelle was one of the few.



It is customary to bring a friend for support upon the mission on which he was bent. Con had his reasons for going alone. His expedition was a forlorn one. Why should another behold his defeat?

Con Lavelle had loved Maureen Lacey long. Last night had shown him that if his chance were not speedily improved, it would very quickly become nothing. The Widow Lacey smiled on him, he knew, for she reckoned on Con's soft nature and Con's good farm to help her out of many of her difficulties. This was little, however, while Maureen was cold. Last night he had seen her melt and brighten, and though the change, he knew, had not been wrought by him, his heart had so ached at her unwonted beauty, that he could not, like a wise man, turn his face the other way and think of her no more. No, he would have his chance out. He would offer her his love, and if she would not have that, he would bribe her with his comfortable house, his goodly land, and help and protection for her family. If Maureen could not give him her love, he would grieve; but, if Maureen could be bought, he would buy her.

This was the state of Con's mind when he lifted the Laceys' latch. As ever, the place was lighted by the fire, and there was an air of hush and tidiness within that betokened expectation of something unusual. The children were all in bed, the house was swept, the bits of tins and crockeries were all straight on the humble dresser, the few rude chairs were ranged with precision along by the walls. Maureen's stepmother was dozing in her little straw chair in the warmest corner. It was not in her veins that the fever burned which had caused this spell of prostration. Maureen stood on the hearth, in her work-a-day crimson petticoat and loose bodice of print, with the blaze playing over her pretty bare feet, not yet spoiled by exposure, and deepening the heated spots on her cheeks, and gilding the wilful ripples of hair that would creep out and keep straying about her forehead. Twice Maureen had slipped "down to the room," and pressed her face to the one little pane of the window, and peered forth at the night without, where the yellow moonlight fell rich and flat on the rugged causeway, and the silver Atlantic shifted and glimmered between the grey stone walls of the neighbouring cabins. And the last time she had withdrawn her face with a gesture of impatient dismay. This was not the shape she wanted to see, this loose swinging figure coming along with its awkward shadow.

Con lifted the latch and came in. The noise awakened the widow, who hailed him with glad surprise. "What can bring him to-night again?" flashed through the minds of both the women, followed also by the same surmise, only the latter was with one a hope, with the other a fear. Maureen's "Save ye, Con!" was only a feeble echo of her stepmother's greeting, wrung from her by the absolute requirements of hospitality. Curiosity was quickly allayed, and

hope and fear confirmed. Advancing to the dresser with a sheepish air, the visitor set down a bottle of whisky, pipes, and tobacco. Thus his errand was at once declared. Con Lavelle had come "match-making."

The stepmother rubbed her wasted hands with delight. "You're welcome, Con, agra, machree!" she said. "Maureen, set out the table, an' fetch the glasses, an' fill the pipes."

Maureen did as she was bidden, uncorked the bottle, and handed the glass and kindled pipe to her mother, all with a set defiance on her face, which did not escape the timorous suitor.

"Ye'll be come on business, Con?" began the widow.

"Ay," said Con, blushing and fidgeting. "I come, Mrs. Lacey, to ask yer daughter for a wife. God sees I'll make her as good a husband as iver laid all he had in a girl's lap an' only axed for hersel' in return."

"It's thrue for you, Con dear," said the stepmother. "Oh, an' ye have her with my heart's best wish. Come down, Maureen, and give yer han' to yer husband."

Maureen had been standing, pale, over in the shadows, at the dresser. Now she moved down to the hearth. "Not my husband," she said, "an' niver my husband. In my heart I'm thankful to ye, Con Lavelle, for thinkin' kindly of a poor girl like me, but I cannot take yer offer."

"Good Lord, sich talk!" cried the widow, enraged. "Don't mind her, Con, ashore, it's only a way girls has, likin' to keep themsel's high, an' small blame to them! She'll be yours, niver fear, an' willin' an' plased on her weddin'-day."

"Mother," said Maureen, "where's the use of talkin' this ways? Yer not my God, nor my Maker, that ye have a right to han' over my soul an' body to this man, or that man again my will. An' you, Con Lavelle, yer a decent man, an' ye wouldn't be for takin' a girl to yer wife that had her heart set in wan that wasn't you. I'm a pledged wife, an' as good as a wife this minit in the eyes o' the Almighty above; an' thrue an' fast I'll stan' to my word, so help me Christ, my Saviour!"

Slowly, and with a stern reverence in her tone, Maureen uttered these last words, her eyes on the ground and her hands squeezed together. Con hung his head and hoped no more, and the stepmother rocked herself to and fro in her feebleness, and raged with disappointment.

"You bould hizzy," she cried. "Oh, you bould shameless hizzy, that's been decavin' me all this time! Goin' jiggin' to yer dances an' makin' yer matches, an' throwin' dust in the eyes o' the poor sickly mother at home. Oh, you bad onnatural daughter!"

"Aisy, aisy, Mrs. Lacey," put in soft-hearted Con. "Throth I'll not listen to that from ye. If Maureen cannot like me, I'll tell the thruth o' her. She's the good hard-workin' daughter to you, whatever!"

"Hould yer tongue!" shrieked the passionate



woman. "What do you know about it? Throth ye take yer answer kindly. It's always the likes o' a soft fool like you that gets tumbled in the mud while the world's goin' roun'. Oh, wirra, wirra, that iver I should rear sich a daughter!"

Maureen stepped up to Con and put out her hand. "I thank ye," she said, eagerly, "for puttin' in that kind word for me. I have tried to do her biddin', an' God sees it's her own fault that it's come to this so soon. I'm rale grateful to ye, Con, an' if I could make two women o' mysel', wan o' me should be yer wife. Bein' only wan, I must go afther my heart."

Big tears swelled up in Con's eyes as he shook her hand and let it drop. "It's thrue for you, Maureen," was all he said.

"Oh!" cried the stepmother, fiercely—"oh! if I could just get my tongue about that limb o' the devil Mike Tiernay—"

"God save all here!" said a hearty voice, as the latch was lifted, and Mike himself stood amongst them. Maureen, blushing, fell back into the shadows and left the battle to him.

"Lend us yer arm, Con," cried the stepmother, trying to stand. "Begone!" she shrieked, shaking her puny fist at Mike, "begone from my house, you thief, you beggar!"

"Throth, yer not well, Mrs. Lacey dear," said Mike, "yer not well at all. An' it's Con's fault here for givin' you too throng a taste o' this fine whisky o' his, an' you so wake about the head. Sit down now, Mrs. Lacey, ashore, an' rest yersel' a bit," he went on coaxingly, slipping her hand from Con's arm, settling her in her chair, and drawing a seat confidentially beside her. "An' feth ye may make yer mind aisy about thieves an' beggars, for there isn't a sowl of sich a crew in the house at all: sorra wan; nor out bye neither, for the moon's as bright as daylight, an' I couldn't miss but see them if they were there."

All this was poured forth in Mike's own rolling, coaxing, devil-may-care tone, completely drowning any attempt of the widow's to finish her interrupted volley of abuse. She sat grasping the sides of her chair in silence, and mentally scratching his face.

"Oh, the impudence of ye!" she hissed between her teeth, at last, "to think to come round me with yer blarney. I know yer errand—"

"You do, Mrs. Lacey?" said Mike, "you know that Maureen—" here his eyes deepened and flashed, and a ruddy smile overspread his brave face as he glanced at a shadowy corner opposite, "that Maureen has promised me her own sel' for a wife gin this day year when I come home from my voyage? Ye've hard of the s thrange vessel that's been lyin' below all week. Well, the captain is a dacent man, an' he's offered to take me with him in his ship, an' promised to put me in a way of arnin' in a year as much money as 'll do all I'll want it to do. On this day twel'month I'll come back a well-to-do man, plase God, an' I'll buy the best

holdin' in Bofin, save an' exceptin' Con Lavelle's here. Maureen has give me her word to wait for me. An' that's my errand, to tell ye all this that's arranged betune us."

This information of Mike's threw a light on the widow's perplexity, and the storminess of her wrath became somewhat calmed.

"Ye'll niver come back," she said, with a sneer, "wanst yer off out o' Bofin with yer blarneyin' tongue an' yer rovin' ways, sorra fut will ye iver set in it again."

"Don't say that, Mrs. Lacey," said Mike, gravely. "You mustn't say that, an' me ready to swear the conthrairy."

"Ay," she sneered again; "the likes o' ye'll swear to anything; but who'll heed ye? I say it would be betther for Maureen to take up at wanst with a dacent man like Con Lavelle there, sitting peaceable at home on his farm, than to be waitin' for years till a rover like you takes the notion to turn up again from the other ind o' the world. Which ye niver will."

"Well, Mrs. Lacey," said Mike, drawing himself up, and speaking solemnly, "I'll give Maureen her lave, full and free, to marry Con Lavelle come this day year, if I be not here to claim her first mysel'."

"Ay," said Maureen, looking suddenly out from the shadows; "an' I'll give my word full an' free to marry Con Lavelle come this day year, if Mike be not here to claim me first."

"Ye'll swear that?" said the stepmother.

"Ay, we'll swear it both if you like," said Mike, smiling proudly down on Maureen.

"He's ready enough to han' you over, Maureen," said the widow, with another of her sneers. "Ye'll be 'feared to do the same by him, I'm thinkin'."

Maureen made no reply, but, slipping her hand out of Mike's, went over to the dresser and reached up for something, to a little cracked cup on the shelf.

"Here's two rings," she said, coming back to the hearth, "wan I got on the last fair day, an' the other I got last night in Biddy Prendergast's cake. There's for you, Con, an' there's for you, Mike. Wan o' you men 'll put wan o' them rings on my finger come this day year; Con, if I'm left for him, Mike, if he's home in time. This I swear, mother, in spite o' yer tants, an' by the Blessed Vargin I'll keep my oath!"

A silence fell on the group. The blaze of the fire dropped down, and a shadow covered the hearth. A momentary cloud passed over Mike's proud face in the flush of its rash happy confidence. Was it a whispered reminder of the perils that beset the sailor abroad on the seas—of storms, of great calms, of ships drifted out of their tracks? But Mike was not one to fret his mind about shadows.

"Ye'll dhrink to that, all round?" said Con Lavelle, presently.

"Ay, we'll dhrink to 't," said Mike, gaily; and Maureen mending the fire, a jovial glow lit up the house once more.

Con Lavelle had become a different man within the last few minutes. His dejected face



was kindled, and his brawny hand shook as he poured the whisky into the glasses.

"Here's to Maureen's happy weddin' on this day year!" he said, knocking the glass against his teeth as he raised the spirit to his lips. "Amen, amen," went round in reply, and matters being thus concluded, the two men presently took their leave, and quitted the cabin together.

"Look ye here, Mike Tiernay," said Con Lavelle, stopping short, as the two walked along in the moonlight, "I'll give you wan warnin' afore I part ye. I have loved Maureen Lacey since iver she was able to toddle. Seein' she liked ye the best, I would not have made nor meddled betune ye. But with yer own, an' her own free will, she took an' oath to-night, afore my face, an' *mind* I'll make her stick to her bargain. Look to 't well, an' come home for yer wife in time, for sorra day, nor hour, nor minit o' grace will I give you, if so it falls out that ye fail her!"

Mike Tiernay drew up his towering figure, and looked contemptuously into the feverish face of his rival.

"When yer axed for day, or hour, or minit o' grace, Con Lavelle," he said, "then come an' give me yer warnin's. Ye may wish me what evil ye please, but the Almighty himsel' will blow the blast that 'll bring me o'er the seas to make ruin o' yer evil hopes. I'm lavin' my wife in His hands, an' heed me, man, ye shall niver touch her!"

Shame fell on Con for a moment, and his better nature was touched.

"I do not wish ye evil, Mike Tiernay," he said, sulkily, "but only to have my chance."

#### CHAPTER III.

MAUREEN's year of trial began in peace. Her stepmother's tongue was less harsh than usual, and Con Lavelle had left her untroubled. There was a light in her eye as she faced the blast of a morning, and a pride in her step as she moved through the house, that bade defiance to all external powers to make her less happy and blest than she was. She repaid her mother's forbearance with extra care and exertion. Hard work was play to her now. Christmas season was Midsummer-time. Whistling winds were but music to dance to, and pelting rains like the light May dew. All the frost of her nature was thawed. She laughed with the children at supper-time, and told them stories when her work was done. Her eyes were brighter, and her lips more softly curled. Her words to all were less scant than they had been, and the tone of her voice sweeter. Her days went quickly past, because every task that she wrought, and every hour that she filled, brought her nearer to next Hallow Eve. Her trust in Mike was as whole as her trust in God.

So the winter passed, and the months of early spring, and then this happy phase of her life wore, bit by bit, away. The widow began to sigh, and cast up her eyes when Mike was mentioned, and Con Lavelle to come dropping

in in the lengthening evenings to smoke his pipe, and to question Mrs. Lacey concerning her "rumatics." Maureen pretended to take no notice, only went to bed earlier of nights to be out of the way, gave shorter answers when spoken to, and began to creep gradually back again into her old reserved self. This went on for a time, and then the stepmother began to speak openly of Mike as a deserter, sneering at Maureen for putting her faith in him, or congratulating her on having won a thrifty man like Con Lavelle. Still Maureen endured, going steadily on with her work, never seeming to hear what was said, nor to see what was meant.

Presently Con Lavelle began to change his demeanour; growing regular and systematic in his attentions; sending boys to cut her turf and carry her rack, and do odd rough jobs for her by stealth. Her stern rejection of these real services made very little difference to Con, who went steadily on laying siege to her gratitude in a number of subtle ways. The stepmother grew more sickly; and how could Maureen, who had little to give her, turn Nan Lavelle from the door, when she came smiling in of an evening with a nice fat chicken under her cloak, or a morsel of mutton for broth? Or how could she throw in the fire the gay new nappieken bought on the last fair day, which the widow wore tied on her head, and which Con had not dared to present to Maureen? Con was not bold, but sly. He did nothing that Maureen could resent, but he kept her in constant remembrance of her promise. Often, as he smoked his pipe at his farm-house door at sunset, he would slip out a little brass ring from his pocket, twirl it on the top of his own huge finger, and smile at the vacant Atlantic, lying sailless and sunny before him. Why should Mike Tiernay return?

So the year went on, and October came round again. There was much speculation in the island as to how it would go with Maureen Lacey. Some vowed that Mike would be true to his time, and others that Maureen ought to bless her stars that would leave her to Con Lavelle. Of Maureen herself the gossips could make little. "He'll come," was all she would say in answer to hints and inquiries. As the end of the month drew near, public excitement ran high. Men made bets, and kind-hearted women said prayers for Maureen. Con Lavelle went about his farm with feverish eyes and a restless foot, whilst in-doors Nan already made rare preparations. At the North Beach the stepmother chattered incessantly about the wedding, and her pride that a daughter of hers should be mistress of Fawnmore Farm. As the days narrowed in about her, Maureen struggled hard to go and come like one who was deaf and blind. She made ready her humble trousseau, knitting her new grey stockings, and stitching her new blue cloak, bending her sharpened face over her work, contradicting no one, and questioning no one. Neighbours who chanced to meet the flash of her eye went away crossing themselves. People began to feel afraid of Maureen Lacey.



At last Hallow Eve arrived. Biddy Prendergast gave another of her dances, and Peggy Moran figured at it as the bride of the young man from America, on whom she had bestowed herself, her three cows, and her two featherbeds. But Con Lavelle and his sister Nan were busy at home, making ready for that wedding of the morrow which was the subject of eager discussion at Biddy's tea-table to-night. The wedding feast was to be spread at Fawnmore, and many guests had been invited.

It was a rough wild night. If the Bofners were less hardy a race, or if the storm had commenced in its violence an hour or two earlier, Biddy Prendergast must have had few guests at her dance that Hallow Eve. About eight o'clock Nan Lavelle was bending over her pot-oven inspecting the browning of her cakes, and Con was nailing up a fine new curtain on the kitchen window to make the place look more snug than usual. The wind bellowed down the chimney, and its thunders overhead drowned the noise of the hammer and the sound of some one knocking for admittance outside. Suddenly the door was pushed open, and Maureen Lacey came whirling breathless over the threshold, with the storm driving in like a troop of fiends let loose after her heels. Her face was white and streamed with rain; her dripping hair and the soaked hood of her cloak were dragged back from her head upon her shoulders. She tried to close the door behind her, but could not, and the yelling wind kept pouring in, dashing everything about the kitchen as though the place were invaded by an army of devils.

"God save us!" cried Nan, dropping her knife, and rushing to shut the door.

"Maureen!" said Con, with a blaze of surprise on his face, coming eagerly to meet her, and attempting to draw the wet cloak from her shoulders. "If ye had any word to say to me, asthore, ye might have sent wan o' the childher airy an' let me know. I'd have walked twenty mile for yer biddin' forbye wan, an' the night was ten times worse than it is."

Maureen shook off his touch with a shudder, and retreated a step or two.

"I haven't much to say," she said hoarsely, "only this. What time o' day have ye settl'd for to-morra?"

"Ten o'clock," said Con, sullenly, his glow all extinguished, and his face dark.

"Ten!" echoed Maureen. "O, Con," she cried, clasping her hands, and raising her wild eyes to his face in a pitiful appeal, "O, Con, make it twelve!"

Con glanced at her and cast his eyes on the ground in dogged shame. "Let it be twelve, thin," he said. "I cannot stan' yer white face, though the same white face might harden a man, seein' what's to happen so soon. This much I'll grant ye, but ye needn't ax no more. I have stood my chance fair an' honest, an' I'll not let ye off with yer bargain."

Maureen's supplicating face, at this, was crossed by a change that made the bridegroom start.

"*You* let me off!" she said, scornfully. "If you, or any man or mortal had it in their power to let me off, I wouldn't be comin' prayin' to ye here to-night. But I swore an oath to my God, an' to Him I must answer for 't. An' that was the rash swearin' when death wasn't put in the bargain. For mind ye, Con Lavelle, there's nothin' on land or say, but death only, 'll bring me to yer side to-morra in yondher chapel. Whisht!" she said, as a long thundering gust roared over the roof, "there's death abroad to-night. Las' night I saw a ship comin' sailin', sailin', an' somebody wavin', wavin', an' a big wave rolled over the ship, an' thin there rose wan screech. I woke up, an' there was the storram keenin', keenin'——Nan Lavelle, will ye give me a mouthful o' could wather?"

She drank the draught eagerly, and then she gathered her wet cloak around her.

"Thank ye," she said. "I'll be goin' now. Good night to ye." Con wakened out of his black reverie and sprang to the door. "Maureen!" he cried, grasping her cloak to detain her. "Ye dar not go out yer lone in the rage o' yon wind. Stop a bit, an'——"

"Let me go!" said Maureen, fiercely, shaking him off. "You'd better let me go, for I will not answer for all my doin's this night."

Her hands were wrenching at the bar, and the door flew open as she spoke. Again the blast poured in with its frightful gambols. Con Lavelle and his sister fell back, and Maureen's white face vanished in the darkness. Nan Lavelle made fast the door again, and returned to her pot-oven with a weight upon her heart. Thoroughly matter of fact as was this young woman, it did not occur to her now for the first time that to-morrow's wedding would be an ill-omened event. There was an hour of silence between the brother and sister, and then Nan cried, aghast, as the crashing overhead arose to a horrible pitch:

"God keep us, Con! it's thrue what Maureen said. There'll be death abroad afore mornin'!"

"Ay!" muttered Con, as he stalked restlessly up and down with his hands in his pockets. "But it's thrue as well what she said forbye——*they did not put death in the bargain.* Dead or alive, if he beant here, 'fore Heaven I'll have my rights!"

The people of Bofin are accustomed to storms. The tempest is their lullaby, their alarm, their burly friend, or their treacherous enemy. It rocks the cradle when they are born, rings the knell when they die, and keeps over them in their graves. When there is no storm the world seems to come to a stand-still. Yet the oldest islander cannot recollect so awful a night as this eve of Maureen's wedding. Few will understand all that this means, for few could imagine the terrors of a Bofin hurricane; how the sad barren island is scourged by its devastating rage; how the shrill cries of drowning hundreds come ringing through its smothering clamour; how the tigerish Atlantic rushes hungrily over its cliffs, roaring "Wrecks! wrecks!" and goes hissing back again to do its deed of destruction.



A night like this brings spoils to the island shores, and many are abroad, looking right and left, by break of day. On this particular morning, at early dawn, two men were hurrying along the north-east headlands. The might of the storm had subsided, and the black night was blenching to a pallid grey. Streaks of purple and green rode over the seething ocean, tinting the foam of the tossing surges, whose blinding wreaths thickened the air like angry snow-drifts. Now rosy bars began blushing out from the eastward, glowing and spreading till they looked like the trail of fiery wings—the fiery wings of the Angel of Death, passing in again at the gates of heaven. Coming along in this splendid dawn, the two men saw a female figure hastening as if to meet them.

It was Maureen in her wedding-gown and her wedding-cloak, with a new azure kerchief tied over her pretty gold hair. Her face was turned to the sea, and the men saw only the rim of her thin white cheek as she passed them by without seeming to see them.

"Preserve us!" said one; "she's ready for her weddin' airly. Where is she boun' for at this hour do ye think?"

"God knows!" said the other. "I niver seen a sowl got so wild-like. If I was Con Lavelle I would wash my han' o' her."

"Sorra fears o' Con doin' any sich thing!" laughed the other. "But where ondherr heaven is she gettin' out to now? Mother o' marey! it's not goin' to dhrownd herself she is!"

The men were still on the headlands, but Maureen had descended to the beach. Ploughing her way through the wet slippery shingle, she had gained a line of low rocks, on which the surf was dashing, and she was now clambering on hands and knees to reach the top of the furthest and most difficult of the chain yet bared.

"Och, it's lookin' for Mike she is, poor girl!" said one of the men, "an' feth, she may save herself the throuble. The safest ship that iver he sailed in wouldn't carry him within miles o' Bofin last night. Whisht! what's yon black thing out far there agin the sky? Show us yer glass."

The other produced an old battered smuggler's telescope, and, turn about, they peered long and steadily out to sea.

"Oh, throth it's a wreck!" said the one.

"Ay, feth!" said the other.

"Well!" said the first, "God rest the poor sowsls that are gone to their reck'nin', but it's an ill win' that blows nobody good. There'll be many's the bit of a thing washin' in afore nightfall. Maureen!" he cried out, suddenly, raising his voice to a roar. "My God! I was feared she was mad. Maureen!"

A long unearthly cry was the answer, ringing through the dawn. Maureen had been crouching on her knees, dangerously bending to the foam, as if searching under the curve of each breaker as it crashed up and split its boiling

froth upon the rock. Now she rose up with her terrific cry, and, throwing her arms wildly over her head, leaped into the sea and disappeared.

Running swiftly down the headlands, the men gained the beach, and there they saw Maureen, not floating out to sea upon the waves, but standing battling with them, up to her waist in the seething foam, clinging with one hand to the rock beside her, and with the other tugging in desperation at something dark and heavy that rose and sank with the swelling and rebounding of the tide. Dashing into the water, the men were quickly at her side.

"It is Mike!" gasped Maureen, half blinded, half choking with the surf. "Bring him in!"

They loosened her fingers from that dark heavy something, and found that, indeed, it was the body of a man. They laid him on the beach, drew the hair from his face, and recognised their old comrade, Mike Tiernay. Maureen uttered no more wild cries. She took the cloak from her shoulders and spread it up to his chin. She put her hand into his bosom, found the ring she had given him attached round his neck by a string, and slipped it at once upon her finger. Then she sat down and laid his head upon her knee.

"Will you go," she said, calmly, to the men, "and tell Con Lavelle that Mike Tiernay has come home? Will ye tell him," she added, holding up her hand—"will ye tell him Maureen Lacey has a ring upon her finger?"

And this was all the wedding that Bofin saw that day.

But little further of Maureen Lacey is known to the writer of this history. The wreck of the ship in which Mike had been returning was one of those disasters whose details fill the daily newspapers in winter-time. Sewn in the poor fellow's jacket was found a note for a good little sum of money. The following year a fever visited the island, sweeping off, amongst others, Maureen's stepmother, and all her children but one. After this, Maureen sold all their worldly goods, and departed for America with her little brother in her arms.

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XLII. UNDER A LAMP.

"Who is going to the fancy ball, rout, whatever it is?" asked Romaine, again stooping to play. "I am, I know. I have arranged a tableau for myself—my own actors. Ring, Brett, like a good lad, for brandies and sodas. I wish there was a company to lay on soda in the streets like a main. I'd pay what rates they asked. I hear Fermor here is going with a lantern and cloak as Guy Fawkes, ha, ha! There we go again! Nothing like it. What dress is your fine friend going in, eh, Fermor? The Queen of Sheba, eh? I should like to tell *that* lady some home truths. For the world I would not breathe her name in a mixed company, of course; but Fermor understands perfectly."

Three of the men suddenly went out. Fermor, boiling furiously at the recollection of past injuries, thinking, too, of the rebellion at home, thought the moment was come. He had a thought, too, of some false chivalry, as he fancied himself the champion of Miss Manuel. He jumped from his place.

"I have put up with this too long," he said. "I won't bear it. You have laid yourself out the whole evening to insult me. I tell you, I won't bear it."

"Well, don't," said Romaine, getting his cue into position. "Just stand a little away, my friend, and continue your remarks at the other side of the table."

"I will not listen to your slanders, on a lady that is—it is infamous, unworthy! Before leaving this room, you must retract, sir. I tell you, you shall."

Romaine laughed loudly and good humouredly. "We have stirred you up," he said—"with a billiard cue. However, let us hear you out. Go on. Well?"

"I say, Fermor, Fermor," said Young Brett, anxiously, "what are you at?"

"He *must* retract," said Fermor, excitedly. "I'll have none of his insolent speeches at me! I shan't be made the butt of his smart words. You heard him. Every one here heard him. I have long been wanting the opportunity."

"Nonsense," said Young Brett. "Don't you see it is all a joke?"

"Don't interfere with me, Mr. Brett," said Fermor, turning on him. "This Romaine understands me perfectly; it is a long account. He has other things to reckon with me for. *He* knows it."

"Well," said Romaine, suddenly becoming grave, and resting on his billiard cue. "Well, here I am now, and here is the opportunity. Shut the door, Brett, like a good boy. Now, let us hear all about it. I am now before you, Mr. Fermor, or *Captain* Fermor. I only give you a caution in the friendliest spirit imaginable; don't try anything of *this* sort," he said, doubling his fingers. "I never boast; but I give you my word of honour, I broke a man's skull in a fall, who *did* try it. I didn't intend it. Now, what is it you want?"

Fermor glared at him. "Not boast," he said. "I am no match for you at *that*, I know," he said. "But—"

"No, you are not," said the other, "nor at anything else. Do you want pistols, and police on the ground, and all London laughing at us? A cheap way of getting a reputation for bravery. Are you for a theatrical duel, with the principals arrested and bound over? A public challenge in the public room of a club! Not a soul to know of it! I admire you—upon my soul I do. Now, what else do you want, Mr. Fermor?"

More "men" were dropping in now, brought by that curious instinct which leads men to the scene of a commotion. There was a sort of a little audience. Romaine's eye rested on him, and Romaine's hand rested on the cue.

Fermor did not feel easy under that eye. He tried a poor abortion of a sneer. "I have no knack," he said, "at those smart words. I am not a match for you at—"

Again Romaine laughed with noisy good humour. "Indeed you are not, Fermor. Neither at billiards, nor at the gloves, nor at the tongue."

"I thought you never boasted," struck in Fermor, bitterly.

"O, sometimes—a little," said the other. "We are all weak, you know. Now, my friend, while you are making up your mind as to what you are going to do, pray let me go on with my game. There! the old story. Pocket again. Ha, ha!"



Fermor almost ground his teeth with rage. But he had a curious shyness, which in presence of a crowd palsied his wits, if not his tongue. He could have readily found such rough stock words as "you are a ruffian, a coward," and the like. But, to do him justice, he shrank from such Billingsgate. The "men" looked on, wondering. If faces could stab, wound, beat, scourge, then was Romaine tied to a stake, and gashed and scourged thoroughly. But, as it was, he saw that he had the victory.

"What is it all about?" said the "men."

"We have been having an argument, Fermor and I," he said, "and I believe I have the best of it. Another good stroke."

At last the games ended, the night ended, the "men" dropped away. "Now to get our great-coat," said Romaine. "I have made a very good night's work of it, beaten everybody all round," and he looked at Fermor. He lit a cigar at the door. Fermor followed him close.

"Well," said an old member, "well, Fermor, you are about the most even-tempered man I ever came across. Hang me! but I would have slapped him in the face—I would." Fermor flew out after Romaine.

"You don't mean to tell me you are coming my way?" said Mr. Romaine. "Well, well."

"You shan't escape me now," said Fermor, walking hurriedly beside him. "You have no audience here. Once for all, you must account to me for your behaviour. I have you now."

"Beginning again?" said Romaine, buttoning up his coat, and puffing his cigar. "Hints, lessons, all thrown away, I see."

"It is unbearable," said Fermor, walking furiously. "You have no spirit. Any other man would have—You are a—"

"Hush, hush, nonsense," said Romaine. "I don't think you know the full force of what you are saying. As you say, there is no audience here, and you are getting courage. My good friend, it is well you did not bring out that ugly word that was on your lips. I tell you calmly and candidly, if you had—"

"Well?" said Fermor, trying a sneer.

"Well? I should have waited until we came to this lamp-post, seized you so, and, I fear, broken your spine." (In a second he had Fermor pinioned by both arms, with his spine to the "shoulder" of the lamp-post.) "If you doubt me, just as an experiment try and say it. Come!"

Under the lamplight came from Romaine's eyes such a sharp, wicked flash, and there was such an Indian savageness about his lips, that Fermor saw in a second that he was in earnest.

Luckless Fermor! it was the deepest humiliation. But there was a ferocity in the other's face that could not be trifled with. Already he saw his knee half bent, ready to be raised to lay upon his chest. As it was, he could hardly gasp. There might have been a temptation in the other's mind to use this tempting opportunity to rid himself of one who was in his way.

Writhing, groaning, frantic with helpless fury,

he thought he would have gone mad. He could not speak for mortification. The eyes of Romaine were a few inches from his own eyes, looking at him with malicious eagerness. The cigar of Romaine was close to his cheek. Some one passing by, stopped a moment and laughed. But some one else stopped suddenly under the lamp, started, and spoke:

"Fermor!" he said, "here, and in this way! What is this about?"

"Ah, Hanbury!" he said. "I am so glad. Come and look. Look at our friend. He has been a little pettish to-night—given me all manner of trouble."

This was, indeed, humiliation. Hanbury felt for him.

"Come, come," he said, "this is the public street. It is very boyish, I must say. Come, let him go. Do, now."

"It is the public street, my friend," said the other, gaily. "That is just the reason."

"You must. Here, I want to speak to you, Romaine. Look—suppose some of the club men were to pass? Nonsense. You have had enough amusement."

He was very strong—stronger than Romaine—and gently and good humouredly drew him off.

He let Fermor go. "It won't do after all, Fermor! You will have to pay a fellow as they do in Ireland, and get him to do the job. There's your hat. Don't try that again, I would advise you. It was too tempting. You have no idea what a little pressure of the knee will stave in the chest in that position. Now don't persist in seeing me home. In fact, my good Fermor, as a general rule, don't think of interfering with me."

Fermor was now free. All his fury burst out. He drew back, and was going to fly at Romaine, but the latter threw his cigar on the ground, and, raising his arm, said, in a tone there was no mistaking, "Take care, take care! Hanbury, I give you notice, I shall not put up with any tricks of this sort. Take care, now. I warn you."

Hanbury stepped between them. He saved Fermor. "Go home," he said, "Fermor; it is all a joke."

Romaine walked away very fast, and even singing, and left the unhappy Fermor glowering, almost moaning, with rage. But he was half tamed. "This man has a spell over me," he said, passionately. The moment Romaine was gone he felt a frantic impulse to rush after him, and again "bring him to account." He went home that night degraded to himself, and the men at the club were very jocular over the "devilish diverting way" that Romaine had handled him.

The spectacle had, however, troubled Young Brett, that excellent Samaritan, not a little. He understood what was in Fermor's mind, and he began to pity him. He was his old friend, and his old friend he had admired so. "He was no match," he thought, "for that rude rough man." So this honest boy was with Miss Manuel next day, telling her the whole. "I am sorry for him,



indeed I am," he said. "I wish I could help him. And indeed, Miss Manuel, you have a friend in him, for he was fighting *your* battle like a trump. Not, indeed, that any one was saying anything—that is——" And he stopped in some confusion.

Pauline smiled. "Do you think I mind? You may tell me the truth. They were abusing me, and he defended me. Well?"

"Defended you," said Young Brett, with enthusiasm, "it was regular championship. He would have fought Romaine for you. Really, he wanted to have him out at once. You ought to like him, I say, Miss Manuel."

After Young Brett was gone, Miss Manuel thought of this with softness. "It is something to have a friend," she said, "and if I had any influence with him for *hersake*, I might use it to bring him back to that child who hates me so." Later, she sat down and wrote, and directed a letter to Captain Fermor.

#### CHAPTER XLIII. NEWS FOR LADY LAURA.

THIS was now the day of Lady Laura's great festival. Everything had been hurried on, and everything was ready—under her captaincy. She had found money, time, stage properties, people, everything; for even in their own department Blanche and Laura junior were to all intents and purposes utterly helpless. She would have turned out the same in any department. Had she been suddenly appointed to the commissariat in the Crimea, she would have found a sudden instinct for the duties, and have performed them quite as well as the men of the regular service. She now showed that she knew about scenes and about painting, and with good sense directed the working hands whom she was obliged—alas! at great cost—to have in. She even trained Laura junior and Blanche, and taught them some happy and effective poses. She found time for all this, and it was not known that the charming Swiss shepherdess dress, in which Laura was to appear, had been privately put together by those old, and worn, and unfiring fingers, though it was popularly believed to be a triumph of Madame Adelaide's skill. She had been a little disturbed at Young Spendlesham's absence from the wedding breakfast; but she soon discovered that he had been called away suddenly to the country, but would be back that evening positively. For the moment she had been disquieted, but this news set everything straight.

On this last day she was everywhere—in working clothes, as it were. She overlooked the men putting up a canopy at the hall door, and others busy forming the balcony into a temporary chamber, which she knew would be valuable for the purposes for which she had lived. These were sad expenses; but they were of the last necessity, and she had got them put up far cheaper than any man or woman in town could have had them put up. Nor was she without hopes of profit for her outlay; for already she seemed to detect on the edge of the web she had

spun round Laura junior (Laura junior was incapable of forming a web for herself), a figure of fair proportions looking in curiously. That night might see him floundering helplessly in the net. Success brings success, just as eating brings on appetite.

To this day, too, many had been looking forward. But in the Fermor house it was to bring on a crisis. The unhappy man had come home—degraded it may be—but full of miserable pique and rage, that could not find the object it desired, but thirsted for a victim. He associated Mrs. Fermor with his treatment. "If I die for it," he said, "she shall not have this opportunity!" It was remarked by the ladies and gentlemen below, that the lord and lady of the house "did not speak" now. News of the family émeutes had penetrated to neighbouring areas. Mrs. Fermor—to whose injuries every day's neglect added—met his treatment with stern defiance, and was girding herself up for this last struggle.

Not, indeed, that she cared for that wretched show. She shrank from it, and from the unknown issues that rested on it. But her coral lips, a little thinner than they had been, were pressed together with the tightness of defiance. One soft word, and they had been relaxed; but she only saw corresponding defiance, and a sort of unconditional hostility.

It was a gloomy day, and seemed charged with presentiments. Later on, towards the evening, came the servant to know at what hour would the carriage be wanted. Mrs. Fermor was passing up-stairs, and she heard her lord, in the hall below, saying, in a loud sour voice, "It is not wanted to-night. Who said it was? What does the fellow come worrying here for? He will be sent to if required."

"He was told to call up, sir. Mrs. Fermor sent me."

"I tell you he is not wanted," said Fermor, furiously.

And the serving gentleman, at the evening tea, informed his friends below that up-stairs they would be "Hat it again afore night!"

Mrs. Fermor, on the stairs, heard this interdict of the carriage. "So he wants to drive me to extremities," she said. "Let him, then. Here, John!" she called out, "don't let the man go yet." And she stepped down excitedly—to battle.

She shut the study door. "What is this about the carriage?" she said, trying to speak calmly. "I shall want it to-night."

"Is it to go to this thing?" he answered her.

"No matter for what purpose," she answered.

"I am entitled to it. I am sure you don't intend to expose our affairs to the talk of the people below."

"Not for that. I told you before I don't choose you to go to this place. I am determined, I know, and I want no argument about it."

"That remains to be seen," she said, her foot beating the floor. "I am going. Fortunately, there are *other* carriages to be got."



"Mr. Romaine's, I suppose?" he said, with a sneer.

"Mr. Romaine is a gentleman, and a true friend to me," she answered, with trembling voice. "He would not expose me in this way."

"You had better go with him in a cab, I suppose," said he. "Don't talk to me about him. I don't want it. I have made up my mind, and I have told you so, and I give no reasons. There!"

"No wonder you don't like to talk of him," she went on, quite flaming with excitement; "you are brave to me, but I know you are in terror of him."

Fermor turned white. This allusion was but an accident, but it seemed as though she had heard about *that* night, and was taunting him. He started up, and pointed to the door. "After *this*," he said, almost choking, "leave me. *Now* we understand each other. Go away, I say. I shall end this in some way—and before long, too. It's all over now."

He did not know what he was saying or what he was doing. She was a little scared, because not understanding the real reason of his fury, and let the man go without a word about the carriage. But when she was alone, the original defiance returned, and, according to the old formula, emphasised with a little fierce stamp, "if she was to die for it" she would not yield.

It was now past six o'clock. Fermor was still raging in his study. He heard voices in the hall, and burst out: "What is this? What is this noise?" It was another "man" with a message from Madame Adelaide's. The grand dress would be home at eight, punctually; it might be depended on. There were some alterations; but a dozen hands were working on it simultaneously, like slaters on a roof. Fermor retreated into his study, trembling, but with a grim idea in his head.

At Lady Laura's house the moment was drawing on. By incredible exertion everything had been got ready, and the "men" happily out of the house. The last touches had been given, and we know by whom. Indeed, the first and middle, as well as the last touches, had all come from the same hand. Tired, fagged, but dressed in her finery (the first "down," too, for Laura junior and Blanche were always late), she was in the field, walking round her rooms, now clear, clean, fresh, and lighted. Here, in the drawing-room, was that pretty stage at one end, and the flowers, and the lights, and the chairs set in order, for a good view of the show; and here, below, was the supper set out, under the same superintendence, with a small corps of select and steady waiters, who were known to be equal to more work, at the same tariff, than their fellows. The women were waiting for their cloaks (she had even found a moment to write the "numbers" on old visiting cards)—in fact, all was ready. She went up again after this final survey, and stood at the fire alone in her rooms, trying to warm her weary foot upon the fender. As she looked down on

that weary foot, and then looked into the coals, perhaps she saw there, in the little fiery crags and gullies, scraps of that weary panorama she called her life, the course that she had worked out with weariness and buffeting. Perhaps, too, she was longing that, just as the little fiery graters and precipices crumbled down upon one another, so her life, too, might end at last; and perhaps she was longing for some final repose—just as her worn and aching head was then longing for some physical repose upon a pillow. It was noted how in those days the people under her found her softer and less imperious and fretful.

The clock on the chimney-piece had struck. Every one had been enjoined to be there by nine, on account of the dramatic part—if not before. The company were about due now. Hark to the rolling of the carriages! Whatever she had been thinking of, whether sad or hopeful, she now withdrew the weary foot from the fender, and "recovered" herself. Who would come first? for there was the thunder of wheels at the gate, and the quick plunge of horses suddenly checked; and here was the smile of reception snatched hurriedly, as it were, from her pocket, and fitted on. Behind it was, perhaps, a real smile, for she was thinking of Blanche's or Laura junior's lovers.

As she took her post at the door (the arrived were undraping below, and receiving a scrap of visiting card as a token), the select waiter came up with a note on a salver. An apology, of course, which was welcome; for she always left a margin for such things, and room was sadly wanted. She thought she knew the hand. It was from Sir John Westende.

"I never asked *him*," she said, wondering. Then she read it with a strange stare; that mystified the waiter, who was standing by, salver in hand.

"Dear Lady Laura,—My duty to my ward, Lord Spendesham, has compelled me to take a course I much regret. For many reasons I could not approve of the alliance he was about making, but an affair that took place some years ago, and in which one of your family was concerned—an affair, too, which I only discovered by an accident—renders the thing, as you will admit, wholly out of the question. He is in full possession of all the details—quite takes the view that I take, and is now down at my house in the country. But, with a generosity which does him honour, he has proposed to let *you* take the business of breaking the affair off, on yourself. And if you think fit to adopt this course, you will write to him to-night a letter to that effect. It is a very painful and unfortunate business altogether, but you will see, with your usual good sense, that it was impossible it could go on. I am,

"Dear Lady Laura,

"Yours truly,

"JOHN WESTENDE."

Did she utter a sound beyond a sigh, or did



the "steady" waiter see pass across her face more than a short spasm? He was now chanting "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wandesforde! Miss Wandesforde." And those guests were defiling up the stairs, Mr. Wandesforde pulling hard at his gloves, Mrs. Wandesforde's wrists chinked with the sound of rattling bracelets as she received the hostess's warm welcome. Mr. Wandesforde's figure, in a sort of annular eclipse, and partially in shadow from clouds of tulle in front, bowed from a distance. *He* did not suspect what ghastliness was behind the smile that greeted them. Then the stream set in, and began to ascend steadily.

Now came Laura junior rustling down (Blanche was above, in the Swiss peasant's dress). The mother went through all the routine duties earnestly and with activity. She was in motion always—in the motion of speech when not in that of figure. She went through all the features of the part without omitting a single thing. She had a word for all. She carried on the thing "behind the scenes." She flew up to her daughter—poor Blanche, in the Swiss peasant's dress—and encouraged her kindly, and with sympathy, to do her part well. Those words fell strangely on Blanche's ear.

"Has he come, mamma?" she asked, settling the "bands" of the peasant dress. "Mind, he is to have a front row."

"By-and-by, love," said mamma. "I am afraid he will not be here till late—he has written to say so. But that makes no matter, you know. You are looking charming, dear, in that dress."

And Blanche, a good girl, perhaps, after seeing a patch of warm sunlight—a sunlight something like affection—on that worn broken landscape, put up her lips and kissed her. Talk of the Greek play-writers and their terrible element of fate and necessity, here was as fine a bit of tragedy as they could have thought of.

The show began, and the show went on. She never relaxed. Mr. Romaine had come to the front, anxious to consult her about Mrs. Fermor. She had not come. "We could not begin without her, you know," he said.

"O, we can send for her, to be sure," said Lady Laura, with alacrity.

"And Spendlesham," said Romaine, "what is he about? No one seems to be in time."

"Later—all later," said Lady Laura, with a smile. "There is no hurry, you see."

"Well, then, we may begin," said Mr. Romaine, "and I myself will go for—the Fermors."

John Hanbury was there beside him, and almost heard his speech. Romaine gave him a bitter look of impatience. He was caring very little for the show of that night. He was thinking of some other place.

It began with the Parting of Hector and Andromache, the Trojan hero, in fine foil armour, depicted by young Wainwright; the tearful wife by the lovely Cecilia Towler, Lady Towler's eldest. There was appropriate music, suggestive of Troy and the hostile Greeks; and the "Part-

ing," lasting about a minute, the tableau was over. Lady Laura was seen applauding. They all thought how she was enjoying it. Mr. Romaine, out on the landing, and biting his nails, was restless and impatient. Finally, he "plunged" down stairs angrily and left the house. John Hanbury, who had been watching his motions quietly, very soon after glided down stairs, and also left the house.

#### CHAPTER XLIV. DANGER.

IN Fermor's house, with Fermor sitting in his study as in a den watching jealously for something, the same state of things continued on that dismal evening. Some one else was watching as feverishly up-stairs.

"So *he* has told her," he thought, pacing up and down, "and she *dares* to taunt me. I shall break her yet." He stopped, for he heard a sound of feet and shuffling in the hall. It was the sound he was looking for. A man had come with a great black box, a huge casket, containing the treasure.

The dozen hands simultaneously busy on the dress had it finished to the moment—some one walking up and down, and urging them on as an overseer does the galley-slaves at the oar. It was sent home to the minute, for Madame Adelaide was nice about her reputation. Fermor came out of the den. This night he was sadly excited—so excited as to do what at another time he would have thought ungentlemanly.

"Bring that in here," he said.

Mrs. Fermor's own maid was tripping down to welcome the treasure; to take it out into her own arms. There was great curiosity in the house as to how "missus" would look in the "playhouse" dress.

"Bring that in here!" repeated Fermor, "box and all. Do you hear me? Must I tell you everything in this house twice over?"

It was brought in without a word. The lady's maid flew up-stairs to her mistress with the news.

"*Now*," thought Fermor, locking the door, and getting his hat, "we shall see." Madame Adelaide's great black box lay there—imprisoned—an unaccustomed atmosphere. To the old sane Fermor of years back it would have seemed, perhaps, a pitiful, mean, little, and unworthy trick.

As he went out, a man came up the steps with a note. It was Miss Manuel's note. He knew the handwriting at once, and hurried to the light in a flurry; he read it under a street lamp—read it in a wild tumult of agitation.

Miss Manuel had written:

"I cannot delay thanking you for a kindness, the news of which has just reached me. I mean the way in which you took my part yesterday. Such behaviour is like heaping coals of fire on my head. I do not deserve it—indeed no—for if you knew what I dare not tell you, but which is yet a vile hypocrisy not to tell you, you would, I



fear, despise me. Some of these days, perhaps, you shall know. And yet I shall venture to ask a favour when I see you again, one that concerns yourself and your interests."

His head seemed to swim with wild triumph as he read. "It is true, then," he thought. "She owns it! It is what I have long suspected. She loves me! She has been struggling with it. I am the old Fermor still."

The quietness of home was ungrateful to him—its fierce rebellion it was misery and pain to think of. *Here* was hope, brightness, and a sort of ghost of the old pride and elation.

"*She* loves me," he thought, walking fast. "*She* esteems and values me. With her I can feel hope, and joy, and love, and happiness. She cannot suppress what she feels." Suddenly a wild impulse seized him. He had thought of answering the letter at once, in a sort of rapturous tone; but it would be better to go to her straight himself. In a moment he was in a Hansom cab, galloping towards Alfred-place. The driver did not know that the wild heart of his fare was travelling faster than the good horse in the shafts.

Mrs. Fermor, told by her maid of this last blow, sat on her chair before her glass in her bedroom. "You may go down, Wallace," she said. "Or stay, bring me up my papers and pens." She was almost stupefied at this last stroke of poor impotent spite, but more mortified at the whole house being made parties to the quarrel. "To disgrace me in this way," she said, in a frantic burst of tears. "But I will baffle him yet. *Now* he shall find that I can meet him. God help me! he is driving me to this." And she wrote a hasty note to Mr. Romaine.

"Come to me quickly. I want to see you and consult you. "M. F."

#### CHAPTER XLV. MR. ROMAINÉ'S PROPOSALS.

M. F.! even in these initials there was an unlawful confidence. As she was folding the note, her "own maid" appeared at the door, and said that Mr. Romaine was below in the drawing-room. Mr. Romaine's cab was waiting at the door. He had come post from Lady Laura's.

Her hair was down on her shoulders. She hastily "turned it up" in some fashion—in any way. She looked beautiful, brilliant with the sense of suffering outrage, and suppressed grief and anger. For the moment it seemed to her—poor little soul!—that Providence had sent her this man to be her protector and friend. "Heaven has raised me up this true friend," she thought, with an odd perversion of devotion. "I shall cling to him now." She flew down, and ran to him like a bird fluttering. He started back, she looked so bright and engaging.

"O," she said, "Mr. Romaine, I am so glad you have come to me. I was writing to you, to beg, to implore, that you would—"

"Good gracious!" he said, "what has happened? Tell me everything."

"You are my friend," she went on, hastily; "at least, I have begun to think you are; and I don't know what to do. I am miserable, wretched, unhappy. I have no one to help me, no one to care for me," and bright tears began to gather in the bright eyes.

Romaine was looking at the soft helpless creature with pure sympathy and admiration. "Do you tell me," said he, with contracting brows, "that he has been at his work again! It is insufferable. I thought I had given him a lesson last night that would have lasted him for years."

"O," said she, bursting out helplessly, "he does not know me. He treats me cruelly. He does not understand me."

"Indeed he does not," said Romaine, moodily; "not he. No teaching will do him good. Never, I see. What do you suppose he was doing last night? Championing Miss Manuel before a whole club; trying to quarrel with me about her. I had to give him a lesson. Dearest Mrs. Fermor, I do feel for you. I wish to Heaven I could show you how I do feel. What is this business now? I can guess. This tyrant will not let you go. I know it! What a mean, pitiful, unworthy spite! Good Heavens! what a shame! what a sin!" he went on. "My heart bleeds for you! But what shall I do, what would you like me to do?"

"No, no," she said, hurriedly. "I suppose he does not think or know what he is doing."

"He does. He does," said Romaine, savagely. "Where is he now? Ah, I could guess. But look, dearest child, you will not submit to this. Your life will become a slavery worse than they have in Siberia. He will encroach every day more and more. If you yield to him, he will only require more. My dear, dear Mrs. Fermor, I know you, I know your heart, and all that you have suffered. I do indeed. I am a rough, rude, travelling fellow, but I feel. I shall not let this go on. I can't see a sweet charming lovable creature trampled into ruin. We must save you at every risk."

"Save me?" she said, wondering. "How? Do you wish me to go to this place? He has it locked up in his room."

"*This* place?" he said, impatiently. "I have forgotten it. I am not thinking of that. What does that concern us? I am thinking of your life and happiness. How are you to stay with this man, who will only live to persecute and harass you? Listen to me. We are alone here. Now is the opportunity. Long, long, I have known you—esteemed, admired, loved you—yes, loved you—and never so much as to-night. My heart is bleeding for you. Come, let us leave this house—this house, this country, this mean, miserable, degraded man, whom I all but flogged last night."

She started back from him with a cry—as far back as the curtains, which she caught at and clung to. "What dreadful language is this?" she said, frightened. "What do you mean?"



"I do mean it," he said, advancing to her. "I do mean—that I have long seen and loved you—yes, *loved* you. And I tell you it is no crime, or sin, as the cold world would make it. You are not to be sacrificed to a wretch—a monster like that. Heaven has sent me to save you!"

Mrs. Fermor shrank away from him over to the wall. "Oh, go away," she said, in horror. "Oh, God, help me. I am betrayed by every one."

"Dearest Mrs. Fermor, not by *me*," he said, coming still nearer. "I am serious. I am in earnest. I have never cared really for any woman yet. But in you, for the first time, I have seen what I can love and adore. The sufferings you have borne——"

"Go away, *do go away*," said Mrs. Fermor, shrinking away still, and clinging to the curtains. "I did not think you would be so cruel, or so wicked! O, this indeed opens my eyes. I am betrayed by every one. O, Heaven help me. I have brought this on myself! O! O!" And she fell upon the sofa in despair and grief.

Romaine looked at her with gleaming eyes, Miss Manuel's wish was bearing fruit. He had advanced towards her, when a heavy step was heard beside him, and a heavier grasp was laid upon his arm, and a steady solemn voice rang in his ear.

"This is manly! Go away! Leave this house."

"*You* here!" said he, in a fury of impatience. "What cursed business makes *you* come intruding?"

"Ah! Mr. Hanbury," said she, rushing to him. "Help me! help me! All the world is turning against me."

"You may rely upon *me*, at least," said Hanbury, sadly, "for such poor help as I can give. First, do you wish this man to remain?"

"No, no, no! a thousand times no!" she said. "But I have brought it on myself. I have been foolish and wicked. I have indeed. And I don't know where to turn to——"

"No, no," said Hanbury, "you are only too confiding and unsuspecting; but there are plenty of wicked men abroad ready to take advantage of it for their own vile ends."

"How?" said Romaine, furiously, and advancing on him.

"This is a drawing-room, recollect," said Hanbury, with contempt. "I do not leave unless Mrs. Fermor requires me. Do you?" he said, turning to her.

"No, no," she answered him hastily.

"Do you wish him to go?" he asked, pointing with his finger to Romaine.

"O yes," she said, as eagerly.

"Now," said Hanbury, "you are a gentleman, I believe, and have experience in the world, and I am sure will understand a hint. You will not intrude in a lady's house?"

In a few moments Hanbury was alone with Mrs. Fermor. "O, I have brought this all upon myself. It is *my* own doing."

"Where is Fermor?" said Hanbury. "Shall I bring him——"

"But will he save me, or protect me?" she said, wringing her hands; "all—all are the same."

"You must see him," said Hanbury, "and trust to him alone. Ah! it was a pity you cast off Miss Manuel. Hers was a true heart, that loved you, that yearned after you. But you would not trust her."

"She!" said Mrs. Fermor, her face full of doubt. "Why, she is at the bottom of all. She has stolen my husband from me!"

Hanbury almost laughed. "Miss Manuel! How little you know her. Can you trust me? Then I solemnly declare to you some one has been leading you astray for their own views. Ah! it is a pity not to have an instinct for true friendship. Where shall I find Fermor?"

"I don't know, I don't know," she said, distractedly.

Hanbury left her. Some astounding instinct whispered to him, "Alfred-place." At the best, he thought of Miss Manuel as being the one who should come and give confidence to the poor deserted girl.

## THE LAMP FISH.

A HUMAN body is a kind of locomotive furnace that has to be kept up to a given temperature by fuel—its food. Under a tropical sun not much fuel is needed, and that of a sort that will not keep up a large fire. Man, therefore, wears clothes made from vegetable fibre, and eats fruit and rice, the lowest in the scale of heat-making materials. Far north, among the Polar ice, where you cannot touch metal without its taking the skin off your fingers, the human locomotive is protected by thick coverings of fur. The native takes the jackets from his furry four-footed companions and covers his own skin with them. But the grand oil springs, the locomotive's necessary coal mines, in another form, are in the bodies of the great seals and whales. Oil and blubber burn rapidly, and give out a large amount of heat. With a fur suit outside, and inside a feed of seal's flesh washed down with seal's oil, the steam of life is kept up very easily.

But all the fat of the sea is not in the bodies of those great blubbery whales and seals. There is a fish, living far north, small in size, not larger than a smelt, that is fat beyond all description. It is clad in glittering silver armour, and, on the coasts of British Columbia, Russian America, and Queen Charlotte's Island, is called by the natives Eulachon, or Lamp Fish.

My lot having been cast for some time in those desolate regions, I have had both leisure and opportunity to make this fish's intimate acquaintance. I have played the spy upon its habits, its coming and going, and have noted how it is caught and cured.

My home is in an Indian village on the north



shore of British Columbia, latitude fifty-four degrees forty minutes north. The village is prettily situated on a rocky point of land, chosen, as all Indian villages are, with an eye to prevention of surprise from concealed foes. Rearward it is guarded by a steep hill, and it commands from the front the entrance to one of those long canals, like the fiords of Norway, here often running thirty or forty miles inland.

The village consists of ten or fifteen rude sheds, about twenty yards long and twelve wide, built of rough cedar planks: the roof a single slant covered with poles and rushes. Six or eight families live in each shed. Every family has its own fire on the ground, and the smoke, that must find its way out as best it can, through cracks and holes (chimneys being objected to), hangs in a dense upper cloud, so that a man can only keep his head out of it by squatting on the ground. To stand up, is to run a risk of suffocation. Under the smoke are the children, of all ages, in droves, naked and filthy; bleary-eyed old squaws squatted around the smouldering logs; innumerable dogs, like starving wolves, prick-eared, sore-eyed, snappish brutes, unceasingly engaged in faction fights and sudden duels, in which the whole pack immediately take sides. Felt, but not heard, are legions of bloodthirsty fleas that would try their best to suck blood from a boot, and by combined exertions would soon flay alive a man with clean and tender skin.

The moon, near its full, creeps upward from behind the hills. Stars one by one are lighted in the sky. Not a cloud flecks the clear blue. The Indians are busy launching their canoes, preparing war against the lamp fishes, which they catch when they come to the surface to sport in the moonlight. As the rising moon now clears the shadow of the hills, her rays slant down on the green sea, just rippled by the land breeze. And now, like a vast sheet of pearly naere, we may see the glittering shoals of the fish. The water seems alive with them. Out glides the dusky Indian fleet, the paddles stealthily plied by hands far too experienced to let a splash be heard. There is not a whisper, not a sound, but of the measured rhythm of many paddlers, as the canoes are sent flying towards the fish.

To catch them, the Indians use a monster comb or rake: a piece of pine wood from six to eight feet long, made round for about two feet of its length, at the place of the hand grip; the rest is flat, thick at the back, but thinning to a sharp edge, into which are driven teeth about four inches long, and an inch apart. These teeth are usually made of bone, but when the Indian fishers can get sharp-pointed iron nails, they prefer them. One Indian sits in the stern of each canoe to paddle it along, keeping close to the shoal of fish. Another, having the rounded part of the rake firmly fixed in both hands, stands with his face to the bow of the canoe, the teeth pointing sternwards. He then sweeps it through the glittering mass of fish, using all his force, and brings it to the surface, teeth upwards, usually with a fish impaled on every tooth, sometimes with three or

four upon one tooth. The rake being brought into the canoe, a sharp rap on the back of it knocks the fish off, and another sweep yields such another catch. It is wonderful to see how rapidly an Indian will fill his canoe with lamp fish by this rude method of fishing. The dusky forms of the savages bend over the canoes, their brawny arms sweep their toothed sickles through the shoals, stroke follows stroke in swift succession, and steadily the canoes fill with their harvest of living silver. When they have heaped as much as this frail craft will safely carry, they paddle ashore again, drag the boats up on the shelving beach, overturn them as the quickest way of discharging cargo, re-launch, and go back to rake up another load. This labour goes on until the moon has set behind the mountain peaks, and the fish disappear—for it is their habit rarely to come to the surface except in the night. The sport over, we glide in under the dark rocks, haul up the canoe, and lie before the log fire to sleep long and soundly.

The next labour is that of the squaws, who have to do the curing, drying, and oil-making. Seated in a circle, they are busy stringing the fish up. They do not gut, or in any way clean them, but simply pass long smooth sticks through their eyes, skewering on each stick as many as it will hold, and then lashing a smaller piece transversely across the ends, to prevent the fish from slipping off the skewer. This done, next follows drying, which is generally achieved in the thick smoke at the top of the sheds, the sticks of fish being there hung up side by side. They soon dry, and acquire a flavour of wood smoke which helps also to preserve them. No salt is used by Indians in any of their systems of curing fish. When dry, the lamp fish are carefully packed in large frails made from cedar bark or rushes—much like those one buys for a penny at Billingsgate—then they are stowed away on high stages made of poles, like a rough scaffolding. This precaution is essential; for the Indian children and dogs have an amiable weakness for eatables, and, as lock and key are unknown to the Red Skin, they take this way of baffling the appetites of the incorrigible pilferers.

The bales are kept until required for winter. However hungry, or however short of food an Indian family may be during summer-time, it seldom will break in upon the winter "cache."

I have never seen any fish half as fat and as good for Arctic winter food as these little lamp fish. It is next to impossible to broil or to fry them, for they melt completely into oil. Some idea of their marvellous fatness may be gleaned from the fact that the natives use them as lamps for the lighting of their lodges. The fish, when dried, has a piece of rush pith, or a strip from the inner bark of the cypress-tree (*Thugia gigantea*), drawn through it, a long round needle made of hard wood being used for the purpose; it is then lighted, and burns steadily until consumed. I have often read comfortably by its light; the candlestick—literally a stick for the candle—consists of a bit of wood split at one end, with the lamp fish inserted in the cleft.



These ready-made sea candles, little dips wanting only a wick that can be added in a minute, are easily transformed by heat and pressure into liquid. If the Indian drink instead of burning them, he gets a fuel in the shape of oil that keeps up the combustion within himself, burnt and consumed in the lungs, just as it was by the wick, but giving only heat. It is by no mere chance that myriads of small fish, in obedience to a wondrous instinct, annually visit the northern seas, containing within themselves all the elements necessary for supplying light and heat and life to the poor savage who, but for this supply, must perish in the bitter cold of the long dreary winter.

As soon as the Indians have stored away the full supply of food for the winter, all the fish subsequently taken are converted into oil. If we stroll down to the lodges near the beach, we shall see for ourselves how they manage it.

The compound odour that breaks over us like a wave, is not such as the breezes waft from the Spice Islands. It fairly sets one a sneezing by its potency. There is an indescribable mixture of putrid fish and rancid oil, with a strong savour of dog and many other disagreeables. The fish reserved for oil-making have been piled in heaps until partially decomposed; five or six fires are blazing away, and in each fire are a number of large round pebbles to be made very hot. By each fire, are four large square boxes, dug out from the solid pine-tree. A squaw carefully piles in each box, a layer of fish about three deep, and covers them with cold water. She then puts five or six of the hot stones upon the layers of fish, and when the steam has cleared away, carefully lays small pieces of wood over the stones. More fish, more water, more stones, more layers of wood, and so on, until the box is filled. The oil-maker now takes all the liquid from this box, and uses it over again instead of water in filling another box, and skims the oil off as it floats on the surface. Vast quantities of oil are thus obtained; often as much as seven hundred weight will be made by one small tribe. The refuse fish are not yet done with, more oil being extractable from them. Built against the pine-tree is a small stage, made of poles, very like a monster gridiron. The refuse of the boxes, having been sewn up in porous mats, is placed on the stage to be rolled and pressed by the arms and chests of Indian women; and the oil thus squeezed out is collected in a box placed underneath.

Not only has Nature, ever bountiful, sent an abundance of oil to the Red Skin, but she actually provides ready-made bottles to store it away in. The great sea-wrack, that grows to an immense size in these northern seas, and forms submarine forests, has a hollow stalk, expanded into a complete flask at the root end. Cut into lengths of about three feet, these hollow stalks, with the bulb at the end, are collected and kept wet until required for use. As the oil is obtained, it is stored away in these natural quart bottles, or better than quart bottles, for some of them hold three pints.

The specific name of the lamp fish, as given

by Sir John Richardson, is *Salmo* (*Mallotus*) *Pacificus*. Eulachon is its name among the Indians, in whose waters it arrives early in July. Its length is about seven and a half inches; the colour of its scales and belly is a silvery white, passing on the back into dark greenish olive, irregularly dotted with oval spots of yellowish orange. It has a small dark spot over each orbit, a head somewhat conical and pointed, a large mouth, and eyes rather small; the fins are unspotted, and of dingy yellow.

Some fifty years ago, when the hardy but unlucky band of pioneers in the good ship *Tonquin* struggled over the treacherous sand-bar at the mouth of the Columbia river, and founded Astoria, immortalised in story by Washington Irving, vast shoals of Eulachon used regularly to enter the river, and these, together with the salmon, dried, used to supply the native with his whole winter food. But the silent stroke of the Indian paddle has now given place to the splashing wheels of great steamers, and the Indian and the Eulachon have disappeared together. From the same causes the Eulachon has also disappeared from Puget's Sound, and is now seldom caught south of latitude fifty degrees north.

### FALSE FEARS.

A GREAT many things take the strength and vitality out of a man, and reduce him to a helpless bundle of pulp. I need not enumerate them, but I do not think that anything brings him to such a pitiable state of flabbiness as Fear—especially False Fear; of which there is much in the world.

Who is it, that says the characteristic of a savage is Fear? Fear of the twilight shadow which conceals the enemy skulking in the forest; fear of the noonday sun which reveals his wigwam or his trail; fear of treachery and desertion from his friends, and of surprise and murder from the foe; fear of his chief, of his king, of his parents, of his sons; fear of the storm and fear of the calm; fear of hunger and fear of thirst; his religion a code of fear—fear the ruling quality of his mind always, sharpening his faculties to the strange acuteness they attain, and teaching that wild desperation of attack which looks on the surface like courage.

If this be true of the savage in his degree, it is true also of us, with different aspects and directions. We all live a life of fear of something—either fact or fiction, person or bogie; and, to my view of things, real courage of the mental sort (the physical is common enough) is the rarest quality to be found among men. Why, if there were nothing else, there is that shadowy hobgoblin, Mrs. Grundy; and I should like to know what is the respect paid to her but the base worship of fear? The cultus of terror and cowardice combined? Yet take her by the throat and she vanishes; pay her homage and bring her tribute, and you are her bonded slave for ever.

We are afraid of everything now-a-days;



afraid of ourselves and of each other; of life which is hard, and of death which is terrible; of the world which overpowers us, and of the isolation which starves; of the work which will kill us, and of the idleness by which we cannot live; of every phase of social life, in one or other of its aspects. Governments, too, are all afraid of each other while they play at chess with politics, using their armies for the ultima ratio, the "fork" into which each endeavours to get his adversary, with the sorry alternative of quiet submission to pre-ordained loss, or defeat by a costlier onslaught: war being now calculated at so much a ball, with a margin for windage and spent bullets. And kings and peoples are afraid of each other almost everywhere, save in England, and watch each other like wild cats mewed up in bamboo cages, with a very slight railwork between them, ready at the least incautious movement, or only so much aggression as the twitch of a whisker or the faltering of a paw, to tear down the railwork and fasten on each other.

Wide is the range of the things we fear in our corporate life; wide indeed, as that life itself. In summer we Londoners are afraid of cholera, the miasma of the Thames, and the mephitic vapours of our gas-pipes and sewers; and all the year round are we afraid of the rates and taxes consequent. In autumn the country folk are afraid of the potato disease, of the turnip fly, of light ears in the corn-fields, and of scant straw in the farm-yard. In winter some among us fear the frost which will kill off the poor and the aged, the infants and the sickly; and others fear an open season, which will breed typhus in the close alleys, and will *not* kill the grubs and noxious insects; and in spring we are afraid of the east wind or the south, according as we dread catarrh in ourselves or the rot in our farms and gardens. We are afraid of too much ozone in the atmosphere, and we are afraid of too little—we ignoramuses, I mean; for of course the chemists know their business and understand meters. We are afraid of apoplexy or of influenza, of sunstroke or of bronchitis, according to the climate in which we abide; but we are sure to be afraid of one or the other. Liebig, more power to his name! is afraid that we wasteful English, dealing with substances in the high-handed, stiff-necked, blind-eyed prodigality natural to us, will denude the world of its manure stores, and so deprive the future of its food; and the Malthusians are afraid that the world will get overstocked with human animals, and that the crying generations yet unborn will have to go supperless to bed, because there will be more mouths than meat. There are some who talk learned fear about a second deluge from the tilting of the earth on its axis, and the consequent streaming over of the waters in the Polar basin—I forget now which, whether north or south; there are others who quake at a possible collision with a comet, when old mother earth will have the breath knocked out of her body, and will lie, collapsed and lifeless, like a log in space. Some live in a vague alarm of the subterranean fire and

the stopping up of volcanic vent-holes, when we shall have such an explosion as will send us spinning—who knows where?—perhaps as far as Jupiter, or, it may be, to be brought up by Saturn's belts; others make long faces at the thickening of the earth's crust and the cooling of those same fires, and foresee the time when we shall be all snow men, living on a huge ice-ball. Some look for the Millennium, for which they are not prepared; and some for the Last Day, for which they are less prepared. Some, fear that our coal-beds will fail, and that we shall have chilblains and frosted toes for want of fuel; others, that gold will become as common as copper, and then what shall we do for our currency? Indeed, a few amiable alarmists, willing to make the best of a bad job, have already settled that matter, and have given platinum the palm over all other metals handy for small change; which at least is the sensible side of fear—the preparation of a substitute when the loss we dread shall have really come upon us.

Some live in a daily death by fire. To hear this sort one would think that awful conflagrations were as common as April showers, and cremation the natural end of man. Indeed, the miracle of existence seems to be how we all escape being burned in our beds nightly. I have noticed this as a country superstition respecting London and the Londoners; and how anxious timid ladies are about the trap-doors and the fire-escape—which they would be sure to forget if a fire did occur—and how sometimes they will not mount even to the first floor, so terrified are they of being roasted alive before they know what they are about. Some think that fire is locomotive and intelligently spiteful, and that a candle, a yard or so from a curtain, can set it alight without aid of wind or movement; or that a tiny flame peering up the register to look into the darkness above, will run through the soot in a blaze, and bring the parish engine at a gallop to the rescue. I once knew a lady who was a living martyr to this fear of fire, and whose existence was rendered miserable because of coals and candles. A flask of petroleum nearly killed her outright; and, as it was, caused her a serious illness. It was about the time of the great petroleum burning on the river when the Thames was really set on fire with blazing oil, and up to which time she had used a petroleum oil lamp with happy confidence and in still happier ignorance. The flask was hung on a nail in the coal-cellar, as safe and as dirty as things in coal-cellars usually are; but my poor friend declared that the nail would give way, that the flask would fall, that the oil would be spilt among the coals, and that the next time Mary came to mend the fire, there would be an explosion to which gunpowder would be nothing, and gun-cotton mere child's play. Of course the house in which she lived would be burned to the ground, and not only that one but the whole terrace, with a hecatomb of human lives accompanying. There was no reasoning with her. I believe the petroleum was buried in the garden by her maid, in a vain attempt to pacify her.



Some people live in deadly fear of burglars and highway robbers, taking each night's safety as an escape scarcely to be looked for, save by miraculous interposition. In the country these are awful companions, male or female. A hooting owl crying out its owlish soul in the ivy of the barn yonder, is the burglar—always *the* burglar—whistling to his companion; the odd sighs and starts of windows and doors and crazy furniture, are the noises of masked men entering by the kitchen window, or the hall door, or wherever the defence work seems the least secure; a tree stump in the twilight is a man lurking by the hedge-side, with a bludgeon as thick as your arm; and I remember one of these poor demented bodies running a good mile and a half without once stopping to take breath, because a stray cow was ruminating in the dark lane. Another fear that haunts the hedgerows and meadows, is the fear of cows and dogs, and quadrupeds generally. To certain persons, for the most part women who have been foolishly educated, a herd of cows, let them be as tame and harmless as so many old sheep, are ramping roaring bulls, which it is more than your life is worth to go near; every yelping colley telling his master that strangers are coming, is a Dog of Montargis, and will spring at your throat before another minute has gone; a turkey with his wattles scarlet and his tail up, gobbling his importance to the world at large and teaching his young turkey chicks how to make such a figure in life as shall command attention, is as formidable as a lammer-geier to a dying man; and even a panting sheep that looks at you steadily, stamping its foot in sheepish anger, and does not at once turn tail and flee away, has sinister designs which it would be quite as well to prevent by getting out of its way the speediest possible. Poor daft bodies! they die a thousand deaths when they are not in danger of so much as a pin's scratch, and turn all their good to evil, and their beauty to horror, because of that unconquerable folly of fear—that insane possession of terror; as insane as was ever the possession of succubus and incubus in the good old times that are (happily) gone for ever.

Travel, again, is occasion for awful fear with many. Some are sure they will be smashed every time they take a railway journey, and sit holding on to dear life in an agony until they come to the end. Every whistle presages a danger; shutting off the steam means a horrid collision close at hand; a beat the faster of the throbbing heart of iron, and they are whirling off the rails and down the nearest precipice; slackened speed betokens luggage waggons in front, an express with a driver who is colour blind in the rear, or a third-class station with the switches turned the wrong way. They are always jumping up and putting their heads out of the windows to see what is the matter, and they plague the guards and porters with foolish questions and terrified suggestions. Some are in the same agony for others out on the rails; and fret and fume till they have news of the safe arrival of the traveller, sure that something disastrous will have happened. But this fear of railway

travelling is not so insane, by-the-by, as some others; judging by late events.

Others are in the same cold terror as soon as they ascend the steps of a carriage. They suffer (in apprehension) under all sorts of accidents. They go into the ditch, and are upset over the stone heaps, as often as they pass one or the other; down every steep pitch the tackle breaks, or the horse falls, or runs away, or otherwise upsets them; up every hill he jibs and runs them backward into eternity. If he prick up his ears, he is wild; if he lay them back, they have heard that was a very bad sign, and does it mean kicking? If he paw a little, or fidget while standing, he is going to rear and break the whole concern to bits; if he look askance at anything in the road, he shies; if he put himself on his mettle, he is running away; if he toss up his head he has the bit between his teeth, and life is not worth the turn of a penny; if he contemplate the ground, as some horses will do, philosophically, he is a stumbler and will bring all to grief.

The same kind of fear may be seen any day, triumphant in a passenger-boat. If the wind blow half a capful, it is a gale, and we are bound for the bottom without further ado; if the vessels pitch more than a boat on a summer lake, she will capsize to a dead certainty; every crash of the old timbers, or rattle of uneasy crockery, is the hollow voice of death, when he is countless leagues away, grimly watching the foundering of a gallant man-of-war in an Atlantic storm.

A vast amount of false fear surrounds children in the minds of certain of the more timid and loving mothers. Pale, they are ill; flushed, they are feverish; a cold, with heavy eyelids and eyes a little crimsoned and suffused, is the beginning of measles; a small sore-throat means diphtheria or scarlet fever; heat spots are small-pox; growing pains are concealed abscesses and diseased joints; if slightly ill, they are dangerously so; if dangerously so, irrecoverably and mortally. If the children be a little later than the mother expects in their return from a pleasant expedition, they have met with some frightful misadventure, and there is grave talk of scouring the country and sending off every available male in the neighbourhood to see what is amiss. She makes the boys effeminate, not because she wishes them to be milksops but because she is afraid to let them be manly. They may not ride, until they are too old to learn well, for fear they will be thrown and get their necks broken; they may not go out with gun and dogs like other boys, lest the gun should burst, or lest they should shoot themselves or somebody else, or, worse than that, be shot by somebody else; boating and swimming mean drowning; so does skating on anything deeper than a duck-pond; a school is a place of torment where their beds will not be aired, where no one will look after them when they have colds or chilblains, where the big boys will beat them, and where they will learn all sorts of vague vice and immorality in the intervals between their poundings and thrashings. No crown of glory



are her children to such a mother. Knowing of maternity only the pains, and of childhood only the perils, she is like those whose anguish it is to die of starvation in the midst of plenty.

Some put their fear upon their worldly matters, and live in dread of bankruptcy. With a fortune in the Three per Cents, they fear to spend liberally; "one never knows what may happen, and millionnaires have gone ragged and shoeless to the grave before now." Wherefore they live the life of a pauper, in dread of becoming one. Others, working bravely for their daily bread, of which good fortune and industry together give them generous bakings, fret their souls in fear of old age, and blindness, and paralysis, and poverty; others, if the fees do not come in daily like an uninterrupted golden shower, set up a howl of despair, and the husband is railed at for being less prosperous—that is, less deserving—than his fellows, and the wife goes down into the cold hell of dread, seeing ruin and desolation for herself and the children, because her husband's work is not like a perennial fountain, the same in all seasons and under all conditions. This monetary fear is very common—in its full-blown development, making misers.

Some people are beset with emotional fear, which is of a different kind from the more material. If a friend, tried, trusted, and trusty, do not write or call on the very day expected, then is there surely something desperately wrong; there is a coolness, and there have been slanders. If they are very much convinced that their fear is truth, perhaps they do not attempt to find it out, but take the severance for granted, and act on it; whereby they make it a reality, and of their baseless fear create an irrevocable fact. How many a heart has sat at the edge of the grave for all its life thereafter, because of this grisly phantom of dread!

Spiritual fears invade some with frightful force; and very ghastly are those fears. But they are too sad and awful to be touched on here, and by me stirring only the gayer surface of things. Howbeit, indeed, this matter of False Fear is scarce a matter of mirth in any of its aspects, and, rightly taken, claims from us more pity than amusement, more tenderness than scorn.

### FAT CONVICTS.

PUNISHMENT or reformation? This has been the grand point at issue in the different convict systems and jail arrangements—whether the offence shall be avenged by the personal disaster of the offender, or a recurrence (probably) prevented by his moral improvement. The two sects in question are in direct opposition to each other; the extreme of the one denying the right of crime to any greater moral attention than has been paid to virtue, that of the other making it a passport to exaggerated esteem and sickly enthusiasm; so that a man has but to become a felon to be at once an object of sympathy, and regarded as a much finer fellow than your

dull lout who plods on in a straight line from the beginning, without energy enough to go crooked.

We now in England have banished the first system from public adoption altogether; and say out boldly, "Yes, punishment should be reformatory, not retributive, and the criminal should go through penitence to virtue." But how is this to be done? Granting the principle, what about the formulas? Here again we meet with two parties, the one organising and drilling men into good prisoners, as bumpkins are made into smart parade soldiers; the other leading them by self-education into a better knowledge for the future of active life. The first class includes, as its working form, costly arrangements and extended physical indulgence, while part of the reformatory code of the second consists in hard labour and personal privations. The government prisons, so perfectly organised and admirably drilled, represent the one; Captain Maconochie and Sir Walter Crofton the other.

There is now in the field another advocate for the latter system, and one eminently worthy a hearing, whose experience has not been got out of Blue Books annotated down the margin beside a comfortable fire and at a convenient desk, but in actual work and experimental practice; we mean MISS CARPENTER,\* long known for her connexion with the reformatories, and now taking up the more difficult question of adult crime, and how our criminals are to be treated for the safety and protection of society and their own best good combined. If all sentences were for life, then the question would hang only on the convict himself, and the righteousness or morbidness of philanthropy; but as most are time sentences—merely an interval of seclusion and then a return to the world—it is a matter of self-defence as well as of philanthropy, of common sense as well as of high morality, to do our best to send back into active life an honest man and not a villain, a citizen and not a criminal, a man and not a wild beast. Putting it, then, on that ground only, by which system do we diminish the dangers to society: by returning a percentage of convicts to society transformed into decent members of it; or still no better than its scourge and oppressors? We will answer this question out of Miss Carpenter's book, and by her own statements.

The English system is, as we have said, professedly a reformatory system, and looks as well on paper as any system possible to be devised by human ingenuity. Yet it is a costly and a grievous failure; for it does not accomplish its object—it does not reform the prisoners. This is proved by the number of recommitments, much in excess of what should be, or of what would be were the system more in wise accordance with the needs and nature of man.

Another proof, by inference, is that criminals prefer a sentence of three or four years' milder penal servitude in convict prisons, to a short time sentence of eighteen months or two years' severer discipline in county jails.

\* Our Convicts. By Mary Carpenter.



The general arrangement for a term of penal servitude in convict prisons is as follows: Solitary imprisonment at Pentonville or Millbank for twelve months, that may be shortened to ten; during which time special regard is paid to the prisoner's intellectual and religious instruction; afterwards he is transferred to one of the Public Works prisons, where there are three stages through which he must pass. The lowest has no stripes and no gratuities; the second has one stripe and sixpence a week; the third two stripes and ninepence a week, with the addition of V. G. (very good). If he keeps his V. G. a year, he gets a different dress and certain additional privileges. When the minimum term of his punishment has come he is recommended for remission, all forfeitures of time for misconduct being deducted; but if he has been well conducted for a certain period, then the governor submits his case to the director, and the director judges whether what time he has lost by misconduct shall be given back to him, or whether he shall be kept a little longer in prison before bursting forth into the world as a ticket-of-leave. Thus, the maximum term of punishment is a mere phrase; and every prisoner knows that he will have a certain term remitted. If he is degraded back to the third class, it takes him three months to get to the second, and three more to get to the first.

The Public Works prisons are at Portland, Chatham, Woking, Dartmoor, and Broadmoor; this last is generally appropriated to criminals of unsound intellect, and Dartmoor is for those whose health is unequal to the rougher life of Chatham or Portland. Miss Carpenter gives Chatham as the type of the rest. There are one thousand one hundred prisoners, and one hundred and nineteen officers to either serve or control them. Their hours of work are few, their dietary is better than what many a labouring man, and certainly no pauper, obtains. A pint of cocoa every day, and a pint of tea in addition every other day, with twelve ounces of bread for breakfast; six ounces of cooked meat without bone (a housekeeper will tell you that half a pound of uncooked meat, taking bone and fat together, is the average for each member of a household), one pound of potatoes, and six ounces of bread for dinner; a pint of oatmeal gruel, and six ounces of bread for supper; these form their ordinary meals. Three days in the week the meat is alternated with a pint of soup, a pound of potatoes, and six ounces of bread for dinner. In the second and third stages three ounces of bread, and two of cheese are given as extras on Sunday; with the further indulgence of half a pint of beer or porter in the third class, and a small suet pudding on Thursday; while four times a week the meat is roasted instead of boiled, and twice mutton is substituted for beef. Thus, the sensual indulgence of the appetite becomes the grand leverage for making men into good prisoners. If any prisoner suspects that his dinner is not of full weight, he has the right to demand that it be weighed before him; which

is not unfrequently done by the malicious to spite the officers. But indeed the orderlies, who are prisoners themselves and who serve out the dinners of the rest, often filch from the mess allowed, in spite of the vigilance of the warders and officers on guard.

In their public work they are mixed up with the free labourers; and though forbidden to talk or laugh loudly, have still means of conversing so long as they will content themselves with soft-voiced and unobtrusive talk; and we need not romance very wildly to understand something of the evil which must result from the association, both with the less-hardened among themselves and with the free labourers outside. The amount of work done, says Miss Carpenter, alone determines the report given of the prisoners' conduct. "It has often been perplexing to the public to hear that men of a very bad character are marked G., or even V. G. We learn from the evidence before us, that these letters are quite irrespective of the general conduct of the prisoners, and indicate only a good report of their work. 'It is not always the worst of characters,' says the governor, 'who work the worst.'" The V. G.s are given on the report of the warders, checked by the superintendent warden; and the warders have certain gratuities in excess of their salaries, according to the good conduct of their parties; and though the gratuity is not manifestly regulated by the report, and "though the warden does not diminish his chance of getting his own gratuity by reporting the bad conduct of any of the men under him, if a favourable opinion is entertained of his zeal and judgment by his superior officers, yet there has not been a case in which a warden has reported favourably of his gang in which he has not had a gratuity." The convict's own gratuity depends on the warden's report, checked by the superior officer. Thus, if he has V. G., he gets ninepence a week or three-halfpence a day credited to him; if G., he has sixpence a week or a penny a day; if he has not G., he gets nothing. He also gets something for his class—sixpence a week for the first class, and fourpence for the second, nothing for the third; hence the anomaly that the longest sentences, and presumably the worst offenders, have the largest sum accumulated to their good when they go out; so that the greater the crime, the greater the reward. In the Chatham outbreak the worst men had the largest gratuities, and many were recommended for discharge. Yet even with all these little temptations to do well—or rather to work well, for that seems to be about the sum of the virtue required—the men often sham sickness, when they go off to separate cells on full diet; these separate cells being the most comfortable part of the prison, at least in the Portland prison. Dr. Houghton, the medical man of that prison, says, after recommending half diet for those in the cells, "I feel convinced that this arrangement will have more effect on the prisoners than many months of confinement on the present allowance; it will check all that



shamming and scheming so common among prisoners, who are chiefly to be ruled through the stomach. I also beg to observe that the separate cells are the most comfortable part of the prison, where they have books to read, and prefer to eat the bread of idleness to working, and will otherwise be always a dead weight on the establishment." And Sir Joshua Jebb adds to this that the adoption of Dr. Houghton's recommendation had an immediate and marked effect in stopping the practice of going off to the separate cells—the qualification therefore being pretended sickness, or a slight offence. Miss Carpenter truly remarks on the small amount of moral influence in a place where its members can only be governed through their appetites.

Yet, though the G.s and V. G.s are given liberally enough, still the amount of work got from the men is not much: one free quarryman being equal to two prisoners, according to the testimony of Mr. Evans, a railway agent, and consequently a keen judge of a fair day's work.

Comfortably lodged, fed luxuriously—relatively to the pauper or the ordinary working man—by no means over-worked, and coaxed by all manner of sensual indulgences to be "good prisoners" (quite another thing to being "good men"), one would think that the internal working of these prisons would be smooth as the rolling of ivory balls; but what can we say when we hear that "the assaults upon officers in the convict prisons are a peculiar feature of their condition?" Chiefly in the invalids prisons, and sometimes, as at Chatham and Portland, rising to formidable dimensions in the Works prisons. Generally, too, individual cases are going on of almost inconceivable ingenuity in tormenting the officers, or, it may be, of almost inconceivable brutality in assaulting them. At Millbank once, a man picked up a needle somewhere about the place, and sewed up his mouth and eyelids, for no better reason (save the real one of creating alarm and annoyance) than that "he thought he would not eat any more." Another man feigned fits of madness, not persistently, but at various times; he was brutal and disgusting in speech and conduct, would not work nor take exercise, assaulted the warders, and used blasphemous and foul language. Dr. Guy threatened him with a flogging if he had another outbreak, which kept him quiet; and when he refused to exercise took away his dinner; on which the man said sullenly, if he could not have his dinner on his own terms he would starve. The doctor answered him, that he would bear starvation very well, and so left him. Whereupon he starved. But he could not resist the savoury Sunday dinner, though he went back to starvation on the Monday. Finding that he could not frighten or bend the authorities, and that he was left to his self-martyrdom without crown or fagot, he turned over a new leaf—picked his coir, took his exercise, ate his dinner, and became as decent a prisoner as they had on their books for a time.

Prisoners will pound glass—if they can get it, and they can sometimes—and swallow it, to make themselves mysteriously ill; chewed soap and self-inflicted bruises are well-known "dodges" pointing to the infirmary, good food, and nothing to do; simulated fits are the very alphabet of the more knowing; and like unwilling conscripts, they even maim and cripple and put themselves to undoubted pain, simply to escape the daily toil of work. All this they will do, not to speak of every now and then putting a warder's life in jeopardy by the sudden use of some deadly weapon cunningly contrived and more cunningly concealed. But under the new régime that has set in of trying only to make good prisoners, they are seldom severely punished for these offences, says Miss Carpenter; scarcely ever sufficiently so; because punishment makes them sulky and leads to further confusion. This cannot be said of the Chatham and Portland Island rioters. The punishment in both these cases was swift and severe enough, though not beyond deservings.

Thus, neither high living nor slight work, neither personal indulgences nor pecuniary gratuities, render the English system satisfactory either for ultimate reform or even for peaceable warding. The main flaw in it, seems to be that, being based on time sentences, it gives the men no interest in their own improvement, and therefore does not get them into good habits; and that all the gratuities and indulgences which come to them, come as bribes over and beyond their deserts legal or moral; not as honest wages honestly wrought for. And, from this main flaw, branch out all the other faults; the want of progressive stages of moral liberty; the want of exercise of free will, so that a man may prove his reformation before being let loose on society again; and the want of all satisfactory tests of his real condition, so long as he is a "good prisoner," and gives no trouble to his keepers. To lock a man up for a given time, and put him to disagreeable work meanwhile, is a simply punitive system; to add to this certain personal indulgences, only to please and keep him in a good humour, is weakness not benevolence—destroying the natural effect of one principle without substituting that of another; and to call him reformed and fit to take his place among honest men again, when he is obliged to be locked up, and guarded with warders and fire-arms like a wild beast—when he cannot be trusted for one single moment to his own devices—and when no one can possibly judge of his reformation save by the amount of glib cant that he can talk, and his resignation to his position as a prisoner, with a determination in the wiser to make the best of it that they can for their own comfort—is simply insulting our common sense, and giving neither criminal nor society a fair chance.

As for the tickets-of-leave, they have been sufficiently tried now to prove their utter worthlessness as signs of a man's well-doing, or as reasons for public trust. They are given as matters of course to all who have not so grossly



misconducted themselves as to shame even routine into better judgment; and the only result of them seems to be what Sir Richard Mayne said, "to give them (the men holding them) opportunities to commit crime which they might not otherwise have." "Statistic returns have often been brought before the public," says Miss Carpenter, "showing only the small number of relapses which have occurred with the ticket-of-leave holders." But Sir Richard Mayne's answer to this is, "I should state that these returns are very imperfect, because the police have no certain means of knowing whether the parties are ticket-of-leave or not; after three years of penal servitude a man generally comes out looking fatter, and it is then difficult to recognise him; the police have, in fact, a great deal of difficulty in recognising them, and they are strictly cautioned not to speak to a man unless they can certainly identify him." Yet, in 1863, there were twenty-eight hundred and forty-eight male prisoners received, and out of these six hundred and forty-four were reconvicted, either after or during the currency of their former sentence; and eighty-three had "revocation of license" against them. A ticket-of-leave man, the leader of a desperate gang of burglars before his conviction, and carrying on the same game after his release; a ticket-of-leave man transported for forgery—the time being fifteen years but released in three, his license revoked for two years, and then again let loose to swindle and defraud all who come in his way; another taken for burglary, and the two constables who took him getting their heads broken for their pains; "a dangerous fellow;" "a daring thief;" "murderous attack by a burglar upon police constables;" these are a few of the instances loosely selected out of the thousands lying to hand in the police and prison reports; and they are but feeble indications of the utter unsoundness of the whole system from beginning to end; from the luxurious dietary to the routine ticket-of-leave.

The converse of this English system of ours is that which goes by the name of the Irish system—the system which Captain Maconochie inaugurated, and which Sir Walter Crofton has completed; so far, that is, as can be under the present condition of the criminal law. The substitution of task sentences for time sentences, represented by so many Marks which could be earned only by the combination of industry, self-denial, frugality, and good moral conduct, was the distinctive feature of Captain Maconochie's system; the institution of intermediate establishments between the prisons and the outer world, of places where men are trusted with liberty—not absolutely endowed—and a watch kept over them to see if they are fitted for their trust or not, the chief characteristic of Sir Walter Crofton's; and for the eleven years, during which it has been tried, the results have been in every way satisfactory. One anecdote alone will show how far Sir Walter has gone in the true way of reforming crime, by giving the

men a chance of self-respect in the power of winning the respect of others. "A carpenter having been required at the Model Prison for some time, I have tried the experiment, if I may so term it, of sending one of these men every morning to this work, through the city, nearly two miles off, and back again, to return to the lecture in the evening; he has done this for nearly two months, every day, by himself, no warder with him; and, passing by the public-houses, he returns regularly, and performs the day's work both to the good of the public service, and to the satisfaction of the governor of the prison where he is working. I have sent down other prisoners with messages from one prison to another, and they have returned; many men, a week or a fortnight before the time of their discharge, I have allowed to go out to purchase their tools, so that they may not be out of work for any want of that kind, also their clothes; they have returned punctually. I have found no appearance of anything like drink on them, or of any irregularity whatever."

In the Irish system a man's hoard is fluctuating according to his industry and self-command. He is entitled to a small sum out of his earnings; but, by extra industry, he can considerably increase this, and further, have the option of spending on himself, on anything he fancies save intoxicating drinks, sixpence a week if he will. If he prefers to save the sixpence and not to spend it, he is so much the gainer both in money and the habit of self-command; with the additional gain of feeling that what he has is his own by the double right of labour and denial.

The Irish *modus operandi* has been already described in this journal.\* Its success has been proved up to this time by the small number of recommitments and the gradual absorption of the criminal population among the honest and virtuous. A fact which cannot be too earnestly insisted on at this time, at the eve as we are of the great battle of the systems. The men are made in a manner their own moral warders; the rules are strictly defined while the will is left free to better influences. It is the healthful and natural system of making men co-operate in their own improvement; of substituting realities for appearances, and moral advancement for sensual bribes; it makes work honourable and not merely punitive; it keeps up a strict surveillance while granting moral freedom; it makes a return to society progressive, and to be earned when worthy, not granted as a matter of course fitted or unfitted; and it accustoms a man to the exercise of free will and to the presence of temptation, while still means can be taken to thwart his evil designs or brace up his weakness, should he be unequal to the task. It is the very reverse of the highly drilled, machinist, and pampered system in favour among ourselves, where the great endeavour seems to be to keep the prisoners in good humour, so that there may be no prison dis-

\* Volume viii., page 31.



turbances, and to turn them out fat into the world, temptation, and social degradation, are the last things provided against.

What we want is a thorough revision of the whole code of penal sentences, substituting task for time sentences, so that the time of detention shall be elastic, and determined by the prisoner's own conduct and sincerity of desire—intermediate stages of freedom, as in the Irish system, by which a man can be tested before trusted—a strict surveillance after liberation, that there may be help in the hour of need, and a friend or a judge as the man's path leads to good or to ill—and an organisation which shall leave a man free to prove his moral progress, not only set him as so much wax run into a mould, marked "a good prisoner" on the one side, and "an unreformed criminal" on the other.

As a matter of self-defence, society should insist on the reformation of its criminals, for they are costly diseases—excrecences on the body politic which are nourished at the expense of every other member. One young woman thief whose history is narrated by Miss Carpenter, made five hundred a year by pocket picking and other forms of petty larceny; of thirty boys and thirty girls, taken at random, the cost of prosecutions and maintenance in jail are computed at one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven pounds, and the amount of property ascertained to have been stolen by them—leaving a large margin for the unknown quantity—was two hundred and fifty-five pounds seventeen shillings and twopence. One young woman had six times set up her mother in a decent way of living, out of the proceeds of her own crimes and vices, the mother having previously gone to much expense in having had her sister trained to pick pockets, by a first-rate London thief; the five years' gains of a youth of twenty, were one thousand eight hundred pounds; sixteen pickpockets, the eldest of whom was thirty and the youngest fifteen, cost the public by their depredations thirty-two thousand pounds, and the ratepayers for their maintenance and prosecution one thousand five hundred pounds; a youth of fourteen used to get nine or ten pounds a week as his share in the gains of his gang; another does badly at a fair if he gets only two or three pounds, but tolerably well if he rises to twenty or twenty-five pounds; a family of five have from August, 1846, to September, 1849, a hundred and twelve months' imprisonment among them, representing fifteen prosecutions, with the longest sentence eighteen months, and the shortest, one; a little fellow of fifteen had been free only four days in twelve months, that time of detention representing three several commitments; while of three lads, aged fourteen, fourteen, and nine, two had been twice convicted before the last offence spoken of, and one no less than seven times. Surely then any system which would prevent either the first commission of crime, or put a stop to its recurrence, would be a gain to the country now so heavily taxed for the maintenance, prosecution, and detention of criminals,

not to speak of their depredations which represent an immense sum in the aggregate of simple loss to the public.

## PHOTOLOGICAL FACTS.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

LIGHT was once supposed to be instantaneous; that is to say, self-existent, generally diffused, filling all illuminated places, as water fills the bed of the sea, without being in any way related to motion, or without having any proper motion of its own. It was supposed that bodies were brought into the light, rather than that the light came to them.

According to Aristotle—as far as his explanation is intelligible—light was a *presence*. It was not fire, nor any bodily thing radiating from the luminous body, but it was the simple presence of a fire, or of some other luminous matter of unknown nature.

Descartes compared the impression of light upon our eye to that which distant objects, felt or discovered by means of a stick, make upon a blind man's hand. The Cartesians, his disciples, held that light was a *power* or *faculty* possessed by every luminous body; the faculty being to excite in us, and in all creatures gifted with sight, certain clear and vivid sensations. They added, that what is required for the perception of light, is, that we be so formed as to be capable of those sensations; which is exactly tantamount to stating that, if you *can* do a thing, you can, and if you *can't*, you can't.

Father Mallebranche, with clearer intuition, explained the nature of light by supposing it analogous to sound, which is produced by the vibrations of sonorous bodies. Strong vibrations produce loud sounds; feeble vibrations, feeble sounds. By quick vibrations, high and shrill notes are produced; by slower vibrations, the deeper and lower notes. So he supposed it to be with light and colours. All the parts of a luminous body, he believed, are in rapid motion, which, by extremely quick pulses, is constantly compressing the subtle matter that exists between the luminous body and the eye, thereby exciting vibrations of pressure. In proportion as these vibrations are greater, the body appears the more luminous, the light more intense; and, as they are more quick or slow, the body appears of this or that colour. Huyghens also attributed the propagation of light to vibrations or waves in a fluid medium.

Sir Isaac Newton advanced a theory the very reverse of Mallebranche's. His hypothesis was, that luminous bodies throw off certain very small particles, which are shot out in all directions with immense force. Light, therefore, consists not in a *conatus*—an effort or inclination of the *materia subtilis* to recede from the centre of the luminous body—a vibration, in short—but in a real motion of those particles, darting away from the luminous body, in right lines, with incredible velocity.

And then the Newtonians, taking these particles for granted, went on to remark that



the wonderful divisibility of matter is nowhere more apparent than in the minuteness of the particles of light. Dr. Niewentüt computed—from what data does not appear—that an inch of candle, when converted into light, becomes divided into a number of parts, which are numerated by a row of forty-nine figures, which I need not transcribe here; at which rate, there must issue from a burning candle, during every second of time that it burns, particles amounting to a total represented by a line of forty-five figures. The doctor seems to think that he gives us a clear idea of this number, by stating that it is vastly more than a thousand times a thousand million times the number of grains of sand which the whole earth could contain.

Newton's followers assumed that, if light consisted in a mere pressure, vibration, or pulse, it would be propagated to all distances in the same instant of time. The example of sound or the circular waves caused by throwing a stone into still waters, ought to have taught them the contrary. Instead of that, they took the discovery that light does *not* move instantaneously, but in time, as a proof that it is a real body, a material substance; although that circumstance does not really tell more in favour of one hypothesis than of the other. They drew an unwarranted inference from an accurate fact. They were so delighted with their theory, that they begged the question and took it for granted. Newton, after showing that the light of the sun is seven minutes [eight minutes eighteen seconds is the time now allowed by astronomers] in reaching the earth, and comparing its velocity with that of a cannon-ball, evidently considered that although a cannon-ball is a body which flies very quickly, there is another body, light, whose pace is ten million times quicker.

Moreover, they say, if light were not a body, but consisted in a pulse or pressure, it would not be propagated in straight lines only. The force of gravity, they urge, tends downward; but the pressure of water, arising from it, tends every way with equal force. Waves on the surface of water, meeting with an obstacle, are deflected out of their course. The same is true, though not to so great an extent, with the waves or vibrations in the air, in which sound consists. Sounds are propagated with equal ease through curved tubes and through perfectly straight tubes; but light was never known to move in curves; no candle, unreflected, has ever yet shone round a corner. Whence it was concluded by Sir Isaac's disciples that the rays of light are small corpuscles, emitted from the luminous body and propelled with immense velocity. Notwithstanding all which plausible reasonings, and more, Mallebranche's theory of light finds greater favour, at the present day, than Newton's.

The admirable *Annuaire* for the year 1865, published by the Bureau des Longitudes—an annual which should lie on every library table, seeing that it costs one franc only, and is full of useful scientific information—contains a Notice on the Speed of Light by M. Delaunay,

in which he justly boasts that the precise determination of the rate at which light traverses space (at first effected by astronomical observations, and afterwards reduced to the proportions of a simple experiment made in a laboratory of small dimensions), is one of the marvels of modern science. In what follows, I profit largely by his masterly treatise.

A summary of Mallebranche's and Newton's views will aid in arriving at a clear idea of what is meant by the "speed of light."

To account for the different luminous phenomena, philosophers, following those two leaders, have imagined two systems as to the cause of those phenomena.

According to one, every luminous body is continually shooting into space, in all directions, corpuscles of extreme tenuity, which, penetrating our eye, produce in it the sensation of light. This is called the "system of emission"—sometimes, also, the Corpuscular, or Newtonian, theory of light.

According to the other system, light is nothing more than the vibratory movement of an excessively rare fluid which pervades all space, and which is designated by the name of Ether.\* A luminous body merely produces, and keeps up around it, the vibratory movement of the ether, which propagates itself to an indefinite distance. This is the "system of undulations," or the Undulatory theory of light.

But, are we perfectly certain that matters do really happen in conformity with either one or the other of these systems? It is curious that no one, as yet, is able to affirm it positively. And, what is still more strange, for a long while *both* systems accounted equally well for every known luminous phenomenon. At present, certain phenomena, lately discovered, are inexplicable by the Corpuscular theory, whilst the Undulatory explains them perfectly. The latter theory *may*, therefore, be the true one. But, one of these days, new phenomena may be discovered which are no more explicable by the Undulatory theory than those just alluded to are by the Corpuscular. For the sake of having *some* system as a groundwork for our reasonings, rather than to assert implicit faith in its truth, it is convenient to assume that matters happen according to one or the other system.

In the system of emission, the luminous corpuscles shot out in all directions are veritable projectiles, which, in obedience to the general laws of motion, invariably move in a straight line—so long as their motion suffers no modification, by meeting, for instance, with material substances. The speed with which these projectiles traverse space, is what is called the Speed of Light.

In the Undulatory system, light consists in a succession of vibrations of the ether, emanating from a source, and propagating themselves around that source to an indefinite distance in space. A clear idea of the vibrations is formed by watching the circular waves as they spread

\* See *Household Words*, vol. xvii., page 558.



on the surface of still water after throwing in a stone; with the sole difference that the luminous waves are spherical, instead of circular, and have the luminous body for their centre, instead of the stone. Imagine a straight line proceeding from the luminous body indefinitely into space (like a wire stretched tight from the sun to the earth), each luminous wave will reach successively different points along this straight line. The Speed of Light is the distance along this line traversed by the wave in a given unity of time.

But that light *has* a rate of speed, we may understand, without adopting any hypothesis as to the way in which photological phenomena are produced. If a candle, for instance, be suddenly lighted or extinguished, that instantaneous phenomenon may not be perceived at the same instant at *all* the points of space where it is possible to observe it. If you be quite close to the spot, you will perceive it immediately; if you be a long way off, a certain time may elapse between the moment of the phenomenon's taking place and the moment of its perception by the eye; and that time would be longer in proportion to the increase of the distance between the eye and the source of light. The photological phenomenon, therefore, in that case, takes a certain time to *traverse* the distance between the spot where it is produced and the observer's eye. We may naturally admit that it travels at an uniform rate; that is, traverses equal distances in equal times. The Speed of Light, then, would be the distance at which an observer's eye must be from the spot at which a luminous phenomenon is produced, in order that a given unity of time—say a second—may elapse between the moment of its production and the instant of its perception.

After what has been stated, nothing seems easier than to imagine a mode of measuring the quickness of light. All that is required is, to do as we do when we measure the quickness of any other object moving at a regular pace. Suppose you want to measure the speed of a train running, at a steady rate, along a railway. You take your seat in a carriage, and with a watch in your hand which marks the seconds, you note how many seconds it takes to travel from one milestone to another. Say it takes two hundred and twenty seconds to do a mile; you divide the distance traversed, one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards, by two hundred and twenty. The quotient, eight, indicates that the train travels eight yards per second. Generally, the time employed by a body in motion to travel a known distance, is noted; the distance is divided by the given unity of time; and the quotient of the division is the speed required to be ascertained.

Experiments have been tried, by two observers, with two lamps placed at a distance of several miles. If the light of a lamp be suddenly cut off, its extinction will not be perceptible to the opposite observer until after the interval of time required by light to traverse that distance. But however great may be the distance between lamps so placed on the surface

of the earth, the time which elapses between the extinction of the light and its perception by the observer is always found to be absolutely inappreciable. The result is as if the speed of light were infinitely great, or as if light were transmitted instantaneously. It is this experiment which led Galileo to that conclusion.

But the reason of the negative result is, that the speed of light, without being infinite, is actually enormously great. Light travels, in one second, a distance equal to seven and a half times the earth's circumference. For the lamp experiment it therefore employs only so small a fraction of a second as to be utterly immeasurable by ordinary modes of observation.

Everybody must have remarked that sound takes time to travel to a distance. The varying interval between a flash of lightning and the thunder which follows it, is a familiar example. Watch a woodman felling a tree. Unless you be quite near him, you will *see* the blow given by the axe before you *hear* the stroke. In consequence of the enormous swiftness of light, we may assume that you see the blow at the very instant it is given. The interval, therefore, between seeing and hearing the blow, is the time which sound takes to travel from the tree to the spot where you are; and this very appreciable interval becomes longer the further you are removed from the working woodman. Retire to a spot where the interval of time shall be exactly a second, measure the distance from that spot to the tree, and you have the speed of sound, or the number of yards which sound travels in a second.

A very strong analogy exists between the progressive transmission of distant photological phenomena and the progressive transmission of sound through the atmosphere; only light travels incomparably quicker. And in order to understand the transmission of light, we shall do well to bear in mind the circumstances connected with the transmission of sound.

The discovery of the speed of light was made by Rømer, a Danish astronomer, while observing the eclipses of Jupiter's first satellite (the one nearest to the planet). Jupiter, the largest of the planets which, like the earth, revolve round the sun, is accompanied by four moons or satellites. Planets and their satellites have no proper light; we see them, only because the sun shines on them. If any obstacle prevent the sunlight from falling on any of these heavenly bodies, it becomes invisible, or, in other words, is *eclipsed*. This happens frequently with each of Jupiter's satellites. The satellite, revolving round its planet, gets behind it, relatively to the sun, from time to time. The planet, then, by intercepting the sun's rays, eclipses the satellite during a certain time. The phenomenon is exactly similar to the eclipses of the moon which we occasionally witness.

The eclipses of Jupiter's satellite are much more frequent than those of the others, in consequence of the rapidity with which it completes its orbit. They occur at intervals of about forty-two hours and a half. Moreover, the eccentricity of this satellite's orbit being in-



sensible, its movement round the planet is almost rigorously circular and uniform. The result is a great regularity in the successive reproduction of the eclipses, so much so that Jupiter and his satellites have been compared to a clock hung up in the sky. Their motions are easily observed from the earth by making use of telescopes of no great power.

The eclipses of Jupiter's first satellite having been exactly calculated, it was found that, at certain times, he came out of the shadow sooner, and at other times later than he ought. By comparing those times one with the other, Roëmer found that the satellite emerged later precisely when the earth, in consequence of her annual movement, was running away from Jupiter; which led him to form the happy conjecture that light might employ a certain time to travel from one point to another. That granted, if the satellite appeared to emerge later in proportion to our increased distance from his planet, it was not that he really emerged later, but that his light required a longer time to traverse a wider interval of space. On the other hand, he ought to emerge sooner, in proportion as the earth approached nearer to Jupiter. Roëmer made calculations and predictions, which fully bore out his supposition. The motion of light was made known to the public in December, 1676.

Nevertheless, Roëmer's conclusions, though generally admitted by learned men, were not entirely free from objection and cavil. They were drawn from an isolated instance, and required further confirmation. The confirmation came in a remarkable way. It was supplied by the accidental discovery of Aberration, made fifty years afterwards (when he was not looking for it) by our celebrated astronomer, James Bradley.

Aberration consists in an apparent displacement experienced by all the fixed stars and the planets, in consequence of the complication of the earth's velocity with the velocity of light. It may be illustrated by several familiar examples. When a sportsman fires at a swift-flying bird, he takes aim, not exactly at the bird itself, but a little in front of it, allowing for the bird's progress in the air during the time the shot takes to reach it. The shot, therefore, hits the bird at a point of its course which it had not yet reached at the actual moment when the gun was fired.

Substitute, in imagination, the light of a star for the shot, and the earth rolling along her orbit for the bird flying through the air, and it is clear that the light which hits the earth at any moment will appear to proceed from a point different to that from which it really issues.

Again: Suppose that we are in a railway carriage on a rainy day, with no wind, so that the drops of rain fall perfectly perpendicularly. While the carriage stops, we see the drops of rain fall, exactly as they do fall, vertically. But as soon as the carriage is in motion, things present a different aspect. The rain-drops appear to fall obliquely, as if the carriage were running against a wind, which compelled the

straight lines described by the falling rain to slope in the direction of its action.

Similar circumstances present themselves, when the rain, instead of falling vertically, falls obliquely in consequence of the action of a gale. If the wind drive the rain against the carriage, that is to say, contrary to the direction in which the carriage is moving, that motion causes the obliquity of the rain to appear greater than it really is. If the wind drive it the same way the carriage is travelling, the inclination with which it really falls, appears diminished. If the carriage be running round a circular railroad (like the earth in her orbit), the influence of its motion on the apparent direction of the falling rain-drops changes continually and progressively; so that the rain appears to be successively driven from different points of the sky, which points are situated around the point whence it actually comes.

Substitute the light of the stars for the rain, and the earth in her orbit for the circular railway, and the Aberration discovered by Bradley is not difficult to comprehend. He was puzzled by changes in the places of the stars. Referring them to the real cause, he examined in detail what ought to be the result, on the apparent position of the stars, of the earth's velocity combined with the velocity of light; and he found a perfect agreement between what is and what ought to be. The successive transmission of light in space became an incontestable fact.

Hitherto, the motion of light had only been proved by its traversing enormous distances, such as those from the earth to the sun, from the earth to Jupiter at opposite points of their respective orbits, and from the sun to the fixed stars. Arago—following up a hint of Wheatstone's, who had conceived the notion of employing a rapidly revolving mirror, in order to render sensible excessively small intervals of time—imagined a method of making it evident by experiments carried out in a limited space. He proposed, by means of a revolving mirror, through mathematical speculations too complicated to quote here, to decide not only the speed of light, but the grand question whether light is a body or an undulation. He felt sure beforehand that the latter would prove to be the case.

Afterwards, M. Fizeau invented a plan for measuring the speed of light by the help of a lamp behind which the observer should be posted, a distant mirror to reflect it, and a circular disk with a toothed edge, which could be made to revolve with increasing rapidity. The teeth on the edge of the disk were for the purpose of alternately stopping and allowing to pass, the light reflected from the mirror. Again, the principles on which the experiment was founded are too complex for citation in this paper, but are fully stated in the *Annuaire*. M. Fizeau, repeating his experiment, assigned to light, a speed differing but very slightly from that previously deduced from astronomical phenomena. The average of twenty-eight



observations gave it a velocity of seventy thousand nine hundred and forty-eight leagues—of twenty-five to a degree—in a second of time.

Subsequently, Arago's project, which had gone no further, in consequence of his failing sight, was, with his permission, realised by Messieurs Fizeau and Bréguet, and also by M. Foucault, with complete success. Their observations confirmed the Undulatory, and were opposed to the Corpuscular, theory of light. M. Foucault also ascertained that light travels less quickly through water than it does through air. The intelligence and skill applied to these experiments (especially through the agency of M. Foucault's apparatus) have led to almost incredible results. They have rendered sensible—measurable even—the time employed by light to traverse a distance of twenty metres (something more than twenty yards), although that time barely reaches one fifteen-millionth part of a second!

### A VERY GRAND DUCHY.

SCHWEINFETT, capital of the Grand-Duchy of Würstenberg, is a small town lying out of the usual track of our travelling countrymen, and offering no possible attraction to sight-seers. The only Englishmen who visit it are Queen's messengers and private friends of the British minister. Politically, it is an important nucleus of intrigues and movements; the Schweinfetter Weekly Journal is the organ of the genuine German party: at Schweinfelt are constant meetings of that party, attended by Prussian and Austrian emissaries, who take down the proceedings in short-hand, and telegraph them to their governments. Much pressure is exercised on the Grand-Duke of Würstenberg to make him withdraw his protection from the newspaper and its party. But the grand-duke, eccentric in other ways, is doubly so in the eyes of his fellow-princes as an advocate of perfect liberty. The result is, that the very name of Schweinfett communicates an odour like that of lucifer-matches, to the nostrils of neighbouring potentates. The people of Würstenberg care little either way. So long as the opera goes on, and the military bands perform in front of the palace, they of the capital are contented. The square in front of the palace is kept free, by general consent, from political manifestations, and the inhabitants of it cause the obnoxious papers to be delivered at their back doors. What happens in the market-place is indifferent to the grand-duke.

Nothing happens there in the way of commerce. The town is supported by the court, and does not seek more vulgar customers. The sleepy streets only wake up when carriages of the aristocracy drive through them, and certain shops do not open their doors to any customers who are not provided with a regular introduction. As the whole town consists of the palace square and five or six streets besides the market-place, there is no difficulty

in finding your way; but the loyal inhabitants have stuck up at every corner a hand pointing "To the Palace," with much the same aspirations as the Empress Catherine when she planted her guide-post labelled "The Way to Constantinople." Of course the simple citizens are not admitted to the exclusive privileges. But at every ball and every grand dinner there is a gallery for lookers-on, and tickets may be had for asking.

"The society here," said Sir Hercules Fitzgig, British Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Würstenberg, on the first day of my visit to him, "is considered very good, and is fenced about with many restrictions. No family is admitted without due proofs of its pedigree, which must be examined and reported on by the crown lawyers. No family, any member of which has been in any profession but the army, or has made money in any way that can be called legitimate trading, can be admitted without long formalities and a perfect process of purification. Every family must have had at least one duel in the last two generations. No one may have his teeth drawn by any but the court dentist. I spare you the further recital. You will find a copy of the laws, as approved by the grand-duke, in one of my private despatches at the Foreign Office."

"When we're in," I said, "I shall ask our foreign secretary to let me see them."

"Well, you see that we are very exclusive, and we pride ourselves on the purity of our blood. This, however, has not prevented many great scandals. At the present moment the very core of society is split up into two camps;—the Wasch-Mugdorff faction and the Perkenstein faction. The origin of the quarrel is very trivial, but the two factions hate each other to the death. Anything you can say to a lady of one faction against the ladies of the other, is the surest road to that lady's favour. I will tell you the histories of the ladies."

"Let me get well up in their names."

"You will have no difficulty in doing that. You are to hand the Countess Perkenstein to dinner to-day, therefore you must avoid all mention of the bath you have just come from, as her husband lost all her money there, and didn't shoot himself. The factions hang together like clans, and so you must not talk of English politics, because that might be a reflection on the young Baroness Hohlezahn, who took a violent fit of Anglomaniism in order to catch one of my attachés, and failed. You must not breathe a syllable about the clause of legitimate trading, as that would be fatal to M. de Pott, who made money in business, and was only admitted to this court because he proved that his trading had been not legitimate. You must avoid these things particularly. On the other hand, you may cut the whole Wasch-Mugdorff faction to shreds; beginning with the chief of it. Every sarcasm you can expend on her will be delicious to the Perkenstein. You may have heard of Madame Wasch-Mugdorff; she is the original of that story of the lady who, having been divorced three times, was put down to whist with her three former husbands. Here you have a capital



game before you, and I wish I was near enough to hear you avail yourself of it; but I shall have to put you at the other end of the table."

"I'll tell you afterwards what I said."

"Oh, there'll be no need of that, la Perkenstein herself will repeat every word of it. The next in the faction is Madame Faulenzer, whose husband eloped with an opera-singer, but was forgiven. Then comes the Countess Schnabelofsky, wife of a former Russian minister, who was sent to Siberia, but returned in less time than it takes for the single journey. You may ask Madame Perkenstein what is the first stage to Siberia, and whether she thinks some people get any further. She will understand if you don't, and if you want the choicest piece of gossip that has ever circulated, she will probably tell it you."

"Any more?"

"Plenty more, though these form the triumvirate (or should it be triummulierate?) of that faction, and it is safer confining yourself to the leaders. However, you may allude casually to orders of merit, because Baron Strudelwitz got an order by promising the servant who was always sent out with them a goodish bribe if he would bring him one, and of course the servant plagued his superiors till the order was duly conferred on the baron. You may talk of shooting, because Count Prudelwitz has a keeper to fire at the same time as himself, and swear that his master's shot was successful. These two gentlemen are the great allies of the three principal ladies, and perhaps at her next divorce Madame Wasch-Mugdorff will marry one of them."

Armed with this information, I descended into the drawing-room a little before dinner-time, and began to scrutinise the guests as they assembled. The host himself had not made his appearance, and I heard Lady Fitzgig apologise for his absence to every fresh arrival. At last the number was complete; but no Sir Hercules. I had marked out two ladies who must, I imagined, be the heads of the two factions, from the grand curtseys they swept to each other, and the overdone affability with which they entered in conversation. I made my way to Lady Fitzgig and stated my conjecture.

"You have guessed right," she said, and was evidently pleased with my penetration.

"But where is Sir Hercules, to present me?" I asked; "and which of the two is my destined companion?"

"I will introduce you," answered the hostess. "Sir Hercules is detained by most urgent business. A supplement to the *Journal de Schweinfett* has just come out with a most incendiary attack on the King of Prussia, and Sir Hercules has to write a despatch on the subject, to be sent this evening. It is fully expected that Prussian troops will be marched into the grand-duchy before the day is over." All this was conveyed in a mysterious whisper, and then Lady Fitzgig took me up to my partner. As is usually the case in introductions, I heard my own

name very distinctly; all I caught of hers was Madame la Comtesse.

I was received rather stiffly, but I attributed this to the exclusive feeling of the Schweinfett society, and the dislike of strangers which I believe exists in so many of the small German capitals. The importance of these small places is so completely cast in the shade by France and England, that Frenchmen and Englishmen are snubbed as the only means of protesting against the size and prominence of their countries. However, I was determined not to heed any such trivial matters, and as at this moment Sir Hercules came in very hurriedly, and handed in one of the ladies to dinner without even looking round him, I gave my arm, and we followed.

The place assigned me was at Lady Fitzgig's end of the table. I could just see Sir Hercules behind a shrubbery of leaves and flowers, and the distant glance I had of him showed that he was perturbed in spirit. The lady who was by my side had noticed it also, and she murmured sarcastically, "*Sire Ercule est distrait.*"

"Evidently, madame," I replied, "it seems there is a likelihood of political disturbance."

"Ah bah! we make nothing of that here; we are accustomed to threats of intervention every week. And, after all, how little you English must care for the petty quarrels of a diminutive state like ours."

All this was said with manifest intention, and I began to see that my guess at the reason of the lady's stiffness was correct. So I began some phrase about political importance being merely relative, when I was interrupted by a voice in my ear, and my host's own servant said, in low tones, "Sir Hercules regrets that his absence till the last moment prevented him from introducing you himself to Madame la Comtesse." Sir Hercules was looking at me from the end of the table while his message was being delivered. I looked across at the rival leader, who was seated exactly opposite, and I confess I was puzzled.

The countess by my side noticed my perplexity, and had caught part of the sentence. "*Sire Ercule apologises?*" she asked.

"So it seems," I replied, "though I can't tell why."

"It is very necessary. Don't you know that it is contrary to all etiquette for a gentleman to be presented by a lady?"

This, then, was the cause of the stiffness, and this made Sir Hercules so distressed. Poor old fellow! To think that he should have been so thoroughly saturated with the etiquette of a small German court during the twenty years of his embassy!

"What do you say about English politics?" asked the lady, after an embarrassing pause.

"That, madame, is a subject on which I never talk," I said, decidedly, though I was not a little surprised at her introduction of it. "I will take you further afield. What do you say to Russia?"

"Ah, you allude to the Poles, of course; I



might have seen where your sympathies would lead you. And who does not sympathise with such gallantry? Why you yourselves, who generally galle all things by success, you, whom Napoleon called a nation of shopkeepers, and who think nothing legitimate but trade—is not that true, that you think nothing legitimate but trade?"

This voluntary allusion to trade, which I was told to avoid so strictly, puzzled me more than ever. Is this woman so offended at my being introduced by the lady of the house that she is sacrificing her own faction in order to gratify her spite upon me? If so, the best thing I can do is to ingratiate myself with her by showing my knowledge, and ridiculing the opposite party.

"Your own words contradict you there, madame. We show our unselfishness by sympathising with such a hopeless cause. Remember the overwhelming force of the Russians; remember," I continued, more loudly, for she was about to interrupt me, "the weapons they employ against their victims, arrests, imprisonments, the stick, the knout, Siberia. You know what Siberia is, madame? We have always been told that few who go there return; can you tell us a different story? Perhaps you know what is the first stage to Siberia?"

Our rival opposite made an hysterical movement, from which I saw that the shot had told on her. But my countess was not yet reconciled. Instead of telling me the choicest piece of gossip that had ever circulated, she looked offended, and I began to suspect that the piece of gossip in question could not be safely told on a first acquaintance.

"If you will let me give you a piece of advice," said my neighbour, in a low and confidential voice, "you will not speak of such things at a large dinner-party. How do you know who is on the other side of you? English people do not recognise the old code of honour, but it is very strictly enforced here, and you might be involved in a serious quarrel. Some of our gentlemen are dead shots."

"Yes," I replied, with a ringing laugh, "but some of them never shoot without a keeper." There was a sensation near us, and another hysterical movement from our rival.

"I see you are incorrigible," said the countess, with an uneasy motion, which I interpreted as meaning that my last remarks had been rather too loud, and that I was drawing too much attention on our colloquy. I therefore lowered my voice, and asked if she went much to the opera?

"Twice a week," she replied.

"Did not you lose a valuable singer a few years ago?"

"We never lose valuable singers. The grand duke will always pay the highest sums to retain them; and as they know that they are appreciated here, they remain."

"I thought this one left because she was a little too much appreciated, and that her travelling companion returned without her."

"I do not quite catch your allusion. In the

summer most of our singers leave, and they generally recruit themselves at the baths. The doctors have always sent me to Kesselbad, but I greatly prefer Carlsbad, or some of the really aristocratic places. Kesselbad is a miserable place, I think. Have you ever been there?"

"I don't quite catch the name," I replied, in turn. "Do you like Baden, or Homburg?"

"How can you ask me? I detest all places given up to gambling. It is so degrading. It lowers the whole tone of the place. Our husbands get in bad ways; our society is spoilt; nothing but the outcasts of all the great capitals are to be found there, and Kesselbad is the worst of all. At other tables you may think you have some chance of winning, that the play is fair, and you may abandon yourself to the excitement; but no respectable person plays at Kesselbad, and he must be a fool indeed who can't resist the temptation."

How hard she is on her husband, I thought. She has never forgiven him the loss of her money; however, I can turn the subject in a way that will suit her better. "The only game that I approve of," I said, in a low voice, "is whist."

"Sir!" said the countess, looking round at me.

"Especially when one plays with people whom one knows," I continued.

"Sir!" said the countess again.

"Some ladies, I know, will never play except with their husbands for partners, and I dare say they are wise."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the countess.

"The meaning is simply, madame, that if you look across the table, you will see a lady who might have a variety of such partners, and would be sure of having one of them every time of cutting afresh." And, as I said this, I looked round at my partner with a meaning smile, expecting to find that my last remark had installed me fully in her favour.

I had only just noticed that instead of this she looked furious, and was gasping for breath, when the large folding-doors in the middle of the room were flung open, and a new guest came in. He was not announced, and nobody rose to receive him, but the footmen formed in a double line to let him pass, and silence fell at once on the company. The new comer was dressed in a snuff-brown morning coat, and had a brown wide-awake in his hand. An easy-chair was wheeled up for him a little distance from the table, and he sat down without speaking.

"I can't see you all," he said at length.

"Take away those flower-pots. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—why, you've got thirty people at table; a grand dinner; no one told me of it. Who let me in and didn't tell me?"

One of the footmen came forward with profuse bows, and admitted that he was guilty.

"Then just you go round to the palace and get me a uniform, sword, shako, and tunic, and bring it as quick as you can. I shan't feel at ease in this brilliant company till I am properly



equipped." So saying, he lolled back in his chair, and stretched out his legs so as to contradict his assertion of not feeling at ease.

The conduct of the new comer, the respect of the footmen, and the despatch of one to the palace, gradually enlightened me. This oddly-dressed, eccentric personage must be the grand-duke himself; while, from the company not having risen at his entrance, he must be taken to be *incog*. Everybody who answered him spoke to him as *Monsieur le Comte*, and he chatted familiarly enough with all the guests in his neighbourhood. There was a give and take in the conversation which struck me particularly, and which at times made me doubtful if the new comer was the grand-duke in person. But the arrival of the uniform left no room for uncertainty. Three footmen marched in with the dignity of grenadiers; the one carried a brass helmet, the second a sword, and the third a short coatée blazing with orders. At a sign from Sir Hercules the whole staff of lacqueys formed an impenetrable fence, behind which the change of dress was effected. When the footmen retired I saw the unceremonious intruder standing stiff and haughty by the side of his arm-chair, his brass helmet on his head, and his hand resting on the hilt of his sword. The company rose instantly, and bowed or curtsied as low as the table would let them. Sir Hercules himself left his seat, and, bending low before the grand-duke, thanked him for the honour of his visit. The grand-duke waved his hand graciously, took off his helmet, and sat down, whisking his sword cleverly out of his own way.

"Well, are we going to war with Prussia, milord baronet? Will England send a fleet to support us? You have always told me that England respects the liberty of the press; will she fight for it?"

Sir Hercules dallied with his golden chain, and, smiling, put the question by. "There is one difficulty in the way of naval support, your highness."

"Ah, and what is that?"

"Simply, that your highness's grand-duchy is very far inland, and the only navigable river in it is almost too narrow for a jolly-boat."

"That never struck me. I think I shall suspend the freedom of the press till we get a seaboard. And so you think England will do nothing to help us. Perfidious Albion! Du stolzes England, schäme dich! as the man sings in the opera. Isn't that an Englishman at the other end of the table? I don't know his face; he has never been presented to me."

"I was going to solicit an audience for that purpose to-morrow," said Sir Hercules, promptly. "Your highness exercised your usual penetration; he is an Englishman, but he has only lately arrived in the dominions of your highness."

A sudden twinkle shot over the grand-duke's face, and I could see he meditated some mischief. "Only just arrived! He is doubtless a stranger to our court and our ways, to our

scandals and our factions. Well, if he stays here any time, he will be able to learn them—especially under your instruction, Sir Hercules." The company looked daggers at the English minister, and he made a deprecating bow. "At present we are too much occupied with other things; we have a serious time before us; we must bid farewell to scandal, and prepare for troubles and trials on a large scale." The company breathed freely, preferring troubles and trials on a large scale to the open revelation of its secrets.

But the mischievous glance had not died out of the grand-duke's eyes, it was only lurking in the background. He was lulling the suspicion of the guests to sleep, in order to burst like a bomb-shell over their heads.

"Perhaps," he continued, seemingly addressing though not looking at me, "you will have an opportunity of seeing this country in a state of war; invaded by an overwhelming superior, its people flying from their houses, its towns in flames, its fields wasted. Such was the fate of Prussia herself at the beginning of the century; why may not Prussia retaliate it on us who have no means of escaping it? You may all well look grave at this picture," he said to the guests at table, who were all smiling and feeling reassured at their own escape, "but such may be the fate in store for us. You would not have us flinch from the combat; no, we, too, must take up the gage flung down, and must emulate the great deeds of our ancestry. We must arm in defence of our hearths and homes. All, all of us must shoulder the musket"—and here he wheeled round suddenly to the right—"you will have to spare us your keeper, M. de Prudelwitz."

The company looked aghast while the grand-duke leaned back in his chair and chuckled. I was beginning to laugh too, but was checked by a warning glance from Sir Hercules.

"Ah, that's what we must come to if England won't help us. But, in the mean time, Prudelwitz, you had better take the Englishman out shooting, and show him what bags we can make up. Not that I have given up all hope of support from England yet, in spite of what Sir Hercules says. Diplomats are always unwilling to hold out hopes which they know can't be gratified; but people who have studied English politics know that England attaches the greatest importance to the integrity of the small states of Germany. Is not that your opinion, Madame de Hohlezzahn?"

This time half the table laughed and the other half looked confused. It was plain that the grand-duke was going through the calendar, and as no one could reply to him his victims must grin and bear it.

"We must send an embassy to the House of Commons and ask for its help. Whom shall we send? Strudelwitz I have no doubt would go, it would be a splendid diplomatic opening for him, and they would probably give him the Order of the Bath. Or there's Faulenzner, he's certain to be listened to, for the last papers say



that all the London world is listening to the new German singer."

"Your highness treats your future ambassadors too hardly," Sir Hercules ventured to interpose.

"Do you think so? Why, I fancied myself very mild to them, considering what they have to suffer in other countries when they fail. The person of an ambassador is sacred in foreign countries, but in his own he is liable to any disgrace, his profession ceases to be sacred, and has no more protection than any other legitimate trade—*ch, M. de Pott?* If ambassadors were sacred their wives ought to be, and yet we have heard of ladies being sent to Siberia, or at least accomplishing the first stage of that journey."

"Has your highness never heard of the English Siberia?" asked the last victim, who, as only a settler, could afford to be more courageous than the residents.

"Never," said the grand-duke.

"Let me tell your highness that it is far worse than our Russian Siberia, of which, as your highness knows, I have the right to speak. All ranks are liable to be sent there, and there is no appeal against the sentence of banishment."

"No halfway house?" began the duke.

"No, your highness," pursued the lady, unflinchingly; "the journey has nothing to enliven it, the return is uncertain and painful, and the name of the English Siberia is Coventry."

The duke retired from the conflict. "Ah," he said, "I know the name; but I prefer Kesselbad. Were you at Kesselbad this summer, Madame Perkenstein?"

I did not dare to look at my partner, but to my surprise I heard her laughing at this downright attack. It spoke well for the hardihood of the court ladies at Schweinfett that they could laugh when the turn came to them, and do their best to disguise their sufferings.

"Many people lost their money again, I am told. Fortunately, no cases of suicide. That must be a comfort to the wives and families. It is bad enough to lose money, eh? especially when it is not our own, but life as well, that would be too bitter."

My companion was still laughing, and the grand-duke leant forwards, looking at her so pointedly that I wondered what more he was going to ask her. I thought she had been baited quite enough, and she had borne it so good humouredly, that she ought to be spared.

To my horror, the grand-duke said to her: "Have you been playing whist lately, Madame de Wasch-Mugdorff? When did you see your husbands last?"

I looked at the lady, and the duke, and Sir Hercules, and the whole truth flashed upon me. Lady Fitzgig had presented me to the wrong person!

This was the secret of our cross-questions and crooked answers; this was what Sir Hercules endeavoured to convey by his message; this was what I had so obstinately refused to see, in spite of all my opportunities. Was ever mortal man in such a mess? No wonder the countess was furious and Sir Hercules perplexed. No wonder the Perkenstein had been laughing at all my sarcasms, and I had taken her laughter for hysterical movements. I would have given anything for any means of escape. If the earth had opened at our feet and swallowed the Countess Wasch-Mugdorff, I would willingly have paid the bills she left behind her. Englishman as I am, I would have sacrificed the liberty of the press and all constitutional forms of government for an immediate Prussian invasion.

None came in answer to my prayers. I saw the grand-duke moving in his chair, adjusting his sword-belt, and feeling for his helmet. He was about to leave after saying all the unpleasant things he could think of, and his departure would be the signal for my immolation. I was beginning to despair of Providence, when help came from an unexpected quarter. At Schweinfett, as in many other German towns, a procession of drummers goes round in the evening, and beats an execrable tattoo. While I was racking my brains for a means of delivery, this abominable noise struck up under the window, and for once in my life I blessed it instead of cursing. I hit on an expedient at once; I sprang to my feet with a face of terror, and shrieked out, "The Prussian drums!"

Not a soul of the company but knew the old familiar sound; yet alarm is so contagious that not one of them stopped to think; all sprang up and rushed towards the window, and I bolted like a shot through a side doorway. There was fortunately a night train. I did not stop till I got to London. The report I spread of the occupation of Schweinfett by a Prussian army had not that depressing effect upon Consols which was intended.

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## NEVER FORGOTTEN.

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XLVI. NEMESIS.

FERMOR had got to Alfred-place. While there was a block of carriages and cabs at his mother's house, while the people in the street were stopping to see the shadows cast upon the canvas of the illuminated balcony, and the little procession of ladies flitting from their carriages up the steps into what seemed an open and refulgent furnace door, he was hurriedly getting out of his "Hansom," and entering Miss Manuel's. Could she see him for a moment? he sent up word. She was above all conventionality, and saw him.

He entered in a wild tumult, his eyes flashing. There was the old trouble on her face in permanence; but on this night he thought her dazzling and splendid.

"I have come," he said, closing the door.

"What," said she, "you not at the festival to-night?"

"I don't care for such things," he went on, "you know I don't. I got your note. *That* was festival enough for me."

"And your wife—that poor gentle thing, who seems to hate me so—she is there, I know, glittering like a star. Who can have filled her little soul with such cruel prejudices? I would give the world to be loved by her, and that she would let me love her; but she flies—she shrinks from me."

At the first part of this speech Fermor's brow was contracted, but at the second some complacency came upon his face. He could give a hint of the reason of this repulsion, but he made no answer.

"It was good of you to come," she continued. "I wanted to thank you. I heard of your generous conduct. Any one else would have kept back. I did not expect it from any one, and not from you."

"What," said he, "do you not know me yet?"

"I begin to do so," she said, "but, alas! you have not begun to know *me*. It is late for one's eyes to be opening; yet not too late, I hope. O, I could tell you such a sad history of humiliation, which you have a right to know. But you will be generous, and spare me. I thought I was doing a holy thing—carrying out what

would have been the dear wish of another; but now, not too late, I have discovered that I was in a false, wicked track. O, I have suffered," continued Miss Manuel, "and paid a heavy penalty for my folly—a heavy penalty indeed."

Fermor, who followed but indistinctly, for he was only thinking of the general purport of this confession, said eagerly, "Ah, it is easy for me to forgive. So you ask me?"

"Yes," she said, "I do. And I have something else to ask, which you will not refuse. I am glad you have come to me to-night. You would save me, I know, dreary hours of remorse—what would be a life of miserable regret. You do not know what I have suffered during these few days. I have seen misery, wickedness, guilt, ruin, all coming on fast, and which I know has been my own doing, but which I have not power to stop. O, Fermor, think what it must be for me to look on while the innocent are hurrying to destruction—to think that this is my own doing. I have not slept; I have not lived. I have spent these many days in rushing through this great city, crying for help to this person and that, and now find that you are my last chance."

"What can I do?" said Fermor, hurriedly; "say it. Can I refuse anything that you ask?"

"Then, save her. That soft, lovable, tender thing, that I—O, I can't *think* of it. I cannot speak to her. Every step I take towards her only fills her with suspicion. It is *you* who must act. Take her away! Fly this miserable place! Be-gone yourself! You don't know the dangers. Why, even at *this* moment while we talk—"

A light came into Fermor's eyes. "Ah, you don't know the whole of *that* story," he said. "Gentle and tender! Why, I have left a hell behind me at home. I have made the great mistake that so many make, and have found it out too late. Fly with *her*? Never! You talk of suffering; you don't know what I have suffered. I have been vilely deceived—deceived in every way. On their heads be the consequence of their own imposture! But I hope to have done with them—done with them for ever—from this night."

"How?" said Miss Manuel, with wondering eyes.

He went on, with a voice almost breathless from agitation, "Don't think that I have not been able to translate your words, and your letter that I have seen enough of men and



women, and the world, not to know what is behind, and what is unknown even to yourself. I know what is struggling in your mind, what is the meaning of those griefs and this remorse, as you think it. I shall not go back to that Inferno! Never!"

"What?" said Miss Manuel, starting up.

"Ah! you begin to understand now," said he, still more agitated. "I think we both begin to see the light at last. Brighter days shall come for both of us. You talk of flying. Yes, let us fly; let us leave this vile place, this vile country. I have seen your struggles, your noble struggles, and shall help you by this confession. Come; what do you say?"

He waited, almost panting, for an answer. Miss Manuel had listened with a strange wonder; at first, with eyes distending gradually, and then herself rising slowly from the chair, until she was standing her full height, looking down on him. Not long had he to wait for an answer. It was already written on her curling lips. He had almost a presentiment of its tone.

"You say this to *me*!" she said at last, with a scorn that seemed to blight and blast him. "Is *this* your confession?"

He passed his hand over his eyes, a little staggered, and drew back. "You understand me," he faltered. "We understand each other."

"I understand you," she said. "Now I do. God forgive my blindness for not understanding you before! God forgive my weakness and foolish repentance! God forgive me for taking you to be a weak, foolish, empty coxcomb, and not the mean—cold-souled—heartless—black-hearted—villain that I now find you!"

The words were like a shower of blows, and Fermor seemed to totter back under them, and with his hand vainly tried to clear his eyes. The utter surprise had almost taken away his wits.

"Unworthy of pity!" she went on; "unworthy of all grace! Now, indeed, the light has come! Now I see with what cold calculation you took away the life of the darling we lived for! And yet *she* prayed for you—thought of you in her last breath. Now you are destroying *another* poor child, whose only sin has been trusting too fondly to you. And you dare," she went on, with something like fury, "to come to *me* with your vile raptures, and your odious devotion. We understand each other! I want no such communion, indeed. Go away! Go out into the street—anywhere! Go back to your hell, as you call it! Leave me quickly! I can't breathe while you are here. Go!"

She kept her arm steadily pointed to the door. To the wretched Fermor, beaten, humiliated, grovelling, she seemed to be standing over the couch of the lost Violet, like an Avenger. With his hand still before his eyes he shrank to the door. And as he crept away out to the street, so degraded that he loathed his own personal consciousness, the idea that was haunting him, and the gnawing reproach that

rung in his ears like a knell, was that that foolish, blundering, awkward Hanbury, whom he despised, but whom he felt to be superior in this, had given him warning. This was, indeed, the one stroke of his humiliation.

He did not know at the moment, as he stood on the steps looking up and down to both ends of the street, how near that unselfish Hanbury was to him. Hanbury had hurried from Mrs. Fermor eagerly, and now at the upper end of that quiet thoroughfare, saw some one come out of Miss Manuel's house. There was a lamp at the door, and under this lamp he saw Fermor's white face and yellow moustache, as it looked wildly up and down. He did not care to meet him then, and revolted at the infatuation which took him there; so he stopped, and then he saw Fermor turn vacantly, and take the direction up the end which led away from town. He noted his uncertain, tottering walk, and his figure get gradually lost in the darkness. Hanbury was about crossing the street, when he saw Miss Manuel's door open suddenly, and another figure burst out, and hurry up the street in the direction Fermor had taken. He knew the coal-black eyes and the dark beard of Miss Manuel's brother, and the same lamp which had shown him Fermor's blank pale face and yellow moustache, showed him the wild, excited features and fierce eyes of Louis Manuel.

John Hanbury was slow of thought; conclusions did not ordinarily flash upon him as they do upon other men. Manuel's figure had passed into the distant darkness, and Hanbury had his hand upon the door-bell before the idea had occurred to him to question why Louis Manuel should rush out so excitedly after Fermor. Then an instinct of the scene above, as it had really occurred, came upon him, and with something like terror he went down the steps again, and followed hastily.

The miserable Fermor, shrinking from himself as if he was spotted over with some disease, kept wandering on through that dark night. He scarcely knew where he was going. He shrank from taking a direction which could lead in any way towards his home. From Alfred-place was not far to that broad district of spreading clayey fields, not yet built upon, where in a year or so the monster building for the Exhibition was to rise, and a new town of plaster mansions. Fashion, on this night, had not quite made up her mind, nor gathered up her skirts, for a race in this direction. The clayey fields were only cut up here and there by a stray row of houses, and lit by a stray lamp; and into this lonely district Fermor found himself suddenly plunged. The openness and loneliness gave him relief. He was recovering a little from the awful blow—the blow to his pride. To what had been the purpose of his later life? A stroke to his overpowering vanity, and to that vanity which was so mixed with selfishness as to be more selfishness than vanity, was to him like a physical stroke or dislocation. A sense of dull



pain was in his head, and the cool of the fields seemed to relieve his moral sufferings. Luckless, miserable, degraded, Fermor almost deserved pity.

In a dull fashion, he began to "see it all," as it is called: the whole course of later events, with the secret of Miss Manuel's calculating plans, which his own blind infatuation had prevented him from comprehending. Beyond that, too, his mind travelled back, and that strange expression of hers, "taken away the life of Violet," brought up the old Eastport times again. The soft gentleness, the quiet suffering, the grateful tender worship—these were things that some one seemed to whisper to him for the first time. Rough hands were levelling the rude stone wall of stolid vanity—as iron as that stone wall against which he had dashed on the Eastport race-day, now so long ago—and he was seeing things with wonder he had never seen before.

A dull crash about his head—physical—and really like that crash at the Eastport wall—a flash of stars—a dull thunder in the ears—a fierce cry like a threat, mixed up with a sound like "this from Violet!"—and Fermor's humiliation and degradation, his dreams of Eastport and of the past, were battered into insensibility. He was on the ground, with his back on the clayey soil, the white face turned to the sky, and a figure over him, fiercely beating and mashing; pounding that white face with something held in its hands. Some half-dozen terrible strokes in all. And there would have been but one more to finish the work, but for a strong man who came rushing and shouting across the field, and who caught the wild, frantic figure by the throat, and, after a struggle, flung him to a distance.

Miserable Fermor was breathing still.

#### CHAPTER XLVII. AN OLD SOLDIER'S END.

AT Lady Laura Fermor's the entertainment went forward. The carriages came and went. From the street, the shadows of Captain Vansittart and Miss Egerton of Rushley were seen outlined on the illuminated balcony, as if projected from a magic lantern. Sounds of muffled music came from within; the stirring horn and tinkling harp. The tableaux were over now; the dancing had set in.

There had been unavoidable omissions in the little show. Mr. Romaine had been seen to go, but had never returned. His dress, a rich one, was lying there. Mrs. Fermor had not come at all. Here was the most effective scene spoiled. The rest were, in truth, a little halting. It came upon the actors and audience with a surprise that there should have been so small a result, after all the extraordinary cost, and trouble, and expense. It was a relief when "the decks were cleared," and Revel's band began to wind out music, and the company to float on the soft billows of a Strauss valse.

Lady Laura, at the door, working the fan in her pale fingers, still kept to her duty. At times, during the night, Blanche had come to her privately, in some little trouble about the absent Spendlesham. The mother reassured her. "He has missed a train. He will be here in the morning to apologise. Go and dance now, dear, and enjoy yourself." The well-trained Blanche always reflected her mother's tone of mind, and saw that there was not a cloud of doubt in the air. With a smile she tripped away, and was presently flying round, supported by Captain Singleman's strong arm, to the celestial air of the "Wien mein sinn" valse. The same strain had drawn many more from their seats, and absorbed them into the *mêlée*.

Lady Laura looked rather tired. She gave herself no rest. She found partners for the destitute. This night she did not care to receive any scandalous stories from any of her favourite worldly old men. It was a long and weary night. A young destitute girl, sadly unprepossessing—for whom she had provided—said to her gratefully, "Dear Lady Laura, you should sit down. You are tiring yourself." But she did not sit down. She worked on, and looked for plenty of physical action. How many spectres had she dancing before her eyes that night, besides her company? Almost everything there furnished her one: Blanche's silken slip, the temporary stage and scenes, the hired lustres, and Revel's fine Strauss music. There was besides, up-stairs, and outside, Blanche's trousseau, newly come home from that terrible Madame Adelaide; and above all, indistinct, and in the distance, but not less terrible, the rude and furious job-master. No wonder that old heart was chilled—chilled even to death.

By half-past two they were going. There was the departing chorus of the "delightful evening," and the "so pleasant." The ghosts of the Strauss melodies still floated in the air. The rooms were cleared with a rush, just as they had filled with a rush. The waxed floor shone and glittered under the lights—here and there was a flower, a bit of swansdown, a bit of lace—jetsam and flotsam on the wreck. Below, they were long getting on their wraps. And Lady Laura, leaning on the chimney-piece, heard the hoarse cries in the street, and the hum of voices in the hall, and the happy salutations of lingering men.

"It was a delightful party," said Laura junior, in great spirits. "They were all pleased."

"Yes, dear," said Lady Laura, in the new soft tone which mystified her daughters. "I am so glad you enjoyed yourself. Go up and go to bed as quickly as you can. You look tired, and we have to be out again to-morrow night." Poor working soul, she could not forget duty!

The two girls went together, meaning to have a short comparing of notes on the triumphs and joys of the night. Lady Laura stayed behind, her foot on the fender, with the job-master and Madame Adelaide and the other spectres for company.



Presently she went up to her room. During that latter part of the night, staying so much at the doors, she had put on an old scarlet opera cloak, and wrapped it about her neck. Not that she found much comfort in it, but she did not forget that there was to be duty on the next night.

The girls, rapturously photographing the joys of the night, heard Lady Laura call softly to Blanche, who came in. Lady Laura, still in the opera cloak, shut the door, and then said, "Blanche, I want to tell you something—can you bear a little disappointment?" And then, making as light of it as she could, told all about Lord Spendlesham. Blanche burst into passionate tears. Her mother consoled her, and even with effect.

"I am not sorry," she said. "He was a foolish creature, and you would have had great trouble with him. He was a mere boy. There were great obstacles from the beginning, in fact. I never reckoned on it regularly. Now go to bed, dear, and put it out of your head. I shall put it all out of *my* head. To-morrow I shall see him and manage him, dear. Some wicked people have got round him; or, if the worst comes to the worst, we shall think of something else, and, 'suppose,' she added, with an odd smile, 'shall begin it all again!'"

The brilliancy of the night was already before Blanche's eyes, and made her receive the artificial encouragement. She had never fancied young Spendlesham, and there had been a handsome baronet that night, single, and with the other virtues. She had more faith in that dismal anthem of her mother's, "To-morrow begin it all again!" She was struck, too, by the unwonted softness of that consolation, and coming back, when half way from the door, kissed her mother; an unfrequent-ceremony, for which there was rarely time. When she was gone out, her mother dropped wearily into a chair before her dressing-glass, and then the old spectres—headed by furious Madame Adelaide—all poured in afresh.

Blanche went in to her sister to find sisterly sympathy. She told her all her mortifications and sorrows, and found some comfort. The single and handsome baronet hovered in the distance, as a sort of transparency. For more than an hour they talked of it, and of a hundred other things, taking off their finery as they went along. Laura junior, full of *her* hopes and prospects, told her story. At last they heard four strike, and with a start they thought of Duty for the next night, and Laura junior laid her head upon the pillow.

"Mamma has some plan, I know," said Blanche, "for she said she would begin it all again to-morrow. She will manage Spendlesham, I dare say. I am sure she has some clever thing in her head. I shall just run in and see. Is she in bed?"

She went in softly. "Why, mamma——" she said, for Lady Laura was still sitting before the

glass, with the flowers on her head, and the red opera cloak still about her. She was sitting, as she had sat many times before, waiting for her maid to come and begin to do her hair, when going out to the old call of Duty. "Why, mamma," said Blanche—and, running up, gave a cry—rather a shriek.

At least she was at her post, and in her old uniform. After all, it is at his post, and in the field, that the veteran should most of all choose to meet his end. That notion of "beginning it all again to-morrow" had sent a chill to the nerves and muscles of the heart. The old spirit was there, and she would have been at the front again on the morrow, "beginning all" once more; but the old strength had at last given way. She was not built of iron. "Begin again to-morrow!" She had often done *that*, under circumstances as hopeless; but now it seemed to be shouted at her by the hoarse voices of the spectres. And so the heart of the poor struggling gallant soldier cracked, and in her flowers, and in her cloak, and before her dressing-glass, she slept off into quite another and more awful world, where she was "to begin again in the morning," and where there were happily no balls nor dresses, no struggle, no flowers, no fans; no battling with bills, nor with infuriated milliners, nor job-masters; but where it is to be hoped she found at least rest.

#### L'ENVOI.

Now that some years are between that night and this time, we see some of the figures in this story in conditions such as the intelligent reader of stories can almost fancy for himself. About the next day or so after that unhappy party of Lady Laura's, we can see the worn and spent old diplomatist, Sir Hopkins, who for weeks had been flitting and fluttering about offices and ante-rooms, totter down eagerly to a cab. "Foreign Office," he calls out, "and as quick as you can." That morning he has heard of the death of the governor of the Lee Boo Island. "It is very hard," he thinks to himself. "They treat me anyhow! They forget my old services. It is shameful! And now to put me off with that wretched place! I suppose I must take it." And, grumbling and indignant, he sent in his card to Harding Hanaper. "I shall try for something else," said Sir Hopkins, "before I consent to *that*." Poor soul! his heart was in office—office of some shape, and sort—Foreign Office "candle snuffing, even," if there was such employment.

Harding Hanaper was very busy. A mail was going out that night. "How that man plagues us." (Yet it was more than a month since Sir Hopkins had seen him.) "I can't see him! I won't see him! What does he want? Tell him to put it in writing." But Sir Hopkins was not to be put off like the common petitioners. His worn face found its way in. "The Lee Boo Island," he said, panting aloud, "is vacant. They have kept me so long, and altogether treated me



so badly, so I suppose, Hanaper, I must be content with that—faute de mieux, as old Pichegru used to say.”

“Where’s Ridley’s last paper?” said Harding Hanaper, with his face bent over documents, as if he was going to cool it in copious cold water. “Send down for it. Have a copy made of this—quick. O! well, what is it now, Pocock?”

“You know, of course you do, the Lee Boo Island is vacant. Baines died there last April.”

“Ah, yes, to be sure. You were asking for it—I remember—I dare say. But you should think about it—a man of your time of life, you know—climate, and all that—”

“O, I have considered that,” said Sir Hopkins. “So, if there is nothing else going, I am sure, after all my long services, and really after having arranged those Waipiti troubles—”

“Ah, exactly,” said Mr. Hanaper, wearily; “that’s a long time ago. Besides, they broke out again the other day, you know. By the way, about the Lee Boo Island. The chief was down himself here last night, asking about it. What was that, Manning? Now, Sir Hopkins, I am up to my eyes—mail going out, you know—Manning will tell you everything.”

Manning said to Sir Hopkins, “Sorry, sir, about the Lee Boo, but the chief said he was keeping it for Mr. Trail. In fact, he has given it to him.”

“Given it to him!” shrieked Sir Hopkins. “What is the meaning of this? It is shameful, disgraceful! I’ll expose the whole system. I’ll bring it before parliament! What do they mean? What do *you* mean?”

And with his face contorted and crumpled into lines of piteous agony, he looked from one to the other.

“Hush, hush!” said Mr. Hanaper; “recollect the office, Sir Hopkins.”

“I’ll bring it before parliament,” said the unhappy diplomatist. “I’ll appeal to the country. This is the way old and faithful servants are treated. It shall be taken up, I can tell you. I’ll—”

“Now, Sir Hopkins, we are busy, as you see. We can’t have this sort of thing. Please let us go to business.”

“And Miss Manuel telling me. She promised—*you* know she did.” Hanaper smiled.

“If that was your prop, Sir Hopkins, it was a reed, and a broken one. I don’t think you are number one *there*. Better to tell you, for the next time.”

Wretched Sir Hopkins went his way almost staggering—all crow’s feet, as it were. From that little churchyard at Eastport a skeleton hand seemed to reach him.

We can see Major Carter, older and more worn and not so crisp—with a Mrs. Carter—flitting round the watering-places he loved, making acquaintances. Some powerful friends had come forward on that exposé, and the words,

“Shameful conspiracy,” were used pretty frequently. It was found by the Crown officials that the capital case, as to legal proof, was very weak indeed—so weak, that it was not advisable to think of a trial. It must be said, too, that the shareholders in the Irrefragable were dissatisfied with the exposé. Yet Major Carter wisely forbore to press his claim on the company; and, by a sort of mutual compromise, the dead past was allowed to bury its own dead. Faithful, trusting Mrs. Wrigley believed in him all the time, and went abroad with him. And, it must be said, that Major Carter could always appeal to his treatment of the second Mrs. Carter as a sufficient refutation of the “foul slanders” that had been heaped upon him in reference to the first.

Now, too, is Pauline Manuel at rare intervals on English ground: when she comes to see a brother, who is placed in a quiet asylum, where his wildness is soothed and tempered on the gentlest principles. At other seasons, she too hovers about the foreign world, and, wherever she goes, people wonder at her sad handsome face, and think there must be some story connected with her.

Now, too, at a quiet cathedral town, on the grass and walks of the close, under the friendly skirt of the cathedral itself, live three persons together. The cathedral is not rich, nor has it a numerous ecclesiastical chapter. A railway has not touched it yet: so very few remark the grim old man and his daughter, and the feeble husband, whom they both support. The feeble husband walks as though a false step would shatter his frame like glass or china. The feeble husband’s eyes are dim, and grow dimmer each day, and round and about the eyes his face has been crushed and bruised out of shape through an old and terrible accident. A skilful doctor did wonders with that face, raising it, and piecing it, and restoring it (he wrote “a case” on it for some Medical Transactions); but he could not restore the quick intuition and ready appreciation, and so every one in the cathedral town knows that the feeble husband’s words come from him more slowly than he walks (as though *they* run risk, too, of being shattered), and that it takes a long time to follow a question or a remark.

Of this old and dreadful accident he ought to have died properly, but the skilful doctor saved him. As his eyes grow more dim, so does his intelligence; keeping pace with the failing of the eyes. It seems long long ago. Sometimes, no doubt, the dull thickness clears away—the murky vapours in his brain clear away; and perhaps he then, for a moment, sees the old soft days down at the watering-place, when he seemed to be young, and airy, and elegant, and happy; and these bright figures moved to and fro before him. It was another Fermor then, different from the Fermor who came later, and who, in its turn, was different from the old young man, and the bruised beaten Fermor, whose dim eye was, as it were,



at the glass of a stereoscope. These were but sudden glimpses—but short glimpses too. Then the clouds would come rolling in from side to side. Local doctors give him a prognosis of but a few years. Then there will be a choral service in the cathedral, with minor canons chanting, and a tablet on the aisle-walls with the inscription "Charles Fermor," with birth, death, and all the rest. But not a word, of course, of the old vanities, and selfishness, and weakness, and the wretched mauled countenance. When the men of his regiment come to hear of that demise, some of them will say, "Poor Fermor!" They will balance his character, and some good will be discovered. It will be universally agreed "it was all that infernal conceit of his." The military verdict would be about right. That ludicrous vanity was at the bottom of all. It might have been "drawn" when he was a boy, just as his double teeth might have been drawn. But there had been no one to think of taking him to the moral dentist's in time.

Young Brett, faithful to him to the end, often made trips down to the cathedral town, and walked by Fermor's side round the close, and spoke to him with an assumed gaiety and cheerfulness as "old fellow." And the dim dull eyes, from which the colour of conceit had been long washed out, rested on the honest boy with a greater intelligence, and much comfort. Perhaps it was at such moments that the clouds broke, and the old Eastport sun came out for a few seconds. The young wife found inexpressible comfort when she saw Brett's brave face near them. He knew the art of manly comfort, and could impart it. He always went away himself in deep distress, but left a little cheerfulness behind.

He could take a kind and gentle view of Fermor's course—at least a pitying one—as, indeed, perhaps the kind reader, who has listened to this story so far, may perhaps be inclined to do. Poor miserable foolish Fermor! Even here, looking back on this story, we may think of him gently, with some allowance, and at least draw a moral from his course.

Sometimes his faithful wife hears him articulate with difficulty the name of Violet. Far away on the coast of Eastport, which is thriving, and gorgeous with plaster palaces and assembly-rooms, and has its bathing machines, and pony carriages, with infant postilions, in whose social warp and woof gold pieces seemed to be woven in—which has its two seasons, its express trains from Town for business men—to which doctors order patients—at Eastport, so flourishing, so magnificent and pampered, strange to say, this little romance has been kept alive. It has not been choked out by the briars. The story is as well known as that of Tolla at Rome. The tradition is loved, and familiar to the bathing-women on the beach. And most young girls, having heard the outline from the maid in the lodgings, or from the women on the beach, find their way to a sheltered corner of the

now crowded graveyard, where charming flowers come up thickly, watched periodically by a plain good honest country gentleman, and tended carefully by a professional gardener of reputation, in the pay of a lady abroad—where there are rings and bands of choicest colours, and where, on a simple granite headstone, is carved the pretty name of "VIOLET."

THE END OF NEVER FORGOTTEN.

## TO CHINA IN A GUNBOAT.

OUR gunboats are among the issues of the Russian war. During that war our navy contained no vessels capable of carrying into the creeks and inlets of the Russian coast a sufficient weight of metal to make their approach formidable to the enemy's forts and heavy field-batteries. But most admirably was this deficiency made good. In an incredibly short space of time a fleet of small vessels was created, each vessel of the gross burden of two hundred and thirty-six tons, propelled by two engines of the aggregate indicated power of sixty horses, armed with one sixty-eight-pounder ninety-five-cwt. gun amidship, and a thirty-two-pounder fifty-six-cwt. aft. These boats measured one hundred and ten feet over all, twenty-one feet extreme breadth, and drew seven feet six inches of water. The engines were supplied with steam from three cylindrical tubular boilers.

It may easily be conceived that in a vessel of this size, when space has been taken for a magazine containing nearly four tons of ammunition, shell-rooms, engine-room, coal bunkers containing thirty tons of coal, provisions for forty men for five months, tanks, store-rooms, sail-bins, cooking place, &c., but little room was left for accommodating her crew of six officers and thirty-five men. But comfort is a word not set down in any known nautical dictionary.

With regard to rig, it is only fair to say that, as these boats were an entirely new class of vessel, and never calculated for long ocean passages, a rig had to be suddenly improvised of square yards on the foremast, and fore and aft rig aft.

The Civet was one of eight commissioned in 1859 to reinforce the China squadron, and within a fortnight of hoisting the pendant was reported ready to proceed to sea. On the 3rd of November, she was made fast on the starboard quarter of the Seahorse; her consort—a sister gunboat—occupying the like position of the port quarter, and all three steamed slowly out of Plymouth Sound.

On the following morning the wind began to increase, and the sea to rise sufficiently to make a good offing from the land desirable. At about ten o'clock in the forenoon the escort stopped, some accident having happened to her engines; and the consort, who was to windward of the Civet, drifted on board, carrying away jib-boom and one boat, and doing her some minor damage, she receiving her fair share. Soon after this she broke adrift, and had scarcely been taken in tow



when a similar fate befel the *Civet*. This was at two in the afternoon on the 5th, when, the gale having greatly increased, it was found impossible to take her in tow again, and three or four hours later she lost sight of her convoy, and the crew were left to their own devices.

The gale had by this time increased considerably, and was blowing very hard indeed; no time, therefore, was lost in getting her laid to under very easy canvas. At half-past ten it was discovered that the ship was leaking, so the pumps were manned, but had not been working more than an hour when they became choked. All hands were then set to work baling with buckets, but the utmost exertions failed to get the leak under, and the cause of the leak remained a mystery. By twelve o'clock the water had gained so much, that it was washing in and out of the furnaces, and had thus become so hot that tubs had to be lashed to the stanchions in the engine-room and filled with cold water for the men to stand in while baling. During this time the ship was labouring so heavily that it became necessary to lighten her forward, by throwing overboard the heavy shot there stowed. By one in the morning two fires had been put out; but, by dawn, the leak had been happily discovered, and stopped. In three hours she had got the water off her chest, and bore up back again for Plymouth.

Damages having been repaired, the *Civet* started again on the 16th of November, escorted this time by the *Thor*, and accompanied by two other gunboats. They had little difficulty in reaching Madeira on the 30th. During this short passage one of the *Civet's* men was taken ill, and all on board being equally ignorant of medicine, the commander had to play the part of the Mock Doctor. In a case of like difficulty, one gunboat officer, more provident than the rest, soon after leaving England mixed all his medicines in a bucket, and then issued to each man his proportion of the mixture, telling him that he had there his allowance of the remedies provided against his probable ailments on the passage out. This plan seemed to answer as well as any other. Another officer numbered his bottles as they stood on the shelf, and administered them in rotation. Thus, the first man who fell sick got a dose of number one bottle, the second got his dose from number two. One fact can be vouched for—not a single death occurred from disease on the passage out on board of any one of the six-and-twenty gunboats that first and last made the passage. Had there been six-and-twenty doctors with them, somebody must have died of physicking.

Having hastily refitted and watered, the convoy left Madeira on the 2nd of December. One of the gunboats had been dispatched on the previous day to try whether she could make the passage by herself—an experiment which so far failed that her engines broke down, and the *Thor* and *Civet* came up with her two or three days after starting. All arrived at Rio Janiero on the 6th of January.

Having watered, coaled, and refitted we left

on the 11th. While at Rio the sailing qualities of the *Civet* were improved by some rough spars rigged out in every possible position, and setting on them every awning, boat's sail, and other canvas that could possibly be got to draw. On the 17th of February, when at six in the morning the wind was rapidly increasing, and the jib was ordered to be stowed, a fine young fellow went out to perform this duty, when the ship gave a plunge, and he was washed overboard. Everything was done that could be done for his rescue, but after a four hours' unsuccessful search, the boat returned.

On the morning of the 21st, the *Civet's* tiller was carried away, and on the 24th the gale, which had been increasing steadily for some days, rose a very heavy sea; and now the want of better rigging was found; for every spar and rope was straining fearfully, though every hawser and spare rope in the ship was in use to secure the masts and yards. At about midnight (the ship had been all day steered with the greatest difficulty) she broached to, and a tremendous sea nearly overwhelmed her. The night was pitch dark, and we found ourselves standing breast high in the water, which had completely filled the ship, not a vestige of the hull being visible for some minutes except the black line of her gunwale. This appeared to be on a level with the water in board and out. The weather-quarter boat was in splinters, the davits (strong iron supports by which she was suspended) were bent back like pieces of wire, the lee boat was broken in halves, and entirely drowned. Orders were given to cut her away, and the men were sent to the pumps to keep them from doing anything rash. Shortly after the boat was cut away she gave a sickly roll to windward, when happily the stern and quarter ports were forced out by the water, the upper works abaft were started, and the water thus having made a vent for itself left the deck comparatively clear. Happily the hatchways had been well secured, and little water got below. Among other things that were washed overboard were two iron rifle proof plates, weighing about a hundred-weight each. Only one other gunboat was with the *Civet*; the other and her escort having parted from her a day or two previously. The gale continued until the 28th, when a week of calm lovely weather refreshed the men, upon whom exposure and fatigue were telling seriously.

Then came hard weather again, and one of the main shrouds was carried away. This was at once repaired. The chain plates of the weather fore-rigging (which form the sole lateral support of the mast) were afterwards broken. No time was lost in getting the vessel round on the other tack, and passing chain cables under her bottom to support the mast. This had hardly been done, when the foremost plate on the starboard side parted. Whereupon she had to be wore, and the shroud secured in a like manner. These and previous mishaps caused so much anxiety for the safety of the ship, that it was determined, at the risk of a long passage,



to haul out of these stormy latitudes, and get into the trade winds.

Fatigue, exposure, hard living, and confinement, had produced their natural effects in sickness. There were no less than twelve men at one time suffering severely from ulcers, but yet not a murmur was to be heard. Every order was obeyed with the greatest promptitude and cheerfulness; and, whenever any special difficulty occurred, the sick left their hammocks and worked with the rest. On arrival at Hong-Kong, no less than nine men were invalidated home for diseases formed during this passage. So, after all, perhaps, the Civet might have been the better for a doctor.

Having got into more settled weather, damages were, with the help of the engineers, repaired as far as they had means of repair, and it was thought that the worst of the voyage had passed.

Although this was about the usual hurricane season, the Civet was believed to be too far to the eastward and southward to get the full force of the storms. But on the 31st of March and the two subsequent days she was exposed to the full force of a hurricane, in latitude fifteen deg. eight min. south, and longitude ninety-eight deg. fifty-one min. east.

For some days before the 31st, the trade winds were very unsteady, breaking frequently into squalls, with much rain. At nine A.M., on the 31st, the wind was south-east, blowing pretty strong, with a heavy threatening sky, which continued to get worse, until there was at half-past eleven a very heavy bank of clouds resting on the horizon, and the sea of a lurid coppery appearance. At this time the wind suddenly fell, and the whole appearance of the weather looked so threatening, that steam was got up and preparations were made for bad weather. As night approached, the glass continuing to fall, and the squalls becoming heavier and more frequent, all the yards were got down, the jib-booms got in, every sail furled, except close-reefed main trysail and forestay sail, and everything lashed on deck. As soon as steam was up, the fires were banked, and we waited for the weather to declare itself. Up to this time, and for some time after, the wind never changed a point, and gave the idea that this gale could not be a cyclone. As night advanced, the squalls rapidly increased in strength, and the lulls became less and less frequent, and of shorter duration, until towards midnight they were lost in a continuous gale. No time was lost in finding out the ship's position with regard to the vortex; which was found to bear due north, and judged that it must pass to the eastward, and at no great distance. At two A.M., therefore, the Civet was wore and brought to the wind on the port tack, without sustaining any damage from the sea, which had by this time risen in a very confused dangerous manner. At eleven A.M. (1st April), the wind began to veer to the southward, and continued to do so from this time. At noon the glass had fallen to 29.30, and the gale was blowing with terrific violence. Never

was so dangerous a sea experienced; it resembled boiling water, and was rising in pyramids, which frequently burst on board on all sides at once. Rain fell without intermission, and was driven with such force as to make it impossible to look to windward. At half-past one, the mainsail was balance-reefed, and an hour later a sea struck the ship, carrying away the staysail halyards, taking the sail in and washing away the upper works forward. The gale continued to increase, gradually drawing at the same time to the southward and westward, attaining its greatest strength at about ten in the evening. When it had reached south-west, the glass had then fallen to 29.02. Nothing could then exceed the frightful violence of the wind. At about that time the mainsail was blown to ribbons. As this had been anticipated, a new main staysail had been got ready, and was hoisted; but was scarcely set when it was blown entirely away, nothing being left of it but the roping. Fearing that the ship might fall off from the wind, some hammocks were ordered to be got in the main rigging, and, after considerable difficulty, this was accomplished, two being found sufficient for the purpose intended. The wind coming gradually to the westward, at two in the morning it had reached west-south-west, and began to be slightly broken into squalls, which became more and more perceptible towards morning. At four o'clock the rain began to cease in the lulls. At six the glass had risen to 29.30, and the horizon was visible to leeward. At nine the wind was at north-west, blowing strong, and the sea had fallen considerably.

During the hurricane, as heretofore, the ship behaved admirably, proving herself a perfect sea-boats. Had she been less so nothing could have saved her. Every possible precaution had been taken to secure hatches. The pumps were kept constantly going. All the ports were washed away, and some idea of the violence of the wind may be formed from the fact that the paint on the funnel was chipped off on the weather side by the action of the wind and rain as if it had been cut with a chisel. One of the men found an iron hoop on the deck which he threw overboard to windward, and it was blown back like a piece of paper.

After a storm comes a calm. For more than ten days the Civet lay becalmed, or scarcely moved by occasional catpaws, and on the 14th her crew had the pleasure of seeing another gunboat ahead in a similar fix. Steam was got up, and she was soon alongside, exchanging notes of the passage, but more particularly making mutually anxious inquiries as to stock of coal. It turned out that each had three tons, so, as the Civet's engines consumed least, she took her consort's coal on board and herself in tow, and towed her until the morning of the 16th, when she was cast off to board some vessels which were becalmed. From one of these the Civet got eleven tons of coal. She had scarcely completed coaling when a third gunboat steamed up. She had now enough to take her to Java Head.



The small stock of coal having been almost all used for condensing water, great shifts were employed to economise the fuel. By cutting up condemned rope, canvas, &c., and mixing with this the coal ashes (which were always carefully preserved), chips of wood, and a little tar or pitch, fuel was eked out. Damaged biscuit and tainted pork were found not to answer for raising steam, though experimented upon by one of the consorts.

On the 20th the *Civet* reached Batavia, where she coaled and watered, and left on the 24th for Singapore, arriving there in five more days. At Singapore she made good most of her defects, and from thence to Hong-Kong was towed by a government steam transport, arriving on the 15th of May.

From the time the *Civet* left Plymouth till arriving at Hong-Kong, a hundred and eighty days had elapsed, of which a hundred and seventy were spent at sea, one hundred of them out of sight of land.

### POOR MEN'S ANNUITIES.

THE government have lately issued detailed particulars for putting into operation one of the most promising measures which we have witnessed for many a year—one which, if honestly carried out by both parties, the authorities and the people, will tend to place prudent men beforehand in the world, shielded to some extent against the cares which press upon those who have no resource against seasons of disaster. Savings-banks and post office savings-banks have done and are doing much good; so with industrial and provident institutions; so with land and building societies, if there be honesty on the part of the managers, and prudence on the part of the members; so with working men's clubs; so with (some, at least) friendly societies. Now we are to have government annuities and life insurances for working men, and the humbler section of the middle classes.

This matter has long been talked about; but it was only in the last session of parliament that Mr. Gladstone introduced the measure which afterwards became law. Eleven years earlier a partial measure had been adopted for facilitating the purchase of government annuities through the medium of the savings-banks. The National Debt Commissioners were empowered to receive money for this purpose from depositors in such banks, and to grant immediate or deferred life annuities depending on single lives, or immediate annuities depending on joint lives with benefit of survivorship, or on the joint continuance of two lives. The annuity was not to be less than four pounds or more than thirty. The premium for an immediate life annuity was to be paid in one sum; but for a deferred annuity it might be paid either in one sum or in a certain number of annual instalments. The annuities granted were not to be assignable, except in cases of bankruptcy or insolvency. The act of eighteen 'sixty-four repealed that of eighteen 'fifty-three,

and legalised a much more comprehensive system.

Abjuring altogether the barbarous phraseology of acts of parliament, we will put into a few words of plain English the chief provisions of this government annuity statute. The act of an earlier date, just noticed, granted annuities of small amount only, on condition that the full purchase price was paid in one sum, or by annual payments during a course of years fixed at the time of purchase; and it also stipulated that an insurance for a sum of money at death could only be effected by the contracting party purchasing at the same time a deferred annuity on his own life. These conditions are either abandoned or modified by the new statute. The sum required to purchase a deferred annuity may be payable in smaller instalments and at shorter intervals than before. The maximum amount of the annuity is raised from thirty pounds to fifty pounds. An insurance for a sum of money at death (by or for a person not less than sixteen, or more than sixty years of age) may be effected without the necessity of purchasing a deferred annuity from the National Debt Commissioners; the insurance being for any sum between twenty pounds and one hundred pounds. A life policy, after the payment of premiums for five years, may at any time be surrendered by the holder, and he may receive for it either a sum not less than one-third of the premiums paid, or else a paid-up policy of an immediate or a deferred life annuity. The National Debt Commissioners are to regulate the payments by instalments, which are at no time to be less than two shillings in amount. The facilities for paying in the small sums of money are among the novelties of the statute; for not only may the National Debt Commissioners empower the trustees of savings-banks to receive and pay the moneys at an adequate remuneration; but the postmaster-general, with the consent of the Treasury, may authorise the officers of the post-office to do the same, as they already do in reference to savings-banks' deposits and withdrawals.

By the terms of the statute, nothing was to be done towards putting its provisions into operation until the government had published full tables of all the payments and premiums necessary, under various contingencies likely to occur, and equally full directions how to proceed in the various engagements concerning annuities and insurances. Those directions and tables have just (March, 'sixty-five) been published. We have nothing to say against the charge made for printed copies of these documents, for it amounts only to a few pence; but we have to warn the reader that he has tough work before him if he attempts to master all the details. Forty-four folio pages of "regulations," and forty-eight octavo pages of "tables," are rather too much for any except official people. The "regulations," however, prepared by the postmaster-general, under the sanction of the Treasury, are for the postmasters and others engaged in the post-office; and it is understood



that a short and plain abstract will soon be published for the use of insurers and society generally.

*Money Order Office is to be an Annuity and Insurance Office.* That is, under direct sanction and instruction from the postmaster-general, every such office is to receive proposals for annuities and life insurances, and is afterwards to receive and pay moneys relating thereto. The postmaster-general may also appoint other places for this business besides money order offices. Persons may insure their lives at any of those offices, and may pay the premiums either in one sum or by instalments; the instalments being yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly, at the option of the insurer. There is another plan the insurer may adopt. He may say, "I think I can work and earn wages, or salary, until I am sixty; but it would be a comfort to know that I shall have no more premiums to pay after that age." The postmaster-general will accommodate him; the premium may be paid by periodical instalments until the insurer is sixty years old, and then it will cease. The minimum and maximum ages for insurance, and the minimum and maximum amounts insured, will be the same as those laid down in the act. The insurance money will be paid, on proof of the death of the insurer, to the person entitled to receive it, under sufficient regulations for the prevention of fraud or collusion.

The annuity system will be managed with less trouble to the insured than the life insurance system, owing to the unavoidable conditions of the former; but the easier will be understood best if the more difficult be first clearly apprehended. Let us suppose, then, that A. B., a workman, servant, or small tradesman, wishes to insure his life for any sum between twenty and one hundred pounds. He applies at a money order office for a printed form. He takes it home, and, if not frightened by the number of questions submitted to him, writes down the answers to them. It is a sort of game of twenty questions, for this is about the number which he has to attend to. His full christian and surname; his trade or occupation; his address; the place of his birth; the year, month, and day of his birth; the amount for which he wishes to insure; whether the payment for the insurance is to be in one sum, in instalments until a certain age, or in instalments throughout his life; and whether the instalments are to be payable yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly. Having settled these matters, he has to answer a string of questions in writing. Are you or have you been married? If your father and mother are alive, state their present ages; if they are dead, state the age and cause of death of each. How long have you followed your present occupation? If you have ever followed any other occupation, what was it, and for how long? How many days have you been away from your usual employment through illness, within the last two years? Do you belong to any friendly society, sick club, or burial club, and which? Have you ever pro-

posed to insure your life, and in what office? Did they accept your proposal, and did they charge you more than the ordinary rates of premium? Are you now, and have you always been, of sober and temperate habits? Have you been vaccinated? Have you generally had good health? Have you ever lived out of the United Kingdom; where, and for how long? Have you ever suffered any severe bodily injury; of what kind, and in what way? Have you ever suffered, and when, from gout, rheumatism, fever, small-pox, asthma, spitting of blood, palpitation of the heart, palsy, delirium tremens, rupture, or stricture? Have you applied to a medical man within two years; if so, to whom, and for what complaint? Have you any relations suffering from scrofula, asthma, consumption, or insanity?

It seems to us that this formidable list of questions will, for some time at least, be a bar to the spread of the system among the working classes. Persons of higher education and social position know that, at the existing insurance offices, equivalent questions are put to them in great number; for it obviously depends on the constitution and health, as well as on the age and employment of an insurer, whether the premium charged for a life insurance shall be high or low. But a working man has not been subjected to such minute inquiries in his clubs and friendly societies; and it will be some time before he will become reconciled to the writing down of answers to such detailed interrogatories—especially when coming, as he may think, from the "postman."

The proposer must send, if possible, certificates of birth or of baptism, with the name of some person who can verify the identity of the proposer as the individual mentioned in the certificate, and the names of two housekeepers to whom he is known. When the form has been properly filled up, it is given to the money office keeper, and by him transmitted to the postmaster-general. If all seems right and straight, the postmaster-general applies to the referees by letter, to answer certain queries as to what they know of the proposer; and if this be in its turn satisfactory, the same functionary directs him to present himself for medical examination before a legally qualified medical practitioner to be named by the authorities. The doctor examines the proposer, puts to him as many questions as he thinks necessary for ascertaining the state of his health and constitution, and writes down the answers; and the proposer signs his name to a declaration that he has answered all the questions honestly, to the best of his knowledge. The doctor sends in his report, and tells the postmaster-general whether, in his opinion, the proposer is or is not a fit person to obtain a life insurance, so far as health is concerned.

If that all-important person, the postmaster-general, is satisfied with the general tenor of these answers and reports, he proceeds to execute a contract of life insurance, as between



the National Debt Commissioners on the one hand, and the proposer on the other. If nothing objectionable appears, the insurer is to pay "ordinary" rates of premium; if the conditions are not so favourable, he is to pay "extra" rates. All persons whose health or habits are unfavourable, and all miners, butchers, publicans, and seamen, as well as others exposed to more hazard to life and health than average persons, will pay extra rates. Poor fellows, there is no help for it; they must pay high for their greater liability to early death. Tough old people who live to ninety or a hundred are great favourites with the insurance offices as life insurers, though not as annuitants; weak and shaky people are welcomed as annuitants, though not as life insurers; but the only fair way, if possible, is to apportion, in each case, the premium to the risk. The contract of insurance being duly drawn up, the insurer pays his premium at any of the offices most convenient to him. He is furnished with a premium receipt book, and whenever he pays in an instalment of premium, the office-keeper enters it in the book, signs it with his name and the date, and stamps it with his office seal. When the insurer has paid five years' premiums, he may surrender his policy, and receive *not less* than one-third of the money back again. How much *more* he will receive will not be determined just yet; for, as none of the policies will acquire a surrender value until the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the details of surrender need not be settled for some time to come. The insured acquires at the same time the right to assign his policy, or make it over to some one else.

If A. B. is doubtful whether he could pay regular premiums for a great number of years, he might effect a small insurance now by paying in full, and another small insurance whenever he has the money to spare, each insurance being a transaction complete in itself, and involving no further payment. According to the tables just now issued, he may at the age of twenty-five insure twenty-five pounds by paying ten pounds one shilling and eightpence in one sum; and then if he has ten pounds seventeen shillings and elevenpence to spare when he is thirty years old, he may insure another twenty-five pounds; he would have to pay nothing further, and his wife or children would receive fifty pounds when he dies. But if A. B. thinks that he could conveniently pay a small premium every year from the age of twenty-five to (say) that of sixty, he finds that he can effect a life insurance of fifty pounds for about twenty-three shillings per annum. If he is willing to keep on paying as long as he lives, the annual premium is reduced to twenty shillings and sixpence. Let the working man of twenty-five look at this, and think; if he will resolutely lay by *a penny a day*, he will have more than enough to secure fifty pounds to his wife and children immediately on his death. As two shillings is the smallest sum receivable at one time under the new system, there is another aspect of the matter. A. B., aged twenty-five next birthday,

agrees to pay two shillings a month as long as he lives; and he secures a little over fifty-two pounds to those who are near and dear to him, payable when he is no longer by to work for or support them. All the premiums have been carefully calculated by the most experienced actuaries, and are intended to exactly cover all the liabilities and working expenses, but without yielding any profit to the government. It is not in any sense a plan of taxation; nor, on the other hand, is it charity; it is for the good of the insurers, for them to adopt or reject at their pleasure.

We will now describe briefly the other part of the scheme, the granting of deferred annuities. C. D., about the same age as A. B., is employed at a trade which will tell upon his eyesight by-and-by, or one which will require more bodily strength than he is likely to possess at the age of sixty. He feels how beneficial it would be, and how it would free him from anxious care about his declining years, if he could look forward to a little in the shape of annuity or superannuation allowance. He may perchance have heard of some friendly society in which such matters are really managed judiciously and honestly: he may have known fellow-workmen who have suffered by the maladministration of other of these societies; or he may have known and thought little about the subject until now. He goes to a money order office, and obtains a form of application. He has to fill up a list of questions with appropriate answers, not nearly so numerous and inquisitive as those relating to life insurance; because, for obvious reasons, the grantors of an annuity have no interest in the grantee being a long liver, but rather the contrary. In fact, he has to say nothing at all about his health or constitution, his family or antecedents; his answers are chiefly needed for identification, to show that C. D. is really C. D. and no one else, and that the annuity shall be paid to the proper C. D. only. He has not to answer many troublesome questions, not to submit to any medical examination; and therefore the transaction is altogether more pleasant than one relating to life insurance. When the form is filled up, he takes it to the money order office keeper, who at once transmits it to the postmaster-general, in a manner exactly prescribed for the guidance of the officials. If the postmaster-general is satisfied with the answers and the certificates forwarded by the proposer, he issues a policy or contract for an annuity, to be granted and guaranteed by the National Debt Commissioners to the proposer.

C. D. has the choice of any one among many different kinds of annuity, irrespective of actual amount. He may purchase, by a single payment at the outset, an immediate life annuity of any amount between four pounds and fifty pounds per annum; to begin to receive it next year, and to continue to receive it as long as he lives. He may purchase, by a single payment, a deferred annuity of any amount between one pound and fifty pounds per annum, to begin at a



certain specified number of years hence; with a condition that no part of the purchase-money shall in any event be returned. He may purchase, by annual payments during a term of years, an annuity of any amount between four pounds and fifty pounds per annum, to begin immediately after the cessation of those payments. He may purchase, by payments made half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly, during a specified number of years, a monthly allowance of any amount, between four shillings and four pounds per month, to commence immediately after the cessation of those payments. Or, finally, he may purchase any of the above-named kinds of annuity with a proviso of a different kind. Instead of agreeing that no part of the purchase-money shall in any event be returned, he stipulates that, if he dies before the annuity becomes due, all the premium paid up to that time shall be returned to his representatives; and also that, at any time during his life, and before the annuity becomes due, he may, at his choice, have the whole of his payments returned to him, but without interest.

It will at once be seen that C. D. has a very wide range offered to him, within the limits of which he may make his choice; and it will be apparent to any one that the amount payable for the annuity will depend on the conditions attached to it—especially as to whether he may have his premiums returned whenever he likes, and the policy cancelled. As rules are often made more intelligible by specific examples, we will select, from the tables just issued, cases that would apply to C. D., who we are supposing will be twenty-five next birthday; if he be older or younger, the same principle would operate, but the premiums payable would be different in amount. C. D., believing that he can lay by eight shillings per calendar month (about three-pence-farthing per day) for the purchase of a deferred annuity, and willing to hope that he can do this until he is fifty-five years old, finds that he can, after that age, obtain a monthly allowance of one pound eighteen shillings and ninepence for the rest of his life, equivalent to nine shillings and sixpence per week, or twenty-three pounds five shillings per annum. Observe—if his fellow-workmen are in the habit of drinking two quarts of beer per day each, and if he will be content with one quart, the saving will just about purchase this annuity of twenty-three pounds five shillings per annum, to commence when he is fifty-five years old, and to be paid to him monthly as long as he lives. If he resolves to keep on his monthly premiums until the age of sixty, then his deferred annuity will be three pounds three shillings and fivepence per month, or thirty-eight pounds one shilling per annum; and if to the age of sixty-five (which few men would, however, do), then the annuity would be so large as five pounds eight shillings and tenpence per month, or sixty-five pounds six shillings per annum. But if he thinks he should like to begin to be lazy at fifty, or to begin to receive instead of pay-

ing at that age, then his deferred annuity, after payment of eight shillings per month, will be one pound four shillings and threepence per month, or fourteen pounds eleven shillings per annum. Remember, none of these premiums are returnable to him in any event, nor to his representatives, if he dies before the annuity becomes due: should he require these further privileges, he will have to pay higher premiums, the exact amount of which will be specified in tables now under preparation, but not yet published. Men-folk may or may not be glad to know that women are likely to outlive them, or have a greater "expectation of life," as insurance offices call it. A woman-annuitant is likely to bother the government office for a longer time than a man-annuitant; and therefore she is to receive rather a smaller annuity than he, because there is a probability of her enjoying it for a greater number of years. For instance, C. D. can obtain an annuity of one pound eighteen shillings and ninepence per month, under one of the suppositions above named; but his wife, if of the same age as himself, could only obtain one pound eleven shillings and fourpence. There is more probability that she will one day be a widow than he a widower, that she will still be a claimant on the government when her spouse is dead and gone; and therefore this must necessarily affect the tabulation of pounds, shillings, and pence. It may be that C. D. comes into possession of some money at the age of twenty-five, and is willing to lay it out in buying an annuity for himself that shall commence at fifty-five. If his little fortune amounts to sixty pounds, he can buy with it an annuity of twenty pounds per annum, to commence when he is fifty-five years old, and to continue for the remainder of his life; he will have no further payments to make, nor any other trouble in the matter. If he decides that his annuity shall commence earlier or later than the age of fifty-five, it will be less or greater in amount, for the same payment of sixty pounds. Or it may be, that he would rather pay by annual instalments than either by monthly instalments or in a lump sum. The government will accommodate him in this as in the other instances; if he will, beginning at twenty-five years of age, pay three pounds ten shillings per annum until he is fifty-five, he will then receive an annuity of twenty pounds per year for the rest of his life; and if he resolves bravely to pay on until he is sixty instead of fifty-five, his annuity to commence at sixty would be as much as thirty-two pounds a year. To purchase an immediate annuity is a course not likely to be followed by a young man, with health and strength to back him; and therefore we will not suppose C. D. to do anything of this kind. But if, at the age of (say) sixty, a man finds himself in possession of two hundred pounds in cash, he can with it purchase an annuity of about twenty pounds a year, to begin immediately, and to continue as long as he lives.

All this, when once understood, is per-



fectly safe; for the whole credit of the nation—queen, parliament, government, and all—is pledged to the due fulfilment of these engagements.

### POETRY AND PANTOMIME.

OWING to an attack of, I will say, gout, as being the only complaint which a genteel person can publicly own to, I have been prevented this season from witnessing a pantomime: which has been a great disappointment to me, for I love a pantomime, and can enjoy one as heartily as any six-year-old home for the holidays. However, as I have not been able to gratify my eyes and my ears by listening to the jokes and witnessing the pranks of the various performers, I have endeavoured to make amends to myself, as far as possible, by buying the books of the openings and reading them here, quietly by my fireside: where you may picture me, if you choose, with my right foot swathed in flannel and resting on a stool. The little books, in all sorts of brightly coloured covers, are on the table beside me now—with the bottle of colchicum—and I purpose, not being in pain to-night, and consequently not in ill humour, to review a few of them for the benefit of those who, like myself, have been laid up and prevented from visiting the theatre.

The first book I lay my hand upon is Mr. Byron's Haymarket extravaganza of the "Princess Springtime, or the Envoy who Stole the King's Daughter," founded on a story by the Countess d'Anois, with which, no doubt, many of my readers are familiar. King Kokolorum, "monarch of a kingdom which should be 'right in' the middle of the map, but has somehow been *left out*," is congratulating himself and his court on the birth of an heir. Thus speaks King Kokolorum:

Though we've for years been forced to wear a wig,  
Our crown at length has got a little *hair*;  
That is to say, an heiress, such a pearl,  
In fact our little 'air's a little *curl*.

The ingenuity of the author here is to be commended. With a long remembrance of much joke-work in hair, one might have expected the subject to be completely combed out. The king regards the birth of an heir as an *era*, and says so with much emphasis; whereupon the queen, knowing her husband's weakness, and his favourite jokes, gives him the cue to fire them off. "What's an era?" she says, as if she hadn't had a first-rate education, and didn't know all the hardest words in the dictionary! The natural answer of the king to such a silly question would have been, "Don't try to make yourself out a greater fool than you are, my dear;" but, of course, it was all arranged between them, just like bringing in the candles in the midst of a discussion to enable some one to say that a light had been thrown on the subject. So the king, after the queen has said an "*era*," says immediately that he is a "*farther*," and that he feels a "*parents*" thrill, because it is his first

"*apparents*" in the part; which leads to some pretty talk about the baby thus:

What joy to see the infant bite its wrists,  
Or take a light refection off its fists,  
Or off its cart-wheel suck of paint a part:  
Thus dining upon wheel—hem—à la *cart*.

Against this punning exercise, we may, I think, write "*bene*;" but the exclamation of the king, when the nurse says that the child has two teeth coming, is open to the charge of want of novelty. The king's exclamation, I need scarcely mention, was "*By gum!*" The royal infant is threatened by the evil power of the enchanter Carabossa, and her anxious, though royal, parents consult as to the best means of hiding their jewel. To guard her from assaults, the king proposes to lock her up in the *Guard's Waults*. Eventually, however, the guard's waults having possibly been found impracticable for the purpose, the Princess is locked up in a tower, where each heavy door being *barred*, she declares it is much too *bar'd*; an observation with which the perceptive reader will no doubt agree. The Princess is shut up in a pitch-dark tower, and longs to see the light; for, as she says to her *Abigail*, she is getting a *big girl* (do you take?) and ought not to be treated so shamefully at her time of life. She makes a hole, sees the light streaming in, and says, "*Hooray!*" After this, Fanfarinet comes to propose to the Princess. He is struck all of a heap at the sight of her beauty, and says,

Yes, like champagne whose force no string can stop  
She has a *phiz* that must produce a *pop*.

Upon which the King declares that the champagne simile is of love *declaratory*.

The Princess, after a very short and summary courtship, runs away with Fanfarinet, and repents at her leisure. Fanfarinet calls her a "*lubber*," and she protests that she is not his *lubber*, but his wife. They are in a wood together, hungry, and the Princess finds in a tree a honeycomb, which she says, as it was culled by bees and found in a tree must surely be *treecull*.

I put out my hand for another little book, and take up Mr. Blanchard's Drury Lane Pantomime of "Hop o' my Thumb," which opens in the orthodox manner, with a number of demons weaving evil spells against the party who is eventually to be made happy by the aid of a good fairy. Okriki (is the author aware of the remote etymology of this word?) and his demon cobblers are at work upon a pair of seven-league boots for the wicked Ogre. The dark scene and the dark doings are dispelled by the appearance of the Man in the Moon, who introduces the signs of the Zodiac and the planets, and combines amusement with lessons on astronomy and general science. Orion is an Irishman, whose brogue is accounted for by his living in an atmosphere "*so Tipperarified*;" and being the highest constellation, you can't, of course, find one more *higherish*. Then "*Actinia*, the active principle of the solar ray," appears, fol-



lowed by Sungleam, and a dialogue ensues, which may be described as poetically scientific.

Oh, I have had such fun!

Half o'er the world I've had a glorious run!  
I've played with gleaming pebbles in a brook,  
Where anglers came, and showed the fish the hook;  
Or, where the tide left pools about the sands,  
With little shells I've tempted tiny hands,  
Heard them called "pretty" in my golden ray,  
Then flung as nasty ugly things away.  
Sometimes I peeped in at a schoolroom door,  
Sending a streak of sunlight o'er the floor;  
You should have seen how heads uneasy turned,  
What thoughts of cricket, &c.

Why did anglers show the fish the hook.  
Because, I suspect, of the painful necessity of  
"brook." Sungleam, and the Man in the  
Moon, combine to protect Hop o' my Thumb  
from the Ogre, and the Man in the Moon  
having modestly and instructively avowed that  
he borrows his light from the sun, proposes to  
set another problem right, viz. the "undulating  
theory of light." I can fancy an old gentleman  
half asleep in the boxes, having, at this point, a  
dreamy idea that he is at the Polytechnic,  
listening to Professor Pepper.

It is to be regretted that the author, in the  
next scene, should have dropped from the higher  
realms of poetry into the infernal regions of  
punning. But, perhaps, he only intended to  
show that Daddy Thumb was a very weak-minded  
person, when he made him remark,

A soaking afternoon it's turning out,  
And so can Tiny tell you, I've no doubt.

This is a sad descent from the "active principle" and the "undulating theory." It is Homer nodding and tumbling headforemost into the soot and cinders. Yet there are not many puns in this pantomime. In a very long speech the Ogre has only two, and he wouldn't have had those, but for the happy circumstance that he was suffering from a cold in his head.

Feel! faw! fo! fum! you thought I couldn't catch you,

It's no use hiding—I'm a looking—*atchew!* (*sneeze*)  
And

Developing, what doctors would express,  
Adipose tissue—tishew! (*sneeze*) to excess!

Oh, yes, there's another. About to seize the peasant, he observes:

Ha! by his knees I might take cold of him.

I abstain from using italics, and put this as a puzzle for the ingenious.

Hop o' my Thumb finds the Ogre asleep, and steals one of his seven-league boots.

Hor. Oh! if I could be quietly there creeping,  
And take the boots off while the Ogre's sleeping!

GLORIOSA. Just try it. Folks are pleased the great to scoff,

And like to see their oddities taken off.

Hor. One is removed—it's on—it fits me too!

Now for the other—ha! he wakes. It's true,

If two boots do seven leagues, I may suppose

One three and a half will do—so Hop, here goes!

Scientifically, astronomically, and arithmeti-

cally, it must be admitted that this author is always correct. The moon shines by the light of the sun; the active principle of the sun's rays is—I forget what exactly, but I have no doubt that the author has accurately described it; and up to this period of discovery it is an undisputed fact that the moiety of seven is three and a half. Thus we have instruction blended with amusement, with an accuracy not generally displayed by authors who attempt to popularise science.

The next little book being a complete programme of the Christmas production at the Effingham Theatre, enables us to compare the pantomime of the East with that of the West. I may remark generally of the East-end pantomime, that it is characterised by those peculiarities which are said to be an element of strength in the writings of the immortal Shakespeare—a bold defiance of rhythm, a rugged force of expression, and a great earnestness of purpose. Mr. Towers, the author of "Goody Two Shoes," is animated by the spirit of the censor morum. Hear how fearlessly he lashes imposture:

They won't believe in the rope trick, nor any of the others,

Nor my Yankee tricksters the Davenport brothers,  
Who came from America full of chuckle and grin,  
To think how they'd take poor John Bull in;

But the people now won't tolerate swindling,

At the bare idea away he's dwindling;

But I'll be revenged—this here old horse is a knacker,

But in *returns* won't I give him *backer*.

The men of the East can be merry as well as wise. Jokes upon tobacco run through this pantomime like a verbal fugue, and come in every now and then in a most pleasing manner. In the very next page the people are told to stand a little backer, which provokes a retort as to "short cut" and "returns." It might be objected that tobacco, as a subject for jokes, has found its way into the East rather late in the day; but it must be remembered that, as tobacco came originally from the Far West, it would naturally reach the East last, and be the more valued for being so long on the way.

Homer glorified the heroes who fought under the walls of Troy; the pantomime poet of the East glorifies the British heroes who have fought and bled for the honour of their country in the prize ring. The villain of the piece, one Rubicundsplitz, who doesn't fight fair, but "puts on the hug," is denounced as

Like Joe Coburn, who never meant to fight,  
He came here thinking to rule the roast,  
With a coward heart covered with Yankee boast.  
If he'd have fought Jem Mace, tho' once they had  
a doubt of him,  
As the Irish say, Jem would have knocked saucepans  
out of him.

The poet rises with his theme, and rouses the patriotism of Whitechapel with these stirring lines:

What nation in the world can put men in the ring,  
To fight such clippers as Sayers, Mace, and King;



Or, to go still further back, and if you doubt the thing,  
I'll recal the names of Tom Cannon, Ward, and Spring,  
Or Nat Langham, all men of fame so high,  
Who would fight to the last—than give in they'd sooner die.

The concluding distich of this passage is worthy to rank with the most stirring sentiments which heroes have bequeathed to us for keeping alive the flame of patriotism. "England expects that every man this day will do his duty!" was the last signal of the heroic Nelson. "Up Guards, and at 'em!" was the stimulating observation of F. M. the Duke of Wellington, on the field of Waterloo; the poet of the pantomime says, with equal epigrammatic force:

England ever has, and ever will,  
Stand foremost in every fistic mill.

If any hypercritical person should object to the grammar, I beg to remind him of a similar poetic licence in the great national lyric, *The Death of Nelson*:

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay  
We saw the Frenchmen lay.

Comparisons will be found to be exceedingly odious. I beg therefore to request the hyper-critic—using a favourite locution of the poets under consideration—"to shut up." We must be careful how we accuse a poet of being obscure. The fault may be with ourselves. Our shallow understanding may not be able to sound the depths of his profundity. Many passages in Browning are a puzzle to ordinary understandings. So probably will be the following dialogue from the work of Mr. Towers. It occurs after a dance:

SWIZZLEPUG. I'm cooked.  
RUBICUNDSPPLITZ. Nonsense, you old frump.  
ROBIN. Out you were hooked.  
GOODY. Shall I fetch the stomach-pump?  
SWIZZLE. Come, you minx, do something, and don't gaze.

RUBI. No doubt you are wet to your very stays.

The address of Rubicundsplitz to Goody is an example of that force of language which is ever a characteristic of superior genius.

RUBI. What, go and desert me—for two pins I'd fist her,  
Just as I had begun to prefer you to your sister.  
Because you're plump, one a man needn't frown upon,  
Something to catch hold of, and lots to sit down upon.

Local topics are alluded to in a most encouraging manner. As, for example, where Radiantina, the good fairy, observes:

I saw with pleasure the great interest the Prince of Wales has shown  
In laying, of the new wing of the London Hospital,  
the foundation-stone.

After a panegyric on hospitals, which Radiantina thinks "are our greatest, noblest institutions far," a graceful compliment is paid to royalty:

A blessing on our prince, a thousand blessings rather,  
Who is following the steps of his lamented father.

Social progress is not overlooked:

Another great and noble thing be sure  
Is the cheap eating-houses for the really poor.  
The meanest man can now get dinners, like others  
can at home,  
And meat can now be got, where before it was unknown.

A beggar is civilly treated; it is a home for distress,  
No waiter here cringes, or bows to the dress;  
Success to the founders, for 'tis a blessing real,  
Where for 4½d. you can get a hearty meal.

Nor do the anomalies and inconsistencies of the law escape observation and censure. With reference to the Yelverton case, and the state of the Scotch marriage law, we have the following sound and sensible remarks:

If I were a queen, without much jaw  
I'd do away with that disgrace, the Scotch marriage law.

The English people feel disgust intense,  
For the Scotch marriage law is a libel on honour and sense.

This sentiment does equal honour to the poet's head and heart, and I trust his criticisms will bear fruit in the shape of petitions to parliament for an amendment of the law, numerously signed by the inhabitants of White-chapel.

Do not imagine that the poet of the East cannot make puns. Listen to this:

Poison with mussels, man, and make it work,  
I'm good at mussels man as any Turk.

I do not say this is a plagiarism; but take the liberty of reminding the author, that *The Traveller in Spite of Himself*, when asked to turn Mussulman, replies that he has no objection; being a devil at all kinds of fish.

Again:

I'm a devil now, the most precocious,  
And of fire the most fireocious (ferocious).

It will be observed that the author explains this pun—apologises, as it were, for it; but I have known West-end authors commit a similar offence and brave it out, without apology or any expression of contrition whatever. In the East, however, puns are subordinated to the higher purpose of shooting folly as it flies; showing vice her own image, virtue her own features, &c. Thus in "*St George and the Dragon*, or, *Harlequin and the Seven Champions of Christendom*," at the Pavilion, the author breaks away impatiently from some efforts at pun-making, with which he evidently took little pains, to comment upon the evils inflicted upon the community by the management of banks. It is *St. George* who observes

I almost wish that I had stay'd at home,  
And not for Egypt thus set out to roam.

Yet people I see on all hands their fortune making,  
This leads me to the subject of the Leeds bank breaking.

It is a general complaint against the censors of morals that they gird at the vices and shortcomings of society without making any attempt to suggest a remedy; but this is a charge which cannot be brought against the author of



St. George and the Dragon; who, in the succeeding lines, tells us how shareholders may be protected from bank disasters in the future. He says:

From such responsibility I hope we now shall see,  
The result of limited liability will set shareholders free.

This author, Mr. Cheatham, evidently in his secret soul despises punning, and seems disposed to rebuke it, as may be gathered from the following colloquy:

FERROPI. He grieves because his youngest born is dead,

And all his father's feelings in his eyes are read,  
For they are *red* with crying.

SABRA. On the moment's spur,  
He makes a pun of read, and terms it *red* { oh cur!  
ochre!

I notice that the good fairies are generally the persons entrusted with the review of things in general. Benevolenta, St. George's good fairy, is grieved to learn

America still keeps up her civil strife,  
Reckless of the wanton sacrifice of life.  
Abel Lincoln, too, as was generally expected,  
Has, by a large majority, as president been re-elected.

Let's hope he'll adopt some more pacific plan,  
And prove to be a wiser, if not a sadder man.

Let's hope so, indeed. And I am sure every right-minded person will cordially join in the hopes which are expressed in what follows:

Some large commercial failures too there's been,  
The worst of which I hope tho' we have seen,  
For, at this festive season of the year,  
Folks rather want their pudding, beef, and beer.

There are many things in this pantomime, which, as I read, cause me to regret that I did not see the performance. I am sure I should have greatly enjoyed a break-down dance by the whole of the Seven Champions of Christendom. It is St. George who says before they begin:

That's right; I am for life and bustle.  
So you who are for fighting, walk round and show your muscle.

The new Standard pantomime of "Dame Durden," the author of which modestly conceals his name, opens with the usual difficulty as to the choice of a subject for a pantomime. Professor Anderson and the Davenport Brothers enter, and there is some talk respecting them between two characters whose names, not mentioned in the list of the dramatis personæ, are abbreviated into "Chr." and "Hol." Says "Chr.":

Professor Anderson and the Davenport Brothers.

HOL. They can't be the ghost of pantomime raise.  
We want the reality, not the manifestation days.  
Hallo there! what subject have you hit on?

"Chr.'s" answer to this seems to be rather irrelevant:

I suppose they've been to boarding-school at Brighton.

"They" is a very vague word here; but evidently *somebody* hasn't been to boarding-school at Brighton. As regards moral lessons, and deliverances on public affairs, this anonymous

author plunges in *medias res*. The first lively subject that employs his pointed pen is the American war. Some future Macaulay may write a passage in history by the light of the following lines. It is America who speaks:

From Southern port I've issued forth,  
You don't know me, and make that admission,  
Peace would have come if we'd had recognition.  
Yet the time will come when, hand in hand,  
The South shall have a voice in ruling her land,  
Come, Britannia, own you are to blame,  
Let recognition come soon to save new-numbered slain.

Britannia, as if she had taken her cue from Earl Russell, artfully avoids reply by changing the subject and the scene. Punning is pursued with great subtlety and elaboration at the Standard, as you may judge by Dame Durden's injunctions to her sons:

Come, get to work; how's the time? Why it's ten,  
I declare.

Bobby, if you don't work in *work-hours*, you'll go to the *workhouse*.

I wonder if the Standard author had been peeping over the shoulder of the Drury Lane author? Will says, "This is my phiz;" to which the king replies:

Physically speaking, and a strong one too.  
Where's my child, the princess? Atchew (*sneezes*).

The author's Southern proclivities are strong. He makes Bob say

I'll join the crew of a Federal man-of-war,  
One of those brave chaps who are not of the fighting sort,

And capture vessels by treachery in a neutral port.  
They boast the captured Florida, the forfeit of the hour,

Because they knew the neutral port belonged to a weaker power.

Let me recommend this succinct manner of putting the case to the notice of members of parliament. Some of them, I have no doubt, will one of these days fill a column with the statement which the pantomime poet has expressed in two lines.

From the New Standard Theatre in Shore-ditch to Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. In looking through the pantomime of the "Lion and the Unicorn," I miss altogether the earnestness of purpose which distinguishes the pantomimes of the East. There is only one sentimental passage. Have I heard something like it before, or did I dream it?

A hero? Just so. He who takes a spoon  
Or pocket-handkerchief, poor luckless coon,  
Is but a wretched thief whom people spurn;  
But those who slaughter crowds, destroy and burn,  
Who rob wholesale, and decimate a town,  
Are heroes worthy homage and renown.

This style of irony so minces the matter, that the East would reject it with scorn. You must hit out straightforward blows from the left shoulder in Whitechapel. Let us see how the puns are polished up for the aristocratic frequenters of Her Majesty's? The Princess sighs for a husband:



A desert waste all destitute of roses,  
 Mine is a waist which nobody encloses.  
 My father gives no parties, no one comes,  
 He hates all routs, don't care a fig for drums,  
 Assemblies he detests, yes, hates them all,  
 He's a *weak voice*, and so can't give a *bawl*.

Now just glance at one or two of the entertainments founded on classical subjects. "Hercules and Omphale," by Mr. Brough, and "Cupid and Psyche," by Mr. Burnand. The author of the latter seems to have exhausted the punning capabilities of mere English, since he frequently finds it convenient to operate upon the Latin, the Greek, the German, and the French languages.

Here is a specimen of the funny dog's Latin jokes:

So, Mars, your conduct, all who see it, think low,  
 Folks give a *wink*, *low* trick, and hint a *vinc'lo*.

Cupid says:

I am the fly in amber—wretched tool!  
 Arcades amber—what am I to do?

Another, the subject being teeth:

Repeat our words! Your fun at us pray poke—we  
 Thought teeth was not a subject for *chew* quoque.

The fine old standard witticism follows, as a matter of course:

Daughters, stop this, come!  
 You'll drop your teeth and hold your jaw, by *gum*.

Given "teeth," to describe the whole circle of jokes in connexion with them, and you arrive at "gum." Quod erat demonstrandum.

A melting allusion to all Greece running down asgrease does when it's hot, recalls the fond conundrum of our youth. Why is the wick of a candle like? &c. The Righi Mountain is mentioned to justify Mars in saying that he has been *rigi*-larly done, and an urn and a whole set of tea-things are brought in to enable the same character to remark, "One so enjoys tea when one *earns* it." (The urn and tea-things taken away immediately.)

A French joke:

*Ennui* you hate, there's one thing worse—*envie*.

A German:

It is the truth I state,  
 And though but two, they are the *two* for *hate*.  
 Is't thus you reckon up these sisters mine  
 They *hate*, I don't, so add in German, *neun*.

Ha! here is a Turkish joke. "My kiss met air," says Psyche. Cupid, "Too late." Then Psyche:

*Kismet*, as Turks say, I'm resigned to fate.

The readiness of this author to explain any recondite allusions not patent to the ordinary understanding, is highly to be commended.

It cannot be said that "Hercules and Omphale" is destitute of a high purpose, since we find the author combining amusement with instruction in an effort to teach the proper pronunciation of Greek. In what follows we have a specimen of the pun philological and philhellenic:

KING. Easy, my friend, be cool.

DEJANIRA. Cool! easy please,

Don't taunt your friend by naming her cool ease.  
*Her cool ease!* Hercules, whate'er the rule is  
 Of accent, but one way to see her cool is  
 Produce him!

KING. Strange such language in *this circle* is.

DEJAN. This circle is. Produce him then *this Hercules*.

There are some very neat puns in this piece, but I doubt if they were worth the making. A good pun, perfect in all its parts, has much the same effect as a witticism. The listener quietly admires its point and ingenuity. A bad pun, one of the outrageous sort, has the effect of a stroke of humour. The listener roars at it. As a specimen of verbal jugglery, the following is perfect in its way:

MERCURY. I've Hercules called here.

You doubt the Chorus' right to interfere  
 To lure him back? You're wrong! If bet I may  
 Upon the Chorus, *right to lure I'll lay!*  
 I know it's rightful ere that claim I back;  
 To win I must be *rightful e'er I'll whack*.  
 The Chorus is a riddle, solve it, try to,  
 If ever Chorus *told a riddle I do!*

Whatever opinion we may have of the literary value of these productions—I am speaking, of course, of those of the West-end—let us ask: Why are the well-skilled lively young men who puzzle them out condemned to write our burlesques and pantomimes, while the unskilled dull dogs are nearly always selected to write our comedies and dramas?

## HIGHLAND DEER.

As the day lengthened  
 The cold strengthened

in January 1865. The wolf and sprout months, as the Saxons called, after their natural characteristics, the moons which Christians call January and February after Pagan deities, exhibited all the signs of severe winters. Of these signs, none was more impressive to the imaginations of those who realised it than the news that the red deer of the Highlands of Scotland had been driven by hard frosts, strong hurricanes, and blinding snow-storms, from the uplands down to the lowlands in search of food. The wolves, which gave the first moon of the year its descriptive Saxon name, were exterminated about a century ago. Will the wild deer subsist in their ancient haunts for more than another century? As for the Highlanders who lived by chasing the wild deer and following the roe, they have, during the present century, been more and more displaced by sheep and grouse, and have left the misty mountains and purple heaths "to return no more." Last January and February, snow clothing the trees, and ice covering even the moss on the bark, and the lichens on the rocks in the Highland forests, the deer were compelled by hunger to rush down from the hills and scrape for turnips and grass in the snow-covered fields and meadows. Under the shadow of Ben Muich Dhui, a mountain four thousand three hundred



feet above the level of the sea, many of the weaker deer died of want. Many of the stronger deer paid the farmers visits more startling than welcome. Observers see many rare birds through the grey light of the late and cold mornings in the stack-yards of the north during hard frosts, rufous throistles and mountain snowflecks, but it is indeed rare to see the antlers of stags and harts among the hay and barley ricks.

The privations of the deer developed a rare manifestation of the virtue of kindness to animals. A Welsh gentleman to whom the forest of Mar has been let for a term of years, ordered a large supply of hay for the starving deer. His good deed reminds me of a custom of the inhabitants of Siberia, who put out a sheaf of corn every Christmas morning for the birds, that they too, if possible, may be merry at the merry time.

Near Ben Muich Dhui occur the grandest and most solitary of the Highland wealds. Contrasting strikingly with Deeside, Banchory, Aberdeenshire, a sheltered valley, soft and lovely as a pleasant English vale, Deeside above Ballater, is the country sung by Byron in his early poetry, where he

—rov'd, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,  
And climb'd thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow,  
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,  
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below.

The few inhabitants of the British islands who have seen the red deer in their native haunts, are naturally those most astonished at hearing of their apparitions in farm-yards. Tourists but seldom catch glimpses of them. Even deerstalkers, it has been truly remarked, have often to watch as patiently through long moonlight nights for a "sight," as anglers have sometimes to wait through long days for a "bite." Tourists may travel for many weeks in the Highlands without ever seeing a herd of deer. But they never forget the glimpses they do obtain. They obtain these glimpses by watching the lights and shadows as they flit over the vastly extended scenes. Some morning early, when travelling perchance in some of the remotest glens of Perthshire—driving away from blue mountains, driving towards blue mountains, which seemingly hem them in—a river running through the glen is revealed by occasional gleams, larch forests clothe the mountain slopes on either side, and near their ridges appear green or heathery glades. Athwart the glen the black shadows and sunbursts seemingly chase each other; and as the golden lines light up the green of one of the glades, high up on the ridge against the sun a herd of deer is seen browsing on the twigs and shrubs. The does and fawns are scarcely heeding the distant travellers, but the stags and the antlered hart, magnificently set upon their mountain pedestal, are watching the men as intently as the men are gazing at the deer.

Hail, king of the wild, whom nature hath borne  
O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn!  
But a flying cloud blots out the glade with its

black shadow, and the deer have disappeared before it has vanished.

Thou ship of the wilderness, pass on the wind,  
And leave the dark ocean of mountains behind.

Travellers have often compared the passing of deer to flashes of lightning.

The haunts of the deer in the neighbourhood of Ben Muich Dhui were graphically described in the fourth volume of *Household Words*:

"From the time we crossed the Linn of Dee to our return to the same spot (about nine hours), we saw no man, woman, or child, nay, not an animal domesticated by man, nor any vestige of human abode or labour. Travelling through Glen-Lui-Beg, a valley about half a mile broad, walled by the bare and steep foundations of the mountains, with a floor to the eye level as a carpet, and covered with luxuriant grass, frequently gay with white and yellow flowers, or purpled with wide beds of deep blue harebells and wild hyacinths, which, swept about by a strong wind, rose to defy it. But the strangest feature of the region is the frequent apparition of huge dead pines—skeletons of trees which must have been dead for centuries, bleached like human bones in the sun—sometimes lifting up a single bare stem; sometimes stretching out two vast ghostly arms; sometimes upholding a delicate tracery of boughs, like the florid masonry of a cathedral's open spire; sometimes twisted into shapes which the eye, seeking in vain for some living thing, interprets into forms of horse, or sheep, or resting pilgrim. But no living creature is there; nor roof for shelter; no sound of cow, or sheep, or watchdog, breaks the silence; for we are amidst the ruins of the great Caledonian Forest, in a region, which, being devoted to a deer-park, uncropt and unmown, is wholly desolate, except when a herd of its lordly tenants flashes across it."

Whilst Highland deer were starving, the hard winter caused the poisoning of two score of English deer in Badminton Park. In this park there is a yew tree,

Which to this day stands single in the midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore.

The snow weighing down the branches of this tree brought them within reach of the hungry deer. But the linear, glabrous, glossy, ever-green leaves of the dark yew tree are poisonous, and forty of the herd died of the poison, as if to show that the yew leaves could be as fatal as yew bows to the cervine race.

Persons who have seen only the deer of the parks, or have read only the descriptions of them by poets, will be surprised to learn that they can be very ferocious. Indeed the theory is an entirely groundless one which supposes all the flesh-eating animals to be instinctively fierce, and all the fodder-eating animals instinctively amiable. Frederick Cuvier and Pierre Gratiolet, no mean observers, have indeed intimated that the very opposite opinion might be upheld, and the proposition maintained which affirms the greater cruelty of the solipeds and ruminants.



Both kinds of animals are cruel. The gentle-looking giraffes have a perfidious propensity for trampling their keepers under their forefeet. When molested by a dog, the graceful and stately stag of the parks has been known to allow the dog to come within reach, and then, bounding and drawing his four feet together, to alight upon the dog's back and crush him to death.

Sir Thomas Lauder Dick tells an anecdote in point: A friend of his, wishing to sketch a distant view of Cullen House, seated himself under a large tree at the far end of the park. Whilst he was intently busy with his sketch, he was suddenly alarmed by hearing a huge stag pawing and stamping; and by seeing him stoop his royal head of horns and step slowly back preparatory to charging. There was not an instant to be lost. Throwing down his sketch-book and drawing pencils, the sketcher started up, sprang at a bough over his head, and coiled himself in it, with an alacrity and agility astonishing even to himself. But the stag, disappointed of his charge, was not easily got rid of, for he continued to keep watch and ward over his prisoner in the tree for two or three hours. If, instead of being an innocent student of drawing, the man in the tree had been a stag-hunter, caught without dog or gun, there might have been some poetical justice in this man-hunting by a stag. But the situation was very disagreeable to the sketcher, the spot being lonely, relief unlikely, night coming on, and reinforcements of horns possible, or even a change of guard! At last, however, the stag sulkily and slowly, but not without a backward glance, retired. The hunted man, it need scarcely be said, displayed once more his alacrity in picking up his drawing materials, and his agility by scaling the park wall without stopping to complete his sketch.

Bewick records an experiment which William, Duke of Cumberland, made on the courage of the red deer. "Some years ago the duke caused a tiger and a stag to be enclosed in the same area; and the stag made so bold a defence, that the tiger was at length obliged to give up."

The red deer, or roebuck, is said, on the authority of Leland, to have been plentiful during the reign of Henry the Eighth, on the Cheviot Hills. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, they were still found, says Tennant, after Dr. Mouffet, in the mountains of Wales. For centuries they have been described as extinct in England, and yet one of the peculiarities reported of the past severe winter is the chase of a red deer in Yorkshire. This stag is supposed to have made his way, during the snow-storms, from Scotland. In February he was hunted by the Easingwold staghounds. The huntsmen and hounds had a splendid run after him from Newburgh Park to the Derwent, some miles below Malton, where he gave his pursuers the slip by plunging into the river. He was afterwards seen in the woods in the neighbourhood of Castle Howard, and then seems to have chosen Bossal wood, on the Derwent, as his haunt. On Wednesday, the eighth of March last, there was a great gathering of squires and grooms, hunters

and hounds, or what is called a large field, at Bossal Wood. The stag soon started away for the wolds, and the field after him in full cry—the huntsmen shouting, the hounds barking. The country was extremely difficult, and the stag crossed the Driffeld Railway twenty minutes a-head of the field. Only one hound of them all had been able to keep up with him. Further on he would have taken shelter in a shed, but there chanced to be two young foxhounds in it, which started him off again. Away once more all went towards the sea. The stag, however, prior to reaching the sea, turned towards the Holderness country, and after skirting Wartre, was at length pulled down by the dogs at Nunburnholme, near Market Leighton. Fifty miles in five hours and five minutes is the estimated run of this stag for its life! On the morrow he was conveyed back by train to Easingwold, and put into the deer-yard there. He is said to have looked little the worse for his fatigues, and is reserved for another run on a future day.

Fallow roe and red deer are all kept together in Scotch parks, and it is possible enough that one of the red stags may have wandered southwards as far as Yorkshire. If he has any national canniness in him, he will find his way back again, especially if it be true that he once escaped by swimming out to sea, until it was thought he was drowned, and if, as alleged, he has been fished out of the sea four times. This red stag, a Samson in the sport he affords, is certainly a striking contrast to the poor creatures with horns tricked out in ribbons, which leap over the eastern esplanade of Brighton, or seek refuge in shops at Windsor.

The red stag of Easingwold is not a wild, but a park deer. Even the deer of Lochiel, but a few years ago, before the oak and pine forest at the foot of Loch Arkaig was cut down, the most numerous herds in Scotland, have lost somewhat of their wildness. A small wooded island there has for ages been the burying-ground of the Camerons. And at early dawn a pedestrian on the footpath along the lake, might sometimes get a glimpse of a specimen of these red deer, or startle from their covert a pair of roe deer; but the truly wild deer must be sought for further from the abodes of men. On the west coast, where roads there are none, and but few shepherds' huts, near lakes such as Loch Affrick and Loch Beneivein, surrounded by the remains of ancient pine forests, and with islands almost impervious from the stems of trees, the dun deer are still numerous, contending in hereditary feuds, as of yore, with their natural enemies, the eagles. For the red stag is there at home, and black peaks on barren rocks towering above black waves, furnish the brown eagles of these coasts with many suitable eyries. The mountains of Ruadhastach and Murscodh, in Skye, are favourite haunts of the red deer, and so steep and perilous are they, that the farmers are obliged to restrict their stock to wedders and goats.

The inhabitants of lonely huts near the haunts



of the Highland deer have occasionally witnessed very startling battles. A humble housewife, while busy with her usual occupations, overheard one summer morning a dreadful stamping and trampling near her cottage. Going to the door she beheld two stags in mortal combat. With a crash they came into collision, and the weaker fell. Of course she shut herself into her cottage, for she was all alone. The cottage stood on a slope, and she could see out of her window the stronger stag pushing the weaker in his dying agonies down the brae. When her husband came home she told him what she had seen, and he went out and found the deer, one dead, and the other fastened by the horns to the horns of his victim. The victor had plunged one of his dog antlers into the jugular vein of his rival, and the horns had expanded to let him do it, but had instantly closed again, interlocking him inextricably and for ever, with the vanquished. The heads of both the stags were taken off, and with the interlaced antlers form one of the greatest curiosities in the private museum of a northern proprietor.

The forest of Gairloch was once the scene of an equally memorable combat. Three foes met there one day, at a very critical moment, an eagle, a roe-deer, and a gamekeeper. The eagle pounced upon the deer, plunging his talons into his neck, whilst the deer bounded towards the lake which was close by. The eagle to prevent the deer from leaping into the water caught hold of the stump of an old tree with one of his claws. But such however was the strength of the roe that the talon was left torn off in the stump, and the foes struggled and fought in the lake. At this moment the gamekeeper fired his rifle, and with one bullet killed both the eagle and the roe.

#### A RACE WITH A NIGHTMARE.

*Ching! Chang! That was St. Mary's clock.  
Cling! Clang! (one note higher). That was the St. Clement's clock.*

CHANG—DOOOM! That was the great Victoria Tower clock.

*Ring a tingle ting. Ring a tingle tang, tingle ting tang, and so on da capo.* That was the blessed chimes of St. Clement's again, staggering and stumbling out that pleasant little Scotch tune of "Corn rigs are bonny"—pleasant enough by moonlight, on your way home from, say Drury Lane Theatre, or the Olympic; but by no means so pleasant when stammered over in a melancholy and sulky style by reluctant hammers on rusty belfry anvils in an old telescope tower, at two o'clock in the morning, more especially when there is a horrible racket going on in the third floor chambers below.

Poor tired Mr. Ellis, the medical student preparing for his examination, in the humble fourth floor, would have given five guineas down (if he had had them), we are quite sure, to have been only allowed to roll once more and then fall asleep, which he had been full three hours trying unsuccessfully to do.

Mr. Robert Ellis, of No. Seven Lyons Inn, was a hard-working student at St. Thomas's; his honourable aim was simply to pass a first-rate examination, master a sound stock of professional knowledge, to go back to Bridport, and commence practice in an unambitious way, in order to assist his good old mother, who was a widow with a small income. A fine fellow the rough country student was, alert of brain, high spirited, and full of a moral courage that disdained all sneers at his quiet, methodical, and perhaps rather hum-drum life. At times, it must be allowed, glimpses of professional greatness had set the student day-dreaming, as students have dreamed before. He had pictured himself called in to amputate the sultan's leg, or to couch the pope for cataract; but till those remarkable events took place Mr. Robert Ellis worked on unswervingly to qualify himself for the chief "medicine man" of the busy little Dorsetshire town of Bridport, and was in a fair way to success, if overwork did not injure his health, and if Mr. Medicot's unceasing nightly revels on the third floor did not bring on a nervous fever.

Mr. Fitzstephen Medicot, the reveller in the chambers below, was one of those dashing, handsome men, whose antecedents no one seems exactly to know, and whose profession can never be clearly ascertained. They have no known office, but still they seem to sell wine, and to talk about corn or coals, and have generally "a very curious old master," a fine but rather dark picture, hanging up in their rooms for sale. They bet a little on the turf, they play a good deal at pool, and occasionally break out in the Park with a smart phaeton and a very high-actioned horse. They give card parties, and generally seem to have a lavish flow of money that comes from nowhere in particular. They wear horse-shoe scarf-pins and white waistcoats on the smallest provocation, are choice in their cigars and wine, but still remain permanent mysteries, till one day the City blazes with the explosion of a vast accommodation-paper plot, and Mr. Medicot vanishes into "air, thin air;" for has not the earth its bubbles "as the water hath?" and he (Mr. Medicot) was one of them. If a year after you had dragged for him in lower depths of London life, the net, after several hauls among shoals of swindlers, forgers, swell-mobsmen, and quack doctors, would perhaps drag up Mr. Medicot, still glossy and flashy, but by this time transformed into an hotel and lodging-house thief; for that is the favourite step by which educated men slide into crime. A year later he might turn "dummy-hunter," a stealer of pocket-books, or a bank thief, and so he would go on till the hemp ripened for him, or the cell in Portland was swept clean for his reception.

The cards go in strange sequences in London. The knave may keep an apple-stall at the king's gate, and a poor two of clubs live in the cellar at the back of the very house of the great king of diamonds himself. Sometimes, indeed, the strange city seems to one's fancy



like some tangled Indian jungle, where tigers lurk below, while little innocent birds sing on the branches above, heedless of harm. A murderer may be plotting over that green shaded lamp you see on the ground floor of the house opposite, while perhaps a little sempstress, pure as a pearl and innocent as a new-sprung flower, may be singing over her work in the garret above, where that rushlight is burning now with such a dull yellow glimmer.

Some such strange shuffle of the cards had brought the student and Mr. Medlicot to lodge together in that murky, impoverished, and rather disreputable inn, now removed. Their names stood in large black letters, one over the other, on the door-post of No. Seven; but they knew nothing of each other, except that Medlicot was conscious of a "quiet sap" of a fellow, whose very footfall was hardly audible overhead, and Ellis knew to his cost that there was a roysterer below, who spent a great deal of money in noisy bachelor parties.

It was one of those parties that was in full force on the November night in question. There were chorus songs, pantomime dances, and clashes of a bad piano; then glasses were flung furiously against the wall, as if to honour some toast, or in mere drunken wantonness. After that came "Three Jolly Postboys drinking at the Dragon," or "The Cure," not without cornet-à-piston accompaniments, and rapping of tumblers. Then "Old King Cole," with imitations of various kinds of music. Next to this, tremendous applause, loud as a cannonade, preceded and followed the University song, "A Thorough-bred Oxford Man"—which Mr. Medlicot certainly was not.

All this Babel of noise arose above an under-current of sounds, which were unmistakably occasioned by the concussion of billiard-balls, the shock and clatter of the red and white ivory against the brass rims of the pockets; and the loud applause of good strokes, produced by thumping the butt-end of cues against the ground. Medlicot, making quite a trade of billiards, had lately bought a billiard-table second-hand at a sale, and had had it fitted up in a spare room of his set of chambers, and illuminated by six large gas-lamps, that gave forth a blaze and heat as exciting as it was baneful, and which poisoned the atmosphere of the whole house. On this table, and under this table, report said, belated friends of Mr. Medlicot were not unfrequently in the habit of sleeping, till daybreak brought a quasi sobriety. This apartment, filled by Mr. Medlicot's sporting friends, was exactly under Mr. Ellis's bedroom, so that the unhappy fourth floor was able nightly to appreciate every move of the game without seeing the players.

About half-past three, a chorus of "We're all jolly dogs!" was followed by a light musketry discharge of champagne corks. Then there was a swish as of cards thrown across the floor, a quarrel, a lull, a shout out of window, a shuffling of feet. There were one or two heavy thumps upon the stairs as of men falling, a screech of

laughter, a blast of a cornet-à-piston, and the sporting men danced, and sang, and wrangled, and chattered their way out into the street. There were distant roars for cabs, a trundle of wheels, and off they went. Ellis listened until the sound of the last cab died almost imperceptibly away down a perspective vista of sound. Medlicot talked to himself, broke a glass, banged his outer door with a jarring thunder, and all grew quiet as death.

Not till then to the tired, jaded, and angry student came the great anodyne of sleep; but such sleep! Oh, no anodyne. It was not the blessed sleep "beloved from pole to pole," that comes and takes the sleeper gently by the hand, and leads him into a region of warm darkness that expands into bright prairies of rolling grass and tall flowers, or to tepid seas wherein he sinks, sinks, sinks, and feels that he is endowed with miraculous powers, for now he is a fish in the sea, but presently he rises and becomes a bird in the air, or a wild horse in the golden desert.

It was to the Nightmare country that he was then hurried, there where black cold hands grappled for him, and incubi, like hungry and gigantic toads, crushed him into fathoms of choking mud; or he floated, pursued by huge thorny fish, fanged and spiked and horned, to where the whole water was one poisonous ferment and seething mass of polypi feelers. He fell from walls, he rode over cliffs, the rope broke as he sought the sea-bird's nest, he was blown to pieces from cannon.

Or, he would wrestle with the pain, then groaning, turn, and start awake for an instant, with aching head and throbbing temples, to feel the sense of some vast misery and even palpable horror recede from him into the darker shadows of the wall; but only to return the moment he again closed his eyes. In the morning (for we are rolling several nights into one) he would awake cold and unrefreshed, a sick weight on his heart, his nerves trembling, and a sense of some intolerable yet inevitable and surely impending misfortune seeming to fill the very air.

The parties continued in the same way for seven nights running. The billiards went on noisily till nearly daybreak, almost without cessation. Before this abominable billiard-table came, Medlicot used to be often away at theatres, casinos, but now he was always in. Report said he lived by his green cloth, and that his accomplices brought him young men to fleece.

"Oh the goings on is awful!" reported the portly laundress, Mrs. Harvey, to Mr. Ellis, who was a favourite of hers, because he was chatty and easily pleased. "Champagne like water; and cards, if you please, sir, night and day; and what I'm to do about the coals they uses I don't know, for he owes my husband and me half a year's wages; and no perquisites except oyster-shells and old sherry wine-bottles—that is a drug in any market—and as for old hats with the crown in, they don't compare to kitchen fat in point of value, but you don't look the thing that is right, Mr. Ellis, and never will you till you keep



your waistcoat-pocket full of Cockle's antibilious pills. 'And it's no use telling me now,' says I to my husband this very morning, 'poor dear Mr. Ellis works harder, he do, than any dray-horse, he don't get his good night's sleep regular all along of this blamed billiard-table and the racketing of those good-for-nothing gamblers in Mr. Medicot's back rooms,' says I, 'which I'd take my davy, in any court of justice, I will.'

Notes and requests through the laundress for earlier hours and quiet, the audacious Medicot laughed to scorn. He sent his compliments to Mr. Ellis, and hoped that if the billiards and social meetings annoyed him, he (Mr. Ellis) would revenge himself by firing off Armstrong guns, practising the ophicleide, or playing a barrel-organ. The rooms were his (Medicot's) own; he wanted no intrusion and no interference. He paid his rent probably as regularly as Mr. Ellis did, and would continue to do so. What could Ellis do? He was too poor to be able to sacrifice half a year's rent, already paid.

Every night now, some fresh form of nightmare weighed upon the student's sleep. If he lay with his hand out of bed, dead men clutched it, or skeletons kissed his cheek. He underwent all the horrors of twenty sudden deaths. Already the change in his health became the subject of conversation at the clinical lectures, and in the dissecting-room. He was recommended various kinds of tonics, every friend presented him with some favourite pill. Fast men, who did not and could not read, comforted themselves with the painful fact that Ellis, who was going in for honours, was killing himself by inches. The grave quiet men regarded him in a cold and stealthy way as doomed to be "nowhere" in the coming intellectual race; old house-surgeons drew him aside in the wards and hoped he was not reading too hard, or giving up exercise altogether.

"To die just on the point of being a great man," said a famous visiting surgeon to him one day, "is no gain, Mr. Ellis. Honour sets you on, yes; but suppose honour push you off when you are on; what then?"

Ellis, in fact, became a text to warn men from excessive study, both for the hard-workers and the do-nothings; but they little knew of his struggles and wrestles with the nightmare that haunted him.

It was the eighth night of this torture that Ellis, going to bed earlier than usual, after a healthy walk from the furthest end of Kensington where he had been to a dinner-party, suffered the culmination of his strange sufferings. It had been a pleasant party with some excellent music after it, and he had returned home apprehensive, but still in good spirits.

The billiards were going on below him; the game was quieter than usual (perhaps for larger stakes), and Ellis fell asleep with reasonable rapidity, for he was weak with previous nights of suffering. His dreams glided by with the feverish rapidity of those that visit a

diseased brain. He saw himself passing along a moonlit street, and suddenly arriving at his father's house, at which he knocked with the glee of a happy boy returning from school. But a sudden chill striking him, he looked up and saw that the knocker was stapled down, that the area railings were scaly with red rust, that the lower windows were opaque with dirt and foggy scum, that the upper windows were piled up and darkened with old boxes and packing-cases, that the uppermost of all were without glass, and birds flew in and out. On looking closer, he saw that the outer door was crusted with mud, and there were ink-stained fly-blown cards in the ground-floor window, announcing "Offices to let." The door-bell was broken, and a single ray of moonlight touching one of the walls, showed a broken glass-door leading to a deserted and bare inner room, where something shapeless and black lay across the floor, just within the shadow. But, as he stood there at the door, it opened and let him in; and, passing up-stairs, he came into a carpetless room, where a lady in tears sat with her back to him, playing a wild dirge upon a piano; and, when he approached, she rose and took him by the hand, and said, in tones so cold and faint, "Dearest, I was thinking of you!" that he knew it was she whom he had loved when a boy. But when he drew her to the moonbeam to see the face he so prized, she vanished, and before he could search for her in other corners of that house where he knew she must have hidden in the pure wantonness of her great happiness at their second union, the dream changed and grew more vague and ominous.

He saw great processions of maidens in white, and bearing torches, pass up and down broad flights of marble steps, with wailings and moanings, as if they were wrung from them by some great and unutterable misery, as of souls in purgatory; and all around them and above them the sky was crimson with burning temples and ringing with the jar of clashing weapons. Then he seemed hurried away to undergo transmigrations of tortures—to be strained on the rack, to be flattened in presses, to be turned on spiked wheels, to be pierced with arrows, to be hurled from mines, to be thrown to lions or chased by bloodhounds, to be bound hand and foot and cast to sharks.

He had just been trodden down by wild elephants, when a hand shook him awake. He started up with groans and half articulate cries. There was a weight of lead in his brain and upon his chest.

"Who—who is it?"

"It is I, Hewson," said a pleasant voice, "come to take you down to Blackheath till Monday. See what fresh air will do! Come along, old boy, jump up and dress; we'll have a cup of coffee, and then catch the eleven ten train at Charing-cross. Why, you look awfully seedy. Come, put yourself together, old man. Do you know it is past ten already? Why, you are like Mr. Coventry Patmore's lover:



Far, far into the shining morn,  
Lazy with misery he lies.

Come, rouse up, my merry merry man, for it is our opening day. My sister Nell is back from Devonshire, and we shall have a capital evening's dance, or I'll know the reason why!"

Hewson was a dresser at St. Thomas's, an old friend of Ellis's, a lively sterling fellow, full of fire and energy, and a hater of all nervous fancies and hypochondriacal depressions.

Ellis began to dress languidly. Suddenly he sat down on the edge of the bed as if too weak to stand. Covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

"I know you'll think me childish or half crazed, Hewson," he said, looking up, "but I feel that there is some evil influence in this house that is slowly killing me. It must be some devil that is trying to drive me to despair, and to kill my mother through me, for I know my failure would kill her. My memory weakens; I feel giddy when I try to write."

Hewson sat down and tried to cheer his poor overwrought friend. "It is mysterious what you tell me," he said; "the symptoms are not cerebral. I don't think you want blood in the brain; you live well enough; you have no absurd teetotal fancies; you walk a good deal; your lungs are oxygenised at least twice a day when you walk to St. Thomas's; your pulse is low, but it is near the average. Lyons Inn is perhaps rather close, but then you have the Strand like a great blowpipe to bring you air from the Parks. Your symptoms are positively like those of the Roman malaria, but the drainage is good here. It must be some subtle nervous excitement; you must struggle with it. Keep saying to yourself, 'I shall pass well enough. Why, I know three times more than is necessary.' Tread the humbug under foot, go to bed early, and take a walk the last thing at night. If you want tonics, get some quinine wine; all you want is a nervous filip. Now then, old fellow, the coffee's made. Come along, for

I'm Captain Jolly, of the Lively Polly,  
Just come home from sea.

And we poor hard-worked doctors don't get a holiday every day."

A fog, yellow, lurid, and chill, darkened London on that November morning, when the laundress came up.

"Oh, Mr. Ellis," she said, "that there Mr. Medlicot has been playing billiards all night, and they're at it now. Oh, if ever a man was a going to the dogs it's him; don't you make no mistake, he is a going to the dogs. He's been and lost a power of money lately, I think, for he's swearing awful."

The doors of Mr. Medlicot's chambers were ajar when the two friends passed; they gave a glance in. The six gas lamps were blazing hotter and fiercer than ever. Mr. Medlicot, a tall slim man, with a thin sunken pale face, and black bushy whiskers, was leaning over the green cloth, watching with malignant and horrible anxiety a stroke about to be made

by a dark, ill-looking fellow who wore a gibus, and whose lip was curled with mocking superciliousness. Several spirit bottles stood on the mantel-piece.

"That's a bad lot," said Mr. Ellis.

"That atmosphere would kill me in a week," said his friend, as they descended the stairs together, and passed the porter's lodge.

Once in the train and outside London, with the fresher air of the suburb gardens blowing round his temples, Ellis felt better, and his spirits rose fast. The nightmare seemed a mere ugly dream, arising from trifling physical derangement, and by physic to be easily cured.

The day proved a most pleasant one. Ellis was rather smitten with Ellen Hewson; and a long game at cards, with that young lady for a partner, by no means lessened the impression. He never talked more playfully, or seemed gayer and franker. Hewson was delighted with the cure he had effected.

In the drawing-room, before dinner, Ellis was giving a jocose description of his illness to a friend, a Mr. Barber, a clever young architect, and to Miss Hewson, who seemed to take a peculiar interest in the story, and insisted on hearing every one of the nightmares recapitulated, when the servant announced dinner.

"Ellis, my boy, will you take my sister down?" were welcome words; and down went the procession with the usual jokes at the two ladyless men who brought up the rear.

The dinner began pleasantly enough; the talking was brisk and incessant even before the champagne came—which is the best of signs. Mr. Ellis, who was dangerously agreeable, so Miss Hewson began to think, had just raised a glass of sherry to his lips, and was nodding to Mr. Barber opposite, when he suddenly turned ash-colour, and fell back; the glass dropped, and broke on the table.

The men sprang up, the ladies screamed. Hewson ran to his friend, and felt his pulse.

"God bless me!" he said, "he has fainted. Sprinkle his forehead. Here, Jackson, Robert, help me to carry him. We must get him to bed directly. His hands are death-cold!"

It was an hour before Ellis recovered his senses. Next day he was well enough to return to London, but he still remained weak.

Three days later he was roused, one day about noon, by a sharp brisk knock at the door. He rose and opened it. It was Hewson and Barber. They smiled and shook hands with him. Two workmen followed them, and each man had a basket of tools on his back.

"We have come to kill and bury that nightmare of yours at last, Ellis," said Hewson.

"Yes," said Mr. Barber; "I think, my dear Ellis, I have stolen a march on the doctors this time, and have discovered the cause of your illness. I have worked at it for two whole days—like a problem, and depend upon it, if I know a plumb-line from a square, these good fellows here will settle this ugly and fatal nightmare of yours in three hours. Indeed, if I am right, I will show you the nightmare itself in five



minutes. Now then, Dawes, you move back that bed. Stonehill, you take a big chisel and rip off that skirting-board round the wainscot. Give me your axe, Mr. Hewson here your small crow, and we'll lift up those corner planks in the bedroom."

They did so. In a few minutes the dusty wainscot lay on the floor at the foot of the bed. One heave, and up came the planks.

"And here, Ellis, come and see. I was right. See, here lies your deadly enemy!"

Ellis looked. Three leaden gas-pipes were lying between the floor and the ceiling of the billiard-room, and they passed behind the wainscot at the head of his bed. They had been placed there before he occupied the chambers. There was a leak in them, and the pungent smell was almost intolerable.

"That leak," said the architect, "is new, and would probably have saved your life by informing you of the presence of these pipes. It was not it, however, that was killing you by inches; it was the carbonised fœtid vapour, the poisonous hot air which bathed you as you slept; it was the glare of those six lamps below in that black-guard's room; it was the gas that he burnt away for hours and hours as you reposed. That was the nightmare. Now for the remedy. We must go and inform Mr. Medicot, and beg him to have the pipes altered. If he refuses, you must stop here by day, and come at night and sleep in my rooms or Hewson's. This room, as it is now, is a mere room of death."

Ellis looked on the planks as if they had covered a murdered body.

"And now," said Hewson, "let us ring for your laundress, and tell her to go and see if that rip of a fellow is in."

They rang. Mrs. Harvey appeared, was pale and trembling, and hardly able to speak. "Oh, Mr. Ellis and gentlemen, I was just a coming up to you! Do come down, for mercy's sake come down! I know there's something wrong about Mr. Medicot, his bedroom door's ajar, and it is now half-past twelve, and he hasn't touched his breakfast yet, that he ordered last night at seven. Oh, do come! I know there's something wrong, for he looked so bad when he got a letter last night that a man left for him."

The three men went down; there was no one in the parlour; the breakfast was untouched, the billiard-room was silent. The bedroom door was ajar. Ellis knocked once, twice, three times, low, loud, louder. No one replied, no one moved. Then they all three knocked, and Hewson called out who they were, and what they had come for. They listened, but there was no sound even of heavy breathing.

Then, and not till then, Hewson stooped and looked through the keyhole to see if the man was

really asleep. In an instant he rose and burst open the door like a madman.

On the floor near lay a blood-stained letter, with the postmark Liverpool. It contained only these few words:

"Sir,—The signature to your last cheque for 500*l.*, paid for wine sent by our house, has been discovered to be a forgery on the Royal Bank in this city. If you do not, by return, send the money, you must take the consequences.

"Yours faithfully,

"SHAW AND ANDERSON.

"November 9, 1860."

Below was written, hurriedly in pencil, these few words:

"I'm in a tight place at last, for that rascal Hunt cleared me out last night at billiards, so here goes, Messrs. Shaw and Anderson!"

What else they saw on the floor was too shocking to need description.

The other day after dinner, when Mr. Ellis, now a medical man of large practice at Lewisham, and the happy husband of Miss Ellen Hewson, told this story to a large party of friends who had been discussing nightmares, he added: "There was indeed an evil and potent spirit in the poisonous vapours that rose from the scene of that bad man's revels; but Providence was good and saved me from that slow and terrible death. That cruel spirit that my friends exercised, and drove from my sleep, turned back in its baffled rage like a maddened Frankenstein demon, but, ere it descended, it choked out the life of the bad man that had evoked it from the lowest and blackest vice, folly, and crime. The fool that calls up such spirits, so quick to obey the bidding of the bad, had no spell by which he could dismiss it. His death was the payment that the spirit demanded. That was the price of his services, and that price he obtained."

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## THE LOTTERY DREAMER.

### CHAPTER I. THE MERENDA.

THE "Cascine," as all know well who have done their Italy, are the delight of the "upper ten" (*hundred*) at Florence. The word, which is the plural form of *Cascina*, literally a cheese meadow, may be rendered by our phrase, a dairy farm. And the lovely spot in question was, in fact, the Grand-Duke's dairy farm. There the richest milk and the best butter were to be had by all, who were willing to pay a higher price than the ordinary market rate for those luxuries, and who were also content to go some mile or so beyond the city gate in search of them. The past tense, indeed, need only be used as regards the ownership. For I have not heard that our Tuscan revolution in any wise disturbed the cows at their pasture, or turned the milk sour in the well-appointed dairy. So our "upper ten" take their evening drives as usual; those who think with Rousseau, that no dainties are so delicious as dairy dainties, still find cream and butter forthcoming in return for the accustomed pauls, and the Cascine are still as beautiful as ever, though no longer grand-ducal.

Few cities possess so delightful a public pleasure-ground as our Florentine dairy-farm. For driving, riding, walking, sitting, or lounging away a summer hour in the deep shadow of a forest glade, the Cascine are unrivalled.

Occupying a strip of ground immediately outside the city gates, about three miles or so in length, bounded on the south by the Arno, and on the north by the little stream of the Mugnone, which falls into the former river at the further end of it, the enclosed space comprises every variety of combination of meadow and woodland. A well-kept walk along the bank of the Arno, well fenced in from the winds sweeping down from the Apennines to the north by a magnificent high hedge of *laurustinus*, bay, and *arbutus*, and commanding the most picturesque peeps of the domes and towers of the city, framed in openings among the forest trees, offers as luxurious a winter's walk as can well be imagined. Soft sandy alleys cut in the forest, and appropriated especially to equestrians, present a ground for a gallop that "Nimrod" himself would have approved of. A good road around the whole

space, now skirting the greenest coppice-embowered meadows, now plunging amid thick shady woods, and now again commanding a view of that lower range of the Apennine which shuts in the happy valley called after the Arno, makes a rarely equalled drive. There is no describing, without the aid of brush and palette and a right skilful hand to use them, the exceeding beauty of the view towards this mountain range, especially about the hour of an autumnal sunset. Passing over the strip of highly cultivated and rich alluvial flat which forms the bottom of the Valdarno, the eye is charmed with the extraordinary multitude of villas, with their surrounding trees and gardens, which stud the lower slopes of the hills. These are the abounding evidences of the luxury and wealth of the ante-ducal days of Florence, which so struck Ariosto by their number as to lead him to say, that if Florence could gather them within her walls, she would be equal to two such cities as Rome. Above these rises the range of hills which, under the names of Monte Morello, Monte Acuto, and the Mugello Hills, forms the barrier of the Val d'Arno. At the hour I have named they are all bathed in a rose-coloured bloom, gradually deepening into purple plum colour, as the short southern twilight dies away; and then whitening into pale ghosts of mountains, as the moon rises over the slender tower of Fiesole on its saddle-backed hill to the right, and far away in the same direction, over the dark pine forests of Vallombrosa, the sombre darkness of which sullenly refuses to smile beneath the pale ray like every neighbour hill around.

But before the last of these phantasmagoric changes has taken place, the band that has been playing among the rhododendron clumps in front of the handsome range of buildings containing all the dairy accommodation and appurtenances, has finished the last favourite bit from Verdi's last opera, and the last lingering carriage of all the closely-packed crowd drawn up in the open gravelled area between the building and the band, has moved off towards the city. 'Tis the mode with the cosmopolite Florentine "upper ten" to halt in the spot described, after their drive for half an hour or so, before returning to the city. Some like to listen to the music, many enjoy the cool evening air blowing down from the hills. Almost all love dearly the



polyglot flirting at carriage doors and windows, most conveniently and amicably performed when a dismounted cavalier is stationed on either side of a carriage containing two fair dames. All feel the absolute necessity of remaining in the spot, where fashion has decreed that it is at that hour essentially to be found. So it often occurs that thinly-clad belles, who have been yielding to one or all of these temptations, may be seen gathering handkerchiefs and scarfs closely around delicate throats, while they are carried off through the darkening avenues at a sharp trot. For our Cascone, with all its unrivalled charms, has, truth to tell, the reputation of being not wholly salubrious during the first hour after sunset. A light fleecy mist may at such times be observed to settle down upon it, while Florence and the neighbouring hills are as free from damp as at mid-day. The bright emerald green of the meadows hints that all the advantages of different climates cannot be perfectly combined. And it unfortunately happens in this, as in some other cases, that the sanitary laws and those of "la mode," taking no cognisance whatever of each other's edicts, are apt to be at little at variance on the subject of evening drives to the Cascone.

But despite the habits of fashion the social life of Florence is, perhaps, the least aristocratically exclusive of any to be found in the cities of Europe. There is even still deep down at the bottom of the national character a foundation of republican sentiment, surviving from the grand old days when Florence was said to be "the most republican of all republics," which very perceptibly modifies the manners and ways of the people. "Nobili" and "Snobili" are right classical Tuscan terms. Yet the division signified by them is a more impassable one on the banks of the Thames than on those of the Arno. Accordingly, we have no Hyde Park for the one class, and Victoria Park for the other. Our beautiful Cascone serves for all. And the working people of both races are quite as alive to its charm, quite as fond of enjoying it, quite as anxious to make themselves smart for the occasion of doing so, and often—taking into consideration the advantages imparted to a Manchester cotton-print by a lithe figure, and the disadvantages inflicted by a dowdy one on a French muslin—quite as successful in achieving that end.

But, although holidays are by no means such rare things in Florence as they are in London, still every day is not a holiday. Some are only half-holidays. There are even a few which are not holidays at all. And the snoblike population, for the most part, limits its Cascone gaieties to those which are. Nor for that reason, it is to be observed, do the non-working classes at all take it into their heads that pleasure-seeking becomes thereby "vulgar" on a holiday. On the contrary, the same days which witness the greatest concourse of plebeians in all sorts of places of resort for the purpose

of recreation, witness also an increase of the throng of patricians.

But there are certain days in the year when the true cockney Florentine especially makes a point of visiting the Cascone. It is in the prime of the early summer, in May, that the working world of Florence make their great Cascone holiday. A "merenda," or luncheon to be eaten in the southern meadow on the bank of the Arno, is the great enjoyment looked forward to, and the object, in many cases, of weeks of previous careful saving and scraping.

It is one of the very rare occasions on which eating and drinking enters into the plan of popular Florentine holiday-making. But very little out of the little that the working classes can spend, or ought, beyond the bare necessities of life, goes on what we northerners especially designate as creature-comforts. The theatre, cigars, a drive in a hackney-coach, six inside, the lottery, and dress, have all prior claims to the stomach. In no community in Europe, probably, is so large a proportion of the income of the entire society spent in dress as in Florence. The northern visitor, whose eye has been attracted by a pretty face at the window of a humble tenement, with its magnificent raven tresses most artistically dressed, and a finely-shaped bust encased in a snow-white and well-fitting bodice, could never imagine, that the reason why the fair one thus contented herself with exhibiting half her pretty person at the window instead of showing the whole of it among the holiday crowd in the streets, consisted in the dire impossibility of accomplishing a presentable toilette for more than one half of herself.

In a fish-tail ends the form so fair above,  
says Horace, speaking of a mermaid; and the case in question is almost as distressing:

In a bedgown ends the form so fair above.

At all events, Laura Vanni, the daughter of old Laudadio Vanni, the jeweller and goldsmith on the Ponte Vecchio, was as good a girl as a good man could wish to make a wife of, and as good a daughter as her father could desire, and very much better than he deserved. And yet had it entered the old man's head to propose to her that any portion of her habiliments should be contrived with a view to disfiguring rather than enhancing the advantages of face and figure with which Nature had endowed her, it is probable that an absurdity so monstrous in her eyes would have made a rebel of her. That it should be enjoined on her by any of the higher duties or sanctions, that she should make herself appear less beautiful than she might do, would have been so new, so unheard-of, so utterly incomprehensible to her, that it would have been a hopeless task to introduce such an idea into her brain.

Heaven knows her little toilette was simple enough on the morning on which I wish to present her to the reader, as she walked with her father and a couple of other individuals, to



their annual festival in the Cascine. She had a plain white dress of some far from costly material, with a simple broad hem at the bottom—a *skirt* I believe I should say, for I mean only to speak of that part of it which robed her from the waist downwards. It was simple and cheap; but it was made of modest amplitude, and was irreproachably washed, starched, and ironed. Her bust to the waist was dressed in a black silk jacket, open in front so as to show a bit of worked muslin of the form of an inverted pyramid, extending downward to within an inch of the sash at the waist. This bodice also was quite plain. But it sat to perfection on the rich contours of her figure. Large heavy bands of dark brown wavy hair were skilfully arranged on either side of her face, and were surmounted by one of those coquetish dark brown hats which are assuredly the most becoming head-gear that fashion has yet invented for the young and pretty; though many of those who are both are silly enough to let themselves be cheated out of the use of it by the stupid declaration of those who are neither, that it is “vulgar,” only because the simplicity and easy cost of it place it within the reach of many.

And now how can I give an idea of the face that was beneath the hat, and between the bands of hair? It was a face of the veritable Florentine type, with smaller features; more delicately chiselled, more expressive of intelligence, more mobile, than Roman female beauty. There was none of the massive dignity and harmonious repose of the Roman type of loveliness. A much larger portion of the charm of the Tuscan girl depended on the soul within, expressing its meanings through the large well-opened clear grey eyes, and in the constant play of the lines of the mouth. Altogether, there was less of purely animal perfection. The type of countenance was the product of a race that had passed through many generations of a higher civilisation than modern Rome has achieved. The delicately-formed rounded little chin, with its dimple in the middle, was somewhat prominent. The mouth beautifully shaped, and capable of an infinity of varying expression. The lips might perhaps have been called too thin, and might have been held to indicate that form would be considered more important than colour. The nose small, thin, and straight, but the least in the world *retroussée*. The great grey eyes were exceptional in a model Florentine head, and seemed to indicate that a rill of northern blood had in some antecedent generation been mingled with that of Laura Vanni’s Tuscan forefathers. The eyebrows above these remarkable eyes were straight and strongly marked, and the brow was slightly projecting. The forehead, of very fair height, was rounded rather than straight, and indicated an organisation in which the perceptive faculties were more strongly developed than the purely intellectual ones.

Three male companions were escorting pretty Laura to the Cascine. Of these, two seniors walked together in front. One was old Laudadio

Vanni, and the other his intimate friend and gossip, and Laura’s godfather, the Cavaliere Niccolò Sestini, who, having as a clerk in some one of the innumerable public offices spent his life till sixty years of age in doing as nearly as possible nothing, was now in the enjoyment of a pension of some eightpence a day, and of the felicity of having nothing *whatever* to do from morning till night. He had possessed this happiness for the last ten years, and still deemed his lot a most enviable one. He was a bachelor, and his friend Vanni a widower of many years’ standing. In appearance the two old men were singularly contrasted. The cavaliere was a short, fat, roundabout little man, with a head shaped like the large end of an egg, and a skull as bald as an egg-shell; rosy fat cheeks, from which every vestige of whisker, beard, or moustache, was scrupulously shaven; and a face utterly void of any expression save that of profound contentment and placidity.

The old jeweller, Laudadio Vanni, was a very much more remarkable-looking man. His unusually tall and strangely-slender figure was alone sufficient to attract attention; but the impression produced by it was exceedingly enhanced by an abundance of long straggling locks of silvery whiteness, which were blown about by the breeze as he walked, carrying his hat in his hand, and by an ample and flowing beard of the same hue. But the singular expression of his face was needed to complete the portrait, which the memory of those who saw him rarely failed to retain. It was long, narrow, and emaciated as his body. The forehead was higher and straighter than his daughter’s, but much narrower, and remarkably pinched about the temples. But the eye was what gave the whole face its peculiar and striking expression. It was the same large clear grey eye that Laura had, scarcely dimmed by old Laudadio’s eight-and-seventy years, but with a strange wildness and eagerness of expression that seemed to impart something almost “uncanny” to the physiognomy. The head might have been taken as a model for that of some rapt Ossianic bard, had it not been that there was a certain meanness about the lines of the mouth and in the expression of the narrow retiring forehead that would have been inconsistent with the idea. The old man stooped a little, not at the shoulders, but at the hips; and the attitude thus given to his body, joined to the slight protrusion of the chin, caused by the habitual rectification of the stoop, gave an air of restless anxiety to the figure which was very striking.

The fourth member of the party was, like old Vanni, a goldsmith and jeweller; but, though he had reached his five-and-thirtieth year, he was not yet master of a shop and business of his own. A better workman at his art than Carlo Bardi could not be found in Florence, and that is saying a great deal. Nor could there have been found a more thrifty man, which, as these are especially Florentine virtues, is saying much



more. But Carlo had been unfortunate—had been obliged to support entirely a sickly sister, and pay the debts of a worthless brother. Both these had now been dead some years, however, and Carlo was once again beginning to hope that he should achieve the establishment of a shop and business of his own, and fulfil the almost equally long-deferred hope of making Laura Vanni his wife. It was quite understood between them long ago that the hope was mutual; and their talk, as arm in arm they followed the two old men along the path by the bank of the Arno, was accordingly more of material interests, and less of the pleasant nonsense of love-making, than might have been the case some eight or ten years before. For Laura, I am shocked to say, had reached her seven-and-twentieth year.

When they reached the favourite meadow selected by the Florentines for the annual celebration of their “merenda” festival, the ground was almost entirely occupied by parties of four or five, or sometimes ten or twelve, covering with their clean white cloths, pitched in most unexclusive neighbourhood to each other, nearly the whole turf. The porter hired for the occasion, who had been sent on with the materials of our friends’ “merenda,” had selected for them what he deemed a desirable spot. But the old cavaliere was not so easily contented. One place was exposed to the wind from the hills, another would be in the full sun in half an hour; a third did not command a view of the “palazzo vecchio” tower; and he had eaten his “merenda” in sight of that every Ascension-day for the last ten years. His old friend the while took no part in his search for a spot to suit him, but seemed, with his strange eager look, intently occupied in counting the numbers of the different parties on the ground around—counting the men, counting the women (for almost every knot was composed of family parties)—counting everything he could see, and all with an appearance of the strangest interest.

At last, old Niccolò—“Il Cavaliere,” as his friend Vanni never failed to call him—found a spot to his liking; and the little party seated themselves on the grass, and made the necessary preparations for their feast. It cannot be said that the cavaliere’s choice of a locality was a bad one. It was close under the thick tall hedge that forms the boundary of the meadow furthest from the city. The river was thus on their left; the meadow crowded with the holiday-makers, and the more or less pretentious and luxurious preparations for eating and drinking, with the towers and domes of the city in the distance, in front of them; and the thick woods of the Cascine, and above and beyond these the hill of Fiesole, with its tower and its villas, to the right.

Laura drew forth from their store a clean white cloth, and four very coarse, but nicely washed, napkins; while the cavaliere was ascertaining that the flasks of wine had travelled safely in the basket made expressly for the purpose of carrying a couple of Florentine

flasks, and consisting of two circular receptacles some nine inches in diameter, and as much in depth, joined together at one point of their circumference, and surmounted by a semi-circular handle. Such a contrivance is needed for moving the fragile egg-shell-like flasks, which enter so largely into Tuscan domestic use. Flasks for wine, flasks for oil, flasks for milk, flasks for medicine, flasks for water. The legal Florence flask contains seven pounds’ weight of wine, and is equal to nearly three ordinary bottles. But the glass is of the very thinnest; and even the baskets described above would fail in securing their large bulging sides and long slender necks from frequent breakage, were they not invariably covered with a rush-work coat as high as the shoulder. The neck, which ends without any rim, and looks just as if it had been irregularly broken off, is so slender, that corking it in our fashion is out of the question. The Florentine, therefore, when he has filled his wine-flask, pours into the narrow neck a little drop of olive oil, which, resting on the wine to the thickness of about half an inch, effectually and hermetically closes the aperture. A wisp of straw, or, oftener still, a vine-leaf, loosely placed in the mouth of the opening, serves to keep out flies, dust, and such matters; and the flasks, which of course remain always upright on their rush-plaited bottoms, may stay thus for years. When wanted, a morsel of wool or cotton thrust into the neck of the flask readily absorbs the oil, which is thus removed; or, without any such contrivance, a practised Florentine hand will toss the oil out with a jerk, without spilling a drop of the wine.

“There!” said the cavaliere, “those ought to be a couple of flasks of as good Pomino as you would wish to drink. I went to the bishop’s cellar for them myself yesterday.”

“Red wine—that gives me the number 33. I wanted my third number!” muttered old Vanni; “a very remarkable combination.”

“Does all the Pomino vineyard belong to the Bishop of Fiesole?” asked Carlo.

“All,” replied Signor Sestini; “but the worst of it is, that the bishop has other farms besides, on which he makes a very inferior wine; and his lordship is just as apt to mix his flasks, and cheat his customers, as any wine-shop-keeper in Florence.”

“Bishop is number 32!” cried Vanni; “very curious indeed.”

Laura had by this time spread the cloth, and produced a long loaf of brownish bread, two feet or near it in length, by four inches in width, and three in height; a quantity of “salame,” or Bologna sausage, uncooked thinly sliced, and wrapped in abundance of fresh vine-leaves; some salad; a quarter of roast lamb—the grand dish of the repast—about as large as a good-sized quarter of rabbit; and some apples.

The fat little cavaliere and ex-clerk fell to at once; and the young people followed his example. But old Laudadio’s head was still running meditatively on his numbers.



"The three objects of discourse that first spontaneously strike your mind, and take your attention," said he, more to himself than to his companions; "certainly they were the red wine, the bishop, and the apples. Why did my mind fix on those in preference to all the other things spoken of? Aha! there is the force of the cabala. I multiply the number of the first object by that of the second, and thus get 1050. I multiply this again by the number of the third, and this gives me 2100."

"But what is the connexion," said Carlo, with something almost like a groan, "between red wine and the number 33, or between a bishop and number 32?"

"What is the connexion," returned the old man, sharply; "does not every one know that there is a profound and mystical relation between certain numbers and every object in nature and art, and every act which a man can do? Are they not recorded in the book which contains the result of the life-long labours of the greatest sages of the generations past?" And putting his hand in the pocket of the threadbare old long frock-coat, which hung loosely on his attenuated figure as on a clothes-horse, he pulled forth a dirty, greasy, and well-thumbed volume, entitled "Fortune for all Men. A Book of Dreams for Players in the Lottery. The last improved edition, published at Florence, in 1858." "Here," said he, laying his tremulous hand reverently on the book, "here is the connexion, friend Carlo;" and proceeding hurriedly to refer to his oracle, he turned to a kind of dictionary of all sorts of objects, names, and actions, which occupied one hundred and eighty-six out of its two hundred and fifty-six pages, and pointed to the above-mentioned numbers appended to the objects in question. "Ah! the science of numbers is a great and wonderful science!" said he.

"But to think of your knowing the numbers denoted by the red wine, the bishop, and the apples, without turning to the book!" said the old cavaliere, with evident admiration. "Ah, my friend, what a head! what a mind you have!"

"Why, papa knows every number in the list, I do believe," said Laura, laying her hand on the old man's silver locks, as he sat beside her, and kissing him on the forehead; "few know as much of the cabala as papa does."

"Few have studied them, perhaps, as profoundly and as long," returned he, with the mock humility of gratified vanity. "But, alas! Art is long, and the longest life short."

"The longest life would indeed be too short, I fear, to reach the goal of your studies, Signor Vanni," said Carlo, not without bitterness.

"Who knows!" cried the old man, fiercely.

"Who knows when the reward may come to the watchful and unwearied student—come in a moment, suddenly, unexpectedly, rich and abundant! 2100, I said. Multiply this by the number of the current year, add the golden number, and with the product form the pyramid of the great Rutilio of Calabria. Take the second line of it

for your first number, the two figures at the right hand of the base for your second, and the two figures at the left hand for your third number; place these beneath your pillow at night; and, should you dream of them, the result is sure;—almost sure," added the old dreamer, with a long-drawn sigh.

The cavaliere, meanwhile, was doing great execution among the eatables; and it was not till the last diminutive bone of the cat-like lamb was picked, that he lit his cigar, and soon afterwards fell asleep in perfect beatitude smoking it. The old jeweller ate very sparingly, and fell to conning his book, and doing endless multiplications and additions. The lovers, of course, were happy, and busy in talk of their hopes of shortly accomplishing the long-awaited for marriage. And thus the merenda lasted far into the afternoon; and it was nearly sunset when the little party started to walk by the river-bank to Florence.

### MY IDEA.

SUBMITTING myself unwillingly to that uniformity of type which is one of the causes of the dulness of your journal, my desire is, Mr. A. Y. R., to make use of its enormous circulation. You would do well to fatten out those last two words with a good feed of lamp-black, and display them prominently, but you are too much behind the age to do it, and do it you won't. All that I am now about to say to you ought to be printed as the author who best knew how to catch the public eye, the late Mr. George Robins, would have known how to print it, so that every one should

OBSERVE!

**A MILLION CHARMS!!**

OF

VARIOUS AND UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!!!

IN THE

**IMPENDING MASTER STROKE!!!!**

THAT WILL ENABLE

**ANY ONE !!!!!**

TO BECOME

**A MILLIONAIRE!!!!!!**

Perhaps you will oblige me by displaying at least those words with a little typographical propriety. But as for the late Mr. George Robins, he was a man of a past generation, and for the last twenty years the world has been expecting his successor. He is come. I am he. Julius Cæsar Richards. When Providence raises up such men as Robins, Richards—Well, when such men do come to trace out to the peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labour of many centuries—all I say is, happy the peoples who can comprehend and follow them.

The day is gone by when, of their own merits, modest men were dumb. I, Mr. A. Y. R., state this as a fact which became well known to me



during the early part of my career as a bill-sticker. But bill-sticking—the advertiser's Magna Charta—should be out of date. I am come to abolish it. I look upon bill-sticking, and the announcements in the advertising columns of newspapers and magazines, as representing a mere stone age in the art of publicity. My attention has been called to the fact that sailors find in the drift innumerable flint stones, with which, for want of better knives, thousands of years ago men cut their corns and carved their mutton. Why the flints float and where they are drifting to, I am not aware; but the present drift of my remark is, that the generality of bill-sticking is as many thousand years behind Me as shaving with pebbles is behind shaving with razors. Julius Cæsar Richards, in the few years he has given to the exercise of genius, accomplished the labour of many centuries. Happy the peoples who shall now understand all that he wants to do for them, and let him do it.

I mean to do it all Myself. All applications to be made direct to Me. I am for no Boards of Directors, no promoting of a Sublime and Practical Sublunar Publicity Company. There is no limit to My responsibilities. I will teach any man how to play the Trumpet of Fame, and guarantee him perfect in two lessons. But he must play tunes of my composing, or study as a composer in my school.

What, I ask, can be more rude and barbarous than that the inventor, say of a pair of cheap trousers, should placard his triumph upon transitory hoardings, or cause it to be announced upon some dreary expanse of dead wall, or cast it among blacking-bottles, coals, and what not, in the desolate and unfrequented back garden which is annexed to the inhabited part of a newspaper? I need not say that I allude to what are called, look us anon, the advertising columns. I answer, Nothing.

Now—

The distance from the eyes to the mouth is in a well-grown adult two inches and a half, in a child less. It is calculated that there are made annually in this country one billion three hundred and seventeen million eight hundred and ninety-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-four buns. These buns are eaten by the tailor-employing classes; the classes by whom tailors are not employed being so little addicted to them, that it was considered a mark of particular ignorance in Madam Pumpdoo to ask, when told that the poor could not get bread, why they did not get buns. On a calculation of averages drawn from six thousand four hundred and ten cases, it is found that the average number of mouthfuls taken during the consumption of a bun by mastication is, in round numbers and semicircular bites, seven. In consequence of the cohesive doughiness of the bun substance, each morsel remains in the mouth for a considerable time, and the intervals between the seven journeys taken by the bun on the way to the mouth are wholly occupied by the prudent consumer in careful observation, with a view to

the discovery of legs of cockroaches, pieces of grit, and other substances known to be occasionally embedded in its texture.

Well, sir, I command that there shall be stamped upon all the buns in the three kingdoms the pattern of the trousers to be advertised, with the name and address of their maker written down their legs, say Larkins, Ninety-nine and a half, Berkeley-square. What is the consequence? Instead of advertising on the walls of such a public way as Goswell-street or Pudding-lane, E. C., I send the advertisement of those trousers into every man's private Pudding-lane. Other ways he may not know, or he may be inattentive to what passes upon them; but the way to his mouth every man—it is said even the blind—can see, and to whatever passes on that road he pays always particular attention. Very well then, every advertisement travelling upon that road comes, at a distance of only three inches, most immediately and literally under a man's eyes. I have not overlooked the fact that, in this particular instance, I say let there be stamped trousers and the name of the trousers-maker upon all the buns, although the greater number of the buns are eaten by ladies, who are not supposed to need the article thus advertised. The incongruity would fix attention, and ensure the diffusion of many statements and remarks from those lips to which men and trouser-buyers most willingly listen.

It might appear, at first sight, that it would be more desirable to place advertisements upon the captains and Abernethy biscuits, because their hardness compels the consumer to take double time over them. Of course they are to be placed there, but careful inquiry has disclosed the important fact that of one thousand six hundred and seventy-one persons who have been interrogated on the subject, one thousand five hundred and eighty-six admit that, without exactly knowing why they do so, they are in the habit of smashing or breaking up a captain's biscuit before they begin to eat it. Biscuits usually eaten in this manner will, under my régime, be covered with repetitions of an advertisement small in size; as well-executed miniatures of a blacking-bottle, or a boot, or a watch, with the name of the watch, boot, or blacking-maker so repeated that it might enter the mouth on every fragment not too closely approaching to the nature of a crumb.

But of course my system, so far as it consists in forcing the world to swallow every advertiser's statement on the subject of the wares he has to sell, is not supported wholly upon biscuits and buns. No, sir. I shall take contracts for advertisements on the sponge cakes, on the cocked-hats, round the edges of the open tarts, and so forth. I shall issue forms of moulds in which alone confectioners will be allowed to make the creams and jellies ordered of them for dinners and supper parties. Thus no jelly shall appear upon a festive board without taking thither some piece of information, as, that A. B. of — has succeeded in importing a Pure Natural Sherry at seven and ninepence a dozen, duty paid; or



that persons in want of money can apply to Jonas Fang, Esquire, Wolf-court, Lamb's Conduit-street. The top and bottom crusts of the poor man's quartern loaf I shall let separately by tender, one for advertisement of immediate Loans from five shillings to twenty pounds; the other crust to be competed for by publicans and quack medicine vendors.

It is true that the dawn of My Era had declared itself before my coming. It did so when the postman took from friend to friend letters in envelopes that had cost less to the purchaser in consideration of his circulating advertisements of black lead or tooth-brushes printed inside them. It did so when the father of a family, taking his children to the pantomime, was informed by inscriptions on the scenery where to buy his wine cheap or get a four-guinea watch, and when from a walking meat-screen, with ladle arms, and a saucepan head, there was read to him by the clown, in comic voice, the name of a person who had paid to have the attention of playgoers seriously directed to the noted shop for bottle-jacks. These weak efforts show to what society was verging before I appeared and grasped the situation. To establish a durable and perfect system of advertising, there wanted a man who, raising himself above vulgar passions, should unite in himself the essential qualities—just ideas of each of his predecessors, avoiding their faults as well as their errors. The man capable of so lofty a mission now exists.

I will abolish the present unmeaning system of butter prints, and, instead of the unsuggestive swan or beehive, will issue forms for the stamping of all pats of butter within the three kingdoms. I will let the march to fame over the butter of the country to the boldest bidder. If to an author, all the butter shall be sent to all the tables shaped into little models of his volume, with the name stamped on the back and sides. Surely I should secure him butter enough to make his book go down. I would not overlook the morning toast, the slice of bread, the fish, the chicken, or the roast. To secure these very important mediums of direct communication with the public, I would issue brands frequently changed. On Monday, say, the breakfast toast should come up elegantly stamped with an advertisement of Wind Pills lightly burnt into the texture of each slice. On Tuesday, there should be "No More Toothache." On Wednesday, the toast should tell the price of Streaky's Kamtschatkan Breakfast Bacon. Or, in a good house, I would supply several toast brands at once, and so apply to the toast-rack the principle of the motto kisses, utilised;—as I need not say that the motto kisses themselves should be—kissing and telling, "When you marry, go to Smith's for comforters;" or, "Buy your perambulators of J. Brown, six hundred and ninety, Tothill-fields."

In the next place, without discarding elegance, I shall abolish all designs that are not useful as well as ornamental. Every decanter, every wine-glass, every tumbler, shall have

woven into its pattern, or simply engraved upon it, a conspicuous advertisement of somebody and something. All table and other linen shall have advertisements appointed by me to be part of its texture. Thus, for example, I might, if the tenders proved the highest, recommend Retzsch's Cod-liver Oil on all the dinner napkins; and this alone would suffice to make that person's Cod-liver Oil famous. His advertisement might also be appropriately branded upon all the codfish brought to table. I need not say that there shall be no square or round of carpet pattern that shall not contain an announcement elegantly and appropriately introduced into its web; and I will from time to time lay down carpets, at my own expense, in the rooms of all persons who see much company. Again, for the coarse bill-sticking, which I propose to banish from the public street, I shall ordain the far more efficient institution of bill-sticking within the house. Elegant forms of placard will be devised, and householders and houseowners, entirely saved the cost of papering their houses, will have their paperings renewed once a year, or oftener. The dining-rooms will be handsomely but plainly decorated with advertisements relating to that part of the establishment. The drawing-room will be elegantly decorated, in gold and colour, with advertisements of skirts, crinolines, and other knick-knacks. The bedrooms shall be neatly papered with advertisements of their appropriate furniture, of night-lights, patent medicines, and of the number of shirts purchasable for a shilling. The hall and passages with advertisements of sticks and umbrellas, goloshes, waterproof coats, hats, mats, bats, and cockroaches-however-numerous—destroyed—in-a-single-night. I need not add that I will allow no glazier to put a pane of glass into any window until at least one advertisement, suitable to the room it lights, has been engraved neatly but conspicuously in the middle.

I need not enter into more detail, because it would be hopeless to attempt the complete exploration of my vast idea. I let any one peep in at the keyhole of the yet unopened door of my Temple of Fame, and carry away some sort of an impression of its perfectness of form, and of the enormity of its proportions. I look, sir, to see the day when every man carries a good lot of advertisements as well as a good dinner underneath his waistcoat, besides several advertisements in his hat, more in his pocket-handkerchief, and when even the glasses in his spectacles are utilised by somebody who wants to catch his eye; and that will be My day, the day of Julius Cesar Richardis. When judicious advertising shall have made everybody's fortune, that will be My day. The day of the domination which rests on true greatness and incontestable utility will have declared itself. Let us be logical and we shall be just. It is well worthy of your attention that, when destiny is driving a state of things towards an aim, there is, by a law of fate, a concurrence of all forces in the same direction. Bill-sticking society has



been aimlessly and confusedly, but to my eyes very clearly, tending towards Me. What is now wanted is a Cæsar of Publicity, who, in the diffusion of advertisements, unites the elegance of manner which seduces with the energy of character which commands. Everything has been helping, unconsciously, the progress of the events which smooths for Me the way to supreme power. Once elevated to power, my first acts will be to execute, as Dispenser of Fame, what as a citizen I have supported. Let us not, dear Mr. A. Y. R., continually seek little passions in great souls. The success of superior men, it is a consoling thought, is due rather to the loftiness of their sentiments than to the speculations of selfishness and cunning. There have been three great men in the world—Julius Cæsar, George Robins, and Me. It is consoling to me to think so, and kind of me to say so. I do, indeed, require for the fulfilment of my great and beneficent project, that I shall be trusted with a certain amount of despotic power. But when you have a great genius to guide you, I can't say how bad it is of you not to give him, as your leader, a complete and firm hold of your nose. Only by allowing Me to work out my thoroughly harmonious system can you escape from the disorders and discrepancies of method and result that now agitate the advertising world. I ask only for powers that may be delegated to Me by the British parliament. So far from wishing to overthrow parliament—though the mention of such a fact may savour of bribery—I may mention that if it confer on Me the powers I require, I will advertise it gratuitously next July on all the butter-pats. It and they will be in a state of dissolution; but as long as there is butter in the land there shall be members of parliament. I wish to overthrow none of the institutions. I ask only for despotic power over one of them, that I may develop it and strengthen it, and be a Cæsar—which is the next best thing to a mother—to it; and that I may have the keeping of its purse.

### THE CHEMISTRY OF WASHING.

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness; some people even say that cleanliness is godliness. A clean mind and conscience, in a clean body, is the nearest approach to purity we can fancy here below. The two great human ills which mainly cause men to fear misfortune and poverty, are the consequent hunger and dirtiness which they entail. When that heroic impostor, Cagliostro, at last fell into the rat-trap of a Roman prison, he implored of his jailors two favours only—the visits of his wife, and a supply of clean linen. Both were refused; and a liberal quantity of pious books (pious from the St. Angelo point of view) granted instead.

Different nations differ greatly in their notions of personal cleanliness; as do also different classes in the same nation. The people of modern Rome, the direct descendants of the

conquerors of the world, receive two complete washings from head to foot, not during their lives, but one as soon as they are born, and another as soon as they are dead. A bath is considered, if not immoral, at least the first step to immorality. A respectable young woman, being asked if she did not sometimes take a bath, indignantly inquired who they took her for? Some Orientals, by their singular habits, quite neutralise the effects of their frequent ablutions. By wearing a silken shirt, which they change rarely, or which they wear perhaps till it falls to pieces, they may be said to be clean only while they are in their bath. They are open to the taunt flung at the unreal invalid, when, complaining that he had tried everything to get rid of his rheumatism, was asked whether he had tried a clean shirt.

There are even prejudices as to the part of the person which may be kept quite clean with impunity. By many, the feet are scrupulously preserved from all contact with water, through the apprehension either that it would make them tender, or that it would cause them to increase in size. Not a few workpeople fear the former contingency; their foot, like the heel of Achilles, is not dipped in the river Styx, nor in any earthly stream. Not a few brilliant belles are afraid that their feet would swell like sponges on the application of water to them.

There is also prevalent, amongst the middle and lower classes of England, a belief that too much clean linen, and especially too much clean flannel worn next the skin, is weakening; that it extracts strength, in the shape of perspiration; and that *not* to change it often, obviates that mode of exhaustion. It economises, they believe, their daily corporeal expenditure. But, to rectify that mistake, the medical man has only to be consulted as to whether anything which has ever been exhaled from the person ought ever to be re-absorbed. A gentleman puts on his two shirts per day—one when he rises, another when he dresses for dinner—without thereby falling into delicate health.

To have clean linen, we must know how to clean it. A few hints on washing may be welcome. If the subject be humble, at least it is useful. And, after all, the state of a man's shirt comes home to his feelings quite as much as the state of the starry firmament; the spots which we find upon our linen are quite as interesting, though not so big, as the spots discovered on the sun.

In the first place, what is the best thing to do with linen when soiled? A proper answer would be, "Wash it." But, as there always must be an interval between the soiling and the washing, How is it best disposed of during that interval?

Except in cases of absolute necessity, as in besieged towns, or on board ship during long sea voyages, linen (and other articles of clothing) should neither be kept long unclean, nor massed in large quantities; and that for important reasons. In many parts of France, it is cus-



tomary for families to have an immense stock of linen, so as to wash only once in six months, when they hold what they call "une lessive monstre"—a monster washing. All the hedges on the farm, all the grass on the estate, are hung and spread with white for days together. The comfort in the house during this washing bout, and the consequences to the linen itself, may be imagined without any great effort. In one French novel, the heroine, pursued by a wicked Lovelace, takes refuge, not in her virtue nor under her parents' wing, but in the dirty linen closet, where she locks herself in as a new form of martyrdom. She was worse off than Falstaff in the buckbasket; for he had air, and afterwards water.

Soiled linen, kept in a confined place, is insalubrious, and is also more liable to injury than when clean and neatly folded away in drawers. Linen, like all vegetable matter, is subject to putrefaction; and when it is coated with sugar, gum, grease, and with animal matters already in a state of decomposition, putrid fermentation easily sets in, especially if it be put in a heap, in a close, warm, and damp spot. Should there be pieces impregnated with oil or fat, they may possibly set the house on fire. It is well known that oils absorb oxygen in the process of thickening or drying. Now, this absorption is not progressive and uniform. It often happens, through causes which are not precisely known, that the absorption takes place at first, and for a long while, insensibly; then, all of a sudden, it is energetically developed, with a considerable disengagement of heat. This heat may become sufficient to make the linen take fire spontaneously. Beginnings of fire—which are promptly extinguished through the careful watch that is constantly kept—often break out in lamp-rooms of theatres. Heaps of filthy rags, thrown into the corner of a kitchen, have been known to burst into flame of themselves.

Another injury to which dirty linen is exposed, is from the ravages of mice and rats. These little rodents (who have been sent by Providence to devour numerous substances which, if left to rot, would poison the air) do not always confine themselves to their providential mission. Dirty linen, seasoned to their taste, is a tempting morsel, and often suffers accordingly. A good housekeeper will therefore contrive to keep her linen in that state as short a time as possible. The sooner she washes it, the less trouble she will have. The stains will be easier to remove; the gums composing them will not have time to dry, nor the oils to thicken. One cause of unhealthiness to her family will be avoided; and her stock of linen—a valuable portion of her household capital—will be exposed to much fewer chances of spoiling. The small quantity of foul linen which she is obliged to keep, instead of being thrown in a heap, will be hung on a rope stretched in a dry and airy place. Rats and mice will be set at defiance, by passing each end of the rope through the necks of broken bottles before fastening them to the wall.

Even in an economical point of view, the washing question is interesting. The humblest establishment is obliged to make it enter, in some form or other, into its budget. Even if the wife wash at home, there is at least the expense of soap, soda, and fire. Every French soldier used to cost fourpence per week for washing; improved methods have now reduced it to one penny, or a trifle less. Suppose that each inhabitant of London spends no more, for clean linen and woollens, than one pound per annum, on an average, the washerwoman's bill for the metropolis alone will amount exactly to three millions sterling annually. What it is for the United Kingdom, must be a sum approaching to the sublime.

To this very considerable payment for washing should be added another, which is still more important; namely, the deterioration of the tissues. We are only too well aware how quickly washerwomen wear our linen out. Every time it comes from the wash, the diminution of its value is greater than the cost of the operation. This second outlay, coming on the top of the first, falls particularly heavy on the labouring classes. The workman, as long as he has employment, generally manages to meet his current expenses with tolerable ease. Among these, is that of washing. Extraordinary expenses press harder upon him. The renewal of a worn-out stock of linen becomes a very serious business.

To discover less expensive modes of washing, and modes less injurious to the linen, is therefore a problem of equal economical and hygienic importance. It is known that the operation of washing, when ill performed, is unhealthy even for those who perform it. The solution of the problem will, as its immediate consequence, allow the working classes to possess more linen, and to wash it more frequently. And—setting aside foolish and ignorant prejudices—sanitary professors know how favourable a frequent change of linen is to the health, especially for those who toil and perspire. And exactly as conducive as clean linen is to health, by absorbing gradually what we transpire, equally noxious is dirty linen, in consequence of the putrid miasms disengaged from it.

Dirty linen is, in general, five per cent heavier than clean. If you bring out one hundred pounds of linen for use, it will weigh one hundred and five when it goes to the wash. The additional five pounds are due to moisture, and to greasy or gummy substances. Mere stains have no appreciable weight. The dirt in linen is derived from dust and impurities of every kind adhering to and fixed in the tissue, whether by the viscous clamminess which is formed by glutinous and albuminous substances—that is, those similar in their nature to white of egg—or by fatty matters. Moreover, linen is often soiled by spots caused by colouring matters which have dyed, as it were, the portion of the linen which they have touched. The dye so left is often irremovable by either water, soap, or ash-lie. The washerwoman's art ought to make all those stains to disappear.



The first kind, caused by gummy or albuminous substances, which are soluble in cold or tepid water, will be removed by simple washing. The second sort of dirt, owing its existence to oily matters which enter our body-linen by transpiration, and our table and kitchen-linen by the grease absorbed during use, can only be discharged by the application of substances which either themselves dissolve grease, or render it soluble in water by altering its nature. Thirdly, for spots caused by such matters as ink or iron-rust, water will often be inefficacious; and the substances which dissolve or modify grease, not only will not remove them, but will fix them more permanently. These spots, also, by their contact, may discolour other portions of the tissue, so that one spot may become the parent of many.

It is desirable, therefore, to remove such stains before sending linen to the wash, by employing the special means required for each. Thus, for ink-spots, use oxalic acid, or salts of sorrel, which discharge the gall-nut contained in the ink; for iron-moulds, very diluted sulphuric acid, having about the sourness of lemonade. Of course, the place will be rinsed in several waters, and plenty of them, as soon as the spot has disappeared. For fruit stains, "can de javelle" (see *infra*) may be employed with great discretion and subsequent rinsings. Fresh paint, and a few other similar stains, are removed by essence of turpentine. Lastly, stains of nitrate of silver, now common since the spread of amateur photography, had better be entrusted to a professional chemist, since the substance often employed to remove them is an extremely dangerous and violent poison. You may, however, do it yourself without danger, by using a solution of iodide of potassium, to which a few crystals of iodine have been added, and afterwards washing the spot (which turns deep black) with a small quantity of concentrated hyposulphate of soda, which causes it instantly to disappear. A liberal rinsing with water must be immediately applied.

If a spot resist your utmost efforts to get rid of it, what are you to do? Leave it. For if Neatness say, "A hole is better than a spot," Economy urges that "A spot is better than a hole." And a hole will certainly be the consequence of violent attempts to eradicate a fast-stained spot. As all spots are removed much more easily when they are recent, the wisest plan is, as far as possible, to take them out as soon as they are made. The spots once out, all that remains upon the linen is the soiling produced by dust, gums, and greases. And as every day cannot be washing-day, it must remain in that state till the first opportunity.

When that day arrives, care must be taken not to put the linen into hot water at first; because boiling water, which coagulates albumen, would only fix more firmly in the linen the impurities with which albumen happens to be combined.

For greasy matters, substances must be employed which enable water to carry them off.

If any fatty body, as tallow or oil, remain in contact with an alkali, as soda or potash, for a certain time and at a certain temperature, there is formed by their union another body, *soap*, which possesses the remarkable property not only of being dissolved itself in water, but also of dissolving greasy bodies in its own solution. Take this familiar illustration: You smear your hands with oil. You wash them in the softest rain-water; in vain. The oil will not quit your skin by combining with the water, as syrup, salt, or treacle would. You therefore take soap. The outer surface of the soap soon becomes dissolved in the water; and into this solution the oil will enter, and your hands come out of their trouble clean.

Similarly, to remove from linen the greasy matters which, in spite of the application of water, retain dirt in it, we must either dissolve that grease in soapy water, or we must transform the grease itself into a soap, by means of an alkali, in order to be able subsequently to dissolve the new-made soap in water, and so get rid of all the impurities at once. Soap's property of forming a solution with which oil and grease will combine, is shared by a few other substances; by yolk of egg, for instance, and certain vegetables. The stems of common soapwort, *Saponaria officinalis*, a native plant, if crushed and beaten up with water, cause it to froth exactly like soap, and render like service for washing purposes. There is a double-flowered variety, which is pretty enough to be encouraged, if it were not so weedy and troublesome. When once established on a bank or other spot where there are many matted roots, it is next to impossible to extirpate it. Besides this, there is a hothouse plant, the soap-tree, *Sapindus (Sapo-Indus) saponaria*, which bears fruit, the size of a walnut. Crushed upon linen, it has the same effect as soap, producing a white thick froth, which takes out grease wonderfully well; the proof of which is its success in purifying negro clothing. In default of genuine and actual soap, these substances, which give water the power of dissolving grease, are at least worth bearing in mind for the removal of grease-spots from tissues and stuffs.

Soap, therefore, is a peacemaker, a negotiator, an amalgamator, a means of union between two antagonistic opposites, oil and water. It is a neutral ground, on which those very antipathetic substances are able to come to an understanding and work together. Its value consists in that, in it, we have a great cleansing power compressed into a very small space. (Soap is also used in surgery and medicine, but that employment is foreign to our purpose.) The application of soap as a detergent is not of high antiquity. Like other useful things, electric communication, for instance, it seems to have been known, as a fact, for a considerable time before it was turned to its most serviceable account. Soap, at first, was merely a cosmetic, for smoothing the hair and brightening the complexion.



When once its valuable detersive powers were discovered—doubtless by accident—its employment spread rapidly. Numerous soap manufactories sprang up in Italy, notably in the little seaport town of Savona, near Genoa, whence the French name of soap, “savon.” The manufacture spread in Spain and France. Marseilles became famous for its marbled soaps. Our word “soap” may come from the Latin “sapo,” which is mentioned by Pliny as an invention of the Gauls.

As woollen garments preceded linen, so the fuller’s art (for cleansing, scouring, and pressing cloths and stuffs) is older than the washer-woman’s, being due, it appears, to one Nicias, the son of Hermias. His grand discovery would be the employment of an earth, since named after the persons who use it. The Roman fullers, who washed dirty togas, were persons of no little importance. Their trade, and the manner of carrying it on, were regulated by laws, such as the *Lex Metella de fullonibus*. At one time, fuller’s earth (found of a very superior quality in Staffordshire, Bedfordshire, and other English counties) was considered so indispensable for the dressing of cloth, that, to prevent foreigners from rivaling English fabrics, it was made a contraband commodity, and its exportation made equally criminal with the heinous and wicked export of wool. How completely public opinion has changed! No weather-cock could make a more perfect gyration from north to south, from east to west. What is it criminal to export now? Convicts and contraband of war, perhaps; but certainly not harmless earth and wool.

Soap, in general terms, is an artificial compound of oily substance and alkali. The alkalis used, have been kelp (the ashes of seaweeds) or other vegetable ash, and more recently pure soda and pure potash obtained by improved methods, and lime. For fats recourse has been had to olive-oil, whale-oil, tallow, and of late years to cocoa-nut and other vegetable oils. Soaps are manufactured of three distinct kinds; soft soap, for dyers, washerwomen, and fullers; hard soap, for ordinary household purposes; cake or ball soap for the toilette-table. The great merit of soap consists in its being a portable means of cleanliness; the less water it contains, the more concentrated and portable it is, the greater its merit. Hard soap is more convenient than soft; still it is possible to make hard soaps which contain a large proportion of water. The marbled soaps have the reputation of containing the least. Thrifty housewives cut up their blocks of hard soap into cakes, and expose them to a current of air, to get rid of the water and cause them to dissolve less rapidly.

The degree of ease with which soap is applied, depends in some measure on the quality of the water. Soft and hard water are figurative expressions, to denote water which is not impregnated with earths and minerals, as rain water when it falls, and that which is, as springs which have traversed various strata. Hard

water is often heavily charged with sulphate and other combinations of lime. Soft water washes well, because it unites freely with soap and dissolves it. Hard water, on the contrary, decomposes it, and forms new compounds which have not the same detersive properties. The soda of the soap combining with the sulphuric acid of the sulphate, and the oil of the soap with the lime of the sulphate, form curdy flakes which float in the water and are useless for cleaning purposes. The water remaining is, however, softened. In like manner, wood ashes make hard water soft. Their carbonic acid, combining with the sulphate of lime, converts it into chalk, which is precipitated as a sediment, and may be so got rid of.

Soap, then, serves in general to communicate to water the power of dissolving, by emulsion, grease soaked into or adhering to stuffs. But, besides this, when linen stained with grease is boiled for a sufficient time in soap-water, the salts contained in the latter are decomposed; neutral oleates are formed; and the excess of alkali set at liberty serves to soapify the grease adhering to the linen. Soap then acts exactly as an alkali. The ancients scarcely knew any alkali besides ammonia, which, after obtaining it from an offensive putrifying liquid, they employed to take the grease out of their clothes. It was the trade in this article which the Emperor Vespasian taxed so profitably; and which he justified by showing the gold it brought in, and asking whether the money had any unpleasant smell.

At the present day, ammonia is replaced by soda and potash; which are now obtained pure by chemical means, but which, formerly, could only be procured by burning vegetables. Ashes, in fact, contain carbonates of soda and potash; on which account they largely serve for making lye to wash with, especially in rural districts where wood is the principal fuel. But the quantity of those salts contained in ashes is very variable; moreover, there are mingled with them many foreign substances more or less soluble; so that the use of ashes has the inconvenience of making the wash of variable composition, and sometimes of charging it with matters actually injurious to the linen. Their great economy prevents their being given up; but it is preferable to substitute for them the crystallised sub-carbonate of soda, which may be had at a moderate price, and which has the further merits of being constant in its composition and of not being open to adulteration. Caustic potash and soda do not present the same advantages.

In France, and in Paris especially, great use is made of “eau de javelle” and chloride of lime. The former is a hypochloride of soda, and the latter really a hypochloride of lime. These two substances do not act, like alkalis or alkaline salts, by soapifying grease spots; their action on soiled linen is merely that of discolorants. The alkali which enters into their composition (the soda or the lime), being but feebly united to the hypochloric acid, easily



abandons it to unite with the acids formed by the decomposition, first of the foreign matters attached to the linen, and then, if present in excess, with those which arise from the decomposition of the linen itself.

The hypochloric acid set at liberty is decomposed; its oxygen acts as a discolorant, while the other portion is evaporated. It makes spots disappear, but at the risk of burning the stuff. It is not easy to prescribe completely the use of eau de javelle; for it is a powerful auxiliary: but the utmost moderation in its use cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Chloride of lime ought to be entirely abstained from. Its lime gives birth to insoluble calcareous soaps which stick to the linen, and require, to remove them, a force of friction injurious to the tissue. It not only deteriorates both the linen and the washing utensils, but it produces cracks in the washerwoman's hands and arms, and often even causes trembling of the limbs. The use of eau de javelle ought to be restricted, first, to the removal of spots before washing; and, secondly, to bleaching the linen afterwards by dipping it in water containing a very small quantity of eau de javelle, and immediately rinsing it thoroughly.

As to the mechanical portion of the operation of washing—the rubbing and squeezing, the use of brushes, beaters, or ribbed bits of board—private individuals have little choice. Every country and district has its mode, which is as unalterable as the old laws of Medes and Persians. Where the operatives are accustomed to rub soaped linen between the wrists, they would refuse to beat it with a battledore or beetle; and where wooden beaters for linen are the fashion, to request it to be rubbed between the wrists would be considered the height of tyrannous cruelty. In vain you import an American washing-machine; your ladies of the wash-tub will burn the wooden balls, and stick the receiving trough out of the way in the garret. It is only in large or public establishments that mechanical washing can be carried out. A monumental example may be witnessed at the Grand Hotel, Paris.

Washing by steam, dates, in Europe, only from the beginning of the present century; but in India it has been practised from time immemorial. A pamphlet published in 1805 (by Cadet-de-Vaux, in obedience to an order from Chaptal, then minister), directs the linen to be completely and equally steeped in an alkaline solution properly dosed, and then exposed to a current of steam. By gradually and gently raising the temperature to the boiling point, the saponification of the grease which defiles it is so well effected that simple rinsing suffices to remove it. The wash is made with crystallised subcarbonate of soda and soap, in the proportion of ten of the former to one of the latter; its strength, i.e. the proportion of water, will depend upon the degree of coarseness and dirtiness of the linen. This simple and rational method of washing is said to be followed by excellent results; and, when well

conducted, takes only three or four hours to complete it.

After linen has been rinsed, all that remains is to dry it. It is of great consequence that the drying should take place as speedily as possible. The greater part of the water contained in linen after rinsing, is ordinarily expelled by twisting it; but this operation has the grave inconvenience of straining, displacing, and separating the threads of the tissue. It does less harm when effected in a net, but should be avoided as much as possible. Some persons use a press. For the twisting of linen by hand, may be substituted a very rapid rotatory motion given to linen by enclosing it in a wire or wicker basket, which is made to revolve on its axis by means of a crank. The water is thrown off by centrifugal force, exactly as when a housemaid twirls her mop. This little machine (whose exterior circumferential velocity may be made to exceed twenty yards a second) enables the water to be ejected out of ninety or a hundred pounds of wet linen in the short space of ten minutes, and that so effectually, that the finger is not sensibly moistened by its contact.

The process of drying is then completed either in the open air, or in apartments heated by steam, or by hot air. There are great objections to drying linen in the open air. The great enemies of vegetable substances, such as wood, ropes, linen cloth, are, as is well known, alternations of moisture and drought. By exposing linen to rain and sunshine, you expose it to those alternations; and in winter-time to frost besides, which breaks and destroys it. Hot air drying-places are far preferable. They can be constructed at no great expense, and are a desirable appendage to every laundry. The majority of public washing-places in Paris are provided with them, and housewives are strongly recommended to turn them to account. The habit which poor women have of loading their shoulders with masses of moisture, after being heated with work, is frequently the cause of numerous maladies; and not seldom, besides their linen, they carry home with them a troublesome cough. The necessity under which they labour of hanging out this damp linen on ropes in the chamber occupied by their family in common, becomes a further source of disease.

Linen hung out to dry, either in the open air, or in heated apartments, requires a great deal of care, and of space. M. Darcy, inspector-general, who in 1850 was one of a commission named by the government to study the question of public washing-places, made many very curious experiments to ascertain whether it were not possible to dry linen in bundles, without hanging it out, in apparatus heated to the boiling point, and higher. These attempts (their results were published) proved that, even at a very high temperature, the water contained in the inside of a bundle of linen will not evaporate—so bad a conductor of heat is moistened linen, and so impermeable is it even to steam at high pressure. For this and other details, the writer



is indebted to M. Homberg, who was a distinguished member of the same commission for inquiring into the hygiene of public laundries.

## FORTY YEARS IN LONDON.

TURNING over the leaves of Mr. Thornbury's *Haunted London*, with the intention of affording some notion of its contents to the readers of these pages, I am so thoroughly haunted with the London of my own past, that I feel it impossible to commence the task until my own ghost has been laid. Perhaps Mr. Thornbury and other readers, may like to know what a spectre who has haunted London for five-and-forty years, remembers about parts of it in his childhood.

My mother brought me from the West of England in the middle of the severe winter during which the present century glided out of its teens. At that time, stage-coach travelling was one of the loudest boasts of this modest country. Peers horsed, and baronets drove, the "crack" conveyances of that day. Yet we were a week on the road in the mail, having been snowed up at a village on the edge of Salisbury Plain; our guard perishing in a gallant attempt to push on with the mail-bags on the back of one of the leaders. How well I remember the hasty dinners at the great inns we stopped at on the road; all alike!—the long table, the big joints, the invariable pigeon-pie, the selfish scrambling of the passengers to get their full three-and-sixpence-worth tucked in time for the warning notes of the guard's horn; the tin, thin, tripod plate-warmer at the fire, the nimble waiters in white cotton stockings and pumps, who were constantly wiping plates with napkins whipped in and out of the side-pockets of their natty striped jackets. Then, once more inside the coach, don't I gasp at the recollection of the smell—like bad nuts—occasioned by four human beings performing asphyxia upon themselves from prudent dread of "the night air;" the word ventilation having been at that time hardly invented? I shiver to think of the cold blast that woke us two or three times each night when a change of coachman forced shilling subscriptions, at the open door, from each passenger. Shall I ever forget the awe with which I regarded, during that tedious journey, the helpful good-natured fellow-traveller—a real live Londoner—who told us, modestly, as if it were a mere common-place, that he had actually spoken with the Lord Mayor of the City of London, face to face? Every word he dropped about London was caught in my eager ear, as greedily as gold let fall into a miser's purse: How that trees could actually be seen even in the City; how that there were one thousand hackney-coaches allowed by government—no more and no less; how that the cries of London were attuned by act of parliament, and that milk and mackerel were the only articles permitted to be cried on Sundays, because of their

perishable nature; how that crossing-sweepers disguised themselves as noblemen after business hours, married rich wives whom they maintained splendidly in suburban palaces ignorant of their profession, and went to town and returned home each day with the punctuality of bank clerks, changing their clothes on the way to and fro; how that public opinion fell crushingly upon any person who dared to light fires or wear a great-coat until the fifth of November, however soon the winter may set in before the great bonfire day; how that nobody could appear out of mourning in Lent, nor face the world pleasantly at Easter without bran new clothes; how every country visitor was bound, within the first week of his sojourn in London, to ascend St. Paul's and to the top of the Monument; to inspect the water-works at London Bridge, the lions in the Tower, Mr. Crosse's menagerie at Exeter Change, Miss Linwood's exhibition in Leicester-square, and Mrs. Salmon's shilling wax-works in Fleet-street. They must also wait in the narrow part of the same thoroughfare to see the hour struck, on the big bells of St. Dunstan's Church, by the iron giants. All these ideas, with others derived from a fat little green volume in vogue before the word "Hand-book" had been imported from Germany, and known as Leigh's *Picture of London*, filled the childish imagination with a wonder and impatience that became almost insupportable as the stages towards the metropolis diminished. In the hazy twilight of morning congealed breath was wiped from the windows; and a huge lump of the mist, densified into shape dimly in the distance, was pointed out as Windsor Castle. Then came tearful stories of a blind old king, sometimes hemoaning his mental eclipse; sometimes flinging his coat over his shoulder, and crying old clothes round a padded room.

By-and-by, bright, sunshiny, freeing morning. What enormous draft-horses, and what little houses! Surely this can't be London? Not quite; only Hammersmith.

Out of the bewildering excitement of being actually in London, and the distracting succession of new objects passed by, and passing us, only two recollections can be revived, at this very long distance of time, from the scene at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly; first, the endless succession of old clothesmen; second, the number and perseverance of hawkers of pale, sour, cold-looking oranges, which made even my young teeth chatter to behold. The sound of "Ole Clo!" "Ole Clo!" "Ole Clo!" never left the ear an instant's respite: an endless procession of Jews with empty black bags under their arms, walking rapidly, uttering exactly the same sound, but on different notes. That was no time to ask questions, and story-book lore supplied the childish notion that they were all wicked wandering Jews, bound to let the world know they were duly performing their penance by incessantly exclaiming "Ole Clo!" as watchmen cried the hour in the night. The prodigious



number of these candidates for cast clothing is not so wonderful when we remember that the poor could get, at that time, nothing else to wear. Amongst the great benefits conferred by machinery and free trade on the present generation, is cheap new clothing, and the extinction of a race of disreputable hawkers.

We start for the City. What a glory of shops, on both sides of the way! A street full of scaffolding—half-built Regent-street; Charing-cross; the statue of a man on horseback close to the gates of the King's stables; Temple Bar; St. Paul's. At length St. Martin's-le-Grand—"a cheat," I thought; for, being then a squalid-looking lane, it was the reverse of grand, no removal of the Post-office from the ample premises in Lombard-street being then dreamt of. Finally, the yard of the Bull and Mouth Inn, up a narrow turning. Here my father had lived for three days, expecting us every minute, and was in the coffee-room with groups of other persons waiting for friends from all parts of the country, discussing chances and probabilities of their having perished in the snow, like the mail guard. No post letters could precede us, and the joy of that meeting, now nearly half a century old, swells my heart, even as I write these words.

The quadrangular and galleried inn-yard I believe to have been nearly in the same state as the inn-yards of Chaucer were, and exactly like the inn-yard painted by Hogarth. Now, it would be difficult to find such a place in all England. The second-hand family carriage, driven by a coarse, dogged metropolitan savage staggering under the weight of a towering flight of capes rising from knee to shoulder, is also extinct; so is Fleet Market, straggling in the middle of what is now Farringdon-street, the end of which we passed on our way to our suburban new home; so is Holborn Bridge; so is St. Chad's Well, in Gray's Inn-road, even then resorted to medicinally; so is the mountain of cinders which rose higher than Primrose Hill, at Battle Bridge (where Queen Boadicea was so unhandsomely beaten by Suetonius), and which schoolboy tradition sold to the Emperor of Russia for a prodigious sum of money, when the neighbourhood was condemned to be covered with houses, and christened King's Cross. The Small-Pox and Fever Hospitals, with the expanse of park-like lawn, screened in by rows of noble elms, are now extinguished by the Great Northern Railway terminus. "Rhodes's Fields," affording a clear view from Old St. Pancras Church straight across the site of Sir Edmonbury Godfrey's murder to Mornington Crescent, nearly half a mile off, are no longer grass, but groan under billions of bricks dug out of their own bowels. These fields then were speckled from foreground to distance by Mr. Rhodes's nine hundred and ninety-nine cows; which number, according to milk-walk gossip, Rhodes had passed a long and anxious life of cow-keeping in endeavouring to increase to one thousand. But if he bought a thousandth cow, one of the old stock died; if two new cows, two old ones died; and so on in

regular numerical order. On a pond, long since filled up by the Metropolitan Model Lodging-Houses in Old St. Pancras-road, I, a South Devon boy, first saw skating, at the close of the memorable journey with my parents to our destination. Here we were deposited in a frozen state. I well remember enjoying a hot dispute that ensued with the caped savage respecting the amount of hackney-coach fare; during which he imprecated shockingly about our having brought him "off the stones."

When Somers's Town had an aristocracy, its court centre was "The Polygon," in the middle of Clarendon-square. There I was put to school. This Alma Mater of mine was a genteel old lady, professing in her prospectuses the strictest exclusion of the sons of tradesmen. I do not defend her; but I am bound to remark that the present generation can have no idea of the claims of that now degraded quarter to insist upon having its high tone kept up. In and around it, Art and Literature nestled in cozy coteries, with half-pay officers (including one Peninsular colonel), City merchants, and stockbrokers. Let me tell you, haughty Belgravia, that when you were a swamp under the name of Chelsea Five Fields, and your highest boast was your Bun-House, the most eminent historical engravers of that day dated their works, "as the act directs," from Somers's Town. I think a royal academician, I know an A.R.A., and a world-famed actor, lived in the Polygon. I was once asked in "to play with" a little cadet of the house of a popular novelist, who flourished also in Kingsgate-street, Holborn, as the deputy county court judge. Our games were interrupted in the hall—which was also the play-room—by the entrance of Theodore Hook (a former inhabitant of Clarendon-square), Mr. Tommy Hill, and Haydon the painter, who had all dropped in to dinner. And did not Peter Pindar's funeral start, a little before that time, from the cottage of a nursery-garden close by, whither he had moved from Tavistock-row, Covent Garden, and whence his latest party squib was dated? But politics found the loudest exponent in an ally of Sir Francis Burdett, whose blackest treasons, whether uttered at local meetings, or at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, are now the guiding principles of our present rulers. He lived in a side-street; for he never would have been allowed to exhibit his professional brass-plate nearer to our centre of exclusiveness; where politics of the politer sort—Toryism—most prevailed. Public services, especially when volunteered, are never well required. This gentleman's practice was eventually reduced to the sale of ginger-beer powders (then a genteel sort of novelty), in the parlour of a semi-detached cottage, fitted up as like to an apothecary's shop as two coloured bottles and a few papers of powders in the window, could make it. The door being always barred (perhaps against emissaries from the Sheriff of Middlesex, or red-vested myrmidons from the Home Office), customers had to ring a bell; whereupon



an old woman appeared cautiously, who, if you did not require change, would sometimes sell you a packet. The last I saw of the gaunt orator was, after my school-days, at a debating club held at the house, in Clerkenwell, of a brother radical, who in time became a member of parliament. He held forth with wonderful force and volubility as a paid speaker. I am afraid that my tall, lean, polite, much-enduring patriot died in great indigence.

During my early school-days there was a large influx of foreign aristocracy. Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain, who filled up all the leisure he could spare from embroidering petticoats for the Virgin by hanging and torturing his nobility, drove a host of the best families from their homes. Many of these sought asylums in Somers's Town, and some of the foremost men in the Carlist-Christinos war, which followed Ferdinand's death, were my playfellows. Modern history was represented by two old Scotch gentlemen dressed in green from top to toe, silver-buckled shoes and hat excepted. Known as the last of the Stuarts, they were respected by the higher circles of Somers's Town as the rightful kings of Great Britain. They were dignified old men; never heard to speak in the street even to one another; never seen apart until one died. A really historical figure was the grandfather of one of my schoolfellows—the Ordinary of Newgate, who spoke, on the scaffold, the last words ever heard by Dr. Dodd. He was a white-haired pleasant old gentleman, very fond of children, ale, and hunting-songs; but I fear that, like the young lady in Gay's letters, ale was his passion. He had amassed quite a library of hunting-songs, which were so carefully arranged on partitioned and labelled shelves, that his study looked like a stationer's shop. This house in "the square" was a boy's paradise. My friend's mother, the handsome, good-natured widow of the original Leander in Dibdin's opera of the Padlock, stuffed us with tea and cake, let us play at mail-coaches with her drawing-room chairs, and dismissed us when tired to the study, to listen to capital stories of adventure from the dear old doctor. Nothing delighted our host and hostess so much as making young people happy.

At that day the City was such an immense way off, that it could only be reached in a becoming manner by the aid of two stage-coaches. These plied morning and evening; places to be taken beforehand, for fear of disappointment: one shilling outside, eighteenpence inside; time of transit one hour, reduced, by means of violent opposition, to ninepence and a shilling, and three-quarters of an hour. Soon, however, the death of horses and general bankruptcy of proprietor destroyed the opposition. Why is it that I can now think of the same distance as a short walk, and not as about as far as to St. Albans? Is it because I could now perform the same trip in an omnibus in a third of the time and for a sixth of the expense? Not to mention the Underground Railroad?

During the heat of the contest, the rival drivers set the town in an uproar twice daily by galloping furiously, blowing bugles, and calling each other, in deafening tones, anything but gentlemen. They had their partisans, who swelled the hubbub. I was one of them. Our school supported Brown with loud huzzas every time he passed. We groaned at York; telling him, out of a play some of our boys had lately been taken to see, that "he wasn't wanted." But he was. It was Brown who went to the wall. Triumphant York had the courage to appear amongst his customers at an anniversary dinner of the battle of Waterloo, presided over by the Peninsular officer, at our fashionable hotel, known specially as The Coffee House. The far-famed actor being present (I think, though, that he had then moved to a street off Russell-square), The Stage was toasted. The coach proprietor instantly got up and returned thanks. "Very true, his was *the* stage; he was not a going to crow now that Brown was run off the road; but this he *would* say, &c." The proper respondent interrupted him with such a taste of his quality from his immortal part of Crack in the Turnpike Gate, that the whole company was convulsed with laughter. This story I heard from the landlord's son, who had been admitted into our academy because his father's signboard displayed the words "importer and bonder;" which meant that he was not a tradesman, as words and meanings were taught at our school.

Seymour-street, now the main feeder of the North Western Railway, was, with the site of the terminus, a huge brick-field. A solitary house, the Coronation "Wine Vaults," was stuck up in the middle of it, close to the Fleet ditch. St. Pancras New Church—unfinished, hoarded in, and much abused for being of a heathenish order of architecture—faced a number of nursery-gardens extending from the New-road to the half of Tavistock-square then built. Beside the church, where part of Upper Woburn-place now stands, dazzling beds of tulips of all colours were displayed in summer; the tulip mania not having quite died off even then. Long after the church was opened I saw the King's stag-hounds stopped there, at the Duke of Bedford's gate, and the stag taken.

The Field of Forty Steps was still a field; but close to it, where the University College now stands, the centre of an abandoned square had been railed off. The unsavoury condition of this broken ground, from puddles, festering refuse, dead domestic animals, and other rubbish, supplied the Tories with an elegant nickname for the new seat of learning—Stinkomolee.

The walk to the Strand, which, after leaving school, I had to take every day, although over the same ground, led through neighbourhoods now entirely extinguished. The St. Giles's of Dusty Bob and Tom and Jerry, has since been demolished by New Oxford-street. The thoroughfare in that district, between east and west London, was confined to the upper part of High Holborn, Broad-street—belying its name, close to Monmouth-street, where it was narrowed



by Middle-row, a second-hand shoe-mart, reeking with the stench of stale leather and bad blacking—St. Giles's Church and High-street, now left high and dry by the traffic diverted into the new street. Southward, Endell-street has been driven between a maze of filth, misery, and vice, through which it was difficult to pick one's way, to Long Acre. No continuation of Bow-street, Covent Garden, led to the Strand; for one face of the corner house in which these lines are written formed part of an unbroken row of houses joined to Tavistock-street. The burning down of the old Lyceum Theatre, in 1830, altered all that. Some houses immediately opposite to its stage door in Exeter-street, at the back of Tavistock-street, having previously tumbled down of their own decay, the much-needed opening was made by the two catastrophes ready to hand, and a clear passage secured between the end of Bow-street and Waterloo Bridge. The front entrance of the theatre faced the Strand a little east of the present pit door, D'Oyley's warehouse, the Courier newspaper office, and one or two shops, had stopped that way northward for a century.

You, modern playgoers, who cannot remember Wilkinson, or his Geoffrey Muffin-cap; or T. P. Cooke as the Monster in Frankenstein; or the first night of Der Freyschutz; or Peake's farce of Before Breakfast; or Wrench and Miss Kelly in Gretna Green; or the Serjeant's Wife, performed by that lady, with Keeley, Miss Goward (now, and let us not hint for how many years past, Mrs. Keeley), the terrible Chapman, and the awful O. Smith; or Mr. Perkins, who played romantic melodrama in spectacles; or Braham in the splendid opera of Tarrare, with "The Bay of Biscay O" or "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove," in pantaloons and kid gloves between the acts; or Mr. Wood and Miss Paton in the Bottle Imp; or Miss Cubitt, the stock page or boy-part lady, and her duet double Miss Povey—to you, these most delightful of all theatrical reminiscences—of the Lyceum in its best time—are denied. You never sat a whole evening roaring till your sides ached and your eyes brimmed over at the Mail Coach Adventures, or the Memorandum Book, or the Trip to America of Charles Mathews the Elder. You were never taken there by a serious relative in Lent, to behold Mr. Bartley, the stock Falstaff of another theatre, dressed all in black like a clergyman, and to hear him preach a solemn sermon about the stars, pointing them out on his grim orrery with a white wand. These many joys, this one depressing souvenir, can only belong to you as history.

Neither can you remember the Courier, that High Tory, then Low Radical, then Moderate-Conservative, then quite extinct, evening newspaper, published, while it lived, a door or two east of the fondly-remembered entrance (boarded like its own stage) of the Lyceum Theatre. It was the Courier that commenced the plan of keeping up public curiosity by successive editions, and exciting it to frenzy, by the aid of loud-voiced news-runners with deafening post-horns. The sounds of Sec'nd Edishon! Courier! Courier! mixed with splitting blasts of horn, scarcely left

one end of a quiet street, before, enter at the other end, more fanfare announcing Third Edishon! Courier! Courier! Death of an Illustrious Personage! Courier! Courier! That dying out to a short lull, another voice, with a louder horn, shouts all along the pavement, Fourth Edishon! Courier! Courier! Frightful Butchery in Piccadilly! Courier! Courier! Courier! and so on for hours, night after night. Our neighbourhood was favoured, at, and long after, the Queen Caroline excitement, with the evening visits of a famous Courier emissary known as Copper-throat. We heard him a mile off: first down the chimney like ventriloquism; then gradually nearer and nearer, till, in a quarter of an hour or so, the air outside was a-blaze—our street door nearly split open—with Courier! Courier! Fifth Edishon! Shocking Murder in Harfordshire! Courier! Courier! Courier!

Any scrap of news served to make an edition. A friend of my father recollected that when Bellingham shot Mr. Perceval, the Courier published edition after edition from the moment of the murderer's arrest to that of his execution. The prisoner's demeanour in Newgate was editioned from hour to hour, the last piece of important news one evening standing thus:

#### FOURTH EDITION.

Courier Office, 10 min. past 6.

The villain refuses to be shaved!

These late editions were put into type in an upper story by a glare of gas that served as a Pharos for benighted travellers crossing Waterloo Bridge. The toll being heavy, that edifice was so select a thoroughfare, that a humorist of the day defined it as a "great granite accommodation to the Coburg Theatre" (now loyally named after the Queen), the only transpontine public building to which it led, except Bedlam. It was a cheap solitude let out at a penny per passenger. People really having business on the other side of the water, were intercepted by firemen - watermen in flaring red coats and badges as big as dinner-plates, and were rowed across the river at half price.

An optical delusion to which I was subject for years, after the whole scene at the end of Wellington-street was changed, whenever I was facing homeward over Waterloo Bridge on a winter evening, reconstructed it completely. The upper parish lamps of the new and steep street across the Strand, gleaming in the same point of space as the compositors' lights used to occupy in the top floor of the Courier Office, realised the latter to my mind's eye. The side of the new portico of the Lyceum Theatre faced about through the murky air and posed itself in the Strand in its habit as it was, next to the still-existing trunk-shop. This delusion was seldom dispelled till I had actually reached the Strand, where Exeter Change no longer stood, and where my ears were disappointed of the old roaring from Mr. Crosse's Menagerie. The top of the trunk-shop, now makes night pleasant by the aid of an illuminated clock. The twelve letters arranged round its face form a memento of E·X·E·T·E·R C·H·A·N·G·E, and tell passers-by from the



country that it is (say) E. minutes to H. o'clock. Two or three doors further west, formerly stood the ponderous structure itself—with its two enormous Corinthian columns supporting nothing architecturally, but framing acres of painted show-cloth—and narrowed the Strand, thence to Burleigh-street, with parasitic sheds leaning against its wall. Below the fluted shafts, a huge arched entrance yawned over the Strand foot pavement; ingress to the up-stairs exhibition of wild animals being invited, at a den-like side-door, by a gorgeous showman. Lawful space for the display of his finery and the delivery of his bills, was here curtailed by a tiny news-window (with, perhaps, a news-shop behind, too small to be seen), especially dear to the memory of the present writer. Thence, in the year '22, was first issued *The Mirror of Literature and Instruction*, price twopence: modest precursor of cheap periodicals, by which he and millions more have since largely benefited. It is painful to add that after attaining to a robust manhood under the management of its projector, *The Mirror* declined in other hands; and finally, about a dozen years ago, fell a sacrifice to the competition of its own innumerable and unnatural progeny.

Although I had to pass through Exeter Change twice a day for several years, I can remember nothing more of its interior than that it was a dismal mart for cutlery. But I do remember assisting—outside—at the death of Chuni, the lamented elephant. Injudiciously deprived of the solace of a pillar against which he loved to rub his head—spiked nails having been driven into it by a keeper, who afterwards paid a heavy penalty for his ill nature—remorselessly separated from his consort, Chuni was seized with raging mania, and threatened to anticipate the after-fate of the building by tearing it violently down there and then. We, the mob, intently gazing over the leans-to opposite to the end of Savoy-street, expected, hoped, to see him (gratis) smashing through the menagerie windows. The building shook with his furious onslaughts upon the beams that held it together, and with the vibrations of his own and his fellow-captives' roars. Poison had been tried in vain. Distracted keepers rushed to Somerset House to implore the Fusiliers there posted to come and shoot the elephantine maniac at once; and an excited public, ignorant of military law, were angry because the soldiers would not incur the penalty of being shot themselves for deserting their posts without orders. Meanwhile, a few more beams splintered in twain, more crashing of floors, more lions and tigers mixed together by the snapping of partition bars, and, at last, a guard appeared under proper orders, provided with the regulation rounds of ammunition. They filed past the splendid doorkeeper amidst the cheers of the populace. Presently a volley—we outsiders ducking our heads instinctively—a little smoke curling leisurely out from the broken windows, and poor Chuni was no more. In a lucid interval, when accessible to the call of duty, the victim knelt down, it is said, at a sign

from his keeper, to receive the fatal lead. This anecdote of brute docility has been preserved in all the natural history books since published. Let us believe, therefore, that it is true.

Westward, from Exeter Change to Beaufort-buildings, the Strand was still very narrow. At Mr. Deville's lamp-shop, one door from Burleigh-street, phrenology established its headquarters in London during its brief existence as a science. Fish-sauce (Harvey's) sprung into popularity on the site of Exeter Hall. This union of seriousness and sauce would be considered incongruous, but for Ude's hackneyed criticism that we English have fifty religions and only one sauce, and but for an epigram of the period, which I quote from memory:

Two Harveys had a secret wish  
To shine in different stations;  
The first invented sauce for fish,  
The second "Meditations."  
One to good living was allied,  
T'other to holy dying:  
This relishes a sole when fried,  
That saves a soul from frying.\*

I should like to have said a word about Ackermann's shop and show-rooms opposite, where the *Forget-me-Not* set the fashion for illustrated annuals—formerly the Fountain Tavern, famous in the time of Charles the Second, and often mentioned by Swift, Steele, and Horace Walpole, now a dining establishment and divan; about Lilly's house, where *The Spectator* was published—a perfumer's even now; about the courts and alleys that led down to the river; about the jolly young watermen, and rowing matches, and fishermen upon the river itself (yes, Mr. Frank Buckland, I have seen boat-loads of Thames flounders constantly netted between the Fox-under-the-Hill and the Savoy); about the yacht-like Peter-boats that brought fruit from Kent to Covent Garden; but here the daily walk of my boyhood and youth ended, and the garrulity of age must also be put a stop to, although not one word of Mr. Thornbury's *Haunted London* has been written.

### NOAH'S ARKS.

IN Kew Gardens is a seldom-visited collection of all the kinds of wood which we have ever heard of, accompanied by specimens of various articles customarily made of those woods in the countries of their growth. Tools, implements, small articles of furniture, musical instruments, sabots and wooden shoes, boot-trees and shoe-lasta, bows and arrows, planes, saw-handles—all are here, and thousands of other things which it would take a very long summer day indeed even to glance at. The fine

\* Byron also rhymed thus, in reference to Harvey's Sauce and the great fast of the Romish Church: And therefore, humbly, I would recommend  
"The curious in fish sauce," before they cross  
The sea, to bid their cook or wife or friend,  
Walk or ride to the Strand and buy in gross,  
Ketchup, Soy, Chili vinegar, and Harvey,  
Or, by the Lord, a Lent will well-nigh starve ye.



display of colonial woods, which were built up into fanciful trophies at the International Exhibition of eighteen hundred and sixty-two, has been transferred to one of these museums; and a noble collection it makes.

We know comparatively little in England of the minor uses of wood. We use wood enough in building houses and railway structures; our carriage-builders and wheelwrights cut up and fashion a great deal more; and our cabinet-makers know how to stock our rooms with furniture, from three-legged stools up to costly cabinets; but implements and minor articles are less extensively made of wood in England than in foreign countries—partly because our forests are becoming thinned, and partly because iron and iron-work are so abundant and cheap. In America, matters are very different. There are thousands of square miles of forest which belong to no one in particular, and the wood of which may be claimed by those who are at the trouble of felling the trees. Nay, a backwoodsman would be very glad to effect a clearing on such terms as these, seeing that the trees encumber the ground on which he wishes to grow corn-crops. The wood, when the trees have been felled and converted into boards and planks, is applied to almost countless purposes of use. Of *use*, we say; for the Americans are too bustling a people to devote much time to the fabricating of ornaments: they prefer to buy these ready made from Britishers and other Europeans. Pails, bowls, washing-machines, wringing-machines, knife-cleaning boards, neat light vehicles, neat light furniture, dairy vessels, kitchen utensils, all are made by the Americans of clean tidy-looking wood, and are sold at very low prices. Machinery is used to a large extent in this turnery and woodware; the manufacturers not having the fear of strikes before their eyes, use machines just where they think this kind of aid is likely to be most serviceable. The way in which they get a little bowl out of a big bowl, and this out of a bigger; and this out of a bigger still, is a notable example of economy in workmanship. On the continent of Europe the wood-workers are mostly handicraftsmen, who niggle away at their little bits of wood without much aid from machinery. Witness the briar-root pipes of St. Claude. Smart young fellows who sport this kind of smoking-bowl in England, neither know nor care for the fact that it comes from a secluded spot in the Jura Mountains. Men and women, boys and girls, earn from threepence to four shillings a day in various little bits of carved and turned work; but the crack wages are paid to the briar-root pipe-makers. England imports many more than she smokes, and sends off the rest to America. M. Audiganne says that "in those monster armies which have sprung up so suddenly on the soil of the great republic, there is scarcely a soldier but has a St. Claude briar-root pipe in his pocket." The truth is, that, unlike cutties and meerschaums, and other clay or earthen pipes, these briar-root productions are very strong, and will bear a great deal of knocking about. The same French

writer says that when his countrymen came here to see our International Exhibition, some of them bought and carried home specimens of these pipes as English curiosities: not aware that the little French town of St. Claude was the place of their production.

In Germany the wood-work, so far as English importers know anything of it, is mostly in the form of small trinkets and toys for children. The production of these is immense. In the Tyrol, and near the Thuringian Forest, in the middle states of the ill-organised confederacy, and wherever forests abound, there the peasants spend much of their time in making toys. In the Tyrol, for example, there is a valley called the Grödnerthal, about twenty miles long, in which the rough climate and barren soil will not suffice to grow corn for the inhabitants, who are rather numerous. Shut out from the agricultural labour customary in other districts, the people earn their bread chiefly by wood carving. They make toys of numberless kinds (in which Noah's Ark animals are very predominant) of the soft wood of the Siberian pine—known to the Germans as *ziebelnusskiefer*. The tree is of slow growth, found on the higher slopes of the valley, but now becoming scarce, owing to the improvidence of the peasants in cutting down the forests without saving or planting others to succeed them. For a hundred years and more the peasants have been carvers. Nearly every cottage is a workshop. All the occupants, male and female, down to very young children, seat themselves round a table, and fashion their little bits of wood. They use twenty or thirty different kinds of tools, under the magic of which the wood is transformed into a dog, a lion, a man, or what not. Agents represent these carvers in various cities of Europe, to dispose of the wares; but they nearly all find their way back again to their native valleys, to spend their earnings in peace.

Many of the specimens shown at the Kew museums are more elaborate than those which could be produced wholly by hand. A turning-lathe of some power must have been needed. Indeed, the manner in which these zoological productions are fabricated is exceedingly curious, and is little likely to be anticipated by ordinary observers. Who, for instance, would imagine for a moment that a wooden horse, elephant, or tiger, or any other member of the Noah's Ark family, could be turned in a lathe, like a ball, bowl, or bedpost? How could the turner's cutting tool, while the piece of wood is rotating in the lathe, make the head stick out in the front, and the ears at the top, and the tail in the rear, and the legs underneath? And how could the animal be made longer than he is high, and higher than he is broad? And how could all the ins and outs, the ups and downs, the swellings and sinkings, be produced by a manipulation which only seems suitable for circular objects? These questions are all fair ones, and deserve a fair answer. The articles, then, are not fully made in the lathe; they are brought to the state of flat pieces, the outline or contour of which bears an approximate resemblance to the profile of an



animal. These flat pieces are in themselves a puzzle; for it is difficult to see how the lathe can have had anything to do with their production. The truth is, the wood is first turned into *rings*. Say that a horse three inches long is to be fabricated. A block of soft pine-wood is prepared, and cut into a slab three inches thick, by perhaps fifteen inches in diameter: the grain running in the direction of the thickness. Out of this circular slab a circular piece is cut from the centre, possibly six inches in diameter, leaving the slab in the form of a ring, like an extra thick india-rubber elastic band. While this ring is in the lathe, the turner applies his chisels and gouges to it in every part, on the outer edge, on the inner edge, and on both sides. All sorts of curves are made, now deep, now shallow; now convex, now concave; now with single curvature, now with double. A looker-on could hardly by any possibility guess what these curvings and twistings have to do with each other; for the ring is still a ring and nothing else; but the cunning workman has got it all in his mind's eye. When the turning is finished, the ring is bisected or cut across, not into two slices, but into two segments or semicircular pieces. Looking at either end of either piece, lo! there is the profile of a horse—without a tail, certainly, but a respectably good horse in other respects. The secret is now divulged. The turner, while the ring or annulus is in the lathe—a Saturn's ring without a Saturn—turns the outer edge into the profile of the top of the head and the back of a horse, the one flat surface into the profile of the chest and the fore legs, the other flat surface into the profile of the hind quarters and hind legs, and the inner edge of the ring into the profile of the belly and the deep recess between the fore and hind legs. The curvatures are really very well done, for the workmen have good models to copy from, and long practice gives them accuracy of hand and eye.

An endless ring of tailless horses has been produced, doubtless the most important part of the affair; but there is much ingenuity yet to be shown in developing from this abstract ring a certain number of single, concrete, individual, proper Noah's Ark horses, with proper Noah's Ark tails. The ring is chopped or sawn up into a great many pieces. Each piece is thicker at one end than the other, because the outer diameter of the ring was necessarily greater than the inner; but with this allowance, each piece may be considered flat. The thick end is the head of the horse, the thin end the hind quarter; one projecting piece represents the position and profile of the fore legs, but they are not separated; and similarly of the hind legs. Now is the time for the carver to set to work. He takes the piece of wood in hand, equalises the thickness where needful, and pares off the sharp edges; he separates into two ears the little projecting piece which juts out from the head, separates into two pairs of legs the two projecting pieces which jut out from the body, and makes a respectable pair of eyes, with nostrils and mouth of proper thorough-bred character; he jags the

back of the neck in the proper way to form a mane, and makes, not a tail, but a little recess to which a tail may comfortably be glued. The tail is a separate affair. An endless ring of horses' tails is first turned in a lathe. A much smaller slab, smaller in diameter and in thickness than the other, is cut into an annulus or ring; and this ring is turned by tools on both edges and both sides. When bisected, each end of each half of the ring exhibits the profile of a horse's tail; and when cut up into small bits, each bit has the wherewithal in it for fashioning one tail. After the carver has done his work, each horse receives its proper tail; and they are all proper long tails too, such as nature may be supposed to have made, and not the clipped and cropped affairs which farriers and grooms produce.

This continuous ring system is carried faithfully through the whole Noah's Ark family. One big slab is for an endless ring of elephants; another of appropriate size for camels; others for lions, leopards, wolves, foxes, dogs, donkeys, ducks, and all the rest. Sometimes the ears are so shaped as not very conveniently to be produced in the same ring as the other part of the animal; in this case an endless ring of ears is made, and chopped up into twice as many ears as there are animals. Elephants' trunks stick out in a way that would perplex the turner somewhat; he therefore makes an endless ring of trunks, chops it up, and hands over the pieces to the carver to be fashioned into as many trunks as there are elephants. In some instances, where the animal is rather a bullet-headed sort of an individual, the head is turned in a lathe separately, and glued on to the headless body. If a carnivorous animal has a tail very much like that of one of the gramivorous sort, the carver says nothing about it, but makes the same endless ring of tails serve both; or they may belong to the same order but different families—as, for instance, the camel and the cow, which are presented by these Noah's Ark people with tails cut from the same endless ring. Other toys are made in the same way. Those eternal soldiers which German boys are always supposed to love so much, as if there were no end of Schleswig-Holsteins for them to conquer, are—if made of wood—for tin soldiers are also immensely in request) turned separately in a lathe, so far as their martial frames admit of this mode of shaping; but their muskets, and some other portions, are made on the endless ring system. All this may be seen very well at Kew; for there are the blocks of soft pine, the slabs cut from them (with the grain of the wood in the direction of the thickness), the rings turned from the slabs, the turnings and curvatures of the rings, the profile of an animal seen at each end, the slices cut from each ring, the animal fashioned from each slice, the ring of tails, the separate tails from each ring, the animal properly tailed in all its glory, and a painted specimen or two to show the finished form in which the loving couples go into the Ark—pigs not so much smaller than elephants as they ought to be, but piggishly shaped nevertheless.



All the English toymakers agree, with one accord, that we cannot for an instant compete with the Germans and Tyrolese in the fabrication of such articles, price for price. We have not made it a large and important branch of handicraft; and our workmen have not studied natural history with sufficient assiduity to give the proper distinctive forms to the animals. The more elaborate productions—such as the baby-dolls which can say “mamma,” and make their chests heave like any sentimental damsels—are of French, rather than German manufacture, and are not so much wooden productions as combinations of many different materials. Papier mâché, moulded into form, is becoming very useful in the doll and animal trade; while india-rubber and gutta-percha are doing wonders. The real Noah’s Ark work, however, is thoroughly German, and is specially connected with wood-working. Some of the more delicate and elaborate specimens of carving—such as the groups for chimney-piece ornaments, honoured by the protection of glass shades—are made of lime-tree or linden-wood, by the peasants of Oberammergau, in the mountain parts of Bavaria. There were specimens of these kinds of work at our two Exhibitions which could not have been produced in England at thrice the price; our good carvers are few, and their services are in request at good wages for mediæval church-work. We should be curious to know what an English carver would require to be paid for a half guinea Bavarian group, now before us—a Tyrolese mountaineer seated on a rock, his rifle resting on his arm, the studded nails in his climbing shoes, a dead chamois at his feet, his wife leaning her hand lightly on his shoulder, his thumb pointing over his shoulder to denote the quarter where he had shot the chamois, his wooden bowl of porridge held on his left knee, the easy fit and flow of the garments of both man and woman—all artistically grouped and nicely cut, and looking clean and white in linden-wood. No English carver would dream of such a thing at such a price. However, these are not the most important of the productions of the peasant carvers, commercially speaking; like as our Minton and Copeland make more money by every-day crockery than by beautiful Parian statuettes, so do the German toymakers look to the Noah’s Ark class of productions as their main stay in the market, rather than to more elegant and artistic works.

#### ACCOMMODATION.

You ask me what is my profession or calling,—what are my means of living? I am “tout” to a number of money-lenders—to any one of that trade who will employ me; all of them being glad for me to bring fish to their respective nets. Was I always in this line of business? Certainly not. I began life in the army. When twenty-five years of age, I was a captain of heavy dragoons, with an income of a thousand a year, derived from my patrimony of twenty thousand

pounds, securely invested at five per cent. I was a gentleman then, not merely in profession, but in thought, word, and deed—of what I am now, the less we say the better. How did I fall from the past to the present? If a man has certain pursuits, it does not take long to run through twenty thousand pounds. I managed to do it in less than five years, leaving behind me a track of debts amounting to ten thousand pounds additional. At thirty years of age I was an outlawed insolvent. But what I had lost in money I had gained in experience, and resolved to turn my knowledge to account. A relative left me five hundred pounds to set me up as a wine-merchant, but in six months I failed for three thousand. Another friend procured me a situation in an insurance-office, but I could not keep the place. When a man has a taste for extravagant life—when for five years he has kept his four or five hunters in “the shires,” his shooting-box in the Highlands, and his yacht at Cowes, to say nothing of his personal expenses in London, his trips to Baden, Homburg, and other parts where the main is cried, and the talk is of red and black—it is more than difficult to sober down and become a useful member of society. At any rate, I found it impossible, and therefore, in order to earn my daily bread, I accepted the offer of a well-known West-end money-lender, to look out for victims for him, and to be paid a commission of five per cent upon every transaction which he does by means of my introduction.

You say that people would never suspect me of following this calling; of course they would not. If it were known that I derived any profit from bill or other monetary transactions, I should be avoided at once. I dress well—no man better—I have always remained a member of a military club, and it is generally supposed by the numerous men about town who know me that I have property of my own, and live rather a fast life in London; or that I “make a book” on the chief races, or dabble in shares and stocks. Only yesterday I overheard a young Guardsman ask a friend—a very old hand about town—“What is Captain Blank? How does he gain his living?” The reply was, “Don’t know; sold out of Heavies years ago; seems always to have coin; meet him everywhere; capital fellow; up to anything.” And such would be the opinion of nine men out of ten about the clubs, if asked who or what I am.

What do I make by my profession? Never less than ten guineas a week, and sometimes as much as thirty or forty. It all depends upon the season, and luck. The most profitable times of the year are from Easter to the end of the London season, which is the time when men about town are most in want of money; and again about the end of the year, when means must be had to meet, at any rate in part, tradesmen’s bills. Trade expenses I have little or none, beyond a standing advertisement in two or three of the weekly papers, in which I inform “NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN OF PROPERTY, AND OFFICERS UPON FULL PAY,



THAT THEY CAN BE ACCOMMODATED WITH MONEY UPON THEIR OWN NOTES OF HAND AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE," by applying by letter to Mr. Smith, at such a number in such a street.

Of course I don't give my own name. At the place named I have an office, a single room, which I pay only twelve shillings a week for the use of, and a desk; a boy at five shillings a week, whose only duties are to appear busy when any one calls, and to reply to all inquiries that Mr. Smith, my office name, "is out," and that "it is impossible to say when he will be back."

I have two ways of doing business, the one by means of advertisements, the other by private information. By the former mode, I wait until the fish has nibbled at the bait, and then I land him at my leisure. By the latter, I profess merely to act as the pleasant gay fellow, glad to help a friend out of a scrape in money matters. I will illustrate my meaning.

The advertisements I put into the papers serve chiefly to attract gentlemen, who, although in want of "accommodation," are not so very much pressed for time as to make a day or two, more or less, an object of vital importance in their getting the money. Such persons, in nine cases out of ten, answer my advertisement by letter, and state what money they want, and upon what security. The latter is almost always a bill, and the applicant is as invariably a young man—a clerk in the Foreign Office, an officer in the army, or some one who has, what money-lenders call, "an available position." To such letters I send a prompt reply, stating that the applicant shall have a definite answer in the course of the day. The actual means of such persons are either known, or can be easily ascertained in the course of a few hours; in many cases I have no inquiries to make, for I already know all about them. I at once proceed to one of my principals, one of the money-lenders, and show him the application. If he be willing to "do" the bill, well and good; if not, I go to another party of the same calling. When I find my chief ready, I write at once to the applicant, from my office, not in my own name, and tell him that if he will call at such an hour the following day upon Mr. So-and-so—the money-lender—he shall have what he requires. He does so, and for his note of hand at three months for a hundred pounds, receives probably seventy pounds, being interest at the rate of one hundred and twenty per cent per annum. If he demurs at this, the money-lender informs him that he will "do" the bill for ten or fifteen pounds less, provided he, the borrower, will get another name to the document, knowing well that the said applicant would pay any interest that could be named, rather than divulge his want of money, or put himself under obligation to a friend. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, the business ends by the borrower taking the money and giving his bill. In such instances

the lender relies chiefly upon the "available position" of the borrower, who must pay ultimately, though he may, perhaps, be a little long in doing so. What matters delay when interest upon interest at the rate of a hundred and twenty per cent per annum is paid? Thus, if the note of hand for a hundred pounds be not paid at maturity, the debtor probably will have to pay thirty pounds down by way of interest for renewing the document for three months: the original debt remaining at a hundred pounds. The schoolboy's sum of the nails in the horseshoe is as nothing, in rolling up figures, as are these simple methods of increasing their wealth resorted to by the West-end London money-lenders. Compound interest at the rate of one hundred and twenty per cent, and the amount turned over every three months, is an interest not dreamed of in the wildest schemes of the financial companies.

When my principal has "done" the bill, I call and receive my commission of five per cent; and when the same is renewed, I receive a commission of two and a half per cent upon the amount renewed. For this commission I am supposed to make "no mistake" about the party or parties I introduce. If I do—if I represent an individual as being "all right" and he turns out to be "all wrong," my reputation with the money-lender suffers, and it is probable that I may do no more bills or business with the individual who has been "let in for it" by my inadvertence. At first I used to make these mistakes, but I seldom do so now.

I must not boast, however. Not six months ago I was the innocent victim of a trap, which has seldom been equalled for cleverness. In reply to one of my usual weekly advertisements, I received a letter dated from Cheltenham, stating that the writer was an Indian civil servant at home on leave, that his income and allowances amounted to about a thousand a year, but that he had been extravagant since his return to England, and was in want of ready money until his next quarter's salary became due. He wanted an advance of five hundred pounds, upon a bill drawn by himself and accepted by an Indian military friend, who had retired from the service, and taken up his residence in England. The writer ended a short business-like letter by giving me, as reference for himself, a first-rate East India house in the City, and as reference for his friend, an equally respectable army agent in the West-end.

I called at both these references, and found that Mr. So-and-so and Colonel Blank were both well known and highly respectable gentlemen, and both men of means. Determined to be cautious, and feeling certain that neither of these gentlemen was likely to meet me in the set I moved in, I wrote offering them a personal interview for a certain day. They both came to my office, and appeared to be gentlemanly men, of a decidedly Indian appearance. After some conversation—in which the intended borrower bargained very hard for a lower rate of interest than I had proposed, and



at the same time said a week or two more or less did not signify for the money being paid—I got the one to draw and the other to accept, a bill for six hundred pounds at three months, for which one hundred pounds was to be deducted by way of interest. This was done, and taking the draft to one of the chief West-end money-lenders, I got the money for it, and paid it over to the borrower. In course of time the bill became due, and not being paid, an attorney's letter was written to each party requesting an immediate remittance. To my dismay, replies were received from both drawer and acceptor denying any knowledge whatever of the bill. I then wrote requesting them to give me an interview, which they did, but two strangers presented themselves. To make a long story short, I found, after a vast deal of inquiry, that we had been victimised by two clever sharpers, who had, by some means or other, obtained a knowledge of these two gentlemen's references, and of other particulars respecting them. My fault had been, that I had never identified one or other of the parties whom I had seen. The commercial firm and the army agents that had answered for these gentlemen's respectability, had done so in perfect good faith, believing that I had satisfied myself as to their being the persons they represented themselves to be. The trick was cleverly carried out; for, during the interview I had with the swindlers before they got the money, one of them, as if by chance, pulled out of his breast-pocket a number of old letters, on one of which he commenced to make some calculations with a pencil. These letters were addressed to the person whose name their owner had assumed. The calling cards of both impostors also bore the names of the gentlemen whom they pretended to be. But clever or otherwise, nothing was ever seen or heard again of these men, and their swindle cost the money-lender five hundred pounds, whilst it cut me out from ever doing business again with him.

It is not, however, that I often do business on any large scale by means of advertisement. The line that I excel most in, is giving information and advice as to where bills may be discounted or loans obtained. Thus of an evening, in the smoking-room of the club, some individual who has been hard hit at the Derby, or is otherwise in want of money, will say to me, "Come, So-and-so, you know everybody in London, tell me, like a good fellow, how to get a couple of hundred pounds." I—of course professing to be open and candid—reply that I don't often do much myself in that line, but that when I do want anything of the kind, I go to an old rascal of such a name, living in a certain street, and that if the inquirer likes I will introduce him to the villain next day. In the mean time I take care to inform myself well who and what the men are who propose to draw and accept the bill. This done, I despatch a private and confidential note to my principal, telling him that I shall call at such an hour to introduce a certain party to him who wants to borrow

fifty, a hundred, or more pounds from him, as the case may be. In the note I also give him information as to whether, and to what extent, the borrower may be trusted, what his position is, what his means, character, &c., and the name of the man who has accepted the bill, or otherwise has become surety; also, whether the money is wanted in a great hurry, and to what extent the victim will probably stand bleeding. I then take my friend to call upon the money-lender, who makes his own terms with the victim, and next day I return and pocket my commission of five per cent upon the business done.

Persons who have never been mixed up in bill-discounting matters, will hardly believe the enormous rates of interest often paid for money, even by men who are really perfectly solvent, but who happen to be very much pushed for immediate accommodation. Not longer ago than last year, I remember that an officer in the Guards—the son of a nobleman, and himself a man of some means—lost a considerable sum at Ascot. To pay the money on settling day was a matter of vital importance, without which he could never have held up his head again either in society or in his regiment. He happened at the moment to have overdrawn the balance at his banker's, and—either from a foolish shame, or some other motive—did not like to ask his father for money, or even to go to the family lawyer. The sum he wanted was two hundred and fifty pounds, and for this amount, besides insuring his life for five hundred pounds in favour of the lender, he actually gave his note of hand, payable in three months, for five hundred pounds, being at the rate of four hundred per cent per annum interest. The conditions he made were, in the first place, that he should receive the money in twenty-four hours; secondly, that no one should know he had borrowed it; thirdly, that no other person's name should be required as security to the note of hand. His requests were all complied with. I was the fortunate "tout" who introduced this gentleman to the money-lender, and I received three ten pound notes for my morning's work.

As a general rule, however, money-lenders do not like to discount in large sums. To use their own slang, they prefer not to have too many eggs in the same pot. They delight in a number of small bills, so that if one, two, or three turn out bad speculations, the others pay for them—the good thus paying for the bad.

A young man whom I had known for some time as often requiring monetary "accommodation," but who—as I learnt from the discounters, to whom I had introduced him—always met his bills at maturity, asked me one evening, in the smoking-room of the club, if I could put him in the way of getting "a largish bill done." I found it was for fifteen hundred pounds, drawn by himself, and accepted by a gentleman of considerable landed property—a baronet, who had formerly been in the Guards—in Scotland. I replied that I thought I could introduce him to a man who would let him have the money, and we made an appointment



for next day, when I went with him to one of the discounters for whom I picked up business. To my surprise, no sooner had the money-lender examined the bill, than he agreed to "do" it, though at an exceedingly high figure—something like three hundred per cent per annum. However, it was not for me to question the act of my principal: the less so, as it brought in grist to my mill. I received a cheque for my commission next day, and happening to express an opinion to the effect that the bill had been very quickly discounted, the money-lender winked at me, and said, "That bill is certain to be paid, *for it is accepted by the wrong man.*" In other words, the document was—so far as the acceptor's name was concerned—a forgery, and, therefore, the gentleman who had uttered the bill—or he failing, his friends—would, to save penal consequences, be sure to pay it when due. I had the curiosity to inquire afterwards if the bill had been paid at maturity, and found that it had.

Forged bills are by no means uncommon among the West-end discounters, but the boldest attempt to take in a member of this fraternity happened about three years ago, just after the Prince of Wales returned from his trip to Palestine and the East. A gentlemanly looking man, who spoke English with rather a foreign accent, called one day upon a certain West-end discounter, and said he had in his possession a bill for five thousand pounds, drawn by his Royal Highness the Prince, and accepted by a well-known general officer attached to the royal household. The bill, he said, was payable four months after date, at the period the prince would come of age, and was to be kept a profound secret, as it had been drawn and discounted for a private reason known only to H.R.H. and his immediate friends. Although greedy enough for gain, the money-lender knew better than to believe this story. The bill was offered to him for fifteen hundred pounds cash, and he told the person to call the next day at noon, when the money would be ready—intending to have a detective officer ready, and to hand over the impostor to the care of the police. It is to be presumed that the foreign gentleman saw something or other in the discounter's manner which frightened him, for although he promised to come at the appointed time, he was never again seen or heard of.

And this reminds me that whereas in Paris most of the largest swindles in bills of exchange and similar transactions have been perpetrated by Englishmen, so in London the most successful frauds have been the handiwork of foreigners. I imagine that as no man can be a prophet, so no one can commit a bold fraud with impunity, in his native land. We may account for many robberies which foreigners have committed in England by the hypothesis that we are more inclined to give credit to them than to our own countrymen. In London particularly, where one of the latter might starve, a Frenchman or German would be able to live—upon credit—on the best of the

land. I was once partly the innocent cause of one of these foreign swindlers walking off with a large sum of money which he obtained by fraud from a West-end discounter. A young lord, with whom I had a casual acquaintance, came up to me in the Park one afternoon, and introduced me to a foreign-looking gentleman who was leaning on his arm. This stranger, he said, was a Brazilian nobleman who had lately landed in England, and wanted some information about monetary matters. He could not—or professed that he could not—speak English, but as I am a proficient in French, we got on well enough together. He showed me a letter of credit from an English firm at Rio Janeiro, upon a house in Bristol, for one hundred and fifty pounds, and asked me whether I could negotiate the draft. I said that nothing could be more easy, but that it would first be necessary to communicate with the house on which the letter of credit was given, so as to know whether it was all right. He begged me to do this, and upon writing to the firm I obtained an answer in twenty-four hours that the document was quite correct, and that when presented it would be paid. I at once obtained cash for the draft, and duly received the thanks of my noble Brazilian acquaintance. A month or so later another letter of credit for a like amount arrived, and was also honoured by the same firm. Some few weeks after this my foreign friend came early one morning to my lodgings, and told me that he had lost a considerable sum at whist and in betting at Goodwood, and wanted to draw a bill upon his agents at Rio for two hundred pounds; would I get the draft cashed for him? I took him to a West-end discounter, who not only cashed his bill on my representation, but asked him to spend a week with him at his "little place in the country," where he gave him some excellent shooting, and made quite a lion of "the foreign nobleman." The bill was duly despatched to Brazil, and in the course of time was advised as having been accepted and paid. A couple of months later, the Brazilian count drew another bill for a thousand pounds, and took it to the same man, who cashed it. The "foreign nobleman" slipped over to France a few days before the return mail from South America was due, bringing news of his bill having been dishonoured.

The West-end money-lenders and discounters may almost be looked upon as a race apart from the rest of the world. As a rule, their outward and visible profession is either that of wine-merchant or attorney, but in neither one nor other of these callings do they do more than a merely nominal business. Although I have known renewals go on for two and three years, the victim paying ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent every three months, yet I have known them do generous acts. To men like myself, who do their dirty work for them, they are punctual, and even liberal, paymasters. No discounter—beyond, perhaps, putting in an occasional advertisement—ever looks out for business; he leaves



that to the "touts" and pilot-fish, to whom he pays a handsome commission. The best "touts" are those who, like myself, have once been flats but are now sharps; who were formerly-pigeons and were plucked, but who now help the hawks to pluck. Few people would believe how many of these "discount agents," as some of us sometimes call ourselves, are to be found in every class and rank of life. I know of more than one broken-down peer whose sole source of income has for years been "introducing business" to bill discounters; and among officers who have sold out of the army, and who without any visible means of earning their bread still live upon the fat of the land, the "profession" of bringing lenders and borrowers of money together has become exceedingly common. The last resort of a "monetary agent" is to betake himself to Aldershot, or the Curragh, Oxford, or Cambridge, to seek for victims on which the shark who employs him can feed. There is a certain amount of business to be done at these places, although in a small way, being almost entirely with petty twenty, thirty, or at the very utmost fifty pound bills, and these attended with considerable risk both of loss and expense.

West-end discounters are generally men clad in purple and fine linen, who fare sumptuously every day; but to this rule there are exceptions. I know one of the fraternity who, although making his eight or ten thousand a year, does not spend two hundred. I had once occasion to go to his private residence, which was in a house for which he pays only twenty-eight pounds a year, in a miserable dirty back street in one of the northern suburbs of London. He told me that he kept no servant, his wife and daughter performing all the most menial offices of the household. He does not profess to be poor, but says openly that making and saving money is his only pleasure in life. To judge from appearances, he must be at least sixty years of age, and I am convinced he is worth at least as many thousand pounds; and yet I heard him abuse his unfortunate wife for ten minutes, because she had paid sixpence instead of fivepence for some vegetables sold by an itinerant greengrocer at the door. His office—up three pair of stairs in one of the most deserted of squares behind St. Clement Danes—is a marvel of discomfort and misery. He has one clerk, a boy of tender years, who looks hungry and ready to run away at a moment's notice. Yet this old man does a great deal of business, and, as times and discounters

go, is far from being hard in his terms. I have seen him sign cheques for three or four thousand pounds in the course of half an hour. Let him once be satisfied that a bill is all right, and he does not hesitate a moment to pay down the money.

But this individual is an exception to the rule; West-end discounters almost invariably living well and being much given to hospitality. No one who has ever done business—either as a borrower or an agent—with one of these gentlemen, need ever be at a loss where to look for a Sunday dinner, at which he will find the best of wine, as of everything eatable in season.

When a bill he has discounted is fairly ascertained to be bad—when drawer and acceptor have so come to grief that nothing can be got out of the one or the other—the discounter seldom troubles himself much about the document. He looks upon it as worse than useless to throw good money after bad in attempting to get "blood out of a stone." And when any "swell" has to make a clean breast of it before one of the Commissioners in Bankruptcy, it is seldom or ever the West-end discounter who opposes his discharge from all liabilities. On the contrary, I have more than once known a broken-down Guardsman or insolvent dragoon who already owed a discounter several hundreds, receive from him the means of supporting himself until better times came round. It is true that these practitioners charge enormous rates of interest for money lent, but they argue that no one is obliged to borrow from them unless it suits him to do so, and that all they do, and what they charge, is fair and aboveboard.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## THE LOTTERY DREAMER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II. THE JEWELLER, AND THE  
JEWELLER'S DAUGHTER.

ON Tuscany, and on the dynasty of Lorraine, must rest the disgrace of having first given to Europe the evil example of a government exciting and pandering to the most pernicious and anti-social vices of its people, by making gambling a national vice. The lottery, as a means of revenue, was first introduced there in 1740, shortly after the death of the last Medicean duke. Something of the kind had previously existed in the republic of Genoa. It was said to have arisen there from a system of betting on the different candidates for the various magistracies to be elected by ballot; and it was in its early days known as the "Genoa Lottery." But it was at Florence that the lottery became a systematised means of duping and plundering the people. From Florence it passed to Vienna. France eagerly seized on the new invention. England, as we know, permitted state needs to override the perfectly understood, but deliberately disregarded, principles of state morality. To Frederick the Great belongs the honour of having resisted the temptation, and strictly forbidden the introduction of the abomination into his states. In proportion as the different countries have advanced in moral civilisation, they have discountenanced and abolished their lotteries. In Italy, as might be expected, the system still continues in full vigour. Rome, struck at first sight by the immorality of the thing—but not at first sight comprehending the profit to be drawn from it—began by anathematising the lottery, but pocketed its infallibility and adopted it, immediately on perceiving its real object and value.

In Central Italy, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany and the Father of the Faithful were partners in keeping the public hell for their respective subjects. And by this arrangement the lottery drawing in the various Tuscan cities served the Pope for continually "making the game" with his "children;" while that at Rome assisted the grand-duke in like manner. It is understood that the immoral and disreputable keepers of the gambling-tables at Baden-Baden, and Homburg, have chances in the games played to the extent

of five per cent against the players, who are perfectly well aware of that fact. But the amount of "the pull" which his Highness the Duke and his Holiness the Pope permitted themselves against their subjects, was, as near as may be, seventeen per cent.

The "game is made, gentlemen," in this wise: The drawing takes place every week in one or other of the different cities, more or less frequently in each in proportion to their size and importance, according to a regular fixed cycle. This change in the locality of the drawing has no other object or effect than to give each place in turn a share of the amusement of seeing the ceremony. The offices are always open in all the towns, and a man at Rome may play on the drawing to take place at Florence, or vice versâ, just as well as if the drawing were to be performed in his own city. The numbers put into the wheel are always from one to ninety inclusively. From these, five are drawn. The player, therefore, bets that such or such a number will be drawn.

When the drawing is to take place, a scaffolding, handsomely ornamented with upholstery, is raised in one of the most conspicuous spots in the city, and a band of music is provided. Three magistrates attend in their robes of office; the wheel is placed before them at the front of the platform, and a boy stands beside it. The numbers are called aloud by one of the magistrates, held up to the sight of the people, then passed from one of them to the other two successively, and lastly to the boy, who drops them, one by one, into the wheel. Two or three turns of the machine mixes them well up together; and the boy proceeds to take out one. It is handed to the presiding magistrate, who calls it aloud, shows it to the crowd, and then affixes it in large figures to a board provided for the purpose. Then comes a flourish of music; and so on, till the five numbers have been drawn. They are immediately put up conspicuously in all the lottery offices; they are communicated as quickly as possible to the other cities; and the fortunate holders of them, if there be any such—for it will be observed that by this system it by no means follows that there will be any prizes to pay at all—present their tickets for payment at any of the offices.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the degree to which the lottery occupies the thoughts



of the Tuscan populace, or of the largeness of the place it holds in their daily life. It has even modified their language. Expressions, allusions, metaphors drawn from it, have become part of their household speech. The walls and pavements throughout the city are always scrawled over with numbers, generally in combinations of three or five. It is a constant subject of conversation; and if a working man has occasion to put his hand into his miscellaneously filled pocket, the chances are, that you may see him pull out, among other matters, one of the abominable little strips of coarse grey-blue paper which constitute the tickets in the lottery. Hawkers, crying their special numbers, may constantly be heard in the street. A ticket may be bought for a sum somewhat less than a penny; and the mendicant risks his alms in preference to buying himself a bit of bread. Many and many of the poorest classes play every week; and there is always an especial run on the government pawnbroking establishment a few hours previous to the closing of the sale of tickets.

Hell's darksome gate stands night and day agape, says the Latin poet.

A confirmed lottery-player is to a Tuscan family almost as fatal a cause of misery and ruin as a confirmed gin-drinker is to an English hearth. And the reader will be prepared to find that the home to which we left Laudadio Vanni and his daughter Laura returning, after their day's holiday at the Cascine, was not a prosperous one. Yet, had it not been for the curse that was on the old man, there were reasons why it ought to have been both. Laudadio Vanni had once been celebrated in the little world of Florence for his talent in his art. Ideas which have once become a portion of the popular mind in any country are endowed with a wonderful vitality. The goldsmith's art in the palmy days of Florence—from the old time when Giotto drew the perfect circle without compass as he sat at his work-bench, to the later generation when Cellini delighted Europe with the elegance of his fancy and the daintiness of his handiwork—was one of the fine arts. The statue of that unrivalled art-workman stands among the great ones, poets, painters, sculptors, statesmen, and captains, whom Florence still delights to honour; and his works are among the undying possessions which still bring the lovers and students of art as pilgrims to its shrine in Florence, from every part of the civilised world. And to the Florentine mind the cunning and tasteful worker in gold and its combinations is still an artist.

And Laudadio Vanni was held to have caught more of the ancient spirit and traditions of Florentine art than any of his contemporaries. If a restoration was needed of some treasured relic of former magnificence, no eye was so sure as Vanni's to comprehend the feeling of the original design, and no hand so capable of equalling the original workmanship. If a stranger needed a

fitting setting for some gem of mediæval art, the acquisition of which was the main triumph of his tour, Vanni was the man to whom he was recommended. His was the shop on the Ponte Vecchio which travellers in search of some memorial of their stay at Florence especially sought out. And all this ought to have "led on to fortune." More especially as the old widower's only daughter from an early age began to prove herself a very valuable assistant to him.

Laura Vanni was indeed a born artist. Had the circumstances of her position put it within her reach, she would have undoubtedly excelled in some one of the higher branches of art creation. She had striven hard, and had effected much, towards retarding her father's downhill path on the road to ruin. Her talent had made itself known; her designs were sought; and the old shop on the Ponte Vecchio had a new attraction added to it. But the evil spirit she had to fight against was too strong for her; and gradually things went from bad to worse. A precarious hand-to-mouth struggle with difficulties drove them to substitute mere manufacture for the slower process of artistic elaboration. Visitors who sought the shop in the expectation of finding some charming chef-d'œuvre of grace and fancy, found only the ordinary bunches of turquoises and garnets and pearls, which made the staple of every shop on the bridge. The display even of these soon began to be scantier and shabbier than those of their neighbours and rivals. It was not only that the old man neglected his business, and did nothing, being wholly absorbed in cabalistic calculations, and endless searches for fortunate numbers from every object in life and in nature. Had this been the worst, Laura, by her own industry and talent, and with the true-hearted help of her faithful friend and patient lover, Carlo Bardi, might have managed to keep the old man and herself without any assistance from him. Carlo would willingly have installed himself as the old jeweller's assistant and workman, and have served his seven or twice seven years for his love, had such a scheme promised any good issue. It had often been talked over between them, and as often abandoned as hopeless. For old Laudadio was in the habit of pilfering from his own shop to supply the means of gratifying his passion. Any chance suggestion of a combination of numbers to his diseased brain was sure to be followed by the abstraction of a brooch or a bracelet; and a dream was a sentence of sacrifice under cost price of the most valuable article in the shop.

It will be seen that poor Laura's task was an up-hill one, and her position sufficiently hard. Without the frequent and always ungrudgingly bestowed assistance of her godfather, the cavaliere ex-clerk, old Sestini, it would have been impossible for her to have got on from one year's end to another. But it was curious enough, that though old Niccolo was held by all who knew him to be a fool, though he seemed, in truth, not



to have two ideas on any subject under the sun, and, still more strangely, though he always testified the utmost admiration for his friend Laudadio's profound cabalistic science, yet some species of instinct with regard to the side on which his own bread was buttered, prevented him from ever risking a farthing in the lottery himself, and also led him so to manage his benefactions to Laura, as that they should always reach her hands just when needed to meet some special pressure, and should never find their way into those of his profoundly mathematical friend.

Under these circumstances, it would seem that pretty Laura Vanni must have been among the many victims who have cause to hate the paternal institution of the lottery as the one cause of all their sorrow in life. How numerous must be the victims ruined by the fatal passion in those on whom they depend! Yet no such feeling is common among the people, even among those who are themselves free from the lust of gambling. And Laura herself had no such feeling on the subject. It was not only that her affection for her father was in no wise diminished by his conduct, but she did not seem to feel either hatred or anger against the thing itself.

While the old shop on the bridge was becoming stripped, and things were getting worse and worse with Laura and her poor old incorrigible father, worthy Carlo Bardi was slowly making his way up fortune's hill. By rigid economy and hard work as a journeyman jeweller, he had contrived to save a sum which at last placed him in a position to make a proposal he had been long meditating. This was nothing less than that Laudadio should give up the shop and business to him, that he and Laura should forthwith be married, and that he should charge himself with finding the old man a home and maintenance during the remainder of his days. The business had, in fact, become worth nothing, and the shop was as nearly as possible bare. Nevertheless, Carlo hoped to be able to stock it with his little capital, and by his own industry and skill, and his wife's talent and taste, to recover in some degree its old credit. It was a bold scheme, for poor Carlo's means were of the smallest. When matters were canvassed between him and Laura, he steadily set his face against all notions of partnership with the old jeweller. Laura feared that her father's pride would rebel against this proposal of complete abdication. But Carlo was of opinion that the lottery had swept all that away, together with so much else.

At all events, it was settled between them, as they walked back from the Cascine on the Ascension-day evening, that the attempt should be made. Carlo went over his calculations yet once again, and, as usual, a certain sum of a hundred dollars figured in the little budget, which Laura was to receive on her marriage from her godfather. These hundred dollars had been laid aside years and years ago by the little cavaliere, long before he had quitted his place in the

government office, and had they been placed at interest, might have been two hundred by this time. But nothing, to Carlo's great disgust, could ever induce Niccolo Sestini to take any step of the kind. There were the identical dollars, all fresh from the mint, and those dollars he should put into Laura's hand when she was to be married. Over and over again had he resisted temptation to permit the little hoard to be diminished. And he was equally immovable in refusing to touch it for the purpose of increasing it. "How could he know," he observed, when it was shown him that the hundred might ere this have become two hundred—"how could he know that Laura would have remained single so long?" So the hundred dollars were but a hundred; but they were sure. And they were counted on by the young couple as a very important fund for meeting the immediate expenses of starting, and thus leaving Carlo's little capital free for the all-important work of stocking the old shop.

It may be surmised that Laura and Carlo saw little of the surpassing beauty of their sunset walk by the bank of the Arno from the Cascine to the city gate, and thence by the long line of the Lungarno to the Ponte Vecchio. It was then arranged between them that Carlo should call on her father on the following morning, and make his proposal. Old Laudadio, who, as in the morning, walked in front with the cavaliere, was equally blind to all around him, unless it were that he occasionally recorded to himself the numbers suggested, according to his science, by the objects that met his eyes. A little boy patiently dangling a bit of string at the end of a stick in the river, produced the remark that fishing with a hook was 41. Two men, with bare brown legs and arms, in a boat, which they were loading with sand scooped up from the shallows of the river, and which looked as if one more shovelful added to the heap which had already brought their gunwale to the level of the water must surely sink their boat, led to the observation that sand denoted number 20.

Old Niccolo alone seemed, as he gently puffed his cigar, strolling onwards with his hands behind his back, to be enjoying the lovely view of his dear Florence to the utmost. For among these Southern organisations, be it observed, it does not follow that because a man is seventy years of age, an ex-clerk in a public office, fat and paunchy, and an old fool into the bargain, he is therefore insensible to beauty of any kind. A Parisian, in a similar position and circumstances, would see no beauty save of a far more factitious kind. It is not so with a Tuscan.

"Ah! come è bella! come è bella!" he exclaimed, as the moon rose over the black pine-forests of Vallombrosa, and tipped the pinnacles of the Palazzo Vecchio's tall slender tower with her light.

"Moon," said Laudadio, "is number 6."

"She must be full to-night, I think," remarked Sestini.



"But *full* moon is 90, my sympathetic number!" cried old Vanni.

"What a head he has! What a philosopher's head!" said the ex-clerk, shaking his own in admiring wonder.

And so they passed under the shadow of the quaint old buildings on the Ponte Vecchio.

The Ponte Vecchio, or old bridge at Florence, is one of the most remarkable specimens remaining in Europe of the mediæval fashion of turning bridges into streets, by loading them with rows of houses on either side. Space within a walled and fortified enclosure was of course scarce and valuable; and the growing difficulty of lodging an increasing community within the unelastic circuit of its stone girdle, led citizens to this and other non-sanitary expedients, which, according to Dame Nature's usual just and inexorable mode of dealing with us, levied inevitable retribution on mankind for the crime of so mismanaging their lives on this fair earth as to make stone walls round their dwellings necessary to them. In a simply artistic point of view, something may be found to be said on either side—in favour of the old building-laden bridge, as well as of the modern unembarrassed structure. If Waterloo Bridge be a beautiful and magnificent work of art, ancient London Bridge, as its appearance has been preserved for us by old pictures and engravings, was rich in picturesque beauty of its kind. And on the banks of the Arno, although the Ponte Santa Trinita, situated a few hundred yards lower down the stream, is a masterpiece of elegance, lightness, and scientific construction, it is its ancient neighbour, with its quaint superstructure of queer little shops, that attracts the eyes and occupies the sketch-books of both resident and pilgrim artists.

The Florentine working jewellers, who produce the combinations of pearls, garnets, and turquoises, which are peculiar to Florence, and who invent cunning Etruscan settings for *pietra dura* and cameo ornaments, still stick to the Ponte Vecchio. Their shops are of very diminutive dimensions. Behind most of them a tiny little back-shop is contrived, generally for the purpose of a workshop, by dint of projecting the buildings over the sides of the bridge, and supporting them by timbers, resting in a sloping position on its solid masonry. Notwithstanding what would seem a somewhat insecure foundation, these buildings are of two, and in some cases of three stories. They are built with complete contempt for all uniformity and regularity; and being adorned, here with an ancient stone-cut coat of arms or an inscription, there with a fragment of fresco or a tabernacle to the Virgin, with its pendent lamp in front of it, the general effect is picturesque in no ordinary degree.

Laudadio Vanni and his three companions turned up the bridge from the Lungarno, and stopped before the narrow door of one of the little houses on the left hand as you cross from the north to the south side of the river. Massive

iron-bound shutters, not made to stand perpendicularly against the front of the house, but projecting from it in a slope, so as to cover and protect the cases of jewellery made to jut out from the little window fronts, in order to gain a little space at the cost of stealing it from the public way, were in front of every tenement on the bridge, and now that they were all closed on this high day and holiday, had the appearance of huge sloping-roofed chests deposited on the pavement in front of each little house. Every narrow door, barely large enough for one person to pass through it at a time, was secured by two or more huge locks. The Florentine locksmith still looks mainly to massiveness and size as the elements of security, and dreams not as yet of the cunning devices by which an ounce of steel in the hands of a Bramah or a Chubb is made to render better service than half a dozen pounds' weight of less-skilled workmanship.

The old jeweller deliberately drew from his pocket a sufficiently greasy-looking leathern bag, or key case, which with its contents may have weighed some six or eight pounds. Unwinding the thong which was bound around it, he took out first one huge key, which he applied to a lock at the middle height of the door, and gave it three complete turns. Then another such lock was opened at the top of the door. And lastly, an immense padlock, which secured an iron stanchion across the whole width of it, at the bottom, was removed; and then at length the narrow door thus jealously secured was opened. There was little enough at present in old Laudadio's shop to necessitate all these precautions, but such had not always been the case.

Laura struck a light as soon as all four had entered the miniature dwelling, and proceeded, while her father carefully put up his keys again, to light two of those slender tall brass lamps, with their implements—snuffers, scissors for cutting the wick, and pin for trimming it, hanging around it by three brass chains—and their oil reservoirs and burners, made still in the shape of those found in old Etruscan tombs—lamps which are seen in every Tuscan house, and have in the eyes of strangers such a curiously classical appearance.

Placing one of these on the narrow little work-bench before the window on one side of the door, which was her father's now rarely occupied place of work, and in front of which stood his old worn arm-chair, she passed with the other through a door still narrower than that which communicated with the street, into the second room, if a space of some six feet square could be called such. Here, in front of a tiny window overhanging the river, was Laura's own little work establishment, with its appurtenances of multitudinous small tools, spirit-lamp, blow-pipe, &c. Three or four casts of bronzes and basso relievi were hung round the little cabin. One or two old books, in a sadly dilapidated condition, containing engravings of celebrated gems and cut stones, lay upon a hanging table (or shelf rather, it was so narrow) against one of the side-walls.



The little bit of a window, small though it was, gave the inmate the precious advantage of a pure and unbroken light; for, looking out over the river as it did, there was nothing between it and the heavens.

Here, seated at her bench and busily at work in shaping the delicate materials of her art into the expression of some dainty device or skilful reproduction of mediæval workmanship, Laura passed the happiest hours of her life; unless, indeed, those exceptional ones of the society of Carlo are to be counted as ranking first in her estimation.

And now this evening, one of the last, as she hoped, silly mortal! of that short, never-returning blossom-time of a life which precedes love's fruit-season—this evening she would celebrate by a combination of both delights. The two old men sat down in the front shop for a "*chiacchiera*"—a bout of gossip; and Carlo, as she had intended him to do, followed her into her workshop and artistic sanctum. She sat down in her accustomed seat at the narrow work-bench before the window, and Carlo took the only other seat in the little room, and placed himself at the end of the bench, and thus at right angles to her and the window. Of course they had enough to talk of. But if Laura had been intent on talk only, the lamp would hardly have been necessary. For the moonlight was streaming in at the little window, and was reflected in a long pathway of light on the water, extending from the edge of the shadow cast by the "*Ponte alle Grazie*"—the bridge next above the *Ponte Vecchio* on the river—till it ended beneath the arches of the old bridge under their feet. Few quainter and more characteristic town views could be found than that commanded by the little window at which the lovers sat. In front, the queer old bridge of the *Grazie*, with its chapels, and little shops on its massive piers all in deep shadow, and the *Chianti* hills in the distance; to the left the river façade of the *Uffizi*, with its noble arches and harmonious Palladian architecture—that frontage of which Vasari was prouder than of all his other various art-works, and of the difficulty of rearing which on the unstable soil of the river-brink he boasts so much—all this, too, black in deep shade; then, to the right, the strangely varied line of the backs of the houses, which at this part of the river come sheer down to the water, without any intervening quay or pathway. These were in the full moonlight; but the irregularities of the buildings chequered the light with innumerable variously shaped patches of shade. The backs of houses always offer a more suggestive and amusing view, and often a more picturesque one, than their more uniform street fronts, got up with a view to respectable appearance in public. The inhabitants of every one of them would be far more interesting objects of observation than they mostly are, if one could get a peep at their minds and opinions in an analogous behind-the-scenes point of view. And it is the same with their dwellings.

#### CHAPTER III. THE JEWELLER'S SHOP.

LAURA's lamp was not needed for looking on this scene, or for conversing with Carlo, as they sat in the moonlight. But she was never absent from her work-bench for a few hours without longing to be back at it. And now she was in a hurry to look at a piece of workmanship which she was completing, and which she was anxious to compare with an engraving she had recollected while at the *Cascine*. Laura's piece consisted in a most ingenious and tasteful combination and adaptation of several pearls of large size, but of very irregular shape, in such a manner as to make their abnormal forms serve instead of marring the purpose of her design. Most daintily fancied was the idea she had imagined, and Laura was pleased with her work, and eager to return to it. Carlo had not yet seen it, as she had intended to have shown it him only when finished. But this evening she could not resist drawing it forth from the little locked drawer beneath the working-bench; and so it was presented for the criticism of the Paris-taught workman in its still unfinished state.

"Charming!" cried Carlo, genuinely pleased with the beauty of the gem; "*davvero, davvero*—truly, truly, it is exquisite. There is but my Laura in all Florence this day capable of a design so deliciously fancied. There is the true sentiment of the *cinque-cento*," added he, recurring to a Florentine artist's constant beau-ideal of art in all its branches.

"Ah, that is the real praise!" said Laura; "that is what I have been striving after. And if I could only hope that I had a ray of the real light!"

Very absurd, was not it, for a poor jeweller's prentice daughter to talk in such a strain? Absurd enough for a girl to meddle with men's work at all, and quite against all the rules of the trade! But then, you see, poor Laura was an enthusiast in her own way; knew all the glories of the *Carrionis*, *Gaffuris*, *Torricellis*, and *Ginghis*, the masters of her own craft in the days when fine art meant the creation of the beautiful in any form and in any material; knew especially the story of *Francesco Borghigiani* and his daughter, who at a later day won herself a niche in *Art's Pantheon* by her skill in works of the same class. And what with old *Laudadio's* ancient *Ponte Vecchio* traditions, her own art readings, her Florentine old-world notions, and her enthusiastic perception and culture of the beautiful, the pretty jewelleress had not the least idea that the professors of her craft had been pushed in the world's onward movement from the place of artists into that of artisans.

"What!" she would have cried, "was not old *Niccolo Caparra*, the blacksmith, immortalised by Vasari in the same pages that record *Perugino* and *Raphael*, on account of his beautiful forgings? For me the artist is he who can feel and reproduce beauty!"

Quite a fanatica, this pretty little Laura! Yes; but not by very far so strange a one, ob-



serve, under the shade of Brunelleschi's dome, as she would have been under that of Christopher Wren.

Carlo Bardi had acquired more modern notions, and, moreover, was not an enthusiast in any way, though Laura's enthusiasm appeared infinitely beautiful to him.

"I *do* think, then, in all truth," replied he to Laura's outburst, "that your work has quite the style of the old workmen. But I very much fear, my Laura, that the world's tastes have so much changed, that, with the exception of here and there a purchaser with antiquarian tastes, this beautiful work of yours would not be calculated to meet the modern demand. Look, now, at this model of a brooch," added he, taking a small case from his pocket, "that we have just received from Paris at our place, as a sample of the last new style."

"A sample!" cried Laura, flushing with indignation; "and of the latest Paris style. Do tell me, Carlo mio, whether he who wrought that crucifix," pointing to a plaster model of an exquisite work by Benvenuto Cellini, "used to receive samples of the latest style from Paris?"

"Not so, Laura," replied Carlo, quietly; "unhappily, alas! Paris and Florence have changed places. Benvenuto sent the Parisians samples of the newest style. That is the difference."

"No! Carlo, no! and no again. What is this vulgar thing sent here for? That you and every one on the bridge may make fifty dozen exactly like it, if you could get the order for them. Is not it true? And do you think Cellini's works were sent to Paris with any such hope or expectation? When the French king wanted Florentine art, he had to bring the Florentine artist, I think, and not *samples* to Paris."

"That is very true, Laura mia," said Carlo, stooping across the bench to press a kiss on the cheek that was so charmingly coloured by her disdainful mood; "but say, darling, why do you call this French brooch vulgar? Is not it very pretty?"

"It is vulgar," said Laura, nodding her graceful head, "first, because it *is* a sample, and may serve for one; because anybody can make another exactly like it, and as good as the original. It is vulgar, secondly, because the value of it is more in the intrinsic cost of the material than in the workmanship; and, thirdly, it is vulgar because no sentiment went to the making of it; the maker put none of his individuality into it, and it is, therefore, as one would say of a human being, all body and no brain, and no heart."

"It is quite true," replied Carlo, "that our modern workmen would turn you out as many dozen of such brooches as you choose to order, not one of which could you tell from the original. But still, modern work has its advantages and excellences. See, now, these circular lines! They are perfectly accurate. See how truly in the centre is the exact point that ought to be the centre. You know how constantly the old works, even of the first hands, are inaccurate in such

matters. A lopsided circle, an untrue angle, or a false centre, would not be tolerated now-a-days."

"So much the worse for those who won't tolerate them!" cried Laura. "I love the careless inaccuracies of the old workers. Their care was occupied otherwise. These little departures from mechanical accuracy mark the individuality of the artist. An artist is not a machine, to work with machine-like precision. Is one man's mind the exact counterpart of another's? Am I the same one day that I am another? I like the careless inexactitude that marks the humanity of the artist without injuring the expression of his thought, better than the precision which only shows that your compasses were in good order. But as for my poor trinket here, one of the here and there individuals of antiquarian tastes has been met with, for this is a commission for an Englishman. It came to me through Signor Raddi, at the gallery."

"I am delighted to hear it, my own Laura!" said Carlo; "for the truth is, that I am thinking of the subject rather from the mercantile than from the artistic point of view. And you know, that if all goes well for our hopes to-morrow, as please God it will, it is in that light that we must look at it."

"Heaven grant that all may go well!" responded Laura, fervently; "but oh, Carlo, I fear, I fear. I think I shall sit here and work at my pearls all night. For then I shall think of my work, and get over the hours. But I am sure I shall not sleep a wink. Sometimes it seems to come out quite clear to me, that of course my father will never consent to take off the old name that has been over the shop for three generations. You don't know how much pride my poor father has in his business."

"I think, my Laura, that when the business was, the pride was; but both, I suspect, have been killed by the same malady," said Carlo, a little bitterly. "Besides," he added, "there is the too evident difficulty of going on, as things are. Surely your father must feel painfully anxious for the future, and will welcome a proposition which will, I trust, remove all anxiety from him for ever."

"You forget, Carlo dear, that my father feels poverty only as one does who is on the point of leaving it behind him for ever. He is well and truly persuaded that the prize, which has so often seemed within his grasp, will come at last, and that soon. And if it should, Laura——"

"Laura! by all the saints, don't let me hear you talk in that way too! Have you not seen enough of lottery drawing and gambling by this time?" said sensible Carlo, sadly.

"But my dear father *does* understand the lottery as few others do," pleaded Laura. "And I am sure, if calculation and meditation on the cabala and the mathematics can avail, he ought to win."

"Laura! Laura! for Heaven's sake don't talk so!" groaned poor Carlo, with real alarm. "Tell



me," said he, "did you ever buy a ticket, Laura? Did you ever wish to do so?"

"Surely you know, Carlo, I never did either the one or the other. I neither understand anything about it, nor ever attempted to understand it. The numbers for my terno are my own true love, my art, and my old work-bench. Papa would tell the numbers sympathetic to all three in a minute. Will my terno come up, Carlo?" said she, with a look which made it impossible for Carlo to scold.

"Dearest," he said, "I would rather talk of our happiness under any other form. Can it be that you really have any shadow of belief in the possibility of any connexion between the numbers to be drawn out of the wheel at the lottery, and all the calculations, sympathetic numbers, and dreams that your father, and so many others, put so much faith in?"

"In truth, dearest Carlo," replied Laura, seriously, but without a particle of the animation and intense interest that had lighted up her face, and lent fire to her eye, a few moments previously, when she had been speaking of matters of art—"in truth, dearest Carlo, I have never given the question a thought, and know, as I said, that I understand nothing about it. But——"

"Understand it, Laura!" broke in Carlo, the sceptical and the sensible; "why, it is within the comprehension of a baby."

"And yet they all speak of it," rejoined Laura, humbly, "as a profound science and mystery, to be fathomed only by the longest and deepest mathematical study. See, now," she continued, "what reasons I have to believe these things, which seem to you so incredible. My dear, dear father certainly was never considered wanting in intelligence. You know, before pressing want of money led him to devote all his attention to this subject, how highly his talents were thought of by all the men of art in Florence. And years of deep study have only confirmed him more and more in the certainty of his speculations."

Carlo groaned; but not letting him interrupt her, she went on:

"Then, as you remarked yourself, my father is far from singular in his belief. How many others think like him? And then again, above all, that book which he had with him this morning. I have never so much as looked into it. But I have often and often heard him quoting the names of the great philosophers whose calculations are there given. I know that the book states the correspondences and sympathies of numbers, and the possibility of winning in the lottery by their means, as matters of fact. And is it credible that the government and Holy Church, which takes such ceaseless care to prevent evil books of any kind from being printed, would suffer that book to be published and sold openly to thousands of people, deluding them in the most cruel and wicked manner, if it were all false? Is this in any way credible, I say?"

Carlo's Paris-grown ideas brought to his lips some pithy expressions of his estimate of the

paternal care of "government and Holy Church," in reply to his Laura's triumphant arguments. But he suppressed them, wisely judging that so very large a dose of novel and startling doctrine, administered all at once, might be more than was good for the mental digestion of his pretty and much-loved patient. So contenting himself with inwardly resolving that a little enlightenment on these matters should reach his Laura's deeply art-instructed, but on all other subjects blank-paper mind, at some future and more convenient period, he merely said:

"Well, my sweet Laura, without pretending to give up my own ideas on the matter, I will be content if, as you tell me, you, at all events, never felt any inclination to dabble in the lottery."

"And if I had, Carlo, which I truly never had, would it not be enough for me to know that you did not approve of it?"

This, as the speaker doubtless felt, could only be answered by a very tender caress. And then it was settled between them that the all-important interview of the morrow should come off at ten o'clock, at which hour Carlo was to call on the old man for the purpose.

Of course Laura and Carlo would have sat on where they were as long as ever the two old men in the front shop chose to leave them undisturbed. But it was not long after they had finished their business and type-reproducible talk, and had betaken themselves to very orthodox hand-in-hand moon-gazing, that the round-about figure of Godpapa Niccolo appeared in the too narrow frame of the little doorway between the two rooms. Laudadio, he said, was specially absorbed in some calculations of the influence which the full of the moon would have on the drawing of the lottery on the following Saturday at Rome, as deducible from the numbers that came up the last time the drawing took place at Rome in the quarter of the full moon. And he had betaken himself to the room above, which was reached by a ladder-like stair constructed in the thickness of the wall. Carlo, and he, he said, would go off to bed, and Laura was to close the door behind them.

The engagement between Laura and Carlo was perfectly well known to Sestini, and had his warm approbation. The hundred dollars, he said, were ready at the first intimation that the wedding was fixed. He was not aware, however, of Carlo's determination to bring matters to a crisis by the proposal the reader has heard. As they left the heavily ironed little door, which Laura was heard barring and bolting inside, Carlo told the old cavaliere his project, and asked his opinion as to the probability of Signor Vanni's acceptance of it.

"My opinion is," said Niccolo, "that he will gladly accept it. For when a man's head is occupied by the profound and intense studies which engross my respected friend, I have observed that he rarely troubles himself much about meaner things. A wonderful head has old Laudadio Vanni!"



"I have made much the same observation that you have, Signor Cavaliere," returned Carlo, "and it is on it that I build my hopes of success."

"I heartily wish it you, both for dear Laura's sake and your own. Good night, Signor Carlo."

"Good night, Signor Cavaliere!"

## THROUGH LAMBETH TO VAUXHALL.

EVERYBODY who has once gone up the Thames from London Bridge may ever after know with his eyes shut when he is passing Lambeth. He will smell it. Indeed, a nose fine to detect the various blending of other odours with that of the river, might indicate, blindfold, the whole topography of the Surrey bank of the Thames opposite London. There was mention before the Conquest, of "Lambeththe, with all fields, pastures, woods, and waters thereto belonging." But most of the old spellings are held to show that the place owed its name to an old word, lam, meaning dirt, and that Lambithe was,—doubtless so named from its expanse of marsh,—Dirt Haven.

It had its pleasaunces. Where Beaufoy's distillery now stands, were once the gardens of the Earl of Arundel, opposite Arundel House. Those grounds being afterwards rented by the earl's gardener, Boydell Cuper, were known as Cuper's Gardens, whither fireworks, music, and illuminations, tempted pleasure-seekers—who themselves were of ill odour—more than a century ago. That ground is now in the Lambeth district of Saint John, which has its church opposite the South-Western Railway Station. Here, also, sixty years ago, the Royal Coburg Theatre, since re-named the Victoria, came of a dispute between leaseholders and ground landlord of the Royal Circus, or the Surrey, which had then just been burnt down, and has just been burnt down again. The former burning of the Surrey caused the building of the Coburg, which was opened with a melodrama of knights in armour, followed by a grand Asiatic ballet and a pantomime.

St. Mary's is the parish church of Lambeth, and in St. Mary's district, towards the end of the last century, Philip Astley opened his "Amphitheatre of Arts." Astley was a tall strong man, loud of voice, and corpulent in later life, who gave up cabinet-making in his youth to enlist in the 15th, or Elliot's Own Light Horse. He served seven years, was made rough-rider teacher and horse-breaker to the regiment, and when, after seeing service in Germany, he obtained his discharge, he made his living out of horses. General Elliot gave him a charger as a mark of esteem, and with this and a horse bought in Smithfield, he began to exhibit to all comers, in an open field near the Halfpenny Hatch at Lambeth, for whatever he could get when he sent the hat round. Then, he engaged part of a large timber-yard which stood where the theatre now stands. Here he boarded in a circus, charged sixpence for admission,

placed a pent-house roof over the seats, and performed of mornings to the music of a drum and two fifes, within a rope ring open to the sky. In the evening he had Chinese Shadows, a learned horse, and tricks of sleight-of-hand, in a large room at Number Twenty-two, Piccadilly. The owner of the timber-yard was in difficulties, and Astley had saved money enough to lend him two hundred pounds on a mortgage of the yard with all the timber in it. With the two hundred pounds, the timber-merchant went abroad, and was no more heard of. Astley thus got in due time lawful possession of the place. He sold the timber, and with the produce of it, and sixty pounds, the value of a large diamond ring which he picked up at the foot of Westminster Bridge, and found no owner for, he built in the timber-yard what he then called "the Amphitheatre Riding House." This building he enlarged as he got means, until the whole ground was roofed in. Astley's wife was a good horsewoman, his son also rode well as a boy. When the Royal Circus, now the Surrey Theatre, was being built, Astley, to compete with it, added a stage and scenery to his Riding Circle, which he then called, first the "Royal Grove"—from the painting, grove-fashioned, of the house before the curtain—and afterwards "the Amphitheatre of Arts." In seventeen 'ninety-four, Astley being at that time with the army as a volunteer, this theatre and nineteen adjoining houses were burnt down. Astley came home, and at once rebuilt it, opening it next year as the Royal Amphitheatre, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York. Eight years later, it was again burnt down, with forty adjoining houses; Astley, who lost five-and-twenty thousand pounds by the fire, being then in Paris, where also he had founded an amphitheatre. Again the theatre in Lambeth was promptly rebuilt: not to be burnt down again until Duerow's time, when Duerow sank under the affliction.

It is in the same district that, in the reign of James the First, a family named Vaux held some copyhold land. Afterwards Sir Samuel Morland, Pepys's tutor, who had a lease of Vauxhall House, built a sumptuous room in the gardens, set up beautiful fountains, and made of the place a pleausance, to which Charles the Second and his ladies often came. Morland was an ingenious man, whose house was full of contrivances, and who planned a kitchen in his coach, so that he could make soup, broil steaks, or roast joints, as he travelled. It was not until the year seventeen hundred and thirty, that the general public found its way into the shady gardens of Vauxhall House: Mr. Jonathan Tyers having in that year opened the place as a tavern. Two years later, he turned the gardens to more profit, by calling them Spring Gardens, and opening them with illuminations and a masquerade. Success encouraged him to build an orchestra, engage excellent musicians, decorate, and erect alcoves. Masks were commonly worn in the gardens, and Addison tells us that the favourite drink was, for ladies



purl, and for gentlemen Burton ale. Tyers's venture had a great run of success, though this was the original despondent man who said that, if he had been a hatter, men would have been born without heads. Within a few hours of his death, he caused himself to be wheeled into the gardens which had been his hobby, that he might delight his eyes with what he saw. If he now look on the old ground with spiritual eyes, perhaps they find yet more delight in plantations on its soil of which he never dreamed, and running fountains of sweet water more refreshing than any which ever plashed upon his basins set in the smooth turf.

Supported in part by the establishment of factories by the water-side and elsewhere—of potteries, glassworks, gasworks, distilleries, foundries, engineering works, shot manufactories, starch manufactories, soapboilers, candle-works, and so forth—there had multiplied in Lambeth a population of artisans and common labourers, with petty traders ministering to their wants. Then from the district of Saint Mary's there was cut off a curacy, or sub-district of Saint Mary-the-Less, with a church built in eighteen 'twenty-eight, and a population of some sixteen thousand, living almost without exception upon scanty earnings. The Prince of Wales is lord of the soil, as Duke of Lancaster. And any chance of recovery to better life which this district might have had, was ruined by the mere improvident rapacity which characterised the management of the estate when George the Fourth, first and worst gentleman in Europe, was Prince of Wales.

The church of St. Mary-the-Less is in Prince's-road: a road called Prince's in relation to the royal style of the adjacent King's Town, or Kennington, from the days when Charles the First was Prince of Wales. That prince occasionally occupied a manor-house built here on the site of a palace in which Henry the Third met his parliament, Edward the Third kept Christmas, and Henry the Fifth sometimes lived. The only palace now in Prince's-road, is immediately opposite the church of St. Mary-the-Less: the palace of Lambeth pauperism. A very spacious palace it is; the workhouse of a parish sixteen miles in circuit, stretching from Thames bank to Streatham, containing a population of some three hundred thousand, and, moreover, a metropolitan borough that returns two members to parliament. Until the death of Doctor D'Oyley, its rector, twenty years ago, Lambeth was one great undivided parish, with a revenue to the rector of about two thousand five hundred a year, being at the rate of five a shilling a soul for care or neglect; but it was then subdivided into the four district parishes of St. Mary's, with the mother church close by the archbishop's palace, St. George's, St. John's, and St. Mark's, at Kennington.

The district of St. Mary-the-Less was given, eleven years ago, into the charge of an energetic working clergyman. The church windows and walls had fallen into disrepair for want of parishioners willing, or if willing, able, to maintain the building properly. There was no pro-

vision for the livelihood of an incumbent. The new comer's clear income, as clergyman for the district, was, in the first year, something like fifty pounds, and in the second year five or six pounds less than nothing. For, much even of the necessary cost of cleansing, heating, and lighting the church, and its other incidental expenses, through the poverty of its congregation, fell upon him. There are but a few dozen people in the district who pay any income tax at all.

After three years of work much had been done, but there were not more than twenty persons resident in the district who contributed towards the local charities, and only two owners of the property within the district were among his helpers. The almost universal poverty of the people multiplied their needs of money, while making it impossible to raise it from among themselves. Nevertheless, on went the worker and the work. The district presently was subdivided, and a Peel's Parish, of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, was formed, with charge over a population of about six out of the sixteen thousand. Here one of the two curates, who had helped in the duty of St. Mary-the-Less, became incumbent, with a good parsonage-house provided for him, the house being the old manager's dwelling-house attached to, and upon the ground of, the late Vauxhall Gardens. He is, in fact, the present manager of the old grounds with their new lights and properties. Among the new and attractive properties are new National Schools, perfectly appointed; buildings for the Lambeth School of Art; a poor man's club and dining-room; rooms for a needle-work society, which, with a share allowed it of the government work in making clothes for the army, now saves many a poor woman from utter distress. Besides all this, there is in the same group of buildings an orphanage, in which daughters of clergymen and professional men are housed while in training for the not thankless or ignoble work of carrying out the right will of the nation as its teachers of the children of the poor. Besides all this, again, there is in the same group of buildings a church, the church of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, built at a cost of eight thousand five hundred pounds, which, with its groined roof filled in with solid brick, is probably the best brick church in London. Some four thousand pounds more are wanted for its tower, which has yet to be built, but the church itself is finished, and in daily use.

The marvel to us, and to every one, must be, how all this could have been done by the incumbent of a benefice endowed with less than a hundred pounds a year, and in a district that did not contain above twenty people able to help in the work with money, beyond pence and small silver at collections. The chief part of the work was all accomplished before the incumbent of St. Mary-the-Less profited by the new ecclesiastical arrangement for bringing the income of certain livings up to the level of three hundred a year. The local charitable societies that help the poor to keep body and soul together in the winter-time, have, indeed,



been strengthened annually by the Christmas bounty of the most powerful of our newspapers, which at that season opens its columns to every fair statement to the rich. Of help given at Christmas from outside the parish to keep off hunger and cold, not a penny has gone to the eight or nine thousand pounds that built the church; or to the six thousand or more that built the new National Schools; or to the fifteen hundred and more that erected a fit building for the School of Art; or to the two thousand three hundred and odd that built the orphanage; or to the eleven hundred and odd pounds that built the soup kitchen and rooms for the needlewomen's army work. Here are some twenty thousand pounds in all, being a portion only of the money that has been obtained and used for the creation, maintenance, and support, of good works in this poor and once neglected district.

The incumbent himself, whom, as manager of Vauxhall, we applied to for admissions to his ground, and who, though our visit was unsought, willingly answered questions, met our wonder by freely showing to us all his books, in which the debtor and creditor accounts of each undertaking are specified to the uttermost, and in as orderly a way as one might expect to find matters of cash recorded in a city counting-house. But, the seeing of the accounts only increased in us the wonder that so much should have been done. There is no difficulty, says the incumbent of St. Mary-the-Less. Very many people in this country have surplus money, with a part of which they are glad to know how they can do some real good. Any work for the well-being of the poor is freely helped when it is seen that there is a real effort to do it, and that the money given in its aid is really spent upon it. The great thing is to keep faithful accounts, open to everybody interested in the matter. So says the Reverend Robert Gregory, to whose faithful service of his Master, yet more, we suspect, than to his faithful book-keeping, this district of Lambeth owes a larger debt than we can tell.

We went into the old church, where all the seats are free, while it was yet bright with its Christmas decorations. Sound in even decorative repair, the old shaking windows have ceased their rattling, and even a large painted window rejoices the eye with warm colours. A choir vestry had just been built, because a curate with a strong bent for church music has been wisely backed in his efforts to add the attraction of good music to the sacred services. For, the church still has ample galleries which, for want of a sufficient congregation, are not used.

The time is not very distant when the galleries of the old church will be opened, and both churches will be full; for a new generation is being formed of parishioners who will owe them cordial affection. We saw the self-supporting schools attached to the old church crowded with children who pay, some of them sixpence a week, for their instruction. We saw a happy woman in a little room that had once been a Mormon meeting-house, a room no bigger than

an ordinary dining-room, crammed with more than a hundred small children, lively and thick as maggots in a cheese. That woman, with a hard-worked pleasant face, lives daily in the mob of little children as their only teacher. She has no assistants, and no system but love. She likes her work and loves her children. There is no order or discipline among them in scholastic sense, but she contrives to teach them all to read, write, and do sums: to say the catechism, and be kind to one another. We must see this little fellow's writing on a bit of slate. We must hear that chubby little mortal read about Elias, which he does well, except for his tumbling and disappearing down the gaping mouth of one overwide word. Surely it was a pretty sight to see this gentle woman in her child world! The crowd of small folk in narrow space made one think of the good woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children that she didn't know what to do. Only this woman did know what to do, and she was doing it, in wise simplicity, with all her heart and soul.

Thence, we went to the spacious rooms of the new National Schools, which form part of the new illuminations on the old ground of the gardens at Vauxhall. There, we saw bright-looking teachers, each before her class; and a room full of infant learners, one or two of whom had actually learnt to speak from the kind voice of a teacher, who seemed to enjoy the charge over her small army of unmartyred innocents. We went to the orphanage, where fatherless daughters of professional men are trained to the work of national schoolmistresses. A pleasant airy home, with a cheerful common room that has a buttery-hatch in one of its walls for the immediate passage in and out of cups, plates, dishes, and victuals from the kitchen. With apartments for mistresses, who, having passed their chrysalis state, act here as superintendents, and know how by dexterous artistic handiwork, to make their little sheparlour elegant with evidences of good taste. With dormitories partitioned into little sleeping closets, each open above to the common air of the room, each with its little latticed-window, and its little bed and other needments, each with its narrow walls adorned according to the fancy of its occupant.

We went into the busy kitchen, where we found plum-pudding, roley-poley shape, boiled in long tins, and meat and vegetables ready; and besides the buttery-hatch that opened on the orphanage dining-room, a lift to carry some of the good victual up to realms above.

We sought those realms above and found there the club-room furnished to the working men. An eating-room with a counter supplied by the lift, and a table of charges, that enabled men and boys to have a plate of soup or meat, with or without bread or vegetables, or a slice of pudding, or all in succession, at the lowest possible charge. There is an old gentleman in fustian, dining as comfortably at his club as a gentleman in broadcloth at his club can wish to dine. Here, seated in slow deliberate enjoyment of his penny slice, is the boy we saw



rushing by us out of doors, and who answered as he ran to the question, "What are you in such a hurry for?" with the one luscious word, "Pudden!" Beyond the dining-room we found a room supplied with newspapers, bagatelle-board, chess and draughts, dominoes, and other games. Also another room, in which the committee of the club was about to have a business meeting.

Then, on we travelled to the rooms where we found poor women at work with their needles, and saw how they managed the shirt making. We turned aside then, to the empty storeroom of the blankets that are all away doing their winter duty upon poor men's beds, and heard how a beginning had just been made in this room of a provision for the lending to the sick poor, of all manner of medical and surgical comforts that are usually beyond their reach. Such provision is a good suggestion of Dr. Wright's, and is the newest addition to the long list of good thoughts that have become good deeds through the unremitting energy of Mr. Gregory. The store of medical comforts looks to enrichment, less by money-help than by gifts of the needed articles themselves. In many a well-to-do family, where some one of its members has recovered from an illness during which some sort of mechanical appliances have aided the recovery or eased the pain—in many a house, too, where the need of such an aid has ended with the life it failed to save, and where it is hard to keep, harder to sell, the visible remainder of the sufferings on earth of a beloved one who is at rest for ever—what could one wish better than to place such things where they would be continually useful, and again and again contribute to the health and comfort of the poor? We saw also a long and hungry file waiting with jugs to be filled at the soup kitchen, and saw in the kitchen itself school children, who would otherwise have been all but dinnerless, sitting with lumps of bread and ample basins of hot soup before them. Is that bad political or educational economy? If so, so be it. In a district where there come to the schools children who cannot learn for very hunger, where a child has brought for its dinner two raw potatoes and asked leave to have them cooked at the school stove, we say only, God bless the soup kitchen that opens its doors to the hungry among those poor little scholars!

#### THE PAINTER AND POURTALES.

TRUE, it was a humble garret,  
Looking on a strip of sky,  
O'er the roofs of Paris city,  
O'er its domes and columns high.

To the painter, 'twas a palace,  
Richly furnish'd by his art,  
Fancy realis'd the fortune  
From whose gifts he stood apart.

But success comes often slowly,  
And he wasted day by day;  
Yet he kept a stainless conscience,  
Dream'd, and toil'd, and hop'd alway.

Now there was a time approaching,  
When to painters old and young,  
For their works, the Palais Royal,  
Wide its ample portals flung.

He too—he will make his venture,  
Wrestle for a golden prize;  
At the thought his pulse throbs faster,  
Eager flash his earnest eyes.

But whence draw his inspiration?  
His good angel prompts him now—  
He will visit his dead mother,  
By her grave will make his vow.

Then he buys a simple flowret,  
'Tis the flower she lov'd the best  
In her life—the purple heartsease,  
With its regal velvet nest.

Now the cemetery nearing,  
See, two figures fix his gaze,  
Like him on a pious errand  
Bound to visit Père la Chaise.

Clad they are in humble mourning;  
On the old man's cheek a scar,  
On his breast a modest ribbon,  
Marks a hero from the war.

Silver-grey the long locks falling  
On each side the temples pale,  
Mild the sightless eyes, beseeching  
Pity for the limbs that fail.

Scarce the bending girl beside him  
Hath her sixteen summers seen,  
Shy the timid looks and gesture,  
Slight the arm on which to lean.

Darkly clear the brown complexion,  
Pure the face as any saint,  
All too thin the young cheek's oval,  
On the lips a blush-rose faint.

But the dark eyes beam soft splendour,  
Like two stars by mist o'erspread,  
And a weight of raven tresses  
Crown-like, wreath the drooping head.

And the young man marks her efforts,  
Her dear charge to shield from harm,  
Glancing too with tearful pleasure  
At the chaplet on her arm.

Through the solemn crowded silence,  
He behind them follows slow,  
Up the broad walks, cypress-border'd,  
As with painful steps they go.

Now their paths diverge. He reaches  
That mute sign, the plain black cross  
Hung with chaplets of immortelles,  
Which records his love and loss.

Then he plants the purple flowers,  
Reverent kneels awhile to pray;  
Whispers, "Give the boon I seek for,  
Give it ere the close of day."

Then the vision comes before him  
(Only faded, never lost)  
Of the old man and the maiden  
Who his path so late had crost.



And he lingers and rejoins them,  
With a secret all his own,  
With all courtesy salutes them—  
Pleading, makes his wishes known.

They with kindly feeling meet him,  
Voice and looks their trust bespeak,  
Yet at his admiring glances  
Steal faint blushes to her cheek.

And in twilight shadows sitting,  
In his scantily furnish'd room,  
Lo! appears a lovely vision  
Suddenly from out the gloom.

'Tis the old man and the maiden  
He had seen that very day;  
And a low voice seems to whisper,  
Love her son! and trust away!

Day by day beholds them gather'd  
In his attic—all the three,  
Age and manhood, and fair youth, the  
Painter, Love—the pupil, he.

Day by day, upon the canvas,  
See her growing image smile;  
Day by day, upon his heart too,  
For he lov'd her all the while.

Learns the pencilling of her eyebrows,  
Long fringed lashes, dimpled chin,  
Learns the changes of her features,  
Hides them each his heart within.

Noiseless Time brings round the morning,  
When, in neat though plain array,  
The father, painter, and the daughter,  
To the pictures take their way.

Fifty fram'd, and softly lighted,  
On the walls the pictures glow,  
Gay crowds whisper blame or praises  
As they wander to and fro.

They the lively throng of gazers  
Threat to find his work—behold!  
From the broad and gilded border  
Hangs the little ticket, "Sold."

The modest painter smiles and trembles,  
Feels a moisture dim his eye;  
"Who," he asks, "has been the buyer?"  
And they show him, passing by.

Noble-hearted Count Pourtales  
Greets him frankly, cordially;  
"Name the price you set upon it,  
It must be mine, what'er that be."

"Two thousand francs," the young man falters.  
"Francs ten thousand let it be."  
"I said but two." "But I for prizes  
Never bargain," answers he.

"Some day soon you will be famous,  
Mark my words;" a smile, a bow,  
Pointing a prophetic finger  
Where the crowds are gathered now.

Need we tell the old old story,  
Ever old, yet ever new?  
How they spent a joyful evening,  
How he won the maiden too.

How they tended the old father  
With all kindness that could be,  
How in time their blooming children,  
Prattled round the grandsire's knee.

## HOW THE BANK WAS WOUND UP.

No sooner was our bank fairly pronounced defunct,\* than the lawyers and accountants began to hold high festival over its body. Truly says the homely proverb, "What is one man's meat is another one's poison." What was utter ruin to many—a very serious loss to all the shareholders—was to the legal profession in the City a rich harvest. The gentleman appointed by the Court of Chancery to wind us up was an accountant; but he, of course, had his friends, in the shape of an eminent legal City firm, and—equally as a matter of course—he brought them in to help him as solicitors for finishing off the affairs of the bank. In these little transactions there is generally an understanding that "share and share alike" is to be the rule as to all "costs" which the lawyers can get out of the concern; so that what between his fees as official liquidator, and half the law charges that are earned by the solicitors, the accountant always hopes to make a nice little thing out of the job, and he is seldom doomed to be disappointed. No wonder that these windings-up are much sought after, or that when a joint-stock company is in trouble there are not wanting those who prompt the shareholders to resort to the Court of Chancery. The individual who gets named official liquidator may, in consequence, write himself down a richer man by at least two thousand pounds, and the legal firm that helps him will certainly be better off by more than half that amount before the work is over.

Who that has travelled in the East has not often seen high up in the air numerous vultures, or other birds of prey, hovering round and round in slow circles—moving on the wing, but never going far from the same spot—as if waiting for something which they know must happen ere long? When he sees this the traveller at once knows that somewhere in the near neighbourhood there is a sheep, goat, mule, horse, or other animal dying, and that the vultures are only biding their time until the creature be really dead to pounce down upon the carcase, and feed and quarrel over all of it that is worth eating. Times without number have I witnessed such a scene in other lands, and also in the city of London, our own dear overgrown Babylon. Only here the soon-to-be-defunct body was always a joint-stock company on its last legs, and the birds of prey hovering over it were the solicitors and accountants, waiting to feed upon its dead body. As with the vultures so with the legal advisers. It is the very fighting, which they join and promote amongst themselves, that causes the delay of final settlement, but that very delay

\* See How the Bank came to Grief, vol. xiii., page 102.



brings to the claws of the stronger vultures those tit-bits which, in the case of the dead animal, we should call fat flesh, but to which, in that of the dying company, we give the sweet name of "costs."

Those who have not been behind the scenes at the birth, during the life, and at the death of a joint-stock company, would imagine that nothing must be easier than to wind up a concern such as ours. They would, no doubt, fancy that all the official liquidator would have to do would be to collect such moneys as are due to the affair, pay all just debts as far as he could, and—if the funds in hand are not enough for that purpose—to cause, or enforce the payment of a certain contribution by the shareholders, under the "Limited Liability" Act, by which each individual is liable only for the amount and number of shares for which he has subscribed. This, however, is only in theory—the practice is very different.

We had altogether about two hundred shareholders. When I say that of these persons there was not one that had not offers of services from at least one, two, or more solicitors, the commotion which our coming to grief caused in the legal world may be imagined. And as many advisers, so many legal opinions were there. Some of these gentlemen held that the bank had never been properly constituted, that the shareholders were not only not liable for any further calls upon them, but that they had been cheated out of the money already paid; that the directors were a parcel of swindlers, having obtained money on false pretences, and that if all the deposits and calls that had been paid upon shares were not returned immediately to the shareholders, all the members of our late board would be indicted as criminals before the Lord Mayor, and subsequently be brought to the bar of the Old Bailey. My friend the dissenting minister from the Eastern Counties, who on a former occasion had shaken his fist in my face,\* seemed to have a very strong opinion on the subject. He had paid about five hundred pounds upon his shares and calls, and this money he demanded should be at once refunded him. Indeed, his legal adviser went so far as to write to one of the directors, that unless a cheque for the amount was sent by return of post, he, the said director, would be at once charged with criminal conduct before a police magistrate.

Threats like these of course did no good whatever to those who uttered them. If any director had been fool enough to pay one shilling to the shareholders, the whole of his fortune would have been absorbed like so many drops in the ocean. But the legal gentlemen gained in the quarrel, or at any rate they gained so far as to be paid by their clients for work done—for "costs"—even though the said clients derived no benefit whatever from their advice. But there were not many of our shareholders foolish enough

thus to run their heads against stone walls, although one and all tried upon various pleas to shake off responsibility, and be declared as not liable to any future payments. Thus, when letters were written to them all, telling them that they would have to pay up a certain amount on their respective shares, answers to most of these came, saying, in polite and legal language, that they, the writers, would see the official liquidator in purgatory first. Some declared that they had been induced to take the shares under false pretences; others, that the company was no company, never could have been legally a company, and that the directors were men the very reverse of honest. Day after day did communications like these reach the official liquidator. They were all written by the respective solicitors of the different shareholders, and not only cost money, but before each was indited, legal opinions, consultations, and other preparatory measures, had also to be paid for. Then came the replies from the solicitors for the winding-up, which had also to be paid for, as had opinions of counsel, serving of writs, fees for doing this, that, and the other, so that almost from the very commencement the labourers in the legal profession had a rich harvest, which they reaped with no little energy and activity.

In the bank, we who were of the staff of the company had now an idle time of it. We had nothing whatever to do, and we did that remarkably well. Four months' notice to quit the service had been served upon each of us; but notwithstanding our occupation was gone, we came almost every day to our old haunts, although we arrived in the morning and went away in the afternoon at such hours as suited our own convenience. We were not allowed to touch a book or write a letter for the winding-up of the bank; the official liquidator having put clerks of his own in charge of everything in the office. We read the Times, roasted chesnuts on the fire, had cozy hot luncheons, at our own expense, in the board-room, and altogether behaved ourselves as high-minded gentlemen under a temporary cloud ought to do. Now and then our dignified leisure was disturbed by some indignant shareholder, who came up from the country under the delusion that he had only to apply at the bank in order to have the whole of the money he had paid upon shares returned at once. These parties did not, however, get much satisfaction from us. In fact, they generally went away under a vague, but not ill founded, impression that they were being jested with, and returned to whence they had come more angry, if not wiser men than before. For some of these persons, however, it was impossible not to feel sorry. Many of them had been seduced into taking shares partly by the grand promises which our prospectus\* held out, but chiefly by the often reported success of numerous other companies of a like nature with ours. One poor lady—the widow of a clergyman—had been

\* See How the Bank came to Grief, vol. xiii., page 102.

\* See How we Floated the Bank, vol. xii., p. 493.



induced into taking shares, upon which she had paid five hundred pounds—the half of all she had in the world—and was now liable for at least five times that amount. She had thus utterly ruined herself, and with her were ruined four children under ten years of age. The money she had invested was the total savings of her late husband, the fruits of twenty-five years' self-denial. She had read in the papers of the large premiums which the shares in various banks and finance companies commanded, and she hoped by this—her first and last—speculation she would be able to add something—a few hundreds, at any rate—to her little store. She appeared quite stricken down by her misfortune, but was not alone in her troubles. An officer—a major—in the army had, by long service and great economy in India, scraped together enough to enable him to purchase his lieutenant-colonelcy. There being no immediate prospect of promotion, he had invested his hard-earned savings in our bank shares, thinking that whenever called upon to pay for his step he could at once sell them and realise his funds, perhaps with a considerable profit. He now found all his money swept away, just as he wanted it to pay for his rank. He had no other means, and not being able to purchase, was passed over by his junior, who thus obtained command of the regiment. The silent despair of this veteran was enough to make the heart of any save a promoter of companies bleed. It is true that, strictly speaking, men like him have no more right to speculate than a child has to play with razors; but he had seen the names of men he knew and respected—men who had themselves been deceived—amongst the directors, and, thinking the concern must be a sound one, he had invested his all; his past years of saving and his future professional rank were alike swept away at one blow. "I can never hope now to be a general officer," were the last words he said to me upon leaving the bank. Six months later—having previously sold out of the service—he died, as I was told, of what may be truly called a broken heart.

There were also several old servants—men and women—that had, with their savings of many years, bought our shares, and were now beggars. One case I remember particularly well. It was that of a couple considerably past middle life. The husband had been thirty years butler in a nobleman's family, the wife had been nearly as long housekeeper to an old lady who had just died, and left her a hundred pounds. The united savings of husband and wife amounted to about three hundred pounds, and with this they were going to take and partly stock a small inn, in a town where they could obtain credit for the rest of the money they wanted. In an evil moment they had seen the prospectus of "THE GRAND FINANCIAL" in the papers, and believing that they would be able to double their capital in a very few months, they purchased shares to the full amount of what money they had. They were now worth several hundred pounds less than nothing, for they were

liable for the full amount of the shares they had so foolishly taken.

But I could fill column upon column in describing all the misery caused by the break-up of our bank. For those who had taken shares as a speculation, and who had done so with their eyes open, no one could feel the least pity. Yet these were by far the most noisy and abusive. There were sharp individuals from Leeds, hard-headed calculators from Huddersfield, and men who would have sold their own fathers—if they could have done so at a premium—from Liverpool. These and many more used for a time to frequent daily the bank, and make all kinds of preposterous demands of instant payment of the money they had invested in shares. Of course I, as secretary, had to receive them; but they got very little satisfaction out of me, beyond the offer of a seat when they came in to the office, a few civil words whilst they remained, and a bow when they took their departure. Some few of these gentlemen, however, came so often, that I got quite intimate with them, and they used often to insist upon my leaving the office and showing them about London, even paying out of their own pockets for sundry steaks, chops, soups, and other luncheon refreshments, which we partook of together in various parts of the metropolis, to say nothing of hot brandy-and-water which these strong-headed north countrymen appeared able to drink in any quantity at any hour, and which seemed to affect their heads no more than so much lemonade or soda-water.

There was one shareholder who nearly brought down the whole fabric of the bank upon the heads of the unfortunate directors. When called upon to contribute his share, this individual denied his liability on the plea that, inasmuch as the prospectus of the bank set forth that one kind of business was to be done, and the articles of association permitted more extended operations being entered into, he—having applied for shares on the faith of the prospectus—ought not only to be declared free from future liability, but also to have the money he had paid returned to him. In short, he pleaded that he was not a shareholder, and was thus entitled not only to be taken off the list altogether, but to have his money returned to him.

As a matter of course, a decision like this—for the case was tried and decided in the shareholder's favour by one of the lower courts of law—took everybody aback. Nearly all the shareholders in the bank commenced instituting legal proceedings against the directors, and trying not only to get free from future liabilities, but also to have their past payments returned. The unfortunate directors were utterly agast. Most of them had been induced to take seats at the board from representations which were at variance with facts, and none, save two or three, none had reaped any benefit whatever from their connexion with the concern. Some of them were men of straw, and to try and



make them pay would have been but another means of forcing them into the Bankruptcy Court. Others had betaken themselves away to climates more congenial than England to the complaint of indebtedness. Of those worth any money but three or four remained, and had these given up all they were possessed of, it would have been but a mere drop in the ocean compared with the sum required to satisfy the body of shareholders. That they should contribute their due proportion on the shares they held towards a settlement of claims, was but fair, but that they should utterly ruin themselves for the faults of others, certainly appeared most unjust; the more so as it could do no one any good.

The directors were, however, not the only persons threatened with proceedings which would have ruined them for ever. Some of the more turbulent amongst the shareholders threatened the manager, secretary, cashier, and other officers, with criminal prosecutions on account of what they had done or left undone when the bank was in operation. Of course proceedings of the kind were in every way most absurd; still, no one likes to have his name figuring in a police report, and some of us—I for one—were prepared to start for the Continent at a moment's notice, for which purpose I kept a ready-packed carpet-bag under my desk for nearly a fortnight.

The anger of these parties very soon wore itself out. The decision respecting the non-liability of the shareholder, who said he had taken shares on the faith of the prospectus, was reversed upon appeal to the higher courts, and matters began to assume a quieter aspect in every way. Our greatest difficulty in winding-up the bank lay with the multitude of bad bills which had been discounted, and the difficulty of realising upon them even a tenth of what had been paid for them. Many of them were literally not worth the stamp on which they had been written, the drawer as well as acceptor having in several cases found their way to Basinghall-street. It was now that the utter rottenness of the business done by the bank came to light, as well as a view of what the concern might have been if managed with ordinary care and prudence. Of deposits, or drawing accounts, we had very few in hand when it was determined to wind us up, for, as I mentioned in a previous paper,\* all the accounts worth keeping had been gradually withdrawn, and of deposits on interest we never had many. This made matters all the more easy to settle, and, perhaps, prevented an immense amount of misery amongst some of our poorer customers. But the funds of the bank appeared somehow impossible to realise, so much so, that during the liquidation the salaries of the officers were greatly in arrears, and, in fact, it seemed almost impossible to obtain money on any account whatever. As the bills which had been discounted by the bank when the latter was in operation fell due,

they were returned upon us protested for non-payment, and this made more work for the solicitors of the winding-up. Our official liquidator had his hands full. He only appeared in the bank once a day, and then seemed to ease his mind by bullying every one that came within his reach. Nor was it to be wondered at if his temper was of the shortest. Winding-up a bank is a profitable, but by no means an easy or amusing undertaking. Every person to whom the concern owed money appeared to claim their dues, whilst all who owed it money shirked payment of it in every possible way. All this was good for the lawyers, but by no means so for those to whom the bank was indebted. As little or no money was received, none could be paid away. The small slip of grey-coloured paper signed by the secretary and two of the directors, which each officer in the bank had, when the establishment was of work, received on the last day of every month—and which had only to be presented at the counter to be turned into hard cash—was now a week, ten days, and even a fortnight in arrears, so much, that many of us began, in spite of ourselves, to get into debt, and county court summonses were not unfrequently served upon some of us in the bank itself. In short, there was seldom a more uncomfortable time passed by any set of employes than by us during the four or five months in which it was not known how a settlement of the bank's affairs would, or could, be brought about.

At last an order was obtained from Chancery relative to the proportion that each shareholder had to contribute towards liquidating the affairs of the concern. Our shares were each of fifty pounds value. On each of these ten pounds per share had already been paid, and it was now ordered that ten pounds more be paid on each share, in two instalments of five pounds each. To such persons as owned but a few shares, this contribution was by no means hard, nor could the terms of payment be complained of. But to many it came very difficult indeed to pay. There were several individuals who owned a hundred shares each, whilst one or two had five times that number. To pay down five hundred pounds, with the prospect of having to pay as much again in a few months' time, was by no means pleasant, and still less so was it to those who had to contribute larger sums. So much was this the case, that when the official liquidator began to make tender inquiries after some of our largest shareholders, he found that either the desire for change of air had induced them to go to France, or that urgent business had obliged them to go somewhere out of England, having previously, with a generosity most uncommon in these days, made over the bulk of their property to some near relative or dear friend. One gentleman to whom the liquidator applied for his contribution, had the impudence to reply, from Pisa, that "a chronic weakness of the chest" obliged him to be absent from England, and prevented him from remitting the amount demanded of him. In short, few or

\* See *How the Bank came to Grief*, vol. xiii., page 102.



none could, or would, pay their share of the liquidation, and those to whom the bank owed money began to look very blank indeed. Some paid up on the shares that stood in their names, but very many of those who did not leave England sought refuge in the Bankruptcy Court, and thus got rid of their liabilities. The bank, or rather the official liquidator of the concern, had to fight every inch of the ground before they could obtain anything at all from most of the shareholders, and even then had very often to end with a compromise, on the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread. It is not too much to say that for every five-pound note we recovered, the expenses incurred were not less than three pounds. As I have said before, it was rare times for the lawyers and accountants, but not for any one else, and the poorer of the creditors began to think that they would never see their money.

For some of these creditors the case was, indeed, a very hard one. Following a custom by no means uncommon amongst joint-stock companies of the present day, many of the tradesmen who had supplied the offices with furniture, stationery, or other goods, had consented to take the payment of their bills in shares. They had been accordingly allotted these shares, which now stood in their respective names in our books. When the crash came upon us, not only were these shares—like all the rest in the concern—utterly valueless, but the tradesmen that had taken them in payment had actually to contribute their quota towards making good the deficiencies of the bank; or, in other words, they not only were not paid for what they had provided for the bank, but had positively to pay money for having given the bank credit. The parties thus let in were by no means in a good temper at what had happened to them. For a tradesman to make a bad debt and lose his money is bad enough; but when to this injury is added the insult of having to pay money out of pocket in addition, it is not to be wondered at if those who were thus hurt felt keenly the annoyance. In fact, it was these tradesmen who had thought they had taken the best care of themselves that were the most injured. For some of these parties, in order to make more money out of the concern, had only accepted the payment being made in shares on condition of a long price being given for what they had supplied. These long prices, of course, were paid for in so many additional shares, and the greater number of shares any persons had standing in their names, they had all the more to pay. At first the tradesmen attempted to resist this, but they were very soon shown by the law courts that no matter how or for what they had received the shares, they were obliged to pay up their proportion upon each such share. Nor could the question have been decided otherwise. Although they had received these shares in payment of goods, they stood in our books as *bonâ fide* shareholders, and as such were obliged to pay up ten pounds per share, like the rest.

To such of the directors as had not run

away, or were not playing at hide and seek with their creditors, the case was a very hard one. It is true that each of them had been "qualified" for the board by receiving a number of shares gratis, but they had now each to pay ten pounds on every share, for which they had not received any benefit whatever. And what was still more annoying to these gentlemen, as well as to every officer or clerk connected with the concern, our bank had got so very bad a name in the City—nay, even worse than that, it had been so much laughed at—that any person connected with it found, if a director, the greatest possible difficulty in getting connected with any other public company, and if an employé, an impossibility of obtaining any situation in another office.

There were, however, certain laughable circumstances which came to light with our winding-up. Amongst the original promoters of the bank was a gentleman of whom I made no mention in the paper which treats of its foundation.\* This individual had in the first instance been promised three hundred shares, with ten pounds nominally paid up on each, if he performed certain services for the concern. What he had undertaken to do he did, and did well, claiming as his payment the three hundred shares, which, being worth three thousand pounds if sold at par, were wages worth working for. His co-promoters, however, tried their best to cheat him of what he had earned, and upon one pretext and another kept him out of the shares for a very long time. To obtain possession of them he moved heaven and earth, even going to no little expense in obtaining counsel's opinion respecting his claim, and in taking certain preliminary steps in the courts of law towards obtaining what was his undoubted right. At last—not a fortnight before the crash came—he frightened the other promoters into giving him his shares, which were duly transferred and registered in his name. He had hardly had time to get his scrip fairly in his possession, when the order to wind-up the bank was obtained, and his shares were not only utterly unsaleable, but he was called upon to pay up three thousand pounds upon them. Such are the glorious uncertainties of company promoting. This gentleman was by no means a rich man, and he had calculated upon selling these three hundred shares at a premium, and thus having a capital to commence business upon of better than three thousand pounds. Instead of this, he found himself three thousand pounds worse off than nothing. As a matter of course, he—like many other of our shareholders—had to go through the Bankruptcy Court in order to avoid legal proceedings being taken against him, and he thus cleared himself of his liabilities, but did not make much by the magnificent fee which he had earned by serving the promoters of the "Grand Financial."

Another gentleman, a captain in the army,

\* See *How we Floated the Bank*, vol. xii., page 493.



was one of our shareholders, and as such was asked to pay up on the twenty shares which stood in his name on our books. To the first, second, or third applications he made no reply, and at last the official liquidator, through the army agents of his regiment, wrote to have his pay attached for the money due upon his shares. The agents wrote back, that the gentleman, having lately sold out of the service, they had no power over his money, as he was no longer in the army, but sent an address where they believed a letter would reach him. To this address the official liquidator wrote, requesting payment of two hundred pounds, being ten pounds per share upon the twenty shares he held. In about a week the answer came back from Germany—a large official-looking, unpaid, heavy letter, for which some eight or nine shillings had to be paid at the bank. The contents were simply the parchment scrip certificates of the shares this gentleman held, with a laconic note, in which the writer begged that the bank would accept the shares as a present from him, and as a slight testimony of his esteem and regard for the establishment. "Sells" like this, although they formed the subject of many jokes amongst the employés, did not tend to put the official liquidator into good humour, and the life he led us for some time was what the Americans call "quite a caution."

I have mentioned that when the order for winding-up came, we had not many current accounts or deposits in the bank, but we had a few—some two or three dozen—and although none of the credit balances were large, they nearly all belonged to persons to whom the loss of even a few pounds was a very serious matter. One of these was a French tradesman, who, in an evil hour, had thought fit to open an account with forty pounds at our bank. The poor man evidently believed his respectability the greater by his being able to pay people to whom he owed money with cheques instead of in hard cash. As I afterwards learnt, his drafts were all small, and he generally paid in on the Monday or Tuesday about as much as he had drawn out on the Saturday, so that his balance remained always about the same. After the order to wind-up came from the court, of course nothing could be paid out of the bank, and amongst the first cheques sent away from the counter was one for ten pounds from this unfortunate foreigner. It had been presented through another bank, and consequently was not returned to the drawer for a couple of days. In due time he heard of it, and came at once to our offices to know why his cheque had not been honoured. It was a long time before we could make him understand the truth, but when he did so, he was frantic. He cursed us all as a set of swindlers, denounced England, all Englishmen, and more particularly all English banks and bankers, as des sacrés ques, and made comparisons by no means flattering to us between our establishment and that of a bank in Paris, apparently well known to himself. At last he subsided, and for nearly an hour kept entreating us, for the love of le bon

Dieu, to have pity upon him, upon his wife, upon his numerous small children, and upon his aged mother, and to pay him back his thousand francs—his forty pounds. After this he used to come every day and wait for two or three hours to see the manager, the directors, the liquidator—anybody. This went on for more than a fortnight, during which it was pitiable to see the hopeless despair to which—as it seemed to us—he was reduced. We afterwards found out that, although he put on an air of utter poverty, this individual was really well to do in the world, being worth at least a thousand pounds, which he had made at his trade of bootmaker during the last two years, so that, although he was no doubt to be pitied, he was by no means so badly off as many of those who had burnt their fingers by touching the shares of our bank.

He was, however, more to be pitied than a countrywoman of his, who for a long time kept us in perpetual terror by her daily visits. Some weeks before our bank had stopped, this lady—a fashionable West-end milliner—had received from a customer a cheque for ten pounds upon the "Grand Financial." Had she presented the cheque at once, or had she at once paid it into her own banker's, the draft would have been honoured. As it was, she kept it by her for a month or more, and then, just after the order to wind-up the concern had been obtained, she presented it herself for payment, when it was of course returned. In the mean time it would appear that her customer had left England, and could not be traced by her, so that she was "let in" for her ten pounds. Her rage was something wonderful to see. In vain we tried to explain to her that the person who had given her the cheque had kept an account at the bank, and that it was not the fault of that person—who, indeed, had lost a balance of sixty or seventy pounds by the bank being wound-up—but her own, that the cheque was dishonoured. But she either would, or could, understand nothing. Day after day she came and demanded the money from us, ending each violent harangue by asking whether we thought she came to the City for change of air, and entering into details about an expected increase to her family, which, however interesting to herself, was in no way so to us. I never saw, and hope never to see again, so violent a female. With what expectation she came again and again to the office, I never could learn, for she must have spent two or three pounds in cab hire. But, after a time, she, too, got tired, and left off tormenting us, much to the comfort of those who had to receive her daily visits.

In connexion with the winding-up of our bank, there was one thing pretty certain, that the shareholders lost very considerably by the transaction. Nor is it possible that it should ever be otherwise. The enormous expenses attending a winding-up order, very soon eat up anything that is left of a company's property, and the shareholders have in nine cases out of ten to pay for the pleasant legal game which



the solicitors and accountants carry on with so much profit to themselves, but with so little satisfaction to others. And yet, to avoid winding-up in Chancery is often impossible when a company once gets into difficulties, although the measure is most suicidal to the interests of all save the official liquidator and the various legal gentlemen employed in picking the flesh off the dead carcase. But there are in these windings-up wheels within wheels, which would take up a vast amount of room to explain. I have known a shareholder receive actual payment in hard cash from a solicitor, in order that the latter may present in the name of the former a petition for the winding-up of a company. If it does not succeed, the loss is small; if it does, the profit is immense. The solicitor is pretty certain to manage matters so that some friend of his shall be appointed official liquidator, who in his turn appoints the attorney to be solicitor for the winding-up. But, stranger still, I have positively known companies got up, board of directors formed, bankers, solicitors, auditors, secretary, manager, and what not appointed, with the sole view of an ultimate, and not very far off, winding-up in Chancery, when all who were interested in the affair would get their share of the plunder, and the unfortunate shareholders be—to use an Americanism—“left out in the cold.” We often hear people talk of “turf robberies,” but has not the noble art of plundering been practised of late years east as well as west of Temple Bar?

In due time the winding-up of our bank came to an end; but not before the oyster had been eaten by the lawyers, and nothing but the shells left for the shareholders. That many of the latter were much to be pitied there can be no doubt; but at the same time it was their collective folly as a body that deprived them of what little was left of their property. The offices which had looked so trim and neat when the bank first started a few months before, were let to other parties; the brass plate at our door was taken down; in the Post-office Directory for the new year the bank had not a place, and save in the recollection of those who lost money by the affair, the “Grand Financial and Credit Bank of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, Limited,” ceased to exist even in name.

### AN AREA SNEAK.

THE visit of meteoric apparitionness, when intruding into the private regions of superior life, is a fact which all right demeaning parties will inscrutably resent.—It shines its hour; but these immoderate efforts procure their own level; and I request you, sir, to aid it, which, when I mention what has passed, I have not a doubt you will condescend to do.

Sir, I don't set my face against the fine arts, having been in my time in valuable request among them. There is six prints, if there is one, entirely due to me;—because, having been

drawn in chalk as Cupid when I was a page—shall I ever overlook that horrible cold day?—Chance decreed that I should shoot up, within two years later: and what with that and whisks, I could be took again, without any indelicate piracy trenching on the interests of Cupid.—I am thought attractive, but what boots it, sir? We are human beings—and must prepare for our long home like anybody else.

And when photographicising began I did not derogate from the movement. Far from it. Willingness to gratify has always been uppermost in my principles—reciprocation being taken for granted. Sir, I have been photographed by a foreign gentleman as the Model Footman—my Lord's uniform giving scope. The lower limbs came out beautiful. And, sir, I was dressed up by Mr. Mackenzie, whom, you may know, is attached to a Theatre Royal, and he brought a friend, and they painted my face;—and they showed me in a glass which way of smiling, and they put cress on my head, and buttercreps, and the image was took according. The Genus of the Spring—you have heard of it?—is due to your obedient servant and generally admiring reader (but is not them Boffins a *leettle* low?),—the present and unfeigned Timothy.

Next, sir, I was photographed as a Roman Champion, a-leaning breathless over the front of a gold go-cart, borrowed for the occasion from the same Mr. Mackenzie (which his situation, sir, is on the property of the pantomimes),—and to lean breathless is not easy;—but as you are already acquainted, I am ever desirable to oblige. And Mr. Mackenzie's friend, I will justify him in saying, did behave handsome; because, as he said, taking the powder out of my hair when our family was in town, and curling it with tongues, and then making it all good again, when they had done me, did merit considerationness.—I mention these things, sir, not to be thought narrow, or inferior to discoveries equal to the Electrical Telegram. But to be photographed with the party and the proprietor coinciding, is one thing—to be caught and stuck up in a frame at an outer door, is another;—and I wish to elucidate what the facts is,—concerning me and Miss Mary.

It is respective of my cousin.—He could not proceed in the hosiery line—to which pursuit his budding years had been devoted—and so he tried play-acting; and when I saw his “King Lear,” cousin as I might be, Justice resumed her sway, and my money back I would have, the article was so inferior.—“Mings,” said I, “this is a erroneous path. Socks is a better one. Before you attempts King Lear, you should look like something yourself.” He is under five feet, and a cast in the right eye, and never would learn to hold himself up, such as one who takes a proper pride in himself, will do. But what is these little drawbacks, save to brighten genius? My attractions, sir, has never tended to make me presumptuous.

Well, sir, feeling unsettled, as a gentleman may say, and not wishful, after King Lear, to go back to the under-clothing business, Mings



thought he could set up a Photographious Emporium:—and, under limits, the plan was not a baseless dream; for my connexion could have been of unfeigned utility, had it been resorted to, without unpleasantness on the mutual sides. I named him in many of the families where we visit as a persevering young man, who would sift his way, and be moderate in point of expectancy. When a thunderbolt fell, as I am going to acquaint you;—being satisfied that you and me are one in point of privacy being priviousness, unless the opposite is agreed on, by way of centre of operations.

Mings, by way of overture, thought he could not do better than commencing among his own natural connexions;—and so one fine day, lo and behold down our area—steps I see him come;—and he set up his apparitions in Mr. Clover's pantry. Mr. Clover, sir, is our butler, but was apart with some of the family at Frum Court. In his absence, I promote unlimited discretion. So I shows Mings, as due to a cousin, one or two little things—having the keys of the plate chests—one was The Apollo in silver, which Miss Mary says is the very model of me—"but these," I said, with explicitude, "are shown to a private connexion, and not purposed for the inquiring gaze of the hollow-hearted world." "I hope," was my cousin's reply, "I know how to avide what is avidable." "Above all," I said to him, "that Tankard is sacred;" and I did not say it without suspicious reasons, that Tancred having a family ancestry which derives its pedigree from the origin of Queen Bloody Mary—though it was devolved from obscurity by the second Earl of our name, in a broker's shop at Lyons in France, among other productions acquired from needy families.—That Tancred has never been exhibited save beneath choice circumstances—as, for instance, when the Royal Duchess complimented us at lunch,—and "My lord," says she to my Lord, "that is a gem of plate." Well, sir, before I could cope with my cousin, or dissipate his preventions, the portraiture of that Tankard was effectuated. Once they gets under that hood—them practitioners—what can defeat such? Sir, our Tankord was as good as out of our house—and in his frame—and its privacies was requested, by way of secret view, by Artful Commissioners of Extraordinary Productions, in so many letters to my Lord—that my Lord, he had to enter into interrogations with Mr. Clover when they came back to town; for my Lord is aversely addicted to publication, and it may be for years, it may be for ever, of that Tankrod.

But, sir, this was only the initiative act of my cousin's illicit proceedings. Having come over our Tankard, though I did not dream of such cupidity, sir, next Mings he eyes me, and I says to him, "Mings, you are not, I hope, a-going to make a show, or a shop, of any of the parties, male, female, or neuter, within the circuit of my capacity."—"Timothy," replied my cousin, "how could I otherwise than scorn it? Only, you looks so lovely, I am incapable to resist:—and I never sees a Spanish patriot and imposter if you are not that being." And

he whips out my hankercher, and he knots it over my eyebrows, and he bids me remember the intruders of my country—and so I poseyed myself. I never see my hankercher again, for I was called up-stairs of a suddenty; and when I came down again I forgot to ask him for it, because he said he would come back to supper and photographise Miss Mary.

And, sir, he *did* come back to supper—because it is not a light meal that contents them artists. And I recollect the occasion peculiarly, Miss Mary (I beg leave to explain, the attendant of our eldest female scion)—left in the London house by an adverse destiny—and I, we were just a-trying, in the hall, that sweet new polka, which had been introduced at the Opera theator two evenings antecedent—and Mings, when he saw us unexpected, says Mings, "Hallo! this is sweet! This is high art!"—and his apparitions (with some lamplight, as I think must have been a humbug, but I am not sure, because I never demeaned myself to the lamp sphere) was out in the twinkling of a eye, and there we was, Miss Mary and me, in jocund, but truly correct, considering our respective attitudes. And three days later, sir, Miss Mary and me was in my cousin's frame, as elucidations of my Lord's unlucky Tankurd. Bacchus and Ariadne it was we were styled: and Miss Mary was displeased with the Bacchus, and I was equally the same with Ariadne: because modern friends in their garments is one imputation, and Pagan Divinities is another.

Well, sir, when the family comes up to town the first day, all passed off, and we was as comfortable as usual, save for Mr. Clover's gout, which *do* make him suspiciations. And I had not the very remotest intention of my cousin's photogratatories redounding in our sphere, not being aware of the frame.—But, as I said, the Artful Commissioners of Extraordinary Plate Curiosities summoned my Lord so soon as he come up, with a view to a loan for the public good: since, it was asked, wherefore should a Tankred like ours

Waste its sweetness on the desert air?

Now, my Lord has no objection to showing obligations, but he do not like to be captivated by force; and so, having ascertained the communications by which the Tankerd had been elicited into publication, he took his measures according. And these were them:

He rings. It is not my deportment to answer his Lordship's bell, and the adequate person went up. But, coming down,—"Timothy," says the party (whom I will die rather than first betray, having suffered ever so deeply by my cousin), "my Lord is in a blazing passion, and will see you on the spot."

Now, my Lord,—as fashionable London is aware—has his tempers: and threw his boots that very identical night at Mr. Mattocks (the valet as passed from ours into a noble Russian service). Not that I wish to throw the boots by way of retaliation against my Lord. Respective circumstances being what they will—re-



sentiment can only cling to them as grovel. Forgiveness and tact stand confessed.

I was carpeted;—and my Lord, with his glass in his eye, and a heap of letters before him, and opening first one, and then a second, and fourthly, a third, with his eyes stupefied on some of the documents, and so up to sixteen. "Timothy," says my Lord, "to whom has the Tankard of other days been exposed?" And then he acquainted me, that having been led by the instigator of that *soirée* (actuated by the contents of the frame) to the photographicist, my cousin, my Lord had questioned him, and not merely derived *that*, but also antecedent particulars regarding my person, including the last *pas dy do* (a foreign friend of mine who presides above banquets authenticates this diction) betwixt me and Mistress Mary.

We are thereof, both the latter young person and myself, discharged till more propitious epochs may beam.—If so, you may hear again from a party that warns you against his cousin the Photographicator. Meanwhile, the houses his apparatus has brought dissatisfaction into passes number. What with taking the Countess of Crossdown's dormitory chamber, with its pink Bohemian glass suit and service (and that was shown in his frame, too)—what with Sir Archibald Dane in his conservatoire, overlooking aloes in tubs in his dressing-gown, the same also surreptitiously derived by the connivance of Mr. Potter, the gardener—there is not a family in our connexion in which the servants, I may say, do not sit with their hair standing on end, and expecting with every ring at the bell the outbreak of a pealing tornado earthquake, which may tend to dissipate the air, it is true—but the first fruits of which is dismission.

### TALK.

ACCORDING to Saint-Evremond, "conversation is the bond of society. By its agency, the commerce of civil life is maintained; minds communicate their thoughts; hearts express their impulses; friendships are inaugurated and continued." Conversation might be defined as the interchange of ideas between two or more persons, by means of talking one with the other.

Talking is an eminently social act. It is the presence of our fellow men and women which mainly induces us to talk. A monologue, a soliloquy, is merely a literary contrivance for expressing a current of thought through the medium of spoken words. Alexander Selkirk might have written, but he hardly recited aloud, the verses beginning "I am monarch of all I survey." A speech is not conversation, any more than a book is conversation. It is an audible exposition, a statement made aloud to the public, a communication of the speaker's notions to the world; and that is all. To constitute conversation, there must be reciprocity. A sermon is still less a conversation than a speech, because the preacher has it *all* his own

way. After the peroration, no opposing counsel is allowed to rise and reply to his arguments.

Talking to one's self is either an ejaculatory outbreak of strong emotion which would be marked in print by a note of admiration; it is either the part of speech called an interjection, expanded into one or more sentences; or else it is the act of a weak and wandering mind, forgetful, perhaps unconscious, that it is alone, as happens in cases of delirium; when the speaker, fancying himself carried away to other scenes and circumstances, holds audible converse with imaginary companions and associates. But even in this case—so painful to witness—the idea that he is in society of some sort or other, is the motive of the patient's talk. It is probable that he would not talk at all, if he fancied himself utterly and absolutely alone.

Talking to one's self may also be the result of what has been called the dualism of the mind. There are moments when we are conscious of having two selves, as it were; just as there are times when our bodily eyes see double: one self addresses itself to the other self, remonstrates with it, reasons, argues, or concedes with it. St. Paul eloquently describes this psychical condition in the passage where he laments "that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do." There is going on within us a sort of "choice of Hercules." This, then, is a true conversation, and continues to be so, until the two intellectual halves of our nature converge and combine, like the double picture in a stereoscope, into one. Our soul then becomes a unity, and we no longer talk to ourselves, but either remain silent, or address our observations to others. Also, this phenomenon occurs only under circumstances of great mental agitation, internal struggle, or passion excitement.

To talk well, and to write well, are quite distinct accomplishments, although they are sometimes found united to a high degree in the same individual. Often, however, it is quite otherwise. Poor Goldsmith occurs as a familiar example. The observations he let fall in company with his literary colleagues were so notoriously flat and pointless as to provoke the remark that he "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Other great talkers, famous wits, have written so little, that their reputation rests on bon-mots and anecdotes recorded by others. But even when a great talker is also a great writer, it is rarely through his own "Remains" that we appreciate his conversational abilities. We owe that privilege to the bands of camp-followers who pick clean the bones of deceased celebrities. Johnson's reputation, in this respect, owes more to Boswell than it did to himself. The unreported talker shares the fate of the singer; after his departure from the scene, his fame remains a matter of faith and tradition which people believe in because their fathers have told them so, but the proof of which is for ever silenced.

Some very respectable talkers cannot write anything beyond an inventory or a short letter.



A day or two after a terrible storm, now five or six years ago, I visited a Channel seaport in company with a friend. A wreck had been found out at sea, without a surviving soul on board. It had been bound, from London, for Australia. Towed into harbour, the stores left remaining in it had been taken out for sale and ranged in heterogeneous groups along the quay. Each group was the nucleus of an unwritten romance, amongst whose personages each class of passenger was represented. It was the most touching elegy I have ever seen on the vanity of human wishes, the nullity of human projects. It made you ask yourself whether, in this brief life, it is possible to reckon upon anything. Here lay all that was left of people who, a few hours ago, were in all the plenitude of life and hope. The other day, they were laughing, scheming, quarrelling even just a little, perhaps—doing anything but dream of an imminent death; and to-day they have disappeared so completely as not even to leave a grave to continue the memory of their names. "Man proposes, God disposes," I said to myself, in awe and pity.

Amongst other things, were two large photographs on paper, beautifully executed and scarcely injured, of a new-married couple, all radiant and joyous. The gentleman was the proprietor of a fine estate, who had come to England to fetch his bride and conduct her to his home at the antipodes. And then there was an elegant cottage piano, which was to charm their evenings, and recal the melodies of Auld Lang Syne. Its cover had been wrenched off by the waves; its keys were swollen and clogged by the sands; and dirty little children twanged its rusting strings, wondering at what they had never seen before, the interior of a pianoforte. Other ornaments of social life were scattered about, smashed and useless. And then the crew had their little luxuries, their schemes for decorating a colonial dwelling. Framed prints, portraits, gaudy bright crockery, not for use but only for show; with half-demolished sets of willow-pattern services, which *might*, perhaps, be used on Sundays, or at least twice or thrice a year.

The flour-barrels begun by those who were never to empty them; the medicines, reserved for those whose last mortal agony was over; the preserved meats, fruits, and vegetables, kept back to vary the diet of people whose state was now invariably fixed for all eternity; that well-hooped cask of extra-strong ale, brewed to stand the voyage it was never to accomplish, and which had perfectly resisted the beating of the storm; that equally well fortified puncheon of above-proof rum, which had offered an equally gallant resistance; each suggested their moral and told their tale. A hospitable neighbour of mine bought at the sale that ale and that rum; and I can never taste a glass of the magnificent stingo, nor smell the perfume of the rum steaming from a punch or a grog, without having the whole scene—the gusty day, and the ownerless chattels—brightly revived on the retina of my memory.

My companion was so deeply impressed, that he determined to make that wreck the subject of an article for publication in some magazine. He went home full of thought, mended his pens, filled his inkstand, and sat down to a pile of virgin paper. After sitting until he was tired, he rose without inditing a word. He was like the chieftain who, "with twice ten thousand men, Walked up a hill, and then came down again." He could have told the tale well; but it would not come in writing. He has made, I believe, no subsequent attempt to contribute to the periodicals; and has finally come to the painful conclusion, "I can talk, but I cannot write."

Certain departments, likewise, of the art of writing present their difficulties to certain minds. I have heard a gentleman of distinguished literary attainments—a brilliant talker, lately deceased—wonder how clergymen contrived to write sermons; how *anybody* could write a sermon!

A living scientific celebrity who has even written books, one of which has become world-famous, once expressed to me his inability to understand how a writer could go to a given place—say, for instance, to a botanic garden—with the intention of writing a paper on it. For there was no point to establish, no discovery to make, no theory to confirm or illustrate; nothing to argue about, to prove, or disprove. The locality of the garden was an undeniable topographical fact, of whose existence everybody was aware; and what was to be said, or written, about an indisputable fact? To such minds, essayists are enigmas, whilst poets must be incomprehensible puzzles.

Writing is no more like conversing, than a solitary game of cards, patience, to wit, or the fortune-teller's interpretation of the outspread pack, is like a well-contested rubber at whist. In conversing, you have to give and take; to deal regularly round to all the players; to follow suit, or, if you cannot, to trump with a well-bred pleasantry or joke. You may play up to your partner's hand, if you have a partner, or establish a see-saw: when a game reaches its natural conclusion, you begin a new one.

In writing, you can remodel, erase, and retouch, until the result pleases your mind. The reader little knows the difference between many a first rough draft, and the printed page which he skims so pleasantly. Byron coarsely propounds the truth, when he states that "your easy (i.e. careless) writing is d— hard reading." But poetry naturally requires careful correction. Some writers may be compared to workers in mosaic. They collect a heap of glittering fragments; they arrange them in groups, according to their various colours, shades, and hues; and then they work them up together into a brilliant and striking picture. The artist's skill must be sufficient to conceal the art by which it is done. Some at least of Southey's prose was highly polished, well combined mosaic. The notes to Moore's *Lalla Rookh* give the matrix whence he extracted much of his jewellery. Sometimes, after wading through a bulky volume, he



had found only a questionable gem, or perhaps an indifferent pebble.

Equally does many a writer wonder *how* good debating, which is talking on an heroic scale, is done at all. The readiness, the grasp of mind, the fast hold on a subject, the logical following up of their adversaries' arguments, and above all, the looking before they leap, their laying out the sentence which is to follow while uttering the sentence still unfinished, the avoidance of tautology, the impromptu construction of harmonious paragraphs, the happy phrases and allusions dashed off, by practised and eloquent orators, are indeed marvellous to listen to. They are as wonderful as the pearls and roses which fell, when she spake, from the princess's lips.

Not a few talkers in private circles imitate the mosaic-worker's plan of preparing a few good things beforehand, plums to insert in their otherwise plain pudding, were it only a conundrum or a pun. But the talker has much greater difficulty than the writer in inserting his selected flowers of speech. If thrust in too abruptly, or dragged in head and shoulders, the device is evident, and the result a failure. The public never likes to see the wires which are really the life of the puppet-show. Professional talkers, like professional conjurors, are often aided by a confederate, who introduces what they require into the right place, at exactly the right moment. The best cricketer in the world would show but sorry play without a bowler to send him the ball.

In social talk, it is quite allowable to get out of a delicate or untenable position by a good-humoured paradox or a jocular exaggeration.

The late M. Proudhon, whose ultra-radicalism was notorious, was one day dining at the table of a very exalted personage. Of course, there was plenty of lively chat; and by the time dessert was on the table, Proudhon had demolished *everything*. Politics, religion, ethics—all was in ruins. The host, considerably annoyed, observed, "But really, monsieur, you ought to do something besides criticising and finding fault. Tell us what form of government would please you." "Monseigneur," replied the author of the *Confessions d'un Révolutionnaire*, "you are aware of my social and political opinions. Well! I am longing for a state of things in which I should be guillotined as a retrograde conservative!"

Even without being driven up a corner, a joke, in familiar converse, may be none the worse for a little long-bow flavour. Many of Sydney Smith's pleasantries were of that description; as when he talked of Lord John Russell being equally ready, at a moment's warning, to cut off a leg or take the command of the Channel Fleet; when he spoke of cold missionary being served on New Zealand sideboards; and when he complained of people into whom you could thrust a joke only by a surgical operation.

As soon as talk is admitted to be an essential element of social intercourse, Politeness waves her sceptre over it, and commands it to conform to her rules and principles. Dissent,

and still more actual contradiction, should be expressed in the mildest possible terms. Our English vestry and public-meeting habits make us a little blunt at times. In decent French society, a discrepancy of views is always manifested with a certain courtesy both in manner and words: "Je vous demande pardon," "I beg your pardon," is the urbane substitute for "No; you are wrong." It is polite to suppose that other people *may* be in the right, even if you feel in duty bound to protest that you do not think them so.

In the drawing-room of a Florentine boarding-house, we were sociably seated round the fire. We had all been acquainted a month or six weeks; some of the inmates much longer. The hostess had announced an addition to our party, by the arrival, that day, of two American ladies, sisters, of distinguished family and certain age, who were to join us at dinner. The topics of the hour were being discussed—either the last grand-ducal ball; Mrs. G.'s success as Judith, in a tableau vivant with Holofernes; or the chance of meeting malaria and brigandage by posting, at that time of year, to Rome. The door opened, and two female figures, dressed alike in rustling black silk, entered without the slightest ceremony or salutation. Whether they had been listening at the door, or whether their apprehension was uncommonly keen, "I don't at all agree with you," the elder lady observed, addressing herself to the gentleman who was speaking.

"And I totally differ from you," sharply added the junior.

That was the letter of introduction which they presented for our united acceptance. We smiled, not very broadly nor openly, and instantly made room for them in our social circle. But, were the ladies *quite* polite?

Talk, to be interesting and amusing, need not be made unkind or libellous. Spiteful talk is very bad policy, setting aside its offensiveness, both to politeness and friendly feeling. Venomous tongues are hated even more than they are feared; and no one knows how susceptible his neighbour may be to undeserved and reckless sarcasms. Racine used to say that the most wretched criticism always gave him more pain than the greatest applause had caused him pleasure. If people *must* talk, and cannot keep silence, better than indulging in scandal is to take refuge in the sunshine and the rain. The latter, especially, is a great resource for those who are afraid to venture on more serious topics. There are two unfailing points of conversational meeting for the highest and the humblest intellects; namely, the neutral chatting-ground of the state of your health and the change in the weather.

Coarse, brutal, or self-sufficient talk sometimes has the effect of driving away social angels whom you fall in with unawares. When King Leopold, travelling incognito, recently made a short stay at Marseilles, he entered the Café Bodou, and sat down at a table close to two persons who were playing dominoes. He appeared to watch the game with interest, and



even made a slight movement of impatience whenever a wrong domino was played. The player observed the gesture, and said, "Perhaps you would not have played so?"

"No," said the king, "I should not."

Some minutes later, the king again manifested his disapproval; and the player then remarked, with some ill humour, "You think I have again played wrong?"

"Yes," replied his majesty. "I should have played the double-five."

The player felt annoyed, and, shrugging his shoulders, said, "You are a donkey!"

A moment after, the king rose, paid his reckoning, and withdrew.

During this scene, the domino-player had noticed that one of the waiters kept making signs to him, which he could not understand; and, after the king's departure, he asked for an explanation.

"I merely wanted to let you know," said the waiter, "that you were talking to the King of the Belgians."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the player; "then I am afraid I have not been over-polite." The waiter seemed fully to concur in the opinion.

Boastful national talk, bragging patriotic exclusiveness, contemptuous depreciation of foreigners, betray narrow views and limited experience. The French—Parisian men of business particularly—are fond of stories about travelling Englishmen, illustrating their stupidity, pride, spleen, and eccentricity: as when a child of Albion sends his valet to see a waterfall for him, because he is too tired to go and see it himself. One tale, considered capital, is told of an Englishman who went to Geneva to visit the lake. They put him into one of those snug old-fashioned vehicles a *char-à-côté*, in which you sit sideways as you do in an omnibus, only you have no window behind you. Now, it so happened that, on taking his seat in the car, the Englishman's back was turned to the lake, so that he drove completely round it without once beholding it. Which trifling circumstance, however, did not prevent his returning to London (all Englishmen live in London), enchanted with the Lake of Geneva. Lord and Lady Alcash, in *Fra Diavolo*, belong to the same category of personages. They are tolerated on the stage, as conventional caricatures; but are insupportable if patronised as legitimate *dramatis personæ* by private talkers.

Some men talk little, and will not be forced to talk more. Often, your lion, fed to perform, refuses to play a single conversational trick. Others are perfect fountains of talk; it rushes out in an incessant stream. When once the fire-plug of their utterance is drawn, everything around is inundated, and there is no possibility of stopping it. You may wait for ever, "*dum defluat amnis*," while the river is emptying itself. Such talk is necessarily desultory, touching upon all things, and something else besides. There are hosts who consider a supply of it useful; it has at least the advantage of allowing you to ponder your own private concerns.

In England, this variety of talker is mostly a

male; but Paris abounds with female specimens. Of one, who has been photographed in print, Madame de S., the photographer says that the inside of her head is as muddled as the outside is smooth. "A woman in gracefulness, a man in acquired information, a Parisienne in heedlessness and confusion of ideas, giddy and serious, frivolous and grave, clever and absurd, restless, capricious, this person is a perfect summary of the chaos and convulsive starts of the French political, social, and literary world. She has long fits of silence; she listens. All at once, she explodes like a bombshell. Her conversation is then a soliloquy. Follow the thread of her discourse, if you can; for her ideas are shuffled and shaken in her head, like the cards in a pack, or the numbers in a *loto-bag*."

"Ah, here you are!" she says. "You are come to-night. Much obliged; but I don't want you. You may go home again. Your last article was good for nothing. No, no; remain where you are. What a piece of business, the Pope's Encyclical! Monstrous! I have not read it; but our philosopher says that it is more improbable than Jack and the Bean Stalk. German affairs are very entangled. Impossible to get a box at the *Gymnase* for another fortnight. They might as well have allowed the bishops to have their say. How do you like my dress? It was immensely admired yesterday at the Admiralty. At the *Hôtel Lambert* it is thought that the Poles may make a struggle in spring. *Mon Dieu*, how badly your *cravat* is tied! You are aware that the comte loses three hundred thousand francs by the stockbroker who ran away last Thursday. The duchess believes Spain is ripe for revolution. That poor fellow's death gave me a good fit of crying. He was an immense ass, nevertheless. Once upon a time, he wanted to marry me; I laughed so heartily that he left the house without his hat. He came to inquire for it, a twelvemonth afterwards. I had given it to my coachman. Do you travel this summer? I do not; have had enough of it. *Baden-Baden* is always the same. When shall we travel in balloons? Is *Nadar* really a man of genius? Here is my *carte de visite* which he took. How I am aged! Will you let me speak? I cannot get a word in. Politics are wearisome; everything is wearisome. I have half a mind to go into a convent. Do not suppose I am speaking seriously. I have been to five balls this week. The foreign minister's was a complete success. It seems the King of Portugal is very popular. I am glad to hear it; but it's all one to me. What a pity poor *Flandrin* is dead! I wanted him to paint my portrait. Will you take any tea? After all, it is not so easy to remain a widow as you fancy. I am very much courted. You don't believe it? Word of honour! It is hard to choose. I should have no objection to the baron. He is rich, and only forty. But he makes too much noise when he blows his nose; which is curious, as he is not fond of music. Do you know why *Edgar* left his wife? It is incomprehensible. They married only a couple of years ago, and adored each other. However, people cannot be



always adoring. What a lovely country Italy is! Perhaps, rather too many brigands. You have never been assassinated? The sensation must be far from pleasant. You are as silent as a parrot in the sulks. Ah, Poetry! daughter of heaven, exiled on earth, without coat, coals, or caudles. I should like to found a caravan-serai for all those travellers in the land of dreams. Poets should be lodged and boarded in it, with the monthly supply of a golden lyre and a pair of boots. Confess, now, that you consider me a wonder, and say, 'Here's a perfectly senseless woman!' No such thing; only I don't like to talk of the same thing three minutes together. What makes revolutions? Ennui. Lamartine says so. Come and dine on Tuesday; and try and be a little brighter than you are to-night. And now I have a secret to tell you. It is half-past ten o'clock. Good-by. If you see Madame Desfontaines, don't ask how her husband is. She takes no interest in his health, considering that he died a twelvemonth ago. Good night. Stop. I have one thing more to say to you. Prices have risen enormously; and it is a great misfortune to be plagued with servants."

Undoubtedly, Madame de S. can talk; but it is not so self-evident that she can reason.

While rendering all justice to French politeness in general, there is one item on the roll of good manners in which I hold we have the superiority; namely, the habit they indulge in of interlarding questions with their daily talk. Amongst our vulgar, the inquiry "How old are you?" is sometimes uncivilly responded to by "As old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth." Too inquisitive children are in like manner rebuked with, "If you ask no questions, you will hear no stories." Even kindly talk may be fuller of questions than is pleasant. We once had a king, George the Third, whose interrogating propensities laid him open to many a hard satirical hit. An irreverent rhymester, Peter Pindar by pseudonym, was incessantly holding up the royal questioner to public ridicule. At the visit to Wilton House, in the statue gallery, the monarch asked,

"Who's this? Who's that? Who's this fine fellow here?"

"Sesostris," bowing low, replied the Peer.

"Sir Sostris, hey! Sir Sostris? 'pon my word! Knight or a Baronet, my lord? One of my making?"

At the famous inspection of Whitbread's brewery,

his curious Majesty did stoop  
To count the nails on ev'ry hoop;  
And lo! no single thing came in his way,  
That, full of deep research, he did not say,  
"What's this? Hey, hey? What's that? What's  
this? What's that?"

Then boasting Whitbread serious did declare,  
To make the Majesty of England stare,  
That he had butts enough, he knew,  
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew:

On which, the King with wonder swiftly cried,

"What, if they reach to Kew then, side by side,  
What would they do? What, what? placed end  
to end?"

To whom, with knitted calculating brow,  
The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,  
Almost to Windsor that they would extend.

A French actress, whose youth and beauty appeared inexhaustible—on the boards—never would tell her age. Of course, the more she wouldn't tell it, the more curious people were to know it. A woman can't keep a secret! She kept *that*.

By good luck—as the multitude thought—she was summoned as a witness on a trial. The gossips rubbed their hands and chuckled. "Aha! we shall know it now. She *must* tell, or go to prison for contempt of court. She *won't* go to prison; she *will*, therefore, tell."

The court was crowded with open-eared listeners. In French courts of justice, the witness does not stand in a box to give evidence, but sits on a stool, in the middle of the floor of the court, in front of the president's desk, and with no barrier or separation between it and himself.

The lady was ushered in, raised her right hand to heaven, took the oath to speak the truth, and then seated herself on the witness-stool.

"Your name?" asked the president.

"Angélique Toudoursleucie."

"Your profession?"

"Artiste dramatique."

"Your age?"

You might have heard a pin drop, or the hair grow on the bystanders heads. Every eye was bent on the lady. She was driven into a corner at last!

Foolish Parisian public to think so! Angélique simply rose from her seat, walked straight up to the president's desk, and whispered the secret in his ear. He nodded, made the entry in his private notes, and smiling, continued the rest of his interrogatory as soon as she had resumed her place on the sellette.

The public retired with feelings of mingled disgust and admiration. The trial had lost all further interest; and the president was known to be a man of honour and gallantry, who would never let a pretty woman's cat escape from his presidential bag.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

[PRICE 2d.]

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

PROLOGUE. A.D. 1760.

JACOB TREFALDEN, merchant and alderman of London, lay dying in an upper chamber of his house in Basinghall-street, towards evening on the third day of April, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and sixty.

It was growing rapidly dusk. The great house was full of gloom, and silence, and the shadow of death. Two physicians occupied two easy-chairs before the fire in the sick man's chamber. They were both notabilities in their day. The one was Sir John Pringle, Physician Extraordinary to the King—a brave and skilful man who had smelt powder at Dettingen, and won the soldiers' hearts by his indomitable coolness under fire. The other was Doctor Joshua Ward, commonly called "Spot Ward" from his rubicund face; and immortalised by Hogarth in that bitter caricature called *The Company of Undertakers*.

These gentlemen did little in the way of conversation. When they spoke at all, it was in a whisper. Now and then, they compared their watches with the timepiece on the mantel-shelf. Now and then, they glanced towards the bed where, propped almost upright with pillows, an old man was sinking gradually out of life. There was something very ghastly in that old man's face, purple-hued, unconscious, and swathed in wet bandages. His eyes were closed. His lips were swollen. His breathing was slow and stertorous. He had been smitten down that day at noon by a stroke of apoplexy; was carried home from 'Change in a dying state; and had not spoken since. His housekeeper crouched by his bedside, silent and awestruck. His three sons and his lawyer waited in the drawing-room below. They all knew that he had not two more hours to live.

In the mean time the dusk thickened, and the evening stillness grew more and more oppressive. A chariot rumbled past from time to time, or a news-vendor trudged by, hawking the *London Gazette*, and proclaiming the sentence just passed on Lord George Sackville. Sometimes a neighbour's footboy came to the door with a civil inquiry; or a little knot of passengers

loitered on the opposite pavement, and glanced up, whisperingly, at the curtained windows. By-and-by, even these ceased to come and go. A few oil-lamps were lighted at intervals along the dingy thoroughfare, and the stars and the watchmen came out together.

"In the name of Heaven," said Captain Trefalden, "let us have lights!"—and rang the drawing-room bell.

Candles were brought, and the heavy damask curtains were drawn. Captain Trefalden took up the *Gazette*; Frederick Trefalden looked at himself in the glass, arranged the folds of his cravat, yawned, took snuff, and contemplated the symmetry of his legs; William Trefalden drew his chair to the table, and began abstractedly turning over the leaves of the last *Idler*. There were other papers and books on the table as well—among them a little volume called *Rasselas*, from the learned pen of Mr. Samuel Johnson (he was not yet LL.D.), and the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, written by that ingenious gentleman, the Reverend Laurence Sterne. Both works were already popular, though published only a few months before.

These three brothers were curiously alike, and curiously unlike. They all resembled their father; they were all fine men; and they were all good-looking. Old Jacob was a Cornish man, had been fair and stalwart in his youth, and stood five feet eleven without his shoes. Captain Trefalden was not so fair; Frederick Trefalden was not so tall; William Trefalden was neither so fair, nor so tall, nor so handsome; and yet they were all like him, and like each other.

Captain Jacob was the eldest. His father had intended him for his own business; but, somehow or another, the lad never took kindly to indigo. He preferred scarlet—especially scarlet turned up with buff—and he went into the army. Having led a roving, irregular youth; sown his wild oats in various congenial European soils; and fought gallantly at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Laffeldt, and Minden, he had now, at forty years of age, committed the unspeakable folly of marrying for neither rank nor money, but only for love. His father had threatened to disinherit Captain Trefalden for this misdeed, and, for five months past, had forbidden him the house. His brothers were even more indignant than their father—or had seemed to be so. In short, this was the first occasion on which the



worthy officer had set foot in Basinghall-street for many a long day; and all three gentlemen were naturally somewhat constrained and silent.

Frederick, the second son, was thirty-six; William, thirty. Frederick hated indigo almost as cordially as his brother Jacob; William had scarcely a thought that was not dyed in it. Frederick was an airy, idle, chocolate-drinking, snuff-taking, card-playing, ridotto-haunting man of pleasure. William was a cool, methodical, ambitious man of business. Neither of the three had ever cared much for the other two. It was not in the nature of things that much affection should exist between them. Their temperaments and pursuits were radically unlike. They had lost their mother while they were yet boys. They had never had a sister. The sweet womanly home-links had all been wanting to bind their hearts together.

And now the brothers were met under their father's roof, this memorable third evening in April; and in the dark chamber overhead, already beyond all help from human skill, that father lay dying. They were all thinking the same thoughts in the silence of their hearts, and in those thoughts there was neither prayer nor sadness. Poor old man! He was immensely rich—he was pitifully destitute. No one loved him; and he was worth Half a Million of Money.

Mr. Frederick Trefalden took out his watch, swore a fashionable oath, and declared that he was famishing.

"Have somewhat to eat, brother Fred," suggested the captain; and so rang the bell again, and ordered refreshments to be taken into the dining-room.

The two younger Trefaldens exchanged glances and a covert smile. Their elder brother was already assuming the master, it should seem! Well, well, Lawyer Beavington is there, and the will has yet to be read.

In the mean time Mr. Fred and the captain go down together; for the latter has ridden up from Hounslow, and will not object to join his brother in "a snack of cold meat and a bumper of claret." Mr. Will, like a sober citizen, has dined at two o'clock, and only desires that a dish of tea may be sent to him in the drawing-room.

If anything could be more dismal than that gloomy drawing-room, it was the still gloomier dining-room below. The walls were panelled with dark oak, richly carved. The chimney-piece was a ponderous cenotaph in black and yellow marble. The hangings were of mulberry-coloured damask. A portrait of the master of the house, painted forty years before by Sir James Thornhill, hung over the fireplace. Seen by the feeble glimmer of a couple of wax-lights, there was an air of sepulchral magnificence about the place which was infinitely depressing. The very viands might have reminded these gentlemen of funeral baked meats—above all, the great real pasty which lay in state in the middle of the board. They were both hungry, however, and it did nothing of the kind.

The captain took his place at the head of the table, and plunged his knife gallantly into the heart of the pasty.

"If thou hast as good a stomach, Fred, as myself," said he, growing cordial under the influence of the good things before him, "I'll warrant thee we'll sack this fortress handsomely!"

The fine gentleman shrugged his shoulders somewhat contemptuously.

"I detest such coarse dishes," said he. "I dined with Sir Harry Fanshawe yesterday at the Hummums. We had a ragoût of young chicks, not a week out of the shell, and some à la mode beef that would have taken thy breath away, brother Jacob."

"I'd as lieve eat of this pasty as of any ragoût in Christendom," said the captain.

"Mr. Horace Walpole and Mrs. Clive were at dinner all the time in the next room," continued the beau; "and the drollest part of the story is that Sir Harry and I adjourned in the evening to Vauxhall, and there, by Jove! found ourselves supping in the very next box to Mr. Horace and Mrs. Kitty again!"

"Help yourself to claret, Fred, and pass the bottle," said the captain, who, strange to say, saw no point in the story at all.

"Not bad wine," observed Mr. Fred, tasting his claret with the air of a connoisseur. "The old gentleman hath an excellent cellar."

"Ay, indeed," replied the captain, thoughtfully.

"But he never knew how to enjoy his money." "Never."

"To live in a place like this, for instance," said the beau, looking round the room: "Basinghall-street—faugh! And to keep such a cook; and never to have set up his chariot! 'Sdeath, sir, you and I will know better what to do with the guineas!"

"I should think so, brother Fred—I should think so," replied the captain, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "'Twas a dull life—poor old gentleman! Methinks you and I might have helped to make it gay."

"Curse me, if I know how!" ejaculated Mr. Fred.

"By sticking to the business—by living at home—by doing like young Will, yonder," replied the elder brother. "That boy hath been a better son than you or I, brother Fred."

Mr. Fred looked very grave indeed. "Will hath an old head on young shoulders," said he. "Harkee, Jacob, hast any notion how the old man hath bestowed his money?"

"No more than this glass of claret," replied the captain.

They were both silent. A footstep went by in the hall. They listened; they looked at each other; they filled their glasses again. The same thought was uppermost in the mind of each.

"The fairest thing, Fred," said the honest captain, "would be, if 'twere left to us, share and share alike."



"Share and share alike!" echoed Mr. Fred, with a sounding oath. "Nay; the old man was too proud of his fortune to do that, brother Jacob. My own notion of this matter is—Hush! Any one listening?"

Captain Trefalden rose, glanced into the hall, closed the door, and resumed his seat.

"Not a soul. Well?"

"Well, my own notion is, that we younger sons shall have a matter of sixty or eighty thousand a piece; while you, as the head of the family, will take the bulk."

"It may be, Fred," mused the captain, complacently.

"And that bulk," continued Mr. Fred, "will be some three hundred and forty thousand pounds."

"I shall have to ask thee, Fred, how to spend it," said the captain, smiling.

"Then thou shalt spend it like a prince. Thou shalt buy an estate in Kent, and a town-house in Soho; thou shalt have horses, chariots, lacqueys, liveries, wines, a pack of hounds, a box at the Italian Opera——"

"Of which I don't understand a word," interrupted the captain.

"A French cook, a private chaplain, a black footboy, a suite of diamonds for thy wife, and for thyself the prettiest mistress——"

"Hold, Fred," interposed the captain again. "None of the last, I beseech thee. My days of gallantry are over."

"But, my dear brother, no man of quality——"

"I'm not a man of quality," said the other. "I'm a simple soldier, and the son of a plain City merchant."

"Well, then, no man of parts and fortune——"

"The fortune's not mine yet, Fred," said the captain, dryly. "And as for my parts, why I think the less said of them the better. I'm no scholar, and that thou knowest as well as myself. Hark! some one taps. Come in."

The door opened, and a bronzed upright man, with something of a military bearing, came in. He held his hat and cane in his hand, and saluted the brothers courteously. It was Sir John Pringle.

"Gentlemen," he said, gravely, "I grieve to be the bearer of sad tidings."

The brothers rose in silence. Captain Trefalden changed colour.

"Is he—is my father dead?" he faltered.

The physician bent his head.

Captain Trefalden turned his face away. Frederick Trefalden took out his handkerchief, and ostentatiously wiped away a tear—which was not there.

"Dr. Ward is gone," said Sir John, after a brief pause. "He desired his respects and condolences. Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening."

"You will take a glass of claret, Sir John?" said Mr. Fred, pressing forward to the table. But almost before he could say the words, the physician had waved a civil negative, and was

gone. Mr. Fred shrugged his shoulders, filled the glass all the same, and emptied it.

"Zounds, brother," said he, "'tis of no use to be melancholy. Remember thou'rt now the head of the family. Let us go up-stairs, and read the will."

In the mean time, William Trefalden, like a methodical young man of business, had been up to his father's room to find his father's keys, and down to the counting-house to fetch his father's deed-box out from the iron safe. When Mr. Fred and the captain came into the room, they found Lawyer Beavington with his spectacles on, and the box before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, with calm importance, "be pleased to sit."

So the brothers drew their chairs to the table, and sat down; all silent; all somewhat agitated. The man of law unlocked the box.

It was full of papers, leases, transfers, debentures, agreements, bills of exchange, and so forth. These had all to be taken out, opened, and laid aside before the will turned up. That important document lay at the very bottom, like hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket.

"'Tis not a long will," observed Mr. Beavington, with a preparatory cough.

As he unfolded it, a slip of paper fell out.

"A memorandum, apparently, in your excellent father's own hand," said he, glancing through it. "Hm—ha—refers to the amount of his fortune. Have you, gentlemen, framed any ideas of the extent of the property?"

"'Twas thought my father owned half a million of money," replied Mr. Fred, eagerly.

"More than that," said the youngest son, with a shake of the head.

"You are right, sir. The memorandum runs thus: '*Upon a rough calculation, I believe I may estimate my present estate at about five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. (Dated) January the first, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and sixty. Jacob Trefalden.*' A goodly fortune, gentlemen—a goodly fortune!"

The three brothers drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds!" repeated the captain. "Prithee, Mr. Beavington, proceed to the will."

The lawyer folded up the memorandum very slowly, drew the candles nearer, wiped his spectacles, and began.

"IN the name of GOD, AMEN. I JACOB TREFALDEN born in the town of Redruth in the County of Cornwall and now a Citizen of London, Merchant (a Widower) being at present in good health of Body, and of sound and disposing Mind and Memory, for which I bless God, Do this eleventh day of January one thousand seven hundred and sixty make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following (that is to say) IMPRIMIS I DESIRE to be interred in my Family Vault by the side of my lately deceased wife and with as



little Pomp and ceremony as maybe. ITEM I give to such of my Executors hereinafter named as shall act under this my Will Five Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to or retained by them within six Calendar Months after my decease. I GIVE to my three sons Jacob, Frederick and William Five Thousand pounds Sterling each. I GIVE——”

“Stay! five thou—— please to read that again, Mr. Beavington,” interrupted Captain Trefalden.

“Five Thousand pounds Sterling each,” repeated the lawyer. “The amount is quite plain. But have patience, gentlemen. We are but at the preliminaries. This five thousand each hath, doubtless, some special purpose. The main business is to come.”

“Very possibly—very possibly, Mr. Beavington,” replied the Captain. “I am all attention.”

“ITEM I GIVE to my Cashier Edward Prescott Five Hundred pounds Sterling. I GIVE to my other clerks One Hundred pounds Sterling each. AND I GIVE to my Household Servants Two Hundred pounds Sterling to be divided among them in equal shares. All which last mentioned legacies I direct shall be paid within three Calendar Months next after my decease. I GIVE to the Minister for the time being of Redruth aforesaid and to the Minister for the time being of the Parish in which I shall happen to reside immediately previous to my decease One Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to them within One Calendar Month after that event shall happen and be by them forthwith distributed in such manner and proportion as they shall think proper among the poor Widows belonging to their Parishes respectively. ITEM, I do hereby direct and appoint that my Executors shall as soon as possible after my decease set apart out of my Property which consists entirely of Personal Estate, and is chiefly invested in the Government Stocks and Funds of this Kingdom, so much of my Funded property as shall be equal in value to the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling——”

“Ha! now for it!” exclaimed Mr. Fred, breathlessly.

“—the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling,” continued the lawyer, “which I give to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London for the time being and their successors for ever IN TRUST for the purposes hereinafter expressed and I desire that as to this Gift they shall be called “TREFALDEN’S TRUSTEES” and that the amount of my Funded Property so to be set apart shall immediately afterwards be transferred to them accordingly.”

The lawyer paused to clear his glasses. The brothers looked blankly in each other’s faces.

“Good God! Mr. Beavington,” gasped Captain Trefalden, “what does this mean?”

“On my word, sir, I have no more notion

than yourself,” replied the lawyer. “The will is none of my making.”

“Who drew it up?” asked Mr. Will, peremptorily.

“Not I, sir. Your father hath gone to some stranger for this business. But perchance when we know more——”

“Enough, sir, go on,” said Mr. Fred and Mr. Will together.

The lawyer continued:

“AND I hereby declare my Will to be that my said Trustees shall receive the annual Income of the said Trust Fund, and lay out and invest such Income in their names in the Purchase of Government Securities, and repeat such receipts and Investments from time to time in the nature of Compound Interest during the space of One Hundred years from the date of my decease, and that such accumulations shall continue and be increased until the same, with the original Trust Fund, shall amount to, and become in the aggregate, one entire clear principal sum of NINE MILLION POUNDS Sterling and upwards, AND I DESIRE that the same entire clear Principal Sum shall thenceforth be, or be considered as, divided into two equal parts, AND I GIVE One equal half part thereof unto the direct Heir Male of the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son, in total exclusion of the younger Branches of my Family and their descendants. AND as to the other equal half part of the said entire Principal Sum, I DIRECT my said Trustees to apply and dispose of the same in manner following (that is to say) IN the first place, in purchasing within the liberties of the City of London a plot of Freehold Ground of sufficient magnitude, and erecting thereon, under the superintendence of some eminent Architect, a Handsome and Substantial Building, with all suitable Offices, to be called “THE LONDON TREFALDEN BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.”

“AND in the next place, in affording pecuniary aid as well permanent as temporary to decayed Tradesmen, Mercantile Men, Ship Brokers, Stock Brokers, Poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical Professions, and the Widows and Orphans of each of those Classes respectively, and, if thought fit, to advance Loans without Interest to honest but unfortunate Bankrupts. With full power to receive into the Institution a limited number of poor and deserving Persons being Widows and Orphans of Citizens of London, and to maintain, clothe, and educate them so long as the Trustees shall think proper.

“AND in order that such Institution may be properly established and may be managed and supported in a satisfactory manner, I request my said Trustees to prepare a scheme for the permanent Establishment and support thereof, and to submit the same to the Master of the Rolls for his approval. PROVIDED ALWAYS that in case there shall be no such Male Heir in the direct line from the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son, then I direct my said Trustees to apply the first-



mentioned half of the said entire principal sum in founding lesser Institutions of a similar kind to the above in Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol and Birmingham for the Benefit of the several classes of persons above enumerated and all which Institutions it is my Will shall be governed by the same Laws and Regulations as the original Institution or as near thereto as circumstance will permit. ITEM I GIVE all the rest and residue of my Funded Property Ready Money and Securities for Money Merchandise Debts Pictures Plate Furniture and all other my Property not otherwise disposed of by this my Will (but subject to the payment of my Debts Legacies Funerals and Testamentary expenses) UNTO my said three Sons in equal shares and in case any dispute shall arise between them as to the division thereof the matter shall be referred to my Executors whose decision shall be final. LASTLY I APPOINT my friends Richard Morton, Erasmus Brooke, Daniel Shuttleworth, and Arthur Mackenzie all of London, General Merchants, to be the Executors of this my Will. IN WITNESS whereof I the said Jacob Trefalden have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

“JACOB TREFALDEN.

“Signed sealed published and declared by the above named Jacob Trefalden as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request and in his presence have subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereunto.

“Signed “NATHANIEL MURRAY.  
“ALEXANDER LLOYD.”

Mr. Beavington laid down the will, and took off his glasses. The brothers sat staring at him, like men of stone. William Trefalden was the first to speak.

“I shall dispute this will,” he said, looking very pale, but speaking in a firm, low tone. “It is illegal.”

“It is a d——d, unnatural, infamous swindle,” stammered Mr. Fred, starting from his seat, and shaking his clenched fist at the open document. “If I had known what a cursed old fool——”

“Hush, sir, hush, I entreat,” interposed the lawyer. “Let us respect the dead.”

“Zounds! Mr. Beavington, we’ll respect the dead,” said Captain Trefalden, bringing his hand down heavily upon the table; “but I’ll be hanged if we’ll respect the deed! If it costs me every penny of the paltry five thousand, I’ll fight this matter out, and have justice.”

“Patience, brother Jacob—patience, brother Fred,” said the youngest Trefalden. “I tell you both, the will is illegal.”

“How so, sir?” asked the lawyer, briskly.

“By the Mortmain Act passed but a few years since——”

“In seventeen hundred and thirty-six, statute nine of his present Majesty King George the Second,” interposed Mr. Beavington.

“—which permits no land, nor money for the

purchase of land, to be given in trust for the benefit of any charitable uses whatever.”

The lawyer nodded approvingly.

“Very true, very true—very well remembered, Mr. Will,” he said, rubbing his hands; “but you forget one thing.”

“What do I forget?”

“That ‘a citizen of London may, by the custom of London, devise Land situate in London in Mortmain; but he cannot devise Land out of the city in Mortmain,’ and for that quotation I can give you chapter and verse, Mr. Will.”

Mr. Will put his hand to his head with a smothered groan.

“Then, by Heavens!” said he, tremulously, “’tis all over.”

It was all over, indeed. Mr. Fred had spoken truly of the pride which Jacob Trefalden took in his fortune. Great as it was, he resolved to build it yet higher, and sink its foundations yet more broadly and deeply. To leave a colossal inheritance to an unborn heir, and to found a charity which should perpetuate his name through all time, were the two projects nearest and dearest to that old man’s heart. He had brooded over them, matured them, exulted in them secretly, for many a past year. The marriage of Captain Trefalden in November, 1759, only hastened matters, and legalised a foregone conclusion. Well was it for Jacob Trefalden’s sons that his fortune amounted to that odd twenty-five thousand pounds. The Half Million had slipped through their fingers, and was lost to them for ever.

#### CHAPTER I. THE PASSING OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

WHEN the princess in the fairy tale went to sleep for a hundred years, everything else in that enchanted palace went to sleep at the same time. The natural course of things was suspended. Not a hair whitened on any head within those walls. Not a spider spun its web over the pictures; not a worm found its way to the books. The very Burgundy in the cellar grew none the riper for the century that it had lain there. Nothing decayed, in short, and nothing improved. Very different was it with this progressive England of ours during the hundred years that went by between the spring-time of 1760 and that of 1860, one hundred years after. None went to sleep in it. Nothing stood still. All was life, ferment, endeavour. That endeavour, it is true, may not always have been best directed. Some cobwebs were spun; some worms were at work; some mistakes were committed; but, at all events, there was no stagnation. En revanche, if, when we remember some of those errors, we cannot help a blush, our hearts beat when we think of the works of love and charity, the triumphs of science, the heroes and victories which that century brought forth. We lost America, it is true; but we won Gibraltar, and we colonised Australia. We fought the French on almost every sea and shore upon the map, except, thank God! our



own. We abolished slavery in our colonies. We established the liberty of the press. We lit our great city from end to end with a light only second to that of day. We originated a system of coaching at twelve miles the hour, which was unrivalled in Europe; and we superseded it by casting a network of iron roads all over the face of the country, along which the traveller has been known to fly at the rate of a mile a minute. Truly a marvellous century! perhaps the most marvellous which the world has ever known, since that from which all our years are dated!

And during the whole of this time, the Trefalden legacy was fattening at interest, assuming overgrown proportions, doubling, trebling, quadrupling itself over and over and over again.

Not so the Trefalden family. They had increased and multiplied but scantily, according to the average of human kind; and had had but little opportunity of fattening, in so far as that term may be applied to the riches of the earth. One branch of it had become extinct. Of the other two branches only three representatives remained. We must pause to consider how these things came to pass, but only for a few moments; for of all the trees that have ever been cultivated by man, the genealogical tree is the driest. It is one, we may be sure, that had no place in the garden of Eden. Its root is in the grave; its produce mere Dead Sea fruit—apples of dust and ashes.

The extinct branch of the Trefaldens was that which began and ended in Mr. Fred. That ornament to society met his death in a tavern row about eighteen months after the reading of the will. He had in the mean while spent the whole of his five thousand pounds, ruined his tailor, and brought an honest eating-house keeper to the verge of bankruptcy. He also died in debt to the amount of seven thousand pounds; so that, as Mr. Horace Walpole was heard to say, he went out of the world with credit.

William, the youngest of the brothers, after a cautious examination of his prospects from every point of view, decided to carry on, at least, a part of the business. To this end, he entered into partnership with his late father's managing clerk, an invaluable person, who had been in old Jacob's confidence for more than thirty years, and, now that his employer was dead, was thought to know more about indigo than any other man in London. He had also a snug sum in the Funds, and an only daughter, who kept house for him at Islington. When Mr. Will had ascertained the precise value of this young lady's attractions, he proposed a second partnership, was accepted, and married her. The fruit of this marriage was a son named Charles, born in 1770, who became in time his father's partner and successor, and in whose hands the old Trefalden house flourished bravely. This Charles, marrying late in life, took to wife the second daughter of a rich East India Director, with twelve thousand pounds for her fortune.

She brought him four sons, the eldest of whom, Edward, born in 1815, was destined to indigo from his cradle. The second and third died in childhood, and the youngest, named William, after his grandfather, was born in 1822, and educated for the law.

The father of these young men died suddenly in 1844, just as old Jacob Trefalden had died more than eighty years before. He was succeeded in Basinghall-street by his eldest son. The new principal was, however, a stout, apathetic bachelor of self-indulgent habits, languid circulation, and indolent physique—a mere *Roi Fainéant*; without a Martel to guide him. He reigned only six years, and died of a flow of turtle soup to the head, in 1850, leaving his affairs hopelessly involved, and his books a mere collection of Sybilline leaves which no accountant in London was Augur enough to decipher. With him expired the mercantile house of Trefalden; and his brother, the lawyer, now became the only remaining representative of the youngest branch of the family.

For the elder branch we must go back again to 1760.

Honest Captain Jacob, upon whom had now devolved the responsibility of perpetuating the Trefalden name, took his five thousand pounds with a sigh; wisely relinquished all thought of disputing the will; sold his commission; emigrated to a remote corner of Switzerland; bought land, and herds, and a quaint little mediæval château surmounted by a whole forest of turrets, gable-ends, and fantastic weather-cocks; and embraced the patriarchal life of his adopted country. Switzerland was at that time the most peaceful, the best governed, and the least expensive spot in Europe. Captain Jacob, with his five thousand pounds, was a *millionnaire* in the Canton Grisons. He was entitled to a seat in the Diet, if he chose to take it; and a vote, if he chose to utter it; and he interchanged solemn half-yearly civilities with the stiffest old republican aristocrats in Chur and Thusis. But it was not for these advantages that he valued his position in that primitive place. He loved ease, and liberty, and the open air. He loved the simple, pastoral, homely life of the people. He loved to be rich enough to help his poorer neighbours—to be able to give the pastor a new cassock, or the church a new font, or the young riflemen of the district a silver watch to shoot for, when the annual Schützen Fest came round. He could not have done all this in England, heavily taxed and burthened as England then was, upon two hundred and fifty pounds a year. So the good soldier framed his commission, hung up his sword to rust over the dining-room chimney-piece, and planted and drained, sowed and reaped, shot an occasional chamois, and settled down for life as a Swiss country gentleman. Living thus, with the wife of his choice, and enjoying the society of a few kindly neighbours, he became the happy father of a son and two daughters, between whom, at his death, he



divided his little fortune, share and share alike, according to his own simple notions of justice and love. The daughters married and settled far away, the one in Italy, the other on the borders of Germany. The son, who was called Henry, and born in 1762, inherited his third of the patrimony, became a farmer, and married at twenty years of age. He was necessarily a much poorer man than his father. Two-thirds of the best land had been sold to pay off his sisters' shares in the property; but he kept the old château (though he dwelt in only a corner of it), and was none the less respected by his neighbours. Here he lived frugally and industriously, often driving his own plough, and branding his own sheep; and here he brought up his two sons, Saxon and Martin, the first of whom was born in 1783, and the second in 1786. They were all the family he reared. Other children were born to him from time to time, and played about his hearth, and gladdened the half-deserted little château with their baby laughter; but they all died in earliest infancy, and the violets grew thickly over their little graves in the churchyard on the hill.

Now Henry Trefalden knew right well that one of these boys, or a descendant of one of these boys, must inherit the great legacy by-and-by. He knew, too, that it was his duty to fit them for that gigantic trust as well as his poor means would allow, and he devoted himself to the task with a love and courage that never wearied. To make them honest, moderate, charitable, and self-denying; to teach them (theoretically) the true uses of wealth; to instruct them thoroughly in the history and laws of England; to bring them up, if possible, with English sympathies; to keep their English accent pure; to train them in the fear of God, the love of knowledge, and the desire of excellence—this was Henry Trefalden's lifelong task, and he fulfilled it nobly.

His boys throve alike in body and in mind. They were both fine fellows; brave, simple, and true. Neither of them would have told a lie to save his life. Saxon was fair, as a Saxon should be. Martin was dark-eyed and olive-skinned, like his mother. Saxon was the more active and athletic; Martin the more studious. As they grew older, Saxon became an expert mountaineer, rifle-shot, and chamois-hunter; Martin declared his wish to enter the Lutheran church. So the elder brother stayed at home, ploughing and planting, sowing and reaping, shooting and fishing, like his father and grandfather before him; and the younger trudged away one morning with his Alpenstock in his hand, and his wallet on his back, bound for Geneva.

Time went on. Henry Trefalden died; young Saxon became the head of the family; and Martin returned from the University to accept a curacy distant about eight miles from home. By-and-by, the good old priest, who had been the boys' schoolmaster long years before, also passed away; and Martin became pastor in his native place. The brothers now lived with their

mother in the dilapidated château, fulfilling each his little round of duties, and desiring nothing beyond them. They were very happy. That quiet valley was their world. Those Alps bounded all their desires. They knew there was a great legacy accumulating in England, which might fall to Saxon's share some day, if he lived long enough; but the time was so far distant, and the whole story seemed so dim and fabulous, that unless to laugh over it together in the evening, when they sat smoking their long pipes side by side under the trellised vines, the brothers never thought or spoke of the wealth which might yet be theirs. Thus more time went on, and old Madame Trefalden died, and the bachelor brothers were left alone in the little grey château. It was now 1830. In thirty more years the great legacy would fall due, and which of them might then be living to inherit it? Saxon was already a florid bald-headed mountaineer of forty-seven; Martin, a grey-haired priest of forty-four. What was to be done?

Sitting by their own warm hearth one bleak winter's evening, the two old bachelors took these questions into grave consideration. On the table between them lay a faded parchment copy of the alderman's last will and testament. It was once the property of worthy Captain Jacob, and had remained in the family ever since. They had brought this out to aid their deliberations, and had read it through carefully, from beginning to end—without, perhaps, being very much the wiser.

"It would surely go to thee, Martin, if I died first," said the elder brother.

"Thou'lt not die first," replied the younger, confidently. "Thou'rt as young, Sax, as thou wert twenty years ago."

"But in the course of nature——"

"In the course of nature the stronger stuff outlasts the weaker. See how much heartier you are than myself!"

Saxon Trefalden shook his head.

"That's not the question," said he. "The real point is, *would the money fall to thee?* I think it would. It says here, '*in total exclusion of the younger branches of my family and their descendants.*' Mark that—'the younger branches,' Martin. Thou'rt not a younger branch. Thou'rt of the elder branch."

"Ay, brother, but what runs before? Go back a line, and thou'lt see it says '*to the direct heir male of the eldest son of my eldest son.*' Now, thou'rt the eldest son of the eldest son, and I am not thy direct male heir. I am only thy younger brother."

"That's true," replied Saxon. "It seems to read both ways."

"All law matters seem to read both ways, Sax," said the priest; "and are intended to read both ways, 'tis my belief, for the confusion of the world. But why puzzle ourselves about the will at all? We can only understand the plain fact that thou art the direct heir, and that the fortune



must be thine, thirty years hence, if thou'rt alive to claim it."

Saxon shrugged his broad shoulders, and lit his pipe with a fragment of blazing pine-wood picked from the fire.

"Pish! at seventy-seven years of age, if I am alive!" he exclaimed. "Of what good would it be to me?"

Martin made no reply, and they were both silent for several minutes. Then the pastor stole a furtive glance at his brother, coughed, stared steadily at the fire, and said,

"There is but one course for it, Sax. Thou must marry."

"Marry!" echoed the stout farmer, all aghast. The pastor nodded.

"Marry? At my time of life? At forty-sev—No, thank you, brother. Not if I know it."

"Our poor father always desired it," said Martin.

Saxon took no notice.

"And it is in some sense thy duty to provide an heir to this fortune which——"

"The fortune be—I beg thy pardon, Martin; but what can it matter to thee or me what becomes of the fortune after we are both dead and gone? It would go to found charities, and do good somehow and somewhere. 'Twould be in better hands than mine, I'll engage."

"I am not so sure of that," replied the pastor. "Public charities do not always do as much good as private ones. Besides, I should like to think that a portion of that great sum might be devoted hereafter to the benefit of our poor brethren in Switzerland. I should like to think that by-and-by there might be a good road made between Tamins and Flims; and that the poor herdsmen at Altfelden might have a chapel of their own, instead of toiling hither eight long miles every Sabbath; and that a bridge might be built over the Hinter Rhine down by Ortenstein, where poor Rütli's children were drowned last winter when crossing by the ferry."

Saxon smoked on in silence.

"All this might be done, and more," added the pastor, "if thou wouldst marry, and bring up a son to inherit the fortune."

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer, looking very grim.

"Besides," said Martin, timidly, "we want a woman in the house."

"What for?" growled Saxon.

"To keep us tidy and civilised," replied the pastor. "Things were very different, Sax, when our dear mother was with us. The house does not look like the same place."

"There's old Lötsch," muttered Saxon. "He does as well as any woman. He cooks, makes bread——"

"Cooks?" remonstrated the younger brother.

"Why, the kid to-day was nearly raw, and the mutton yesterday was baked to a cinder."

The honest farmer stroked his beard, and

sighed. He could not contradict that stubborn statement. Martin saw his advantage, and followed it up.

"There is but one remedy," he said, "and that a plain one. As I told thee before, Sax, thou must marry. 'Tis thy duty."

"Whom can I marry?" faltered Saxon, dolefully.

"Well, I've thought of that, too," rejoined the pastor, in an encouraging tone. "There's the eldest daughter of our neighbour Clauss. She is a good, prudent, housewifely maiden, and would suit thee exactly."

The elder brother made a wry face.

"She's thirty-five, if she's an hour," said he, "and no beauty."

"Brother Saxon," replied the pastor, "I am ashamed of thee. What does a sensible man of seven-and-forty want of youth and beauty in a wife? Besides, Marie Clauss is only thirty-two. I made particular inquiry about her age this morning."

"Why not marry her yourself, Martin?" said the farmer. "I'm sure that would do quite as well."

"My dear Saxon, only look again at the will, and observe that it is the direct heir male of the eldest son of the eldest son——"

Saxon Trefalden pitched his pipe into the fire, and sprang to his feet with an exclamation that sounded very like an oath.

"Enough, brother, enough!" he interrupted. "Say no more—put the will away—I'll go down to the Berghthal to-morrow, and ask her."

And so Saxon Trefalden put on his Sunday coat the following morning, and went forth like a lamb to the sacrifice.

"Perhaps she'll refuse me," thought he, as he knocked at Farmer Clauss's door, and caught a glimpse of the fair Marie at an upper casement.

But that inexorable virgin did nothing of the kind.

She married him.

There were no ill-cooked dinners after that happy event had taken place. The old house became a marvel of cleanliness, and the bride proved herself a very Phœnix of prudence and housewifery. She reformed everything—including the hapless brothers themselves. She banished their pipes, condemned old Carlo to his kennel, made stringent by-laws on the subject of boots, changed the hour of every meal, and, in short, made them both miserable. Worst of all, she was childless. This was their bitterest disappointment. They had given up their pipes, their peace, and their liberty, for nothing. Poor Martin always looked very guilty if any allusion happened to be made to this subject.

Matters went on thus for seven years, and then, to the amazement of the village, and the delight of the brothers, Madame Marie made her husband the happy father of a fine boy. Such a glorious baby was never seen. He had fair hair and blue eyes, and his father's nose; and they



christened him Saxon; and the bells were rung; and the heir to the great fortune was born at last!

### RESPECTING THE SUN.

HOWEVER clear the sun may have been at noonday for ages past, his nature and constitution are not even yet altogether clear to us. What is he? How far off from us? Where does he come from? Whither is he going? are questions which still await a definite answer. The sun is a statement with a very broad margin.

His distance, which our school-books take for granted to be exactly ninety-five millions of miles, is open to a little correction of one million of miles, more or less. Our present means of measurement do not enable us to attain greater precision; but in eighteen hundred and seventy-four we shall have more accurate information. The transit of Venus across the sun's disk, which will take place in the course of that year, will afford an opportunity of confirming or correcting the figures that now tell us how far it is from our family mansion to the sun.

The sun is enormous. His volume is not quite one and a half million times that of the earth. His density, on the other hand, is comparatively inconsiderable, being not half as much again as that of water; whereas Venus, the Earth, and Mars, are from five to six times as dense as water. Saturn, the lightest of all the known planets, is only three-quarters as heavy as water. Consequently, were he to fall into an ocean like ours, he would float, rings and all, like an enormous ball of cork. The small weight of the sun, in proportion to his size, is a fact to be carefully noted. He revolves on his axis in twenty-five and a half of our days; that space of time, therefore, is the length of *his* day, if we can say that he has a day.

And where is he going to? The sun, with his whole family of planets and satellites, is said to be drifting, slowly but surely, in the direction of the constellation Hercules. About his pace, the learned differ. According to Argelander's observations, he travels twice as fast as the earth in her orbit. Other authorities give him less velocity, stating that while the earth spins along at the rate of nearly twenty miles per second, the sun pursues his travels through space at only five miles per second. Moreover, the constellation Hercules is a very vague port for us all to be bound to. We are anything but sure that itself is a fixture. Hercules may be coming to meet us, quite as rapidly as we are advancing to shake hands with him. It has been shrewdly asked, whether our sun is not a satellite sun, revolving round a central sun of whose existence we are not yet cognisant. Stellar astronomy offers numerous examples of stars performing their revolutions round other stars which serve as their centre of motion.

Where does he come from? and what is he? are two very closely connected questions. Re-

specting the second, we are assured of one thing—that it is the sun who gives life to all the worlds around him, and who resembles none of them; who, for the planets and the creatures which dwell on them, is the principle of motion, the source of warmth, the radiator of heat, perhaps even the grand reservoir of ambient electricity.

From the remotest antiquity, the sun has been considered a fire; but many have been the disputes to determine whether that fire is pure or gross, a self-sustaining fire, or one which needs aliment; a perpetual fire, or one which may go out. Anaxagoras regarded the sun as a burning stone or a red hot iron; and he was condemned to death by the clever Athenians (which sentence was commuted to exile by Pericles) for holding that the sun was as big as the Peloponnesus! Some moralists have supposed the sun-fire to be the place of torment for the wicked. Kircher made out the sun to be composed of the densest matter in the universe—we now know the contrary to be the truth—and that its mass formed an immense globe of molten metal. It was also taken to be melted gold in a constant state of ebullition. Huygens held the sun to consist of incandescent matter, but he felt uncertain whether that matter were solid or liquid. Newton believed the sun to be a solid opaque mass constantly emitting light and heat from the mouths of innumerable volcanoes. As a consequence, it might finally be exhausted and become extinct.

Wilson, Arago, and the Herschels held that the sun itself is not fire, but a black solid ball, enclosed in a photosphere or luminous atmosphere—several atmospheres, in fact, one within the other—exactly as the yolk of an egg is surrounded by the white, or the apple of a dumpling by the crust. Sir John Herschel has even peopled it with inhabitants, whose natural history will one day amuse our great-grandchildren.

Fontenelle had gravely stated the reasons why the sun has no inhabitants; which he regrets as a great pity. For, as he says, there is only one spot in the solar system where its study would be perfectly simple and easy; and just at that spot there is nobody living. All things considered, he adds, if the sun be inhabited, it can only be by blind people.

We might suppose that the solar salamanders, with their knowledge of the difference between frying-pans and fires, must be more than a match for the gentleman who used to retire into a heated oven during his sulky moments; but William Herschel insists on the probability of the sun's nucleus enjoying quite a temperate climate, in spite of the incandescence of the upper atmosphere. Its inhabitants would be protected from the insufferable light and heat by the dense interior stratum of clouds, which is endowed with very considerable reflective power. The phenomenon of life might be manifested there, as it is on the surface of our globe; although, in all likelihood, it is admitted, under very different forms and conditions.

For this agreeable and benevolent theory,



the spots on the sun are answerable. They were first seen by the Jesuit Scheiner in 1611, who showed them to his confidential pupils, but dared not make his discovery public. Having fully satisfied himself of their existence, he consulted the Provincial of his Order, who thus expressed his incredulity: "I have several times read my Aristotle from beginning to end, and I can assure you he mentions nothing of the kind. Go, my son, and make your mind easy. You may be certain that what you take for spots on the sun are only defects in your glasses or your eyes."

The first fruits of the discovery of the spots was the determination of the sun's period of revolution on his axis. Scheiner's observation having been confirmed by Galileo, he at length plucked up sufficient courage to announce it to the world in a book entitled *Rosa Ursina*.

The spots on the sun are irregularly scattered about the regions adjacent to his equator. Near the poles, no trace of them is distinguishable. They are constantly varying in form, and appear in lesser or greater number, according to the years. Their apparition even manifests a certain degree of periodicity, and there would seem to be a close connexion between their production and certain terrestrial meteorological phenomena.

The portion of the solar disk which is free from spots is far from shining with equal brightness. The ground is lightly carpeted with a multitude of little black specks in a state of continual change. When a spot is observed with a high magnifying power, it is generally found to have a dark nucleus, almost black, surrounded by a greyish band, called the penumbra, and then, round the penumbra, by bands more brilliant than the rest of the surface, and supposed by Sir John Herschel to be the tops of immense waves which are symptoms of the violent agitation going on in the upper regions of the sun's atmosphere. The dimensions of the spots are sometimes enormous, their mouth being more than wide enough to swallow the earth whole, without biting it. The earth's diameter is only eight thousand miles; and Herschel measured a spot whose orifice was forty-two thousand five hundred miles across.

It was not enough to discover the spots; they had to be accounted for. Successive astronomers did their best; and, at last, Arago and the Herschels presented us with a complete theory. Every spot, they say, is a hole which penetrates from the outmost limits down to the very surface of the sun. The black nucleus we behold is the sun's soil or ground; the penumbra is a stratum of opaque and reflecting clouds; the brilliant bands constitute a superficial, incandescent, and very luminous atmosphere. With this set of atmospheres disposed one over the other, one acting as a screen, the other as an illuminator, and the dark dense mass of the sun at the bottom of all, the appearances of the spots are logically explained. But however ingenious the hypothesis,

some people think it too complicated to be true. The sun, they believe, is something simpler than that.

Nevertheless, the whole of the machinery by which the solar phantasmagoria is accomplished, is on a scale worthy of the star in which it is supposed to act. It is truly gorgeous and magnificent. Admit a score of active volcanoes—twenty score, a hundred score, or more, if needs be. Their combined eruptions cannot fail to rend the concentric atmospheres from top to bottom, and to produce more or less considerable holes. The inhabitant of the earth, peeping through his telescope, will behold through those cavities the dark ground of the sun, which is the nucleus of the spot; the penumbra, which is the stratum of heat-resisting clouds; and then the bright faculæ, which are tempest-waves of light in the photosphere. By making the eruptions tear the solar atmospheres in this way or that, you may account for every possible appearance. The distinguished names of the authors of this system forced it upon the learned world in spite of the world's incredulity. People are getting used to it now, and yield it the assent of custom, if not of conviction. Still, in astronomy, as well as in religion, there exist certain sceptical Zulus who do not implicitly take for granted everything they read or hear.

M. Faye, an able French astronomer, in two remarkable *Mémoires*, has collected fresh facts which deserve attention. A brief summary of their purport has been given by M. de Parville, in the *Constitutionnel* newspaper. Our readers may perhaps remember our recent mention of *Spectral Analysis*.\* By dissecting light, Messieurs Bunsen and Kirchhoff discovered the means of ascertaining the substances contained in the source of that light. Brilliant and characteristic stripes, appearing in the prismatic spectrum, announced the presence of such and such metals. Each metal gives its own proper stripe, about which there is no mistake. This happens in the case of flame.

But if, behind the flame, there be placed a solid luminous source, like the electric light, for instance, the brilliant and coloured stripe which the metal gave is immediately replaced by a black stripe occupying exactly the same position.

Now, the spectrum of the sun's light is literally riddled and cut up by black stripes, whose signification was a puzzle, until the above experiment taught that each black stripe betrayed the presence of a metal. Nothing, therefore, appeared more simple than, by consulting this natural register, to find out what metals are contained in the sun. Pursuing this singular method with great practical minuteness of research, Kirchhoff detected the following metals in the solar atmosphere: Sodium (the base of soda), calcium (the base of lime), magnesium (of magnesias), baryum, iron, chrome, nickel, copper,

\* See *Photological Facts*, chapter i., No. 307, p. 149.



zinc, strontium, cadmium, and cobalt. There appears to be no trace of gold, silver, mercury, aluminium (the base of clay), tin, lead, antimony, nor arsenic.

But this discovery is immediately followed by a most important corollary. For black stripes to show themselves in the solar spectrum, there are required, first, a burning gas containing metallic vapours; and, secondly, behind the lighted gas, a non-gaseous body in a state of ignition. As a natural consequence, the sun, according to M. Kirchhoff, can be no other than a solid or liquid incandescent globe, enveloped in an atmosphere of very dense vapours.

This conclusion is, however, open to a very serious objection. If the sun be solid, or even only liquid, the cause of his spots can exist only in his atmosphere; they must be merely superficial, flat. M. Kirchhoff has therefore revived Galileo's notion of the formation of opaque clouds in the solar atmosphere.

But, on the other hand, the best observations show unmistakably that the spots on the sun are real cavities. From stereoscopic views a clear idea is formed of the central hollow presented by each spot. It is impossible, supposing them superficial, to explain the striking and variable appearances presented by the solar spots. In this particular, the new theory accords ill with observation.

M. Faye reconciles the difficulty by recalling to mind Arago's famous experiment on the polarisation of solar light, by which he proved that that light must emanate from a gaseous medium. On the other hand, Messieurs Bunsen and Kirchhoff make the sun's light proceed from a liquid or solid incandescent nucleus. M. Faye gives a novel interpretation of the two experiments which causes the difficulty to disappear, thus: For Arago, the solar light emanates from an incandescent gas; while Kirchhoff holds that, behind the gas, there exists a solid source of light. M. Faye makes them agree, by observing that, doubtless, solid incandescent particles, suspended in a gaseous medium, act in the same way as a solid source of light, and so produce the black bands. Suppose the sun to be still in a gaseous state, and suppose solid particles of matter to be held in suspension in the gas, and the two contradictory experiments will mutually support each other. The sun, therefore, is not solid, nor even liquid, but gaseous; which quite accords with his feeble mean density, already referred to. The comets have been called "visible nothings;" the sun is a very visible and sensible "not much."

There is nothing, continues M. Faye, to distinguish our sun from the multitudinous stars which shine in the firmament. Astronomers readily admit that the sun is a star of middling magnitude, emitting light which is nearly white, with a very slightly marked character of periodical variability. We are therefore in the presence of a phenomenon which is undoubtedly of great importance to us, but which is at the same time extremely common in the stellar universe. Starting, therefore, with the simplest and

most general idea, and the one most applicable to the aggregate of stars, we have the successive union of matter in vast masses, under the empire of attraction, out of the materials primitively disseminated throughout space.

The star is in the state of a nebula; but at length a cooling takes place at the surface: the disunited elements gradually acquire the power of approaching each other, and chemical affinities are developed. The particles thus formed, acted on by gravity, will descend towards the lower strata, where, meeting with the temperature of dissociation, they will be sent up again as masses of gas. There are thus produced vertical movements of reciprocal exchange, which incessantly renew the emission of heat and light. At the outer circumference will be formed the apparent limit of the sun. The vertical currents which agitate the mass easily explain the appearances of the spots. Whenever the ascending currents find an outlet, they open a sort of vista into the interior, which appears to the eye comparatively black, in consequence of its lower radiating power. Father Secchi ascertained, by means of thermo-electric measurements, that the central portion of the spots on the sun is less hot than the superficial region.

It would appear then, if M. Faye's views be correct, that a star passes through several perfectly distinct phases. The first is the nebulous condition, in which our sun no longer remains. In the second phase, the outer strata are sufficiently cooled to allow the play of certain molecular affinities to be possible. There is then formed a sort of superficial laboratory, which determines the apparent outline of the star. The emission of light and heat is considerable, and is maintained at the expense of the entire mass by the action of ascending and descending currents which are established between the deep strata and the surface. This phase lasts for an immense lapse of time, and presents great fixity in its phenomena. Our sun is now passing through this very phase. The vertical currents in his mass suffice to account for every appearance hitherto observed.

The third phase arrives when, in consequence of cooling, the vertical movements begin to slacken; when, the entire mass gradually contracting, the luminous surface little by little acquires a liquid, a pasty, and finally a solid consistence. From this condition, the sun is still far distant. By continued cooling, at last come the phenomena of definitive extinction. Although the interior may be incandescent, the exterior is covered with an opaque, cool, and habitable crust. This is the geological phase.

Examples are recorded in history. The seventh star of the Pleiades, after languishing for centuries, went out at the fall of Troy. Hevelius, a celebrated German astronomer, mentions five stars whose expiring rays he had the glory and sorrow to catch in his telescope. Herschel, after ascertaining the disappearance of a notable number of stars, by the comparison of ancient with recent catalogues, had also the



honour of being present at a star's last moments, and of registering its decease. It was the fiftieth of Hercules. For some time past he had observed it growing paler; it then turned red; and after flickering some dozen years, it yielded up its flame, and disappeared for ever in the shades of night. The 24th of March, 1791, was the date on which the great astronomer entered this remarkable phenomenon in his journal.

The earth and the moon, we are told, offer examples of this successive evolution. Evidently, the earth was once a veritable sun for the moon. The moon, whose mass is very much smaller, was naturally the first to cool. Then the earth, in her turn, after passing through the very same phases as our actual sun, at last acquired a crust and became entirely solid at the surface. After a fresh considerable lapse of time, organic life became manifested. The same transitions have been passed through by the moon, only much more rapidly.

It is probable that life was developed in the moon when it had scarcely yet appeared on earth. We are informed that the moon represents the earth's future, the sun her past. We are behindhand with our satellite, and very much in advance of our sun. And thus, worlds have their distinct ages and their corresponding conditions of life. Each star passes through its successive transformations in the eternal harmony of the universe.

#### TIMKINS'S TESTIMONIALS.

WITHOUT being exactly a fatalist, I am inclined to believe that certain men are born to a certain fate, the tendency to which they cannot help, because it is inherent in their nature, just as the inclination of the mariner's needle is towards the pole. I don't think that the destinies of *all* mankind are ruled in this way, but that there are certain special people of a particular kind of whom fortune takes the sole direction, giving them no voice whatever in their own affairs. These people are launched upon the sea of life with their sails set and their rudder lashed up for a fixed course; and off they go before the gale, without the will or the power to alter their path. If the rudder be fixed to steer them through calm waters into peaceful havens, thither they will go: if set to run them upon rocks and shoals, they are as inevitably driven to their destruction.

The kind of people who are thus handed over, bound hand and foot, to their destiny, are those persons—with whom we are all acquainted—who make themselves conspicuous in society by uniform prosperity or adversity, both apparently unmerited. There is Jones. How that feeble-minded individual, with a brain no larger than a walnut, contrives to make five thousand a year, is a perpetual marvel to all who know him—to be an idiot! There is Smith. He is equally a phenomenon; because, with a large share of natural ability, he is unable, even under the most favourable circumstances, to earn a pound

a week. Everything which he puts his hand to fails; every bud of promise withers at his touch. Whereas the stupid Jones makes trees grow out of the arid sand, and turns mud and rubbish into gold!

In many cases, no doubt, the success of the one and the failure of the other are easily to be accounted for. Jones, though stupid, is a steady going plodder; Smith, though clever, has a too vaulting ambition, which constantly lands him on the other side. But there are instances where their success or failure cannot be traced to any known cause whatever. There is a kind of man who succeeds spite of every disqualification for his work, and there is another kind of man who fails in the face of the most brilliant talents and the most splendid opportunities.

I believe that fortune has magnetised these people, and that the one turns to the good pole and the other to the bad pole, by the force of an attraction which they cannot resist, and which lies outside the scope of their control.

We are all acquainted with fatuously fortunate persons who are always "coming into money." They toil not, neither do they spin; yet they are constantly renewing their splendour with the means of deceased relatives. The brother who goes to the Indies, makes a fortune and dies intestate, leaving his rupees to be fortuitously inherited by the next of kin, patiently waiting on Providence in England, does not so much fulfil his own destiny as the destiny of his next of kin. He is but a worm who spins the silken robe for another, and, when he has fulfilled his mission, dies. There is the old maiden aunt, who lives a life of toil and self-sacrifice, only to complete her destiny, when she leaves her little savings to her nephew, Fortunatus. There are relatives and distant connexions who would see Fortunatus hanged before they would leave him a penny. Yet Fortunatus comes in for their real and personal estate, spite of all attempts to cut him off without a shilling. He has no need to plot and conspire and forge documents. Happy circumstances save him the trouble. He lies lazily on his back under the tree of fortune, and the fruit when fully ripe drops into his open mouth.

Let me also instance the lucky individual who always manages, without any design or a forethought, to take the long lease of a house, whose site is destined to be required for a railway. Compensation pursues him everywhere. If he were to settle on the top of a hill, it would come up to him by means of a viaduct; if he were to pitch his tent in a deep valley, it would burrow through the bowels of the earth, to lay its golden treasures at his feet. Let another person be never so cunning in selecting a location, and, when he has calculated the chances to a certainty, compensation will pass him by by a yard's breadth. This latter class is as fatuously unlucky as the other is lucky. I am reminded of my old friend Muddleton, who always contrives to be in the train which



runs over the embankment, in the steam-boat which blows up, in the cab which breaks down, and a depositor in the bank which stops payment.

And now I come to Timkins and his Testimonials.

Fortune has various ways of showing her favours. She has all sorts of prizes in her lucky bag. Timkins draws Testimonials. He is magnetised for that sort of thing. Whenever they come within the sphere of his influence, silver cups, and tea-services, and candelabra with suitable inscriptions, fly to him, like tin tacks to a magnet. Not that Timkins deserves these things. On the contrary, a more undeserving person than Timkins does not exist. I have been acquainted with Timkins now for twenty years, and I know him to be a man utterly incapable of efficiently performing any function whatever. I have so poor an opinion of his intelligence and his honesty, that I would not trust him to post a letter for me. If I were to give him a letter, and a penny, and say, "Timkins, oblige me, as you go along, by putting a stamp on this letter, and posting it for the country," I should fully expect Timkins to put the letter in his pocket, and forget all about it, and spend the penny in nuts! And I should not be disappointed. Did you ever know a man who bought pennyworths of nuts, and cracked them with his teeth, and ate them as he went along the streets, who wasn't one of Nature's supernumeraries? In the great Drama of Life he can scarcely be trusted to carry a banner.

The chief distinction of Timkins is that he has, during his career, mismanaged everything he has taken in hand so entirely to the satisfaction of his employers, as, on every occasion, when he has been dismissed from his office, to receive at their hands a testimonial expressive of high regard and esteem.

Twenty years ago, when a new bank was started, and a new manager was required, the directors with one voice mentioned Timkins as the man for the post. Timkins was installed, and the shareholders were congratulated. At the end of two years the accounts were found to be in a state of hopeless confusion; and a reckless system of making advances without adequate security had reduced the concern to the verge of bankruptcy. In Timkins's private drawer were found bills for many thousands of pounds which had never been presented, and a heap of nutshells! What did the directors do? Why, at their very next meeting, they said with one voice, "Timkins must have a testimonial." And on dispensing with his services, the directors presented Timkins with a silver tea-service, duly inscribed with his name, and a gratifying allusion to his eminent services.

When it was bruited abroad that Timkins had received a testimonial, and was "at liberty," there was immediately a hot competition to secure him for other large concerns. Directors and shareholders tumbled over each other in the street in their mad race to get hold of the

eminent Timkins and engage him on the spot. A gentleman interested in a building society was the lucky individual who won the race, and found Timkins quietly waiting on Providence and cracking nuts. Timkins was carried off in triumph, and immediately thrust into the secretarial chair of the Every-Man-his-own-Landlord Building, and Safe-as-the-Bank Investment, Society. Guided by the sagacity, and acting on the advice of, Timkins, the society purchased a marsh and (with due regard to economy, dispensing with drainage) built houses upon it. In due time the houses were allotted, and at the end of two years all the occupants, save one who had a preternatural constitution, died of ague!

Timkins was immediately invited to a complimentary dinner, and after the cloth was drawn his health was proposed, and the surviving members of the society begged his acceptance of a silver urn as a small token of the high esteem in which they held him as a man and the manager of their affairs. When the urn, which, during the feast, had remained a corpse-like mystery under a white sheet, was gently unveiled, Timkins said he was completely taken by surprise, which was no affectation, but the real truth, for it had never entered Timkins's mind to conceive that he had merited a testimonial; nor had he any share in promoting it. When the society was eventually wound up, and the funds were divided, as far as they would go (which was not far), Timkins received another testimonial from his clients in the shape of a portrait, in oil, of himself, his right hand grasping a scroll (probably the title-deeds of the houses on the marsh), and his left resting upon the works of Adam Smith in one vol., lettered large on the back.

When Timkins conferred further lustre upon himself by becoming bankrupt and giving up forty-eight pounds and his household effects to his creditors, the commissioner complimented him on his honourable conduct, allowed him five pounds a week out of the estate pending adjudication, and eventually, there being no opposition, gave him a first-class certificate. On leaving the court without a stain on his character, Timkins was shaken by the hand and congratulated by all his creditors, who, before the week was out, returned to him the household effects and testimonials which he had so honourably given up, accompanied by an address on vellum highly laudatory of his integrity, and wishing him all prosperity in the future.

It was never my good fortune to have any personal dealings with Timkins until this auspicious epoch of his career. It happened however, at this time, that our Benevolent Society, with which was combined a Philosophical Institute, wanted a secretary. Whom shall we get to take charge of our affairs? was the momentous question which agitated the committee-meeting of our society, when a member, laying down the evening paper in which he had been reading an account of Timkins's bankruptcy, solved the problem by mentioning the magic



name of Timkins. By what process of reasoning we arrived at the resolution, *nem. con.*, that Timkins was the man for our money, I am wholly unable to say; but certain it is, that we did come to that resolution, and Timkins was appointed. It may have been that, overlooking the main circumstance of the case, *viz.* bankruptcy, we were entirely carried away by the compliments paid to Timkins by the commissioner, and the gratifying fact that, though Timkins had not paid anything worth mentioning to his creditors, he nevertheless had left the court without a stain on his character.

Timkins proved to be the man for our money, as we anticipated. Our former secretary had enforced the rules of the society with so much strictness and so little discretion, that many members were compelled to resign, while others formed themselves into a league to resist what was stigmatised as the sharp practice of the management. Under the milder sway of Timkins, all cause of discord disappeared. No one forfeited his membership, there was no complaint of a harsh enforcement of the rules, and all went pleasant with us—until the first audit.

The two auditors, when they came forth from the back office, where they had been closeted with Timkins for five hours, examining vouchers and balancing the accounts—the two auditors, I say, when they presented themselves in the committee-room, appeared to be radiant with satisfaction. What it was that caused them so much inward joy we were duly informed when the accounts had been passed—the total at the bottom of the credit side was precisely the same as that at the bottom of the debit side, so it was all right—and a vote of thanks had been passed to Timkins by acclamation.

When Timkins, flushed with honest pride, had retired to his domestic hearth, there to share his gratified feelings with the partner of his bosom, the auditors, unable to withhold the joyful tidings any longer, informed us that the rules had never been enforced at all, that half the members of the society were in arrear, and that Timkins, after having had every allowance given him for postages, sundries of various kinds, and vouchers which he had lost, was indebted to the society in the sum of fifteen pounds eight and sevenpence. This announcement was quite enough to excite the sympathies of all of us. If we had heard that Timkins had been instrumental in reducing our taxes, in emancipating us from some dreadful bondage, in sustaining the glory of our arms in foreign parts, in scattering our enemies and making them fall—if, in fact, we had been assured that Timkins was the greatest benefactor that we and the human race had ever had, we could not have been more spontaneously of opinion that he deserved a testimonial. The way in which we all said at once, "Timkins must have a testimonial," was suggestive of a passage in a chorus, "rendered with great precision."

Timkins, having at this time manifested a taste for scientific pursuits in the entomological direction, it was proposed by a committee-man

of kindred sympathies that our testimonial should take the form of a microscope, and, there being among the other members, not scientific, a vague notion that a microscope was a thing that cost about eighteenthpence, the proposal was agreed to with alacrity. To our great surprise and dismay, however, the microscope, when sent home by the optician, turned out to be a huge machine with brass wheels and funnels like a miniature steam-engine, and cost, with its mahogany case and complimentary inscription, eleven guineas sterling. Nevertheless, we paid the money cheerfully, and presented the testimonial to Timkins, who thanked us from the bottom of his heart, and said that he would never forget the day, &c. I have only to add that Timkins is still "the man for our money," to the extent of fifteen pounds eight and sevenpence, and I am sure none of us would be mean enough even to hint to him that he was bound to make good the deficiency.

That Timkins may live to receive many more testimonials in token of his eminent inefficiency in every relation of life, is my earnest wish. I am sure there are hundreds of silver teapots and elegantly-chased goblets dying to be inscribed with his illustrious name, and on the very slightest pretence to throw themselves into his arms.

### ANTLERS.

DEER are four-footed mammals, chewing the cud, and having horns which fall off. The Latin nations call them "necks." Remarkable for the length of their necks, they are called *cervidæ*, *cervi*, *cerfs*, from the Latin word for neck, *cervix*. When men or women with notably long necks pass among the promenaders of the Elysian Fields, in Paris, on Sundays or holidays, lively Parisians may be heard calling upon their companions to look at a "*cerf*." The English word deer, the students of language tell us, changing according to Grimm's law, is in Gothic *diaz*; in Old High German, *tior*; in Anglo-Saxon, *deor*; in Greek, *thēr* or *phēr*; and in Latin, *fera*, signifying a wild beast. The English word forest is derived from the Latin *fera*, and did not, in old times, any more than in the highlands of Scotland at the present day, mean a great wood, but a chase for wild beasts or deer.

Deer are cud-chewers. Belonging to the backboneed division of animals, and having teats, they are included in the first great group of this division, the mammals, whilst the characteristic of chewing the cud arranges them apart with a smaller group represented by deer, sheep, oxen, goats, and camels. Nearly all the cud-chewing animals, instead of cutting teeth, have pads in the upper jaw. When browsing on leaves, or grazing on grass, they press the leaves or grass against the pads, and cut them from below, with the front or incisive teeth of the lower jaw. They do not bite their fodder as we do our food, with cutting-teeth above and below; they cut it



from below against a pad, as we do our bread from above against wooden trenchers. Goats, antelopes, camels, giraffes, as well as deer, show the build which adapts them by raising their heads high up for browsing upon the leaves and sprouts of shrubs and trees. Their tongues are their hands, taking or catching instruments, serving them as their trunks serve the elephants. They take their fodder with their tongues, pads, and cutting teeth, and they chew it with their grinders or molars while kneeling down upon the ground, with looks of sleepy satisfaction. Endowed with four sacks in their stomach, they shake up the fodder and chew the "cud," which means chew the chewed. The stag shakes up his fodder from his first sack or stomach, with violent shakes, into his mouth; but most cud-chewers, or ruminants as they are called in Latin, get up their leaves or grass with little difficulty, except when they have eaten too much. And the tongue of a deer is not so awkward a hand as might be supposed, for it can stretch above his eyes.

Cud-chewing is a mark which separates a group of mammals, including the deer; but it is not a character special to the deer themselves. A characteristic of the deer is their falling horns. The growth of the horns of deer is indeed one of the wonders of life. Worship, somebody has said, is the expression of wonder, and many poets have expressed the wonder mankind have felt on seeing and considering the horns of deer. The poet Waller expressed this wonder in reference to the gigantic Irish deer. Professor Owen says: "The great extinct Irish deer surpassed the largest wapiti, or elk, in size, and much exceeded them in the dimensions of the antlers. The pair first described and figured in the Philosophical Transactions measured ten feet ten inches, in a straight line, from the extreme tip of the right to that of the left antler; the length of each antler, from the burr to the extreme tip, in a straight line, was five feet two inches, and the breadth of the expanded part, or palm, was one foot ten and a half inches." Waller's lines run somewhat into hyperbole at last; but, on the whole, the astonishment they embody is as just as it is strong:

So we some antique hero's strength  
Learn by his lance's weight and length;  
As these vast beams express the beast  
Whose shadowy brows alive they drest.  
Such game, while yet the world was new,  
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.  
What huntsman of our feeble race,  
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase?  
Resembling, at each blow he strikes,  
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.  
O fertile head! which every year  
Could such a crop of wonder bear!  
The teeming earth did never bring  
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;  
Which, might it never have been cast  
(Each year's growth added to the last),  
These lofty branches had supplied  
The earth's bold son's prodigious pride:  
Heav'n with these engines had been scaled,  
When mountains heaped on mountains failed.

At page 209 of number 185 of this Journal will be found an essay on Bone-making. A perusal of it will greatly help the reader in understanding horn-making, and save me the task of repeating what was said there in reference to the periosteum, a perfectly marvellous membrane which becomes bone in the most extraordinary circumstances. The growing horn of the deer is covered with a skin called the "velvet," and this skin is the covering of the membrane or periosteum which becomes the horn.

The falling horns of the deer, have two contrasted shapes, the round and the flat. The roebuck, and red deer have round; and the elk and fallow deer flat horns. At six months old the male calf of the red deer has already his "bosets;" during his second year they become "dags;" and the calf is then called by the French a "daguet," and by the English a "brocket." The "spayard" or third year calf has two or three "tynes" on his dags. At four years old, the "staggard" is distinguished by the spreading of the crown of his horn into branches; and when these amount to five in the fifth year, he has grown into a "stag." When six or seven years old, the stag becomes a "hart" with "tynes," of a very variable number. The growth of the flat horns of the fallow deer and reindeer is similar. After being successively "buckfawn," "pricket," "sorel," and "sore," in the fallow deer of the fourth year the antlers become more numerous, and their stems bifid or cleft. Antlers, or the branches of the deer's horns, is a name derived from the preposition of the Latin, ante, before, or from a common source. Pages might be filled with quotations from poets expressive of admiration for antlered deer. Longfellow, describing the best beloved of the friends of Hiawatha, says:

Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers.

Hiawatha waiting for the deer he is hunting is a beautiful picture.

Hidden in the alder bushes,  
There he waited till the deer came,  
Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
And a deer came down the pathway  
Fleck'd with leafy light and shadow.

The growth of bones, teeth, nails, claws, scales, shells, hairs, spines, feathers, quills, and unfalling horns, must all be studied and understood before clear and discriminating notions can be formed of the growth of antlers, yet I will try to give my readers a correct, though general, conception of it. Deer shed their horns after the extremest cold of winter is gone, when the temperature has reached its lowest point, and turned towards spring and summer warmth, while the snowdrop is peeping up, the crocus spreading its yellow bloom, and the violets and



polyanthuses opening their petals. Spring, which sends the skylark into the sky to sing, and wakes the melodies of the tree-lark, and the newly come chaffinch in the leafless trees, sends hot arterial blood gushing up into the heads of the cervine race. A new membrane destined to be converted into horn develops itself, pushing away the old horn, and the spayard drops his dags, the stag and the hart their horns with antlers. The deer's antlers are more like the matrices of the horns of the other cud-chewers, sheep, goats, and oxen, than like the horns themselves. The base of the deer's horn rests upon a small frontal knob on either side of the head, from which it is separated by the "burr," a bony circular and serrated projection. When about to fall off, the bony part of the frontal tubercle or knob softens all over the place between it and the horn. A new frontal protuberance then grows rapidly, which is covered with a soft hairy skin called the velvet. This is the growing horn. Full of arterial blood, the rapidly developing membrane, or soft periosteum, is in this condition eaten uncooked as a dainty like an oyster. The beating and throbbing of the blood in this membrane, as perceived even by the hand when laid upon it, is something startling. According to the age of the deer, as I have already said, the cellular membrane becomes a dag, or a horn with tynes. When it has reached its appointed size and shape, the burr hardens, or ossifies, grasping, enclosing, and restricting the blood-vessels, where the horn rests on the head. Then the membrane, by solid deposits, quickly becomes cartilage, and the cartilage bone; and the horns and antlers are complete in autumn, when the stags and harts need weapons to settle their quarrels, or defend their does and hinds. For, the autumn is their love season. The periosteum, with its blood-vessels, has been converted into horns and tynes, and the velvet is no longer needed. Deprived of nourishment, this skin shrivels, splits, and hangs in strips, which the stags and harts rub off against trees. The velvet is a continuation of the skin of the head, the periosteum a continuation of the membrane which forms the skull, and the horn is composed of bony elements.

The rapidity of the growth of such masses of bony formations has always been a theme of wonder; for bones grow slowly, and horns quickly. Ten days push the horns of the wapiti up several inches; and in five weeks they have a span of two feet. Antlers weighing sixty or seventy pounds grow in ten weeks.

The annually falling horns of deer will naturally recal to mind the analogous characteristics of birds which moult, and crustaceans and reptiles which cast their shells and skins every year. The word horn is equally applied to the weapon of the ox and the stag, but they are very different things. A good idea of the difference will be obtained by supposing the dried up periosteum inside a quill or feather to have been solidified into bone.

Respiration is an operation in which black

blood becomes red or dead blood alive, and the horns of deer develop according as their blood vivifies. The stag is more reproductively alive than the brocket, and the hart than the stag. A Canadian stag developed a miserable little horn during a voyage from America; but a comparatively handsome one with five tynes when well fed in a French menagerie. In the Museum of the College of Surgeons there is exhibited the horn of a fallow deer which, in consequence of a vital mutilation, was hideously deformed in its growth, and did not fall off at the usual time. The flat or palmated horn, it is thought, has been given to the deer of northern climes to enable them to shovel off the snow from their fodder of twigs or grass.

Deer are a very well defined group of beasts, but their classification as species has apparently hitherto baffled all the makers of systems. The horns have been tried, but will never do. The horns of the same individual differ greatly one year with another. As for the horns of different individuals of the same species they differ vastly. Horns seen in museums have always been selected because they are fine specimens of their kind; but the horns imported in shiploads for the use of the cutlers, show how various and different they may be in individuals of the same species. It is, indeed, only a weak classification, which can be based upon the marks peculiar to the stags and harts without noticing the characteristics of the does and hinds.

Deer bury their horns. Loch Chabar, the lake of horns, near Fort William, derives its name from the number of horns found in the soft black peat moss of its banks. Recently, cast horns are frequently found imbedded in earth. As spiders eat their webs to obtain the materials of their silk, deer often gnaw their horns for sulphate of lime to harden their bones and antlers.

Buffon, who was rather an eloquent writer than an accurate observer on natural history, suggests that the horns of deer are in some sort trees: the molecule of the twigs and leaves on which the stags browse, after nourishing them, resuming their previous and arboreal arrangements!

Deer are not the only ruminants which have what the French call "larmiers," and the English "tearpits," under their eyes, which, however, it is now known, shed no tears. The poets have given expression to this old error. Shakespeare, in *As You Like It*, says:

The big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase;

and adds, the hairy fool augmented the swift brook with tears! Thomson, to excite pity for a stag at bay, says:

The big round tears run down his dappled face.

Poets are but echoes. The statements which they make are seldom their own, being generally only what is popularly believed in their day. The naturalists were the authors of this error, and yet it is almost always corrected by modern



physiologists, as if it were an error of those at whose opinions they have a right to sneer, the poets. Why, the error was committed by pretentious savants of former times, and the poets have only been guilty of putting it into beautiful and melodious words. It is all very well for the naturalists to try to set up a system of flogging a poet whenever a naturalist makes a mistake, as George Buchanan was birched whenever King Jamie was guilty of a blunder in his lessons. As to the real functions of what are now called "the sub-orbital sinuses," the physiologists confess they know nothing in the present day.

The functions of the so-called tearpits are not the only things respecting deer which puzzle the students of animals, for nobody can classify them. Horns, teeth, and fur, the muffle or swelling on the upper lip, and the glands in the hind legs, have all been used in arranging them by eminent zoologists, but without scientific success, for the last grouping published of them divides them geographically, in despair of a zoological arrangement, into the deer of the snowy regions and the deer of warmer climes. Fourteen species are mentioned in the list of the Zoological Gardens; but the specimens there, however fine some of the individuals may be, cannot be said to represent adequately the forty or fifty species described by different authors. Besides the British red and fallow deer, there are in the Gardens deer from North America, Barbary, Persia, Himalaya, Formosa, India, Molucca, and Mexico. Deer of snowy countries have broad hairy muzzles, with flat or palmated horns; and deer of warm countries have tapering muzzles, with bald muffles. The three British species are the fallow deer, red deer, and roebuck. The fallow deer is the kind common in parks. There are still a few red deer in out-of-the-way places in Ireland, or, at least, there were when the late Mr. Thompson drew up his report on the fauna, and they are still pretty numerous in Scotland, although they are every year losing there more and more the character of wild, and acquiring the characteristics of preserved animals. The roebuck is unknown in Ireland and rare in England, but still roams wild in the far Highlands. English fallow deer are of two varieties, the deep brown and the dappled, the latter, it has been supposed, acclimated from the south and the former from the north of Europe. The red deer is larger than the fallow deer, besides differing in the horns, and is of a brown or dun-colour, with a pale spot upon the rump. The roebuck has erect round horns, with short reddish hair in summer, and long blackish hair with yellow tips in winter.

But even if the zoologists had supplied satisfactory marks for discriminating all the species of deer, this would not be a proper place for describing them, but some contrasted kinds may be mentioned to enlarge our conception of their differences. Size has much to do with determining species, although the greatest contrasts of size often exist among individuals of identical species. The Corsican deer, for instance, is a red deer dwarfed by hunger. Gene-

ral Tom Thumb, who, if I remember rightly, is twenty-six inches high, is identical in species with Seng-woo-bah of Fychow, who, it is said, can with ease look over a wall seven feet and a half high. The conditions in which successive generations grow up make the most astonishing differences between individuals. Yet size is a characteristic of species. For each species there is a certain mean size to which both great and small specimens naturally revert. There are, therefore, it is beyond doubt, startlingly large and startlingly small kinds of deer, which have yet to be brought together in contrast and exhibited to the wonder of Europe.

John Josselyn, gentleman, author of *An Account of Two Voyages to New England*, published in 1674, appears to have been severely tried by the incredulity with which his description of the size of the North American moose or elk was received by his contemporaries.

"The moose or elke is a creature, or rather, if you will, a monster of superfluity; a full grown moose is many times bigger than an English ox, their horns, as I have said elsewhere, very big (and brancht out into palms), the tips whereof are sometimes found to be two fathom asunder (a fathom is six feet from the tip of one finger to the tip of the other, that is, four cubits), and in height from the toe of the fore feet to the pitch of the shoulder twelve foot, both which hath been taken by some of my *sceptique* readers to be monstrous lyes. If you consider the breadth that the beast carrieth, and the magnitude of the horns, you will easily be induced to contribute your belief. And for their height, since I came into England, I have read Dr. Schrøderas, his chemical dispensatory, translated into English by Dr. Rowland, where he writes, 'that when he lived in Finland under Gustavus Horn, he saw an elke that was killed and presented to Gustavus his mother, seventeen spans high.' So you now, sirs, of the gibing crue, if you have any skill in mensuration, tell me what difference there is between seventeen spans and twelve foot. There are certain transcendentia in every creature, which are the indelible characters of God, and which discover God; there's a prudential for you, as John Rhodes, the fisherman, used to say to his mate Kitt Lux."

More than a hundred and fifty years after Mr. Josselyn thus protested for verity, Mr. Catlin came to London to make known the marvels of North American Travel. And Mr. Catlin said he once found at the foot of the Rocky Mountains a pair of antlers, which he set up on their points as an archway, and the tallest man of his party walked under them without touching them. If this confirmation should come under the notice of a medium who would kindly make it known to the ghost of Mr. Josselyn, it would no doubt be received with much jubilation.

So much for large deer; and now it may be mentioned that there are small deer not much larger than English hares. The Brazilian *Gouzu-viva* is only twenty-six inches long, with brown hair tipped with white on the back, and whitish



cinnamon on the lower part of the breast, and with a face like a sheep. In Ceylon, milk-white specimens of little deer are found sometimes, which have been, it is supposed, called the moose deer, on account of the smallness of their size, from the Dutch word *muis*, or mouse. "Here is a creature," says Robert Knox, "in this land no bigger than a hare, though every part rightly resembleth a deer. It is called *Meminna*, of a grey colour with white spots, and good meat." "Its extreme length," says Sir James Emerson Tennent, "never reaches two feet, and of those which were domesticated about my house, few exceeded ten inches in height, their limbs being of similar delicate proportions." It can inflict a severe bite. An accident which befel a milk-white *maminna*, prevented its being sent as a present to the Queen, in 1847. Five milk-white deer were found in the palace when the English took possession of Kandy, in 1803.

## THE LOTTERY DREAMER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV. THE TERNO.

It was a Friday evening, about a month after the day of the "merenda" in the Cascine and the conversation following it, which has been recorded in the last chapter. And the same four persons were once again together in the little shop on the Ponte Vecchio. Upon this occasion, however, the party of four was not divided into two pairs as had then been the case, but were all assembled in the larger front shop. Carlo's proposition had been duly made to the old jeweller, as had been projected; and the result had fully confirmed the sagacity of his judgment on the subject. As soon as old Laudadio had been made to understand that it was intended to assure to him a home and maintenance, together with unbounded command of his own time, and ample leisure for pursuing studies which had become his master passion, he jumped at the proposal. All the feelings which would once have arrayed themselves in opposition to it—the citizen's pride, the artist's pride, the householder's pride—had long since died out under the blighting encroachment of the one domineering thought, like the healthful vegetation that perishes beneath the baleful shade of the upas-tree. Carlo had judged rightly. The lottery, which had killed so much else, had killed all these things in the old man.

The proposed arrangements, therefore, had all been brought to bear prosperously. The marriage of Carlo and Laura was fixed for the following Sunday. It was to take place in the quiet little church of Santo Stefano, which serves as a parish church for the houses on the northern part of the bridge. After some delay and trouble the necessary papers and certificates were all in order. Carlo, like most others of his class and generation, had not been near a confessional box for a long time. But it was necessary to do so,

and to have a certificate to that effect, before he could be married. And he had, not without considerable repugnance, gone through the ceremony, and obtained his papers accordingly. On the morrow the necessary agreements between him and old Vanni were to be formally executed before a notary; and the neat tablet, with the words, "Carlo Bardi, Jeweller and Goldsmith," in letters of gold on a blue enamelled ground, which had been duly prepared, was to be put up over the narrow little door, in the place now occupied by the half-effaced and faded name of Laudadio Vanni, which had been written there in old-fashioned black letters on a white ground more than half a century ago. This morrow, in short, was to be a very busy day with Carlo. The goods in which he had invested his little capital for the stocking of his shop had all been purchased, some in Florence, and some in Paris. The latter were still in the custom-house; some of the former not yet delivered. But Carlo hoped to have them all safe under his own roof by the Saturday night, and looked forward to a long day of hurry and bustle. Laura was to be equally busy in receiving the goods, arranging, cataloguing, and examining, all day long.

This Friday evening, therefore, was the last quiet hour before the marriage, and the last of the old jeweller's life as a householder and master tradesman. His life-long friend, Niccolo, had accordingly chosen this evening to bring his congratulations—and the bride's dower.

"Here they are, my friends," said the cavaliere, producing two long rouleaux wrapped in paper, that looked as yellow as an old man's life-long treasured packet of love-letters; "here they are, two fifties, just as I rolled them up something like twenty years ago. They have never been touched since, though many a time there has been sore need of them. But trust old Cola Sestini for that! Sure bind, safe find! And now, Laura mia," he added, as he put the heavy rolls into her hands, "there they are, and the keeping of them is off my mind."

"You know, Caro Signor Cavaliere," said Laura, "that grateful as Carlo and I are for an assistance so important to us, there is little more to be said about it than we ought to say every day. For God knows how things would have gone with us but for you. You must be tired of being thanked, and anybody else would be tired of doing the good deeds to be thanked for. Here, Carlo," she added, as she put the packets into his hands, "you have not to learn now all that my godfather has been to me."

"Thanks, Signor Cavaliere, for my Laura's dower," said Carlo, as he got up to take the money, extending as he did so his right hand to the old man, "and a thousand times more thanks for your approval of our marriage. I will look up the dollars, and leave them yet a little longer in their old wrappings. But I am afraid that their long repose is very nearly over."

And so saying, Carlo proceeded to place the two rouleaux in an iron-doored strong safe, con-



structed in the thickness of the wall, just opposite to the staircase, which opened in the doorway between the front and back shop. Carlo turned on them the massive key of the safe, and put it in his pocket, thus exercising the first act of mastership of the house.

"Godfather, thirty-seven; dower, twenty-five; marriage, twenty-eight," cried Laudadio, rising from his old arm-chair in great and evident excitement. "The very numbers! The numbers I——" He checked himself, looking round on his three auditors with a sharp glance, half timid, and half suspicious; but continued, as he paced to and fro the few steps to which the limits of the little shop confined him, muttering to himself, "Was there ever a clearer indication? It satisfies all the rules. All, all! This at least is clear. At last! at last! And yet——Friends," continued the old man, reaching his hat from the peg on which it hung, "I must go out for a short time. I shall not be long. I will be with you in half an hour. Cavaliere, I shall find you here when I come back?"

Old Sestini and the young couple glanced at each other as the old man left the shop, and the former was the first to speak.

"They did come pat enough, the three numbers, it must be owned; didn't they, now? and all on the same subject, too, as one may say: godfather, dower, and marriage! Well, that *is* remarkable! Who knows, who knows!"

Carlo shrugged his shoulders, with an expression which consideration for Laura barely sufficed to keep half way between contempt and pity.

"Has he any money in his pocket, Laura?" asked he; for the errand on which old Laudadio was gone was evident enough to them all.

"Not more than a paul or two, dear Carlo, I know for certain," replied Laura; "and to-night, you know, for the last time, you won't object——"

"Nay, Laura mia, I say nothing," rejoined Carlo, rather sadly; "but as for the *last time*, I hope your father has some years of life before him yet; for a lottery player there is no *last time* till his own last hour."

"It would be hard on Vanni if he had not a ticket for to-morrow," remarked the cavaliere. "The drawing takes place in Florence, and it must be much pleasanter to see the numbers come up, one by one, than merely to read them all in a lump, two or three days afterwards. Besides, who knows? as my old friend so justly observed. I have great confidence myself in Laudadio Vanni's science. Such a head as he has!"

"But you don't avail yourself of the suggestions indicated by his science, Signor Cavaliere," said Carlo, with a dash of satire in his tone, which was quite imperceptible to the worthy ex-clerk.

"I? No, I don't. Why should I? Don't you see, Signor Carlo, I have got my crust, my cup of coffee, and my cigar, sure and safe, every day, as sure as the sun rises. I *might* lose them

if I were to play ever so wisely. And I could not make Sunday begin over again, when Sunday night is come, if I won the biggest *terno* ever played for," said the old cavaliere, with more philosophy than he guessed.

Meantime, Laudadio Vanni did not go at once, as his friends supposed he would, to the nearest lottery office, and there empty his pockets of their little all in exchange for a scrap of paper. He was in too high a state of nervous excitement for this. Those three numbers, which he had so promptly matched with the things to which they are appended in the cabalistic volume described in a former chapter, had, as he, correctly or not, persuaded himself, occurred to him in his dreams. It was, indeed, likely enough that they might have done so. The three ideas with which his "science" connected them had of course naturally enough been in his thoughts lately. And as his morbid mind incessantly and habitually fixed itself upon the numbers suggested by every incident, every object, and every idea which presented itself to him, and as these numbers were the continual subject of all his waking meditations, it is likely enough that he might have dreamed of them. At all events, to the old jeweller's diseased mind, the reiterated suggestion of these figures appeared to be proof, "plain as heavenly writ," that these were the fortunate numbers which, duly backed, would lead him on to fortune.

To minds in any degree accustomed to observe or examine the connexion of cause and effect, it seems altogether impossible that any human being, not perfectly insane, should imagine that information of the numbers about to be drawn at hazard out of a wheel should thus be communicated to him. And, in truth, the existence of such a persuasion would be utterly incredible, did we not see it existing, and actively influencing, large numbers of persons, in other respects as sane as the average of mankind. A moment's consideration of the phenomenon sets one speculating as to the possible theories of these lottery devotees respecting the world they live in, the government, and the eternal and almighty governor of it; thoughts too large and serious, maybe, for this light page! Yet they are such as necessarily and properly rise from the subject of it; and without them we should fail to appreciate duly the thick and heavy darkness of the spiritual night—a darkness surely equal to that of the "untutored mind" of any fetish-worshipping Indian—which envelops the pupils of a "paternal" government and a dominant orthodox church.

It is difficult to imagine the nature of the workings of a mind under the hallucination which possessed poor old Laudadio Vanni. But, assuredly, doubt had no place among them. Success, the long-delayed reward of his studies, patience, and perseverance for long years, was now within his grasp! But how was he to avail himself of the great opportunity? Fortune slighted would assuredly never offer her favours



a second time! Cruel, cruel fate! to place the prize within his reach just when he was unable—all but unable—to profit by the golden chance!

Tormented with these thoughts, the old man turned from the bridge, down the Via degli Archibuseri towards the Uffizi, and began pacing to and fro beneath the colonnade that faces the river. Pulling from his pocket the old leathern bag that served him for a purse, he emptied the contents into his lean and shaking hand, and counted up the amount of the various small coins. There was one paul, one half paul, a piece of two crazie, or quarter of a paul, and several of the small thin copper coins called soldi, the twentieth part of the lira, and containing twelve denari. The lira is worth eightpence; and its two hundred and fortieth part, the denaro, no longer exists in the body, but only as a money of account. These Lire, Soldi, and Denari are the originals of our £ s. d., but while prosperity and progress have with us pushed up the value of the coins to pounds and shillings, they have remained in Italy, during her period of stagnation, more nearly of their original worth. So that, although Laudadio counted up one pound ten shillings and eightpence, his whole available assets amounted only to an unstatable fraction more than a shilling.

Now this sum, invested in a ticket for a terno, would, in case of success, produce a prize of some twelve hundred crowns, or about two hundred and fifty pounds; a very large sum to Laudadio Vanni, but far from sufficient to repay him with interest all the moneys he had, in the course of his long life, sunk in lottery tickets. And he considered that Fortune owed him nothing less than this, and that she was now at last ready and willing to discharge all her debt to him, if he could only comply with the indispensable conditions. To make no more than twelve hundred dollars out of the great and sure opportunity now offered to him, seemed a stroke of misfortune and ill luck more difficult to bear than all the disappointments his worship of the blind goddess had hitherto exposed him to. Visions of riches paraded themselves before his mind, riches which should not only bring with them all the advantages which usually accompany them, but which should triumphantly justify in the face of all Florence, and especially of his own friends and family, his wisdom and prudence, and the accuracy and value of his much-boasted science. The more he thought of all this, and the more he pictured to himself the certainty of success, the more the small sum at his disposition seemed altogether contemptible and insignificant.

"If only they would believe me!" he muttered, as he continued in increasing agitation and excitement to walk up and down beneath the dark colonnade, turning over and over in his hands the poor little coins, for which he felt a growing contempt. "If only they in their ignorance would trust the knowledge gained by half a century of study and calculation! But they are

obstinate as ignorance always is. And for whose sake do I need wealth now? Not for my own, I trow. And I could make their fortune for them! All too late for me! But I could make for them a life and position such as my Laura deserves, and such as Carlo Bardi has never dreamed of! And all that is wanting is a few dollars, which they have, and of which they can have no need, till after they will have been returned to them tenfold—a hundred-fold!—a thousand-fold!"

The old man had quickened his pace as these thoughts were passing through his mind; and he continued his walk, even quicker and quicker for some minutes, gesticulating with his arms, and ever and anon coming to a sudden stop in his walk. At last he turned towards the bridge, and slackening his pace considerably, and bending his face more than usual to the ground, he reached the door of his own shop. He paused before putting his hand to the door; looked with a sharp suspicious glance up and down the bridge; pulled a cheek blue handkerchief from his pocket, with which he wiped the drops from his brow; tossed with an impatient movement the coins he had been counting into his coat pocket, and then entered the little shop.

It was by that time about half-past nine o'clock, and the cavaliere and Carlo were thinking of saying good night. They all took it quite as a matter of course that the old man had been to the office, and had expended all the money in his pocket in a lottery ticket.

"You'll be watching the drawing to-morrow, my friend," said Sestini. "Shall I come with you? If you will, we can meet at the café in the piazza."

"No! I don't know—perhaps I shall not go to-morrow," returned the old man, hesitatingly; but added, after a pause, "well! yes! we will go together. I will look for you at the café a little before mid-day."

Laura and Carlo had meanwhile said their good nights, and once again he and the cavaliere left the shop together.

"Let us go to bed, Laura," said the old man, as soon as ever they were gone. "You will have a long day's work to-morrow, and I am sleepy."

Laura was rather surprised to hear him say so, for his usual habit was to sit up long after she had gone to her closet over the back shop. But she made no remark, her mind being, as may be supposed, full enough of her own thoughts.

"Good night, father," she said; "sleep well, and dream of the numbers of your terno for to-morrow;" and so saying, she climbed the steep stair to her miniature bedroom, leaving him to follow her up the ladder-like stair.

Laudadio went to the door of the shop, opened it, and looked out anxiously, as it seemed, first in one direction, then in the other, and then closing it, put his hand to the heavy bolts and locks, which he moved, as if securing the shop for the night. Yet he turned no lock, and shot no bolt, but, leaving the door thus simply



closed, proceeded to climb the stairs, and entered his room over the front shop. There, instead of beginning to undress himself, he seated himself on the bedside, and remained perfectly still for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Opposite to the bed was a sort of cupboard contrived in the thickness of the wall, by the side of the one small window that lighted the room. To this he then went, and from behind some articles of clothing on the uppermost shelf, drew forth a large key. Having possessed himself of this, he again sat down on the bed for several minutes. He then arose, and creeping noiselessly to the stair-head, again paused there some minutes. It might have been thought impossible for the old man to have descended the steep narrow stair with the perfect noiselessness with which he contrived to do it. Once at the bottom, he rapidly, but with caution to avoid the slightest sound, poured from his lamp a drop or two of oil on the wards of the key in his hand, and then applied it to the door of the safe in which Carlo had locked the cavaliere's hundred dollars. The key was, in fact, a duplicate one, laid aside when the other had years ago been entrusted to Laura for the nightly custody of the more precious articles in the shop, and long since forgotten, till the recollection of it had unfortunately occurred to the old jeweller, during his pacing under the Uffizi colonnade.

In less than a minute the two rolls of dollars were in his hands, and leaving the lamp burning on the work-bench, he stealthily stepped through the doorway on to the bridge, and quietly closed the door behind him.

Laudadio Vanni had been, though a gambler during the latter part of his life, yet an upright, honourable, and strictly honest man throughout all the many years of it, and it was in vain that he strove to conceal from himself the nature of the action he was now committing. The big drops stood on his wrinkled brow, and dropped from the ends of the straggling silver locks that fell on either side of his hollow emaciated cheeks. He trembled visibly; and instead of hastening at once on his errand, he paused at the top of the bridge under the colonnade, which at that part of it leaves the river visible. It was by this time nearly half-past eleven. The lottery offices on the night previous to the drawing remain open till twelve. After the first stroke of the clocks' sounding midnight, no stake could be played for the morrow's drawing. Yet still he paused. It seemed as if he were half minded to give his honour and fair name the advantage in their struggle with the demon which possessed him, of the chance that he might be too late to accomplish his purpose.

There is under the arches, in the space void of houses, at the top of the bridge, an ancient and dingy picture of a Madonna, in a wooden tabernacle against the wall, and a little dimly twinkling oil-lamp was burning before it. He examined the two rolls of money in the faint ray of light thrown by this lamp, to ascertain that there was

no writing on the paper in which they were wrapped; and then turned towards the parapet, and leaning on it again paused, while the minutes ran on quickly towards the moment at which the power of the tempter would be at an end. It wanted now but ten minutes of the time. But there is no part of the city in which that is not more than ample time enough for reaching a lottery receiving house. The paternal government takes care that the demon of play shall be ever at every man's elbow.

"What would they think of me," he cried, suddenly—"what would they think of me, if they knew all that I know, and knew, also, that I hesitated to obtain the prize for them? The money won with their money will be all theirs, of course. When I give it them, I shall say, 'Now will you believe that your old father's days and nights of study are worth something?'"

And as he muttered thus to himself, he hurried to the well-known counter, and thrusting himself among the crowd of wretches who were staking the halfpence they had succeeded in procuring just in time, he startled the clerks by putting down his two rouleaux for a terno on the numbers 37, 25, and 28.

The officials in these hells are not unaccustomed to strange sights. Remark on them in no wise enters into their functions. So the money was swept up; and the vile looking little strip of coarse grey-blue paper was duly scrawled over, signed, sanded, and put into his shaking hand.

As he quitted the den, the great bell of the palazzo vecchio began to toll twelve. The yawning clerks shut up their books, and "the game was made" for that week.

After having carefully secured the precious document in an inner pocket, Laudadio's first movement was to return to his home, and he began to walk in that direction. But his steps became slower and slower, and by the time he had reached the foot of the bridge, he felt that he could not endure to pass the remaining hours of the night in the stillness of his little room over the shop. He felt a strange reluctance, too, to enter his house again, and pass by that safe in the wall at the bottom of the stairs. No! he would go home no more, till he should go in with his triumph and his justification in his hand. So he turned back once more towards the Uffizi colonnade, and again paced forwards and backwards under the now silent and deserted porticoes.

But strangely enough, the result of the desperate stake he had played for, which had seemed to him so safe and certain an hour ago, while the "to be or not to be" was still in his own hands, began, now the fatal step was taken, and the irrevocable die cast, to appear less inaccessible to doubts as to the issue. It was one of those revulsions of feeling which the most compendious scheme of ethical philosophy loves to ascribe to the immediate action of the traitorous fiend; but which the students of mental phenomena would attribute to the sense



of powerlessness which takes possession of us on the completion of an irrevocable deed, aided, in poor Laudadio's case, by the importunate reproaches of his conscience. It was in vain that he repeated again and again to himself that he was only doing far better for his child with her money than she could do for herself; in vain that he argued that as her father he had some right to act for her, and watch over her interests. The genuine utterances of the still small voice are less easily overborne and put down than the dictates of the intellectual powers. The old man might succeed in persuading himself that the numbers to be drawn from the lottery wheel on the morrow were revealed to him by his waking and sleeping dreams; but he could not for an instant bring his conscience to absolve him for the deed he had done. The great prize for which he had been hoping for so many years, was now, as he told himself again and again, as good as won; a greater prize, indeed, than he had ever hoped for, for he had never before had the power of risking so large a sum at one time. Yet probably never in his life had Laudadio Vanni passed a more miserable hour than that which he spent in his midnight pacing under the colonnade of the Uffizi.

At length, wearied in body as well as in mind, he betook himself to the great "loggia" of the piazza. Every one who remembers Florence, remembers this magnificent structure by Orcagna, its wonderful noble arches, and the assemblage of masterpieces in marble and bronze collected beneath its lofty roof. At the back of the building a broad stone bench runs along the wall, and on that Laudadio stretched the long length of his gaunt and weary limbs to await the coming of the dawn. Many a worse sleeping chamber might be lighted on by a weary man than that masterpiece of architecture, proportion, and beauty, all open as it vast arches are to the mild breeze of the Italian summer night. But no bed of down could have brought sleep that night to the old lottery gambler. The stake to be decided by the events of the morrow was too tremendous a one to him. For it will be readily understood that now—strangely inconsistent creatures as we are—the amount of money to be won was the least important part of the interest that for Laudadio hung on the dirty scrap of paper in his pocket.

At last, towards morning, he fell into an uneasy doze, from which he was awakened soon after dawn by the workmen coming to erect the scaffolding for the ceremony of the drawing. The grand "loggia" of Orcagna, in the principal square of the city, is the spot chosen for this purpose, and the carpenters and upholsterers were come to make their preparations. Many a condemned man has been waked from his last earthly sleep by the noise of the erection of a scaffolding for a more terrible, though scarcely less pernicious purpose, and has met the coming day with more apathy than Laudadio felt at these preparations for his triumph or intolerable overthrow! How to get through the next six or seven hours?

That was now the most immediate question. Remain quiet, he could not. Besides, he was too well known in Florence; and it would have been too strange, perfectly well as his devotion to the lottery was known to all the world, for him to have been found there at that hour of the morning. So he slunk away from the piazza, and passing through the obscure streets which lie at the back of the palazzo pubblico, reached the large square in front of the church of Santa Croce. The vast building was already open, and at a far altar in the transept a few old men and women were hearing, or rather looking at, a morning mass. Here a seat, silence, and solitude, were to be had; and Laudadio entered the church and seated himself in a dark corner of the transept, opposite to that in which mass was being said. Here the deep silence of the place, and the fatigue of his sleepless night, gave him the advantage of a couple of hours of forgetfulness. It was nearly eight when he awoke; and he thought he might then venture to go and look at the preparations in the square. He found all there in readiness. There was the gaily decked raised platform, like a box at a theatre, with its seat for the magistrates, the lofty board prepared for the exhibition of the winning numbers, and the music-desks for the band; and above all, there was the wheel in the front of the box, looking like a large barrel-churn, only made of mahogany, and ornamented with brass mountings. In Naples, there would have been also a place for the priest, who, in that country, always attend on these occasions "to keep the devil from interfering with the numbers." But in less religious Tuscany this precaution is omitted. All was ready; but the hours, as it seemed to Laudadio, *would* not move on. He returned once again to Santa Croce, and finding it impossible to sit still, occupied himself with strolling about the immense church, and endeavouring to meet with the important numbers, that were so deeply engraved on his brain, in the many inscriptions on the walls and pavement of the building.

In the mean time, Laura had risen early to begin the various work of her busy day. The lamp which her father had left burning had burned itself out. But the unlocked and unbolted door, and the absence of the old man's hat from its accustomed peg, showed that he had gone out. There was nothing to surprise her much in this. She knew that he was apt to be restless on the morning when the lottery was about to be drawn in Florence, on which occasions he was always sure to play. She doubted not, that when he had left them on the preceding evening, he had gone to buy a ticket with the few pauls he had in his pocket, and supposed that he had gone for a morning stroll to walk off his restlessness. Carlo was to be most part of the day at the custom-house, receiving and passing the goods from Paris, and she did not expect to see him till the evening. So she quietly set to work to arrange, inventory, and ticket a parcel of jewellery that had come in the day before.



Laudadio had firmly determined that he would not leave Santa Croce till the clock should strike the quarter to twelve. Never did hours appear so interminable to him. Yet as they wore away, and the moment, big with fate, approached, he trembled at the nearness of the minute that was to decide his fate. He had found in the adjoining cloister the gravestone of some one who had died at the age of *thirty-seven*, on the *twenty-fifth* of the month, in the year eighteen *'twenty-eight*. The combination thus met with appeared to him a wonderful confirmation of the justice of his expectations. He was much comforted and strengthened by it; and had several times wandered back into the cloister to gaze on the auspicious numbers. He was standing thus dreamily staring at them, when the long-expected quarter to twelve was tolled from the convent belfry. He started, and all the blood in his body seemed to rush back to his heart. It appeared to him that he would fain have yet had one of those hours which had passed so laggingly interposed between him and the moment which now, at the last, he could not prevent himself from regarding with as much of sickening dread as of hope.

He left the church, however, at once, and walked with a quicker step than usual to the café in the piazza, at which he had agreed to meet his faithful friend and admirer, Sestini. The placid little cavaliere was at his tryst, calmly sipping a glass of water into which he had poured the remaining third of his little cup of black coffee, after regaling himself with the other two-thirds neat and hot; a favourite mode with the Italians of spreading the enjoyment derivable from three-halfpenny-worth of coffee over as large space of time as possible. Sestini, little observant as he was, could not help noticing the excited manner, the haggard look, and the feverishly gleaming eye of his friend. It still wanted a few minutes of the hour, and Sestini tried to persuade the old man to take some refreshment before going out into the crowd with which the great square was by this time full. But he could not induce him even to sit down. So the two strongly contrasted old men went out to make their way through the crowd to the immediate front of the hustings prepared for the drawing. The figure and face of the old gambler, stooping with hoary age, yet expressing in every shaking movement and every restless glance an excess of highly-strung nervous excitement, might well have caused remark at any other time or place. But amid the crowd in front of the lottery wheel every one was too much occupied with self, and strangely-moved faces were too common to attract attention.

The band had already begun to play a noisy lively air; the three magistrates in their gowns and high round flat-topped cloth caps were in their places; and two little boys in gay fancy dresses were standing one on each side of that terrible wheel—the instrument of torment little less in amount and in intensity than that caused by the other instrument of the same name the

express object of which was torture. And now began the tedious process of unfolding the little rolled-up scrolls containing the numbers, holding them up to the public view, calling them aloud, handing them from one to the other of the presiding functionaries, and finally dropping them one by one into the wheel. And once again Laudadio thought that the minutes went slowly, and that the preliminary formalities would never be completed.

But at length the whole tale from One to Ninety had been deposited in the wheel. The music sounds; the little boys churn away at the fateful churn; two or three turns have tumbled the numbers into a confusion sufficient to make—to all human ken—CHANCE the sole blind master of the position of them; and then, amid sudden and profound silence, the first number is drawn. The boy plunges his bared arm into the machine, brings out one rolled-up scroll between his finger and thumb, holds it aloft, and passes it, always keeping his hand at arm's length, to one of the presiding trio. He unrolls it, proclaims aloud "EIGHTY-EIGHT," hands it to his colleague, who holds it up aloft open to the people, and passes it to the third officer, who affixes it to the conspicuous board provided for the purpose. Then out blare the trumpets again, and out bursts a tempest of tongues. Nothing is lost yet. Five numbers are to be drawn; and there is yet room for a terno to come up—and to spare. Those, indeed, who have betted that some other number would come up *first* (which is termed playing an "estratto determinato")—those, indeed, have already lost; but for all others "the game is still alive."

Again the music ceases, and again every voice is suddenly hushed. The same mode of operation is repeated, and this time "TWENTY-FIVE" is called aloud, and takes its place on the board by the side of its predecessor.

Again the music and the roar of voices burst forth.

"It's right!" said Laudadio to his sympathising friend, in a faint and choking voice. "Oh yes! it's all right. I have no doubt; none." And Sestini could feel the old man's arm shaking as if he had been struck by sudden paralysis.

Once again the ceremony is repeated, and "37" is the result.

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried the old man, trembling all over, while the big drops of perspiration started to his brow. "Oh! there could be no doubt. Of course I was certain of it." And drawing from his pocket with difficulty, so violently were his hands shaking, the ticket with his numbers, he showed them to his friend, carefully hiding with his lean old hand the sum for which the ticket was made out.

"Ah, my dear friend," said the little cavaliere, "if you had only played for an ambo, you would have been all right." (The ambo is when *two* numbers are named to come up.) "An ambo makes a nice little bit of money. I wish it were an ambo."



"Why an ambo?" returned Laudadio, fiercely. "I tell you my terno is certain—certain!"

By this time all hope is over for the majority of the crowd, and the silence for the drawing of the fourth number is by no means so general. Now for it. "56."

A long deep breath came from the old gambler's chest with a sound almost of a groan, and he closed his eyes for a minute. "But it will be all right, I tell you," he said, angrily, as if his companion had maintained the reverse. "I tell you it is sure. It can't fail me now. It can't!"

And now for the last number—the cast of fortune that was to make all safe or all lost. It was a tremendous moment for the old man. The music and the voices sounded strangely in his ears, as if they were far off. Now, silence! Now!

"Twenty—NINE!" shouted the officer.

For one short moment, as the syllables "twenty" reached his ears, the unhappy old man had imagined that all was well with him. Then came with a roar, as it seemed to him, of a mighty tempest wind rushing through his ears, and crushing him to the earth, the fatal sound that hurled him from the summit of his hopes into an abyss of misery.

"What a pity it was not an ambo," said Sestini, not dreaming that the disappointment was a greater or more important one than the veteran gambler had a thousand times had to bear. But the revulsion was too terrible for old Laudadio's over-excited nervous system. After gazing for a moment with a fixed glassy stare into his companion's face, his long attenuated body swayed to and fro like a tall tree whose foot the axe has nearly severed, his gripe on the cavaliere's arm relaxed, and he fell in a dead swoon on the flagstones of the piazza.

Poor little Sestini was extremely shocked and frightened. The crowd of course formed a ring round the prostrate figure of the old man, whose hat had fallen off, and whose long white locks were straggling over his livid face. For a moment they thought that he was dead. But the heaving of his chest soon indicated that he had but fainted. Many of those around knew old Laudadio Vanni, the jeweller on the Ponte Vecchio, and understood perfectly well the cause of his present trouble. "Poor fellow! he will have been playing high!" said one. "He's one that the Madonna owes a good terno to before he dies!" remarked another. And Sestini, with the aid of three or four of the nearest bystanders, proceeded to carry him to his house on the neighbouring bridge. He probably had regained his consciousness before he reached his home. But his eyes remained closed, and he suffered himself to be carried by those who had picked him up. The fatal ticket remained clutched in his hand, and having been taken from it by Ses-

tini, after those who carried him had placed him in his chair and departed, sufficed to tell very shortly the whole facts of the case.

And the remainder of our story may be told almost as compendiously.

Carlo took the matter very much more coolly than Laura had dared to hope. He said that such things were necessarily to be expected from lottery playing, and—that a new lock, to which he would see himself, must be put on the strong safe.

Sestini remarked that there were few heads in Italy, save that of his friend, who could have discovered *within one* the very numbers to be drawn for a terno. And Laudadio observed that loss in the lottery was number 90.

The marriage took place duly on the Sunday, despite the loss of Godpapa Sestini's dower. And the business-like Carlo and his artist wife have long since ceased to feel the need of such a sum.

Old Laudadio lived several years after the loss of his last great stake. Did that miscarriage serve to open his eyes or cure him of his malady? Any one who is doubtful on such a point has happily little knowledge of the insanity in question.

The present writer has had an interview with Laudadio Vanni. It took place one bright and frosty moonlight night on the "Ponte Trinita." It was late, and there was no other person on the bridge. The striking but shabby-looking old man, courteously lifting his hat, addressed himself to the deponent, and stating that he had something of importance to communicate, proceeded to propose a partnership enterprise in the lottery; the conditions to be, that the deponent should furnish the funds for the purchase of a ticket, while he, Laudadio, would supply numbers dreamed of by him, and warranted to win.

The deponent, deeming the old man no better than a self-conscious and designing swindler, punished him by saying that he approved perfectly of the scheme, only that he would prefer to reverse the parts. But had he known the history, which he learned on mentioning his rencontre to some Florentine friends, and which has been set forth in the preceding chapters, he might probably have treated the old lottery dreamer more gently.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865.

[PRICE 2d.]

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER II. ANNO DOMINI 1860.

Two persons sat together in a first-floor room overlooking Chancery-lane. The afternoon sky was grey, and cold, and dull; and the room was greyer, colder, duller than the sky. Everything about the place looked sordid and neglected. The rain-channelled smoke of years had crusted on the windows. The deed-boxes on the shelves behind the door, the shabby books in the book-case opposite the fireplace, the yellow map that hung over the mantelpiece, the tape-tied papers on the table, were all thickly coated with white dust. There was nothing fresh or bright within those four walls, except a huge green safe with panelled iron doors and glittering scutcheons, fixed into a recess beside the fireplace. There were only two old-fashioned horse-hair covered chairs in the room. There was not even a carpet on the floor. A more comfortable place could scarcely be conceived beyond the walls of a prison; and yet, perhaps, it was not more comfortable than such places generally are.

It was the private room of William Trefalden, Esquire, attorney-at-law, and it opened out from the still drearier office in which his clerks were at work. There was a clock in each room, and an almanack on each mantelshelf. The hands of both clocks pointed to half-past four, and the almanacks both proclaimed that it was the second day of March, A.D. eighteen hundred and sixty.

The two persons sitting together in the inner chamber were the lawyer and one of his clients. Placed as he was with his back to the window and his face partly shaded by his hand, Mr. Trefalden's features were scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom of the afternoon. His client—a stout, pale man, with a forest of iron-grey hair about his massive temples—sat opposite, with the light full upon his face, and his hands crossed on the knob of his umbrella.

"I have come to talk to you, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "about that Castletowers mortgage."

"The Castletowers mortgage?" repeated Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes—I think I could do better with my money. In short, I wish to foreclose."

The lawyer shifted round a little further from the light, and drew his hand a little lower over his eyes.

"What better do you think you could do with your money, Mr. Behrens?" he said, after a moment's pause. "It is an excellent investment. The Castletowers estate is burthened with no other incumbrance; and what can you desire better than five per cent secured on landed property?"

"I have nothing to say against it, as an investment," replied the client; "but—I prefer something else."

Mr. Trefalden looked up with a keen, inquiring glance.

"You are too wise a man, I am sure, Mr. Behrens," said he, "to let yourself be tempted by any unsafe rate of interest."

The client smiled grimly.

"You are too wise a man, I should hope, Mr. Trefalden," rejoined he, "to suspect Oliver Behrens of any such folly? No, the fact is that five per cent is no longer of such importance to me as it was seven years ago, and I have a mind to lay out that twenty-five thousand upon land."

"Upon land?" echoed the lawyer. "My dear sir, it would scarcely bring you three and a half per cent."

"I know that," replied the client. "I can afford it."

There was another brief silence.

"You will not give notice, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, quietly, "till you have seen something which you think likely to suit you?"

"I have seen something already," replied Mr. Behrens.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; in Worcestershire—one hundred and thirty miles from London."

"Is not that somewhat far for a man of business, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, I have my box in Surrey, you know, adjoining the Castletowers grounds."

"True. Have you taken any steps towards this purchase?"

"I have given your address to the lawyers in whose care the papers are left, and have desired them to communicate with you upon the subject



I trust to you to see that the title is all as it should be."

Mr. Trefalden slightly bent his head.

"I will give you my best advice upon it," he replied. "In the mean time, I presume, you would wish to give notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage."

"Precisely what I came here to do."

Mr. Trefalden took up a pen, and an oblong slip of paper.

"You will allow twelve months, of course?" said he, interrogatively.

"Certainly not. Why should I? Only six are stipulated for in the deed."

"True; but courtesy——"

"Tush! this is a matter of law, not courtesy," interrupted the client.

"Still, I fear it would prove a serious inconvenience to Lord Castletowers," remonstrated the lawyer. "Twenty-five thousand pounds is a large sum."

"Lord Castletowers's convenience is nothing to me," replied the other, abruptly. "I'm a man of the people, Mr. Trefalden. I have no respect for coronets."

"Very possible, Mr. Behrens," said Trefalden, in the same subdued tone; "but you may remember that your interest has been paid with scrupulous regularity, and that it is a very hard matter for a poor nobleman—Lord Castletowers is poor—to find so heavy a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds at only six months' notice."

"He did not think it too short when he gave me the bond," said Mr. Behrens.

"He wanted money," replied Mr. Trefalden, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, and now I want it. Come, come, Mr. Trefalden, Lord Castletowers is your client, and, no doubt, you would like to oblige him; but I am your client too—and a better one than he is, I'll be bound!"

"I trust, Mr. Behrens, that I should never seek to oblige one client at the expense of another," said the lawyer, stiffly. "If you think that I would, you wrong me greatly."

"I think, sir, that, like most other folks, you have more respect for a lord than a woolstapler," answered the man of the people, with a hard smile. "But I don't blame you for it. You're a professional man, and all professional men have those prejudices."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Trefalden. "I have none. I am the son of a merchant, and my family have all been merchants for generations. But this is idle. Let us proceed with our business. I am to take your instructions, Mr. Behrens, to serve Lord Castletowers with a notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage in six months time?"

Mr. Behrens nodded, and the lawyer made a note of the matter.

"I am also to understand that should Lord Castletowers request a further delay of six

months, you would not be disposed to grant it?"

"Certainly not."

Mr. Trefalden laid his pen aside.

"If he can't find the money," said the woolstapler, "let him sell the old place. I'll buy it."

"Shall I tell his lordship so?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"If you like. But it won't come to that, Mr. Trefalden. You're a rich man—aha! you needn't shake your head—you're a rich man, and you'll lend him the money."

"Indeed you are quite mistaken, Mr. Behrens," replied the lawyer, rising. "I am a very poor man."

"Ay, you say so, of course; but I know what the world thinks of your poverty, Mr. Trefalden. Well, good morning. You're looking pale, sir. You work too hard, and think too much. That's the way with you clever saving men. You should take care of yourself."

"Pshaw! how can a bachelor take care of himself?" said Mr. Trefalden, with a faint smile.

"True; you should look out for an heiress."

The lawyer shook his head.

"No, no," said he, "I prefer my liberty. Good morning."

"Good morning."

Mr. Trefalden ushered his client through the office, listened for a moment to his heavy foot-fall going down the stairs, hastened back to his private room, and shut the door.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, in a low agitated tone, "what's to be done now? This is ruin—ruin!"

He took three or four restless turns about the room, then flung himself into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"He might well say that I looked pale," muttered he. "I felt pale. It came upon me like a thunderstroke. I a rich man, indeed! I with twenty-five thousand pounds at command! Merciful powers! what can I do? To whom can I turn for it? What security have I to give? Only six months' notice, too. I am lost! I am lost!"

He rose, and went to the great safe beside the fireplace. His hand trembled so that he could scarcely fit the key to the lock. He threw back one of the heavy iron-panelled doors, and brought out a folded parchment, with the words "*Deed of Mortgage between Gervase Leopold Wynncliffe, Earl of Castletowers, and Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Broad-street, London,*" written upon the outer side. Opening this document upon the desk, he resumed his seat, and read it carefully through from beginning to end. As he did so, the trouble deepened and deepened on his face, and his cheek grew still more deathly. When he came to the signatures at the end, he pushed it from him with a bitter sigh.

"Not a flaw in it!" he groaned. "No pretext for putting off the evil day for even a week



beyond the time! What a fool I was to think I could ever replace it! And yet what could I do? I wanted it. If it were to do again to-morrow, I should do it. Yes, by Heaven! I should, be the consequences what they might."

He paused, rose again, and replaced the mortgage deed in the safe.

"If I only dared to burn it!" said he, with a lingering glance at the fire. "Or if—"

He took a letter from the table, and stood looking for some moments at the signature.

"Oliver Behrens!" he mused. "A bold hand, with something of the German character in that little twist at the top of the O, easy to imitate; but then the witnesses—No, no, impossible! Better expatriation than such a risk as that. If the worst comes to the worst, there's always America."

And with this he sank down into his chair again, rested his chin upon his open palms, and fell into a deep and silent train of thought.

#### CHAPTER III. RESOLVED.

As William Trefalden sat in his little dismal private room, wearily thinking, the clouds in the sky parted towards the west, and the last gleam of daylight fell upon his face. Such a pale eager face as it was, too, with a kind of strange beauty in it that no merely vulgar eye would have seen at all. To the majority of persons, William Trefalden was simply a gentlemanly "clever-looking" man. Attracted by the upright wall of forehead, which literally overbalanced the proportions of his face, they scarcely observed the delicacy of his other features. The clear pallor of his complexion, the subtle moulding of his mouth and chin, were altogether disregarded by those superficial observers. Even his eyes, large, brown, luminous as they were, lost much of their splendour beneath that superincumbent weight of brow. His age was thirty-eight; but he looked older. His hair was thick and dark, and sprinkled lightly here and there with silver. Though slender, he was particularly well made—so well made, that it seemed impossible to him to move ungracefully. His hands were white and supple; his voice low; his manner grave and polished. A very keen and practised eye might, perhaps, have detected a singular sub-current of nervous excitability beneath that gravity and polish—a nervous excitability which it had been the business of William Trefalden's whole life to conquer and conceal, and which none of those around him were Lavaters enough to discover. The ice of a studied reserve had effectually crusted over that fire. His own clerks, who saw him daily for three hundred and thirteen dreary days in every dreary year, had no more notion of their employer's inner life than the veriest strangers who brushed past him along the narrow footway of Chancery-lane. They saw him only as others saw him. They thought of him only as others thought of him. They knew that he had a profound and extensive

knowledge of his profession, an iron will, and an inexhaustible reserve of energy. They knew that he would sit chained to his desk for twelve and fourteen hours at a time, when there was urgent business to be done. They knew that he wore a shabby coat, lunched every day on a couple of dry biscuits, made no friends, accepted no invitations, and kept his private address a dead secret, even from his head clerk. To them he was a grave, plodding, careful, clever man, somewhat parsimonious as to his expenditure, provokingly reticent as to his private habits, and evidently bent on the accumulation of riches. They were about as correct in their conclusions, as the conclave of cardinals which elected Pope Sixtus the Fifth for no other merits than his supposed age and infirmities.

Lost in anxious thought, William Trefalden sat at his desk, in the same attitude, till dusk came on, and the lamps were lighted in the thoroughfare below. Once or twice he sighed, or stirred uneasily; but his eyes never wandered from their fixed stare, and his head was never lifted from his hands. At length he seemed to come to a sudden resolution. He rose, rang the bell, crumpled up the memorandum which he had written according to Mr. Behrens's instructions, and flung it into the fire.

The door opened, and a red-headed clerk made his appearance.

"Let my office lamp be brought," said Mr. Trefalden, "and ask Mr. Keckwitch to step this way."

The clerk vanished, and was succeeded by Mr. Keckwitch, who came in with the lighted lamp in his hand.

"Put the shade over it, Keckwitch," exclaimed Mr. Trefalden, impatiently, as the glare fell full upon his face. "It's enough to blind one!"

The head clerk obeyed slowly, looking at his employer all the while from beneath his eyelashes.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked, huskily.

He was a short, fat, pallid man, with no more neck than a Schiedam bottle. His eyes were small and almost colourless. His ears had held so many generations of pens that they stood out from his head like the handles of a classic vase; and his voice was always husky.

"Yes. Do you know where to lay your hand upon that old copy of my great-grandfather's will?"

"Jacob Trefalden of Basinghall-street, seventeen hundred and sixty?"

Mr. Trefalden nodded.

The head clerk took the subject into placid consideration, and drummed thoughtfully with his fat fingers upon the most prominent portion of his waistcoat.

"Well, sir," he admitted, after a brief pause,

"I won't say that I may not be able to find it."

"Do so, if you please. Who is in the office?"



"Only Mr. Gorkin."

"Desire Gorkin to run out and fetch me a Continental Bradshaw."

Mr. Keckwitch retired; despatched the red-headed clerk; took down a dusty deed-box from a still dustier corner cupboard; brought forth the old yellow parchment for which his employer had just inquired, and slipped the same within the lid of his desk. Having done this, he took an armful of mouldy deeds from another shelf of the same cupboard, and littered them all about the desk and floor. Just as he had completed these arrangements, Gorkin returned, breathless, with the volume in his hand, and Mr. Keckwitch took it in.

"And the copy?" said Mr. Trefalden, without lifting his eyes from an old book of maps over which he was bending.

"I am looking for it, sir," replied the head clerk.

"Very good."

"Gorkin may go, I suppose, sir? It's more than half-past five."

"Of course; and you too, when you have found the deed."

Mr. Keckwitch retired again, released the grateful Gorkin, placed himself at his desk, and proceeded with much deliberation to read the will.

"What's at the bottom of it?" muttered he, presently, as he paused with one fat finger on the opening sentence. "What's wrong? Something. I heard it in his voice. I saw it in his face. And he knew I should see it, too, when he called out about the shade. What is it? What's he peering into those maps about? Why does he want this copy? He never asked for it before. There ain't a farthing coming to him, I know. I've read it before. But I'll read it again, for all that. A man can never know too much of his employer's private affairs. Not much chance of learning a great deal of his, either. Confounded private he keeps 'em."

He read on a little further, and then paused again.

"Why did he send for that Continental Bradshaw?" he questioned to himself. "Why can I go, too, when there's plenty to be done here, and he knows it? He wants me gone—why? Where's he goin' himself? What's he up to? Abel Keckwitch, Abel Keckwitch, my best of friends, keep your right eye open!"

And with this apostrophe he returned to the deed, and proceeded with it sedulously.

"Well, Keckwitch," cried Mr. Trefalden, from the inner room, "have you found the copy?"

"Not yet, sir," replied that trusty fellow, who was then rather more than half way through it. "But I've turned out a boxful of old parchments, and I think I shall be sure—"

"Enough. Look closely for it, and bring it as soon as it turns up."

"It will turn up," murmured Mr. Keckwitch, "as soon as I have finished it."

And so it did, about five minutes after, when Mr. Keckwitch made his appearance with it at his master's door.

"Found? That's right!" exclaimed the lawyer, putting out his hand eagerly.

"I won't be sure, sir, till you've looked at it," replied the head clerk, with becoming modesty.

Mr. Trefalden's fingers closed on the document, but his eyes flashed keenly into the lustreless orbs of Mr. Abel Keckwitch, and rested there a moment before they reverted to the endorsement.

"Humph!" said he, in a slightly altered tone. "Yes—it's quite right, thank you. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Mr. Trefalden looked after him suspiciously, and continued to do so, even when the door had been closed between them.

"The man's false," said he. "None but spies have so little curiosity. I shouldn't wonder if he's read every line."

Then he rose, locked the door, trimmed the lamp, dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and began to read the will. As he read, his brow darkened, and his lip grew stern. Presently he pushed the deed aside, and jotted down row after row of cyphers on a piece of blotting-paper. Then he went back to the deed, and back again to the cyphers, and every moment the frown settled deeper and deeper on his brow. Such a complex train of hopes and doubts, speculations and calculations as were traversing the mazes of that busy brain! Sometimes he pondered in silence. Sometimes he muttered through his teeth; but so inaudibly, that had there even been a listener at the door (as perhaps there was), that listener would not have been a syllable the wiser.

He took up a little almanack printed on a card, and cast up the weeks between the fourth of March and the third of April. There were not quite five. Not quite five weeks to the expiration of this long, long century, during which Jacob Trefalden's half million had been accumulating, interest upon interest—during which whole generations had been born, and lived, and had passed away! Good Heavens! to what a sum it had grown. It amounted now to nine million five hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and odd pounds! Words—mere words! His brain refused to realise them. He might as well have tried to realise the distance between the sun and the earth. And this gigantic bequest was to be divided between a charity and an heir. Half! Even the half baffled him. Even the half seemed too vast to convey any tangible idea to his mind. Even the half amounted to four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Pshaw! both were so inconceivable, that the one produced no more effect upon his imagination than the other.

He took up his pen, and made a rapid calcula-



tion. Supposing it were taken as an income at five per cent? Ha! one could grasp that, at all events. It would produce about two hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds a year. Two hundred and thirty-eight thousand a year! A splendid revenue, truly; yet less than the income enjoyed by many an English nobleman; and not one penny more than might be very easily and pleasantly spent by even a poor devil of an attorney like himself!

It might have been his own, that princely heritage—nay, would have been, but for the accursed accident of birth! It might have been his; and now to whom would it fall? To a stranger—an alien—probably to an uncultivated boor, ignorant of the very language of his forefathers! Oh, the bitter injustice of it! Had not *he* at least as fair a right to this wealth? Did not *he* stand in precisely the same degree of relationship to the giver of it? By what law of natural justice was the descendant of the eldest son to revel in superfluity, while he, the descendant of the youngest, stood on the brink of ruin? Had it even been left for division between the survivors, both might have been rich; but now—

He rose, pale and agitated, and paced restlessly about the room.

But now, was it not evident that this heir was his born foe and despoiler, and had he not the right to hate him? Was not the hand of the desperate man against all men, even from the very beginning? but was it not first raised against those who had wronged him the deepest? William Trefalden was a desperate man. Had he not appropriated that twenty-five thousand pounds paid over to him by Lord Castletowers two years ago for the liquidation of the mortgage, and did not ruin and discovery stare him in the face? Having hazarded name and safety on one terrible die known only to himself, should he now hesitate to declare war upon his enemy, who was the possessor of millions?

He smiled a strange smile of power and defiance, and ran his finger along the black lines on the map. From Dover to Calais—from Calais, by train, to Basle—Basle to Zurich—Zurich to Chur. At Chur the railways terminate. It could not be far beyond Chur where these emigrant Trefaldens dwelt. It would take him three days to get there, perhaps three and a half—perhaps four. He would start to-morrow.

His decision once taken, William Trefalden became in a moment cool and methodical as ever. All trace of excitement vanished from his face, as a breath clears from the surface of a mirror. He thrust the Bradshaw in his pocket, scribbled a hasty note to his head clerk, carefully burned the cyphered blotting-paper in the flame of the lamp, and watched it expire among the dead ashes in the fireplace; locked his desk; tried the fastenings of the safe; glanced at the clock, and prepared to be gone.

"A quarter to seven already!" exclaimed he,

as he unlocked the door. "I shall be late to-night!"

He had spoken aloud, believing himself alone, but stopped at the sight of Mr. Keckwitch, busily writing.

"You here, Keckwitch!" he said, frowning. "I told you you might go."

"You did, sir," replied the scribe, placidly; "but there was Heywood and Bennett's deed of partnership to be drawn up, so I would not take advantage of your kindness."

Trefalden bit his lip.

"I had just written a line to you," he said, "to let you know that I am going out of town for a fortnight. Forward all letters marked private."

"Where to, sir?"

"You will find the address here."

And Mr. Trefalden tossed the note down upon the clerk's desk, and turned towards the door.

"Glad you're going to allow yourself a little pleasure for once, sir," observed Mr. Keckwitch, without the faintest gleam of surprise or curiosity on his impassive countenance. "Begging pardon for the liberty."

His employer hesitated for an instant before replying.

"Thank you," he said, "but pleasure is not my object. I go to visit a relation whom I have neglected too long. Good night."

With this he passed from the room, and went slowly down the stairs. In the passage he paused to listen; and when in the street, stepped out into the middle of the thoroughfare to look up at the windows.

"Strange!" muttered he; "but I never suspected that fellow so strongly as I do to-night!"

He then glanced right and left, buttoned his coat across his chest, for the March wind blew keenly, and walked briskly up the lane, in the direction of Holborn. As he neared the top of the street, close to its junction with the great thoroughfare, a thought struck him, and he flung himself back, by a rapid movement, into the recess of an old-fashioned doorway. There was no lamp within several yards. The doorway was dark and deep as a sentry-box. There, with eager ear and bated breath, he waited.

Presently, apart from the deep hum of traffic close by, he heard a footstep coming up—a footstep so light and swift that at first he thought he must be mistaken. Then his practised ear detected a labouring wheeze in the breath of the runner.

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated he, poised his right arm, set his teeth, and stood ready for a spring.

The signals of distress grew more distinct—the step slackened, ceased—drew near again—and Mr. Abel Keckwitch, panting and bewildered, made his appearance just opposite the doorway, evidently baffled by the disappearance of its occupant.



He was not long left in doubt. Swift as a panther, William Trefalden swooped down upon his man, and dealt him a short powerful blow that sent him reeling, pale and giddy, against the wall. It was surprising what muscles of steel and knuckles of iron lay perdu beneath the white superficies of that supple hand.

"Dog!" said he, fiercely, "do you dare to spy at my heels? This is not the first time I've suspected you; but I advise you to let it be the last time I convict you. Ay, you may scowl, but, by the Heaven above me! if I catch you at this game again, you'll repent it to your dying day. There! be thankful that I let you off so cheaply."

And having said this, William Trefalden walked coolly away, without vouchsafing so much as a glance to a couple of delighted boys who stood watching the performance from the opposite side of the street.

As for Abel Keckwitch, he recovered his breath and his equilibrium as well as he could, though the former was a matter of time, and caused him to sit down, ignominiously, on the nearest door-step. When, at length, he was in a condition to retrace his steps, he rose, shook his fat fist in a passion of impotent rage, and indulged in a volley of curses, not loud but deep.

"I'll be even with you," gasped he, more huskily than ever. "I'll be even with you, Mr. Trefalden, if I die for it! You've something to hide, but you shan't hide it from me. I'll know where you live, and what you do with your money. I'll find out the secret of your life before I've done with you, and then let us see which will be master!"

### MORE LIGHT.

THE world may be divided into two classes of people—those who use gas, and those who don't. The former are grumbling a good deal, and have grumbled for many years. They say that gas is too dear, and that the quality is not what it should be; that the consumers have no sufficient hold over the companies, and ought to be armed in some way with authority to enforce the manufacture of good gas, to be sold to them at a reasonable price. The non-consumers do not understand all this. They see that commercial bargains are being made more and more every year without the intervention of the government. We buy our commodities, from steam engines down to tin tacks, from casks of tallow down to ounces of toffy, at such times as we like, how we like, where we like, and at such prices as the state of the market may determine; and we do not ask the government to decide for us what shall be the maximum prices to be charged by the producers. It seems to them, the non-consumers, that it is a retrograde policy, a return to principles of an obsolete kind, to ask parliament to trouble itself about Sale-of-Gas Bills.

There are, however, many curious circum-

stances connected with the manufacture and sale of gas, which place it apart from most other commodities. There can only be a few gas-works in one town, owing to the largeness of the capital invested; and if too many rival companies were allowed, on the principle of open competition, to tear up our streets for the purpose of laying down new gas-pipes, there would be even more annoyance than we now suffer at the hands of makers of railways, sewers, telegraph wires, and pneumatic tubes. On the other hand, gas-making is a more profitable trade than it used to be, owing, among other causes, to the increasing value of the refuse.

Go into any one of the great gasworks, and see what is doing there. The main occupation is a true distilling, the distilling of gas from coal; and everything else is made subservient to this process. There are oblong vessels, called retorts, sometimes made of clay and sometimes of iron, seven or eight feet long, by perhaps a foot in diameter. Several of these, placed horizontally, are packed near each other so as to be heated by one furnace. There are coal and coke outside the retorts, and coal inside; the former to render the retorts red hot, and the latter to be distilled into gas. Some of the great works have as many as five hundred of these retorts at work at once, in the depth of winter, when much gas is required. Each retort consumes about a hundred-weight of coal in six hours; and it takes its four meals a day with great regularity.

A little arithmetic will show what a vast quantity of coal must thus be used in one establishment every week, and how necessary it is that the works should be situated near a railway, canal, or navigable river. As the coal in the retort is shut in from the action of common air, it does not burn away to ashes as in our common grates and stoves. It is distilled. All that can ascend from it in the form of volatile fluid, does ascend, leaving coke as the solid residue. Once in six hours this coke is raked out; when cooled, some of it is used to heat the retorts, and the rest is sold to the public. Then for the volatile fluid. This ascends from the back of the retort through an upright pipe into a large horizontal main; where, when cooled, it separates into three distinct substances—gas, ammoniacal liquor, and tar. The gas is a very complex one, carburetted and sulphuretted and ammoniuretted in a perplexing degree; it would make but a poor shine of itself if burned in a gas-burner in this state. It needs much purifying. It is made to pass into purifiers containing lime or lime-water, where it loses most of the sulphur which would otherwise interfere with its illuminating qualities. The lime, thus saturated with sulphur gases, is a very disagreeable substance, as tested by our nostrils; nevertheless, it is brought into use as a lute or temporary cement for closing the retort doors, as a material for mortar and for bottle-glass making, and as manure. The gas is not yet clean enough; it is made to pass either through clear water, or through a solution of



some salt. Then at last we have the gas with which our jets and burners are supplied, cold and invisible, but strongly affecting our olfactory organs.

Every atom of this gas ("errors excepted") passes through an apparatus called a station-meter; it makes a fan rotate, and this makes a wheel rotate, and this makes other wheels rotate, and these make certain index-hands rotate in front of a graduated dial, by which are denoted the exact number of cubic feet of gas that have passed through. Then, from this station-meter it passes to those vast cylindrical structures which we see at all the gas-works, some of them as much as a hundred and fifty feet in diameter; they are called gasometers, but a better name would be gas-holders. Most of these have a kind of telescopic action. Sliding up and down, according to the quantity of gas they contain, they are very full and very high in the afternoon and early evening, when people are just about to light up; rather empty and rather low in the small hours of the morning, or about daybreak, when gas-lights are few in number. The gas passes through hundreds of miles of iron-pipes under the roadway of the public streets, and through a still greater length of smaller piping from these mains to the houses and to the street lamps. The gas is under pressure in the gasometer, in order that it may be forced into the more distant as well as into the nearest pipes; and this pressure is made greater in some districts than in others, and at certain hours than at others, according to the rapidity with which the gas is consumed—a matter of no small nicety connected with the economical and efficient ordering of a gaswork.

This is gas making, stripped of technicalities, and made intelligible as to its leading characteristics. When the gas-light system was first introduced, the gas was charged at so much per flame or jet. It was perhaps the best plan available at that time, but it was uncertain: seeing that the size and form of the burner have much to do with the quantity of gas burned; and seeing, moreover, that the companies' inspectors had but imperfect means of knowing how long the gas was burning after a shop was shut. There is rather a nice bit of philosophy in the action of gas-burners. When gas is burned in a large flame, a larger relative amount of light is obtained from a given quantity than from a smaller flame, other things being equal; because the higher temperature produced enables the flame to utilise the light-giving powers of the gas, much of which otherwise gives out heat with very little light. But this is not all. The shape of the burner, or rather of the film of gas which it shoots forth, has much to do with the intensity of the light. The Argand burner has a ring of very small holes; but a greater quantity of light from a given quantity of gas is obtained by using burners bearing certain fanciful names—such as the fish-tail, the cockspur, the bat-wing, the swallow-tail, and the

union, in most of which the flame is spread out into a kind of film or thin sheet. If we could warm the atmospheric air before it feeds a flame, the same consumption of gas would give forth an increased light—on a principle analogous to that by which the hot-blast produces a greater result than the cold in iron smelting. This has actually been done by Dr. Faraday and Dr. Frankland, each of whom has devised a kind of double glass chimney for gas-lamps, which enables the lamp to warm its own air before feeding its own flame.

These are the matters, or some of them, which the legislature took under its charge about eighteen years ago. It was thought that the public were not sufficiently protected against the powerful gas companies, and that the law ought to have something to say to the price charged for the article. Five years ago, another act was passed, relating to the gas used in the metropolis, and doctoring up the subject much more elaborately than the former statute. It gives a sort of exclusive sanction to certain established companies. It divides the metropolis into districts, awarding each district to one particular company. It empowers the Secretary of State to order inspectors to investigate causes of complaint as to quality and quantity of gas, and to enforce penalties against the companies for any wrong-doing. It lays down the rules under which new districts may demand to be gas-lighted, whether at once profitable to the companies or not. It declares that the companies may demand that the gas may be measured, or rather its consumption measured, by meters; but it allows the consumer to decide whether he shall use his own meter, or rent one supplied by the company. It binds the companies to be very liberal towards parish authorities, in all that relates to street lamps—much more than towards private consumers. It defines what shall be considered good honest gas-light. That is to say, "common gas, in a burner consuming five cubic feet of gas in an hour, is to give a light equal to twelve sperm candles, each consuming one hundred and twenty grains per hour; and cannel gas, from the like quantity, a light equal to twenty such candles; and the purity to be such as not to discolour turmeric paper, or paper imbued with acetate or carbonate of lead; and not to contain more than twenty grains of sulphur in any form in a hundred cubic feet of gas." It declares that no company shall advance the maximum price of gas, if that price had hitherto been four shillings and sixpence per thousand cubic feet; but if the price had hitherto been higher, then the maximum is declared to be five and sixpence for common gas, and seven and sixpence for cannel gas. And it contains a number of minor clauses, intended to ensure honesty and justice from everybody to everybody else.

With the exception of a slight change made in the next following year, the gas act of eighteen hundred and sixty is that which is now in force. If we are not all thoroughly enlightened, so much the worse for us; the statute contains



clauses enough to enlighten any one, so far as intention is concerned—even to a single grain of spermaceti in the sperm candle which we are ordered to use as a photometric standard.

There has been a battle of the meters for some years, as there was a battle of the gauges several years ago. The meters range themselves in two powerful armies—the wet and the dry—each under a staff of skilful generals—the patentees; and there is a kind of subsidiary battle between the companies' meters and the consumers' meters; the meters that are rented and the meters that have been purchased. A gas-meter is a curious and ingenious piece of apparatus. A kind of drum is divided into four equal portions by four partition walls. The axis of this drum, works in the toothed wheel of a spindle, and this into a train of wheel-work. All the gas consumed in a shop or other building passes through the drum before reaching the burners, and makes it rotate; this makes the spindle rotate more slowly, and this makes a wheel rotate more slowly still, and so on, until the last wheel has a very slow movement indeed. Three of the wheels carry index hands, which rotate in front of a graduated dial: one hand goes round while a thousand cubic feet of gas are passing through the meter, one while ten thousand, and one while a hundred thousand feet pass. There is water contained in the wet meter; but the dry meter, with something of an elastic or bellows-like action, is without water. The minor details of construction are infinitely varied; and each patentee is, of course, ready to take his affidavit that *his* particular form is and must be the best of all. At periodical intervals the gas company's inspector comes to see how much gas has been consumed; the position of the index hands determines this; and then the consumer is charged at (say) four shillings and sixpence per thousand cubic feet. But, here's the rub. Does the meter always tell the truth? Do the wheels and hands always go round properly? Consumers used to assert so positively that the meters were often wrong, that the government directed no less learned a person than the astronomer royal to ferret out the truth. He ascertained that such really was the case, without any intentional dishonesty on either side. Any error in adjusting the train of wheels would certainly cause the meter to indicate wrongly. The astronomer royal quoted a case in point. "Complaint was made to a branch gas-office of overcharge in a meter. The meter was examined by the company's inspector, and found correct. The complaint was repeated; the meter was then examined by the official inspector, and found correct. The complaint was twice again repeated, and the meter was twice again examined, and found correct. At last the wheel-work was opened and examined; and it was then found that, in consequence of the insertion of an erroneous wheel, the just charge for gas consumed was doubled. A considerable sum was in consequence reimbursed to the consumer."

The companies thought they had guarded against such blunders. Every meter is tested by the maker before being sold; it is again tested by the company before being fixed; and if the inspector at any time believe the indications to be incorrect, he takes it to the office for further scrutiny, leaving a correct one in the mean time. The uncertainty in this matter led the Board of Trade, six years ago, to recommend legislative interference with the gas trade. "In practice, the purchaser is almost always supplied by the dealer with the meter. In consequence of the complexity of the instrument, and the absence of any legal test, an ordinary purchaser is not able either to judge of the correctness of the meter himself, or, except perhaps in the metropolis and other large towns, to procure it to be tested by an independent authority. He is therefore practically dependent on the seller for the measurement from which the charge is ascertained. A purchaser of goods by yard measure or pound weight can readily find an authentic test, and if dissatisfied, can in most cases resort to another dealer; but, in these particulars, the sale of gas is materially different. These circumstances appear to render it desirable that the sale of gas should be guarded by a legal standard, and by authenticated instruments of measurement." Then followed the statute of eighteen hundred and sixty, which has certainly diminished the amount of meter-grumbling. Standard weights and measures, very scrupulously made, are kept at a government office for testing meters. The meters are of different sizes, from two-light up to a hundred-and-fifty-light and upwards. Some companies charge a few shillings a year rental for the use of the meters lent by them; others include the use of the meter in the price of the gas; while most or all of them allow the consumer to use his own meter if preferred.

But concerning the light? Do our faces brighten up at night as they ought if good brilliant gas were used? Consumers are not at all satisfied on this point. Dull gas is more cheaply produced than bright gas; and the companies are accused of misusing their monopoly in this way. The chemical mysteries of a gas retort show in how great a degree circumstances determine the quality of the product. The best gas comes from the coal early in the process, and while the retort is vividly hot; if too long continued, much more gas is obtained, but deteriorated in quality. Newcastle Wallsend coal yields nine or ten thousand cubic feet of gas per ton; Lancashire cannel coal yields more; and Boghead cannel still more. But not only so; a given quantity of cannel yields a brighter light than an equal weight of Wallsend; and thus the companies make a difference in price between cannel gas and common gas. If Boghead and Newcastle were purchasable at the same price, the former would, for a twofold reason, be used in all gasworks: but it is very costly; and a nice question arises as to the proportion in which different kinds of coal can profitably be mixed in the retorts.



And then the price. Consumers say that if the price is not too high, the quality is too bad; and some think that both accusations are tenable. The companies are receiving larger dividends than ever they did. They can afford either to improve the quality or reduce the price. This is partly due to the increased and increasing value of the refuse. A ton of coal yields, besides its ten thousand cubic feet or so of gas, about a chaldron of coke, twelve gallons of tar, and ten gallons of ammoniacal liquor. The coke, as we all know, finds a ready market at a good price. The tar yields naphtha, creosote, patent fuel, paint for palings, pitch, paraffin, and the exquisite colours belonging to the magenta and mauve and solferino family. The ammoniacal liquor yields sal-ammoniac and carbonate of ammonia. A complete revolution has taken place in these matters. Times were when gas companies begged and prayed other people to come and take the refuse (except the coke); but nobody would, and rivers were contaminated with stinking tar and ammonia. All this is now changed; all the refuse is eagerly bought, and good prices are paid for it.

In order to see whether the price of gas has varied in any uniform way with the price of coal, the House of Commons has ordered a return to be prepared by all the metropolitan companies, and many of the provincial; and this return has just been printed. All the companies tell a similar tale; the price of gas has not varied nearly so much as the price of coal. The yearly averages, for the last fourteen years, of the eighteen companies which supply the metropolis with gas, show that the price of gas has varied from three shillings and ninepence to six shillings per thousand cubic feet; whereas the coal average has varied from twelve shillings to twenty-five shillings per ton. Either the dear coal years must be very bad, or the cheap coal years very good, for the gas companies; the dividends, duly set forth in the return just printed, show that the latter is the case; dividends have been very much larger since the passing of the Gas Act, five years ago, than they were before. The Boghead cannel (a grey earthy substance that looks very little like coal, but is especially rich in gas-making bitumen, and concerning which a very costly series of lawsuits took place a few years ago) has in some years been as high as fifty-three shillings per ton; only a small per-centage, however, of this costly coal is used. In the country districts, the cheapest gas noticed in the return—in the cheapest years and the cheapest towns—is two and sixpence per thousand feet at Newcastle, and two and ninepence at Cardiff; while the highest is ten shillings at Inverness, and ten and tenpence at Sligo. These sums are significant, showing how powerfully the price of gas is influenced by the relative distances of coal supply. Newcastle and Cardiff are in the midst of the coal districts; Inverness and Sligo are far removed from them. The Inverness Gasworks had to pay about four times as much

per ton for coal as Newcastle-upon-Tyne, before the highland railways were open.

All things considered, we gas-enlightened people have certainly a right to ask that the gas shall be better and cheaper than it is. 'Twould be no answer to say that gas was seven shillings per thousand feet twenty years ago, ten shillings thirty years ago, and fifteen shillings thirty-six years ago, and that it is now only four and sixpence. We have to look to the extent of the demand, the improvement in the manufacturing processes, and the great value of the refuse; and the public ought to have a little of this benefit as well as the shareholders in the companies. Eighteen companies, one to each district, supply us with something like ten thousand million cubic feet of gas annually. It is a grand feat, certainly; and we owe much to the companies for the indomitable perseverance with which they have mastered all the difficulties; but as the time of handsome dividends (ten per cent and more) has arrived, we say in all frankness and no unkindness to the companies—give us a little more light for our money!

### A HERO MISUNDERSTOOD.

WHENEVER, in our estimate of public men, we have lapsed into serious error, the only fair and honourable course is to embrace the first opportunity open to us of recanting, in a public, unreserved manner, these misapprehensions into which we have been unfortunately betrayed.

Timour the Tartar—so called, because, of all Tartars of his time, he was decidedly the most tartaresque—has ceased, for a considerable time, to exercise any influence over the public counsels of any quarter of the world. Rarely does his name appear in any leading, political, or city article, save, perhaps, as that of a representative man, the personal embodiment of some governing principle, for which the writer needs a powerful illustration.

Justice is, sooner or later, meted out to every true hero. In the case of Timour the Tartar, it has required whole ages to dissipate the thick veil of prejudice which gathered round his name. It was, in fact, no later than yesterday that this cloud was finally dispersed, and the character of the very remarkable man in question permitted to shine forth in full splendour.

A good many persons, both male and female (and several horses richly caparisoned), were engaged in rendering this tardy tribute to the maligned potentate, and so earnest were all parties in prosecuting their honourable purpose, that, in the brief space of three-quarters of an hour, the thing was effected, and, amid thundering cheers, Timour the Tartar exalted to that niche, among the brave and wise, hitherto closed against him.

Among the many benefits accruing from the British drama, is that of its causing us to ap-



prehend, in a few terse and nervous sentences—illustrated by scenic and other effects—passages of history which, in written archives, seem doubtful and obscure. It is to this vehicle of instruction we were, last night, indebted for more (and more lucid) information respecting the life, character, and times, of Timour the Tartar, than (we will venture to say) could be derivable from any other source. Pages, chapters, volumes, might have been required, to lay down so accurate a map of Timour's very remarkable character, as we obtained, before our dramatic intercourse with him had lasted ten minutes! And our astonishment was only equalled by our gratification. Save in dress, luxuriance of beard, a certain (affected) truculence of demeanour, and a habit of wearing three swords, the Timour of reality no more resembled the Timour of imagination, than a wren a turkey.

For, whereas we had regarded the Tartar prince as a wild, furious, unreasoning, blood-seeking tyrant and butcher, we found in him a gentleman of engaging manners, of amiable and confiding disposition, of considerable earnestness of purpose, indeed, yet open to counsel (however unexpected), and suggestions (however absurd): withal, endued with a heart of the highest susceptibility, and the victim of a passion the more touching, because hopeless, and entirely destitute of any rational foundation whatever. But we must not anticipate.

The chequered career of this Eastern prince probably presents no incident that appeals more strongly to the best feelings of our nature than that which introduced him to us last night.

In a tower, built without a roof, about six feet and a half high, and commandingly situated at the bottom of a ravine resembling a nursery for plants of a highly tropical character, languished a little (female) boy, named Agib, or to follow the popular pronunciation, Ajib. Son of a princess of Mingrelia, and with some faint glimmerings of a remote claim to a possible succession to the Persian crown, Ajib had been placed by Timour in what the latter had every right to consider the safe custody of his (Timour's) father. Too confiding prince! Timour the elder, a gentleman by name Oglou, and wearing a turban of such dimensions that it threatens every instant to tip him over, at once sets himself right with the audience and posterity by taking Ajib out for a walk, lavishing upon him every possible endearment, and, in restoring him to his "melancholy prison," comforting him with the assurance of very soon bringing him a letter from his mamma.

Flourish of trumpets—martial movement—enter Timour himself, attended by his guard of honour—a lieutenant, and four halberdiers of different sizes, looking intensely like British stablemen, and who must at least have been dismounted cavalry.

After some desultory observations, and despatching the stiffest of the four halberdiers to march against certain evil-doers, and conduct

them to the "furniture," Timour proceeds to cross-question his father as to the safety of the little captive (a fact he could have resolved himself, by simply peeping over the battlements); the dialogue, it is distressing to add, being characterised by, on Timour's part, an imperiousness of manner ill-befitting the filial relation; on the old gentleman's, by an amount of duplicity wholly unworthy of his eminently reverend and truthful appearance.

The conversation is at length drowned in an increasing noise behind the scenes.

"I hear the trampling of horse!" says Timour.

We had heard it for ten minutes, and were in full anticipation of what followed—namely, the arrival of several persons on very intelligent-looking horses indeed. At their head rides the beautiful Zorilda, Princess of Mingrelia, attired as Britannia without her shield.

Riding up a hill at the back, for the express purpose of riding down again—there being, to all appearance, no valid objection to keeping the high road—the lovely princess paused for a moment to receive the applause (started by the prompter at the wing) which deservedly greeted so fair a visitor.

She had, it appears, come from a spot not mentioned in the maps, but evidently familiar to the audience, by the name of "Jurgia." (Georgia?)

With Zorilda, Timour—it is surely unnecessary to add—falls instantly in love. We should not. Voluble, yet vague, fierce, yet friendly, Zorilda was an enigma which only a Timour could solve. He, with intuitive perception, at once divined her character, her mission, and her meaning; that is to say, as far as she would let him, for Zorilda, like everybody else, laughs at the beard of trustful Timour.

Why should we preserve the hypocrite's secret? She is no more a princess of Mingrelia than we are. She is the mother of the captive Ajib, and a "Jurgian." Her coming hither, pretending to be captivated with the glory of Timour, is sheer humbug. She wants her son, and, somehow, she will have him.

After some love-passages, during which she at one time menaces Timour with her "javelin" (about ten feet long), and calls on her Jurgians to support her, while at another she professes unreasonable attachment, the lady moots the delicate subject of Ajib, and, heartily endorsing the line of policy hitherto observed towards that injured youth, proposes that, for further security, she herself should, for the future, become his custodian.

Nothing better illustrates the generous and unsuspicious nature of our libelled hero, than the readiness with which he yields to this extraordinary suggestion. And here, for the present, the conference terminates—Zorilda retiring to the "furniture," under the fostering care of Oglou.

A pretty little equestrian episode is here introduced. A lovely Succashin—or Circassian



—maiden has engaged the affections of two gentlemen, Messieurs Kerim and Abdallah, who might easily pass for genuine Persians, if they did not more closely resemble Ethiopian serenaders, and who (fortunately for the progress of the drama) can only express themselves in pantomime.

Timour, at first disposed to order the whole party to the furtress, resolves upon a more chivalrous mode of arranging the difficulty, and directs that a combat on horseback shall determine the lady's choice. Hereupon, the champions engage, when Kerim, in spite of the obvious intention of destiny and the dramatist, gets a heavy fall, and, but for the prompt politeness of Abdallah, who lays himself open to a tremendous stab (between the arm and side), and immediately falls prostrate, would certainly have lost all chance of a Succashin or any other spouse. As it is, the magnanimous Timour awards him the palm of victory, and invites him to the inevitable furtress, to receive his lovely prize.

The great scene is now approaching. Treachery is at work within the very furtress itself. Zorilda has fraternised with that ancient humbug, Oglou, who has actually released Ajib, and brought him to his mother. The meeting is less demonstrative than might have been expected, Ajib, especially, taking the matter as coolly as if they had only parted since breakfast. Zorilda, however, does her best to keep up appearances:

"My cheild! my treasured one! my golden-  
'aired butterfly! Hast thou sorrowed for thy parent?"

"A (ay) mother," responds the insect apostrophised. "Deeply A deeply have I sorrowed and in my lonely dungeon wept o'er days of 'appiness gone for ever gone but *you*? Have you grieved for your little Ajib, and has my dear old cheildood's nurse, Fati—Nay, 'old—here's kind old Oglou!"

Will it be credited that this venerable person has found time, since we parted with him, to commit two new acts of treachery? Aware that Timour must sooner or later discover Ajib's escape, he has made a clean breast of it to his son, and, that effected, hastens to the furtress to place Ajib once more out of harm's way.

What is to be done with him? For Timour, whose character stands out more and more beautifully in this atmosphere of treachery, is already on his way to the furtress for the purpose of "upbraiding" Zorilda. After trying three doors, a cupboard, and a drawer, and finding them all locked, Ajib is made to lie on the sofa, where, covered with a large mantle, and sat upon by his mother, he must be, if not safe, at least warm.

Enter Timour and two halberdiers.

"Geard the door. On your lives, let none pass."

Throughout the trying interview which follows, nothing can exceed the quiet gentlemanly bearing of this much misapprehended man.

Looking, with much delicacy, in every direction except the only one in which she can possibly be, Timour at length demands:

"Where is the princess? Speak."

Her attendant intimates that she is on the sofa, overcome with sorrow.

Timour regrets the necessity for interrupting her meditations, but—

"She sleeps," says Oglou, at a venture.

"Then she must wake," is the stern reply.

There is no help for it, so the princess rises with a start.

"How! Timour here? And at this hour?" (It is about midnight.) "Whence this intrusion?"

Timour the Tartar merely glances at the fact that the furtress is his habitual residence, and, for persons troubled in mind, twelve o'clock at night a convenient hour for entering into their grievances. He then proceeds to upbraid her, and, in his earnestness, is about to sit down upon Ajib. Happily, Zorilda interposes in time, imploring Timour to imprison, to torture, to kill her, to do anything, in fact, except be seated!

A little astonished, but confiding as ever, the noble Tartar allows himself to be enticed away from the sofa, while the indefatigable Oglou, smuggling the boy to the window, lets him down with the girdle of his dressing-gown. This (of course) breaks, but, as the distance cannot well exceed five feet, and the young gentleman is received with a congratulating cheer (in the Jurgian tongue) by a party whose heads are just visible on a level with the window-sill, there is every reason to believe that he falls, and falls softly, into the hands of sympathising friends.

Meanwhile, Timour—totally indifferent to the Jurgian demonstration just mentioned—continues his conversation with Zorilda, and, with all the frankness of a noble nature, confesses, that, though he feels himself to be "hated, nay, abhorred," it is his irrevocable determination to pursue his suit.

"Munster!" is the ungracious reply. "My Jurgians will protect their princess."

Thinking, however, that it might be prudent not to drive even the gentle Timour to extremities, the lady temporises. The succession *must*, in any case, be secured to Ajib.

Timour ponders.

"I must have solitude and reflection," says he.

And, for this, the opportune closing of the act affords a fitting interval.

What might have been the effect upon the destinies of Persia and the world had Timour's cogitations been uninterrupted, we can only conjecture. A gloomy change has come over his affairs. Zorilda's threat was not an idle boast. There has arrived from Jurgia a powerful reinforcement—ten in number—comprising, no doubt, every arm of the service, since no two are dressed alike, and Timour—the noble, trustful, affectionate Timour—is beleaguered in that very furtress, imprisonment within whose frowning walls was the severest measure the kind-



hearted and much misrepresented potentate ever seems to have devised.

What matter? If he has lost Ajib, he has still Zorilda. And his furtress, of which we now see the external defences, being—as he himself informs the Jurgian army (drawn up about two feet from his nose) “impregnable”—it is manifest that the catching of such a Tartar as Timour will be attended with no small difficulty.

The furtress, differing in some respects from fortresses constructed on the system of Vauban, presents the peculiar feature of a moat *inside*, instead of outside, the walls; and, upon the whole, has more the aspect of a beaver's dam than a place of any considerable strength. This, perhaps, accounts for a certain indifference in the manner of the besieging force, who, entirely weaponless, and standing in a loose semicircle, bestow their undivided attention on the public.

There is room on the ramparts for several persons, and from thence, accordingly, Timour, attended by Zorilda, Oglon, and the garrison (consisting of a faithful halberdier), makes his final appeal to posterity. He will fight to the last—and even longer—and, if conquered, burn the furtress, and all within it.

The noble defiance is yet on the hero's lips, when an incident—unparalleled, so far as we are aware, in the annals of war—comes to terminate the contest. The furtress, just pronounced by its commander to be impregnable, is captured at a single bound by a nameless individual on a skewbald mare, carrying on his saddle-bow the youthful prince, Ajib!

Shrieks—shouts—clash of arms. The Jurgians, breaking up into parties, madly skirmish among themselves! Timour leaps from the giddy height across the moat, and flings himself, armed with several swords, upon the nearest foes. Six Jurgian warriors, and an old gentleman in a wide-awake and a spangled apron, to whom we have not been previously introduced, attack him at once. Four go down before his mighty arm, two more are wounded and give back, when, shame to chivalry! the old gentleman, who has been dodging in the rear, comes behind the victor, deals a felon stroke, and lo! the gallant, generous, too-confiding prince, is a corpse!

Peace to the brave! We have redeemed his memory, and lay this brief but truthful narrative, like a garland, on his tomb.

#### SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE story of the life of a great English painter, Joshua Reynolds, first President of the Royal Academy, drawn in outline by another painter and academician, the late C. R. Leslie, has been completed and coloured, since Leslie's death, by a skilful man of letters, Mr. Tom Taylor, the biographer of Haydon, who is, perhaps, of all his literary brethren, the one who knows most about, and is best qualified for ap-

preciation of, the painter's art. No startling incidents or strange turns of the wheel of fortune vary Reynolds's career of well-deserved success. If we take away the exact account of the results of each year's industry, and the stories of the lives and fortunes of the persons who marched in that bright procession through his painting-room, which brought all who were famous in England for rank, valour, genius, and beauty to occupy in turn the mahogany chair sacred to his sitters, there to be wheeled into good lights on its easy casters, and sit tête-à-tête with him by the hour together on successive days; if we take away also the fact that Reynolds was a most clubbable man, who had no enemies, and spent all his evenings in cultivating the most varied acquaintanceships and friendships, and was at home to everybody who was anybody, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Kitty Fisher, we may seem to take away a large part of the man. Yet not so large a part as was to be supposed before these two stout volumes, full as they are of such details, brought us nearer than we had ever yet come to the true mind of Reynolds himself.

The fashionable portrait-painter, who did not wear his dislikes on his sleeve, and, making convenient use of his deafness at all awkward turns of conversation, received with the same courtesy persons of the most opposite character and opinion, had a practical mind of his own, well marked in all its characters. He had that in him which drew him near to Goldsmith, caused him to pay full honour to his genius, and show a fellow-feeling that secured the tender-hearted poet's love. It was allied to something else in him that caused Johnson to haunt his house, and drew Reynolds himself to quiet dinners with John Wilkes, when that impersonation of resistance to excess of authority claimed by the Crown over the subject was an outlaw who came secretly to town. For, whatever John Wilkes's faults, he did represent successful stand on behalf of the subject against tyrannous over-stretching of the Crown's prerogative. “Wilkes and Liberty” was not a mere unmeaning cry. So Reynolds seems to have felt, and Wilkes had for him the attractions of a man not only with strong political feeling of the sort he himself quietly cherished, but also he was in manners anything but what might commonly pass for the type of a rough demagogue. He was of elegant address, a very pleasing man, who had fine taste, and could appreciate the artist side of his friend Reynolds.

In his later life, Wilkes produced for his friends a splendid edition of Theophrastus and Catullus, and made much way in a translation of Anacreon. Reynolds, in fact, was, with all his good-humoured quietness, so manifestly on the people's side, that he could not obtain the favour of the king. In the height of his power he was strong enough to make the king sit to him; but his majesty sat under unmistakable compulsion, and, in the great political world, the painter's chief friends were at last among



the Whig lords who were engaged in keeping the king within bounds of his duty as the sovereign of a free people. And so, while in conversation with the world easy and accommodating, as fitted his calling, Reynolds always was himself a very honest English artist, who never began a new picture without resolving that he would try to make it his best,—not daunted by the bad features of a sitter, “at any rate,” he said, “there is nature;” or by any difficulties of costume; “at any rate,” he said, “there is light and shade.” When his word carried much weight he wisely taught students in art that genius could achieve little without patient unremitting labour. And even in his daily conversation Reynolds lived, after all, in a very republican way among people of every grade, so little in awe of the fine folk who came to dine with him, that, after his sister ceased to keep house and take thought for the replacing of his broken plates and wine-glasses, he would look good-temperedly at an archbishop scrambling for a plate, and make the most solemn of dukes feel that he was dining in Liberty Hall, under the presidency of an artist who didn’t care whether his fish was half cold when he got it. If so, he got only what he deserved for his want of proper energy in mastering the little difficulties that interposed themselves between him and the fish.

Joshua Reynolds was a Devonshire man, born in the ancient borough of Plympton Earl, and as long as he lived he loved Devonshire above all counties, and Plympton above all towns. In the fulness of his success as Sir Joshua, the favourite of London, he accounted it nearly the most precious of his honours to be made alderman first, and then mayor of his native town. His father, Samuel Reynolds, was the master of the Plympton Grammar School, not the incumbent of Plympton. His grandfathers, both on the father’s and the mother’s side, were clergymen of the English Church, two of his uncles also were in holy orders, and after one of them, rector of Stoke Charity in Hampshire, the painter-to-be was christened Joshua. Samuel, the schoolmaster, Joshua’s father, was a learned, simple-minded man, whom his friends likened sometimes to Fielding’s Parson Adams. He and his wife Theophila had eleven children, of whom six survived. Of those which died one had been dropped out of window by a careless nursemaid. Mr. Reynolds, the father, dabbled in medicine, and used to lecture to his children upon divers subjects; it was remembered that at one domestic lecture he had produced a human skull. And he had poetry enough in him to produce these lines to his wife Theophila:

When I say The,  
You must make tea;  
But when I say Offy,  
You must make coffee.

One of his maxims, which his son Joshua as a boy set down upon paper among rules of conduct for himself, was, that “the great principle

of being happy in this world is, not to mind or be affected with small things.” Joshua doubtless took to this the more readily because it agreed with his constitutional temper. He could see as from afar, or as not seeing, the little vexations with which many folks contrive to embitter life for themselves and those about them who have less than Reynolds’s placidity. Another favourite maxim of his father’s was, that “if you take too much care of yourself, Nature will cease to take care of you;” which is another axiom of the philosophy that teaches how to take life easily and quietly.

Samuel Reynolds’s children, like most other children, had great pleasure in drawing. His elder sisters were young adepts. For want of paper and pencils they used to draw with burnt sticks on the whitewashed walls of a long passage in the schoolhouse, and little Joshua’s artistic performances earned him from his sisters the name of the Clown. Yet, at eight years old, he had studied the Jesuit’s treatise on Perspective to such good purpose, that he drew the schoolhouse according to rule—no easy matter, as its upper part is supported on a range of pillars. “Now this,” said his father, “explains what the author of the Perspective asserts in his preface, that by observing the rules laid down in this book a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful.”

Another book that influenced the boy, and, it has been said, even made Reynolds a painter, was Jonathan Richardson’s Treatise on Art. Richardson was not a good painter, and his book did not teach principles, but he wrote nobly on the dignity of art, and of the capabilities of Englishmen—who had produced among themselves a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Newton—to produce also the next of the great painters from among themselves. Reynolds afterwards told Malone how Richardson’s treatise had so delighted and inflamed his young mind, “that Raffaele appeared to him superior to the most illustrious names of ancient or modern time.” The boy copied from illustrations in his father’s books, particularly the engravings in Dryden’s edition of a translation by many hands of Plutarch’s Lives, and a Dutch copy of Jacob Cats’ book of Emblems, from which he derived suggestions afterwards for several of his pictures. When twelve years old, Joshua Reynolds painted his first portrait in oil. His subject was a jolly moon-faced clergyman, the Reverend Thomas Smart, who lived as tutor in the family of Richard Edgecumbe, afterwards the first Lord Edgecumbe. The picture is still extant, and the story of it is that the hopeful young Dick Edgecumbe, whom the reverend gentleman instructed, got young Reynolds to sketch the tutor surreptitiously, while he was preaching in his church at Maker, on the borders of the Mount Edgecumbe grounds, and that they then ran down to the sea, and in a boat-house at Cremyll beach, under Mount Edgecumbe, spread a canvas, which was part of an old boat sail, whereon Joshua did the parson in oil with the common paint used in shipwright’s painting sheds. So began the pro-



fessional career of the greatest of our English portrait-painters.

During the next four years Joshua remained with his father, by whom he was educated, and when he was seventeen years old the question at home was, whether he should be an Apothecary or a Painter. Joshua himself said on the matter, that "he would rather be an apothecary than an ordinary painter; but if he could be bound to an eminent master he should choose the latter." Mr. Hudson, the portrait-painter, Richardson's pupil and son-in-law, a Devonshire man, and then the chief portrait-painter in England, was in the habit of coming to Bideford, and was expected there in about two months. Joshua's father wrote, therefore, upon the matter to a friend at Bideford, Mr. Cutcliffe, the attorney. Could Mr. Hudson be asked to look at some of Joshua's work, or Joshua go to Bideford and see him? Mr. Cutcliffe managed the matter for his friend, and Joshua Reynolds went to London as Hudson's apprentice, a premium of one hundred and twenty pounds being raised for the purpose, half of it lent by one of his married sisters. The old school-master was delighted to see his artist son so well launched in the profession of his choice, and that a worthy one. "You have done me," he wrote to his friend Cutcliffe, "a favour fit for a man of a thousand a year." Joshua wrote home delighted with his work, his master, everything, and said, "While I am doing this, I am the happiest creature alive."

While Hudson's apprentice, Reynolds was sent to make a purchase for his master at a picture sale, where Pope came into the room. His name was whispered, way was made for him, hands were held out to touch him as he passed along, bowing to the company on either side. Reynolds put out his hand under the arm of the person who stood before him, and shook hands with the famous poet, whom he described afterwards as "about four feet six inches high; very humpbacked and deformed. He wore a black cloak, and, according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons, and the muscles which run across the cheek were so strongly marked that they seemed like small cords."

Though bound to Hudson for four years, Reynolds did not remain with him two. The cause of separation is not clearly known; if a quarrel, it was not a serious one. Reynolds went back to Devonshire, and began at once to paint portraits at Plymouth Dock for three guineas apiece. He got a fair number of customers, including the great man of the place, the Commissioner of the Dockyard. But he was soon in London again, where Hudson, his old master, was very kind to him. After he had been in town a couple of years, he painted, when his age was three-and-twenty, a portrait of Captain Hamilton, the father of the Marquis of Abercorn, which brought him into some

notice. But at the close of that year, seventeen 'forty-six, he was summoned to Plympton, to the death-bed of his father, who died on Christmas-day. The family had then to leave the schoolhouse. His mother was already dead, and Joshua, quitting London, took a house at Plymouth Dock, where he lived for the next three years with his two unmarried sisters. While he lived thus in Devonshire, Reynolds saw pictures by William Gandy, of Exeter, the son of a painter who had been a pupil and close imitator of Vanduyke. The younger Gandy had a style of his own, said to be "peculiar, solemn, and forcible," and Reynolds had learnt just enough while with Hudson to be able to profit by the sight of works like Gandy's, which influenced him far more than any teachings of his rather common-place although successful master. One saying of Gandy's Reynolds remembered, and applied to his own practice as a painter, that "a picture ought to have a richness in its texture, as if the colours had been composed of cream or cheese, and the reverse of a hard and husky or dry manner."

To the patronage of Reynolds by the Edgecumbe family—the family of which son Dick had set him upon painting in the boat-house his first portrait in oil colour—the young artist owed his visit to Italy. When Reynolds was still with his sisters at Plymouth, Augustus Keppel, the famous Admiral Keppel of after years, was a fine young sailor, four-and-twenty years old, two years younger than Reynolds, with a diplomatic mission to the Barbary States, and command in the Mediterranean with the rank of commodore. On his way out, he put in at Plymouth for repairs, because his ship had sprung her topmasts. To that accident, as the course of his life ran, Reynolds owed much of his subsequent prosperity. Only it is a mistake to suppose that prosperity comes of the accidents that seem to bring it. Given the temper and the mind capable of prospering, if it be not one small incident it will be another that serves as high-water mark upon that tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Sometimes there is the temper without the mind, sometimes there is the mind without the temper, necessary to a high success. Reynolds had both the requisites, and that in a remarkable degree.

When young Keppel put into Plymouth, he visited his friend Lord Edgecumbe, and Reynolds, who had made Lord Edgecumbe his friend, met Keppel, who found his companionship so agreeable that he offered to take him on board his ship, carry him to the Mediterranean, and land him in Italy. Reynolds, delighted with the offer, borrowed in his family the means for his Italian art tour, and, sailing with Keppel, as his guest, saw Lisbon, and Cadiz, Gibraltar, Tetuan, and Algiers, became a guest of the governor-general, Blakeney at Minorca, where he replenished his purse by painting almost all the officers in garrison; and, by a fall down a precipice when out riding, got the cut on his upper lip which left a scar visible for the rest of his



life. At last he reached Rome, where he spent two years, supported partly on slight earnings in copying for tourists—a work he disliked and did not get much of—partly by advances of money from his married sisters, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Johnson. It was Mrs. Palmer who had lent also half the premium for his apprenticeship to Hudson. When he was a thriving painter he could pay his money debts to those of his own household who had helped him to become so. Reynolds at Rome put himself under no teacher, but studied and copied, chiefly occupying himself with the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaele. It was at this time of his life, while copying from Raffaele, that he caught a severe cold in the chambers of the Vatican, which produced the deafness that obliged him to use an ear-trumpet for the other forty years of his life.

After two years at Rome, Reynolds, aged twenty-eight, visited Naples, Perugia, Arezzo, Florence. After spending at Florence nearly two months, he went on to Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Parma, Mantua, Venice, where he could not afford to stay more than three weeks. He left Venice with a young pupil, Giuseppe Marchi, for companion, and stopping on the way four days at Milan, thence made haste to Paris. At Lyons, Reynolds had found only six louis left in his purse. Two he gave to Marchi, wherewith to get to Paris as well as he could, the other four carried himself thither. Marchi walked the whole way, and joined Reynolds eight days after his arrival. At Paris, Reynolds stayed a month, and then came home in company with his old master, Thomas Hudson, who had been paying Italy a flying visit.

Back in England, Reynolds's health needed attention, and he rested for three months in Devonshire, painting during that time only a couple of portraits. Then he was urged by Lord Edgecumbe to lose no more time in establishing himself as an artist among the Londoners. He returned, therefore, now thirty years old, to London, where he took handsome apartments at 104, St. Martin's-lane—in that year, seventeen 'fifty-three, the fashionable quarter for the artists—and had his youngest sister, Frances, to keep house for him. He and his sister Fanny were not very like minded, for she, whom Dr. Johnson, however, most highly respected, was as fidgety as he was placid. She painted miniatures, and had artistic aspirations, but after some time, in Reynolds's most prosperous days, her reign over the household ceased, and she was succeeded by her sister Palmer's daughters, Mary and Theophila, or Offy.

When Reynolds settled in London, Hogarth, who had ceased to paint portraits, had achieved his greatest works, had attempted, in the grand style, Paul before Felix, and was about to produce his *Analysis of Beauty*. Hudson was the fashionable face painter, and Francis Cotes ranked next to him. The fashionable portrait was of an inanimate wooden gentleman in periwig and embroidered velvet, one hand upon the hip, the other in the waist-

coat, and of a lady, half length, in white satin, with coloured bows and breastknots, or in flounced brocade with deep lace ruffles. The features were correctly copied, although lifeless. Reynolds brought a new manner to town. He knew little or nothing of artistic anatomy, but with quick observation, an intense sentiment of grace, and a fine feeling for colour, he seized upon every good accident of light, every happily expressive gesture, and brought the essential character of his sitters into his rich transcripts of their faces. As his father dabbled in physic and chemicals, he may have acquired, as a boy his taste for experiments in colour.

In Italy his note-book was filled with the most practical memoranda of the way of managing their lights by the great painters, and of what seemed to be the mechanical details of their art. The result of his later experimenting upon grounds, vehicles, and mixtures, is that a few of his pictures have stood well, but most of them have cracked, peeled, and otherwise suffered more or less by course of time. An artist to whom he had lent one of his works, a picture of a child, to copy, was carrying it home, when a chance swing of his umbrella by a passer-by struck it on the back, and the face and hands of the child dropped clean off the canvas. It is probable that, as people learnt to dread this peeling and cracking of his works, mistrust of their beauty, as too perishable, counteracted in some degree the effect of his great reputation, and, together with the raised price, caused the decline that took place in the number of his sitters. Yet it was held by many that a faded Reynolds would be better than the fresh work of another man. At first, however, there was no question about durability, the life of Reynolds's portraits, so unlike the sign-post style then prevalent, spoke for itself. His price, which had been three guineas for a head before he went to Italy, and five after his return, was, very soon after his settlement in London, upon his removing from St. Martin's-lane to 5, Great Newport-street, made equal to Hudson's: twelve guineas for a head, twenty-four for a half length, and for a whole length forty-eight. A few years later, Hudson and Reynolds both raised their prices to fifteen, thirty, and sixty guineas, so that the success of Reynolds did not destroy Hudson's business. Yet the success was rapid and great. Reynolds's industry kept pace with every requirement. His friend Lord Edgecumbe sent him noble sitters, applying chiefly to those with strong features, whose likeness could be most conspicuously hit, and every picture he sent home brought Reynolds friends and customers. In the fifth year of his town work, he was then thirty-five years old, he had one hundred and fifty sitters. He employed an assistant, Peter Toms, and two pupils besides Marchi, who all helped at his draperies; but whatever his industry, he never degenerated into a mere manufacturer of portraits. James Northcote, who went to him as a pupil more than a dozen years later, says of Reynolds, that the evident desire he had to make his pictures as perfect as



possible, and each one better than the last, caused him so to touch and retouch, that he was told "probably he never had sent out to the world any one of his paintings in as perfect a state as it had been." Reynolds replied, that he believed this to be true, but, "notwithstanding, he certainly gained ground by it on the whole, and improved himself by the experiment;" adding, "if you are not bold enough to run the risk of losing, you can never gain."

"I have heard him say," writes Northcote, "that whenever a new sitter came for a portrait, he always began it with a full determination to make it the best picture he had ever painted; neither would he allow it to be an excuse for his failure, to say, 'the subject was a bad one for a picture;' there was always nature, he would observe, which, if well treated, was fully sufficient for the purpose." The one picture that, after his settlement in London, contributed most to produce a run upon his studio, was of his friend Keppel, now an admiral. But there was no element of chance in this. Reynolds himself knew what, given the requisite abilities, was the chief helper to his great success. "My success," he wrote, "and continual improvement in my art, if I may be allowed that expression, may be ascribed in a good measure to a principle which I will boldly recommend to imitation; I mean a principle of honesty; which, in this, as in all other instances, is, according to the vulgar proverb, certainly the best policy.—I always endeavoured to do my best. Great or vulgar, good subjects or bad, all had nature; by the exact representation of which, or even by the endeavour to give such a representation, the painter cannot but improve in his art. I had always some scheme in my mind, and a perpetual desire to advance. By constantly endeavouring to do my best, I acquired a power of doing that with spontaneous facility, which was, at first, the whole effort of my mind."

James Barry, with a higher form of genius than Reynolds's, worked as hard, or harder, and dined for a year together upon gruel, that he might achieve work worthy of his purest aspirations. Barry's failure proved that even honesty and earnestness of purpose may fail of bread-winning where there is an impracticable temper, or a too great ostentation of self-confidence. Barry chafed even at Burke, the truest and most faithful helper he had in the world, because, meaning to help him up in the world, he went to sit to him for a portrait without having sent notice on the previous day, as Reynolds expected of his sitters. Barry was at home and disengaged, but sulked, and refused to paint. Burke dealt with him tenderly, explained to him that he could not fore-arrange his time, and that when he had sat to Reynolds he had gone in the same way, taking his chance of finding the artist able to receive him, and after a fretful correspondence Barry came down from his high rope. Success in life is almost always incompatible with such a temper. Reynolds, placid, courteous, socially pliable, yet in no case servile, firm to his own opinions, but not

offensively flourishing them in the faces of those to whom they were unwelcome, would have thriven had he been but moderately clever in his art. Goldsmith's character of Reynolds in the *Retaliation* sums him up with the knowledge and love of a friend:

Here Reynolds is laid; and to tell you my mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind.  
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,  
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;  
Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.  
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
When they judged without skill, he was still hard  
of hearing;  
When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Another element in Reynolds's success, as compared with Barry's failure, is that Reynolds, by the bent of his genius, served the wealthy and fashionable people of the town in a day of much social frivolity. A painter whose brush played the looking-glass—and a flattering glass too—was somebody for all the fine folks to run after, and Reynolds, when he attempted the ideal, never shocked polite tastes with much more than the sort of fustian allegory then considered fine, and in which Reynolds himself, a social man who was of the fashion as well as in fashion, seems to have believed as much as his neighbours. Barry worshipped in his gloomy solitude a more remote ideal. Barry shunned society, and snubbed friends, while he sought to create a fashion. Reynolds courted society, and had unflinching kindness and consideration for the many friends he made, while he followed the fashion of his day with a genius that made him, in his own way of art, its wholesome guide and teacher.

All the history of Reynolds's constant success, inseparably joined to the concurrent story of his constant industry, may be read in the book that tells his life and times. He removed, at the age of thirty-seven, to the house which was his home for all the rest of his life, at 47, Leicester-square, now occupied by the literary auctioneers, Puttick and Simpson. From time to time he raised his prices, and soon had an income of six thousand a year. When the Royal Academy was founded, he—then forty-six years old—was named its first president, and, on that account, was knighted at the levee which preceded the opening of its first exhibition. Thenceforth he was Sir Joshua. He was a pleasant member of the very aristocratic Dilettanti Club, and of the very literary Turk's Head Club, the familiar friend of Johnson, Garriek, Burke, and Goldsmith, vainly designed by Mr. Thrale to be the husband of Miss Burney, but to the last a bachelor. Then on the verge of threescore and ten, with one eye blind and a weakness in the other, when he said to Miss Burney, with dejected voice, "I am very glad to see you again, and I wish I could see you better; I have but one eye now, and scarcely that." Swelling arose about the blind eye, for which he was purged and blistered,



while no heed was paid by his physician to his loss of appetite and depression of spirits.

In this state he declined rapidly, but without dread of his end, to which he looked tranquilly forward, "congratulating himself on it," said his friend Burke, "as a happy conclusion of a happy life." After his death, in February, seventeen 'ninety-two, Burke wrote the obituary notice, in which it is told how "in full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinising eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity."

### WHITE LIES.

WHITE lies have always been debatable ground. Of the iniquity of the black and of the danger of the grey there are scarcely two opinions, at least in Christendom; and if there are, they belong to a morale of such low condition as does not deserve consideration; but the white—the purely innocent and conventional, or it may even be philanthropic and human—are they allowable by the canons of Christian morality or not?

I was once much in a certain circle where this question was under perpetual discussion; and very fierce were the arguments on either side; so fierce indeed, that Christian charity, which I always observe makes shipwreck sooner than any other virtue, foundered in mid seas, and we flew at each other's throats to prove the high mettled condition of our truth or our liberality, respectively. I being but a loose slipshod kind of body, with a soul in nothing better than an old dressing-gown unbrailed and easy-fitting—so said the more rigid—and certainly caring much for peace, more for liberty, and most of all for charity and kindly dealing, was on the side of the admissibility of white lies if innocent, or—in certain cases—if philanthropic and told intentionally for good. But I stood almost alone. The rest of the combatants were for the most part in the camp of severe, uncompromising, and unconditional truth—truth at any price and under all circumstances—truth however painful—truth however needless—truth however violent—truth without reserve, without disguise, and without softening or shading, and white lies, relegated equally with black and grey to the lowest depths of Tartarus; whence indeed, they said, they had all sprung,

without distinction of parentage if with some slight modification of complexion. Not that one of these adherents did, or could, live up to the standard; but that did not signify; the standard was there all the same however unattainable; and I and all who honestly proclaimed that we could not measure the full score of inches, so it was no good trying, were despised as mere abortive pigmies in the world of souls, wretched paralytics afflicted with hopeless moral deformity which rendered us unfit for soldiers in the great army of progress and virtue. And yet, the honest confession of incapability and consequent non-exertion was a greater truth than the pretence of trying to be what was impossible.

There was one phrase about which we used to have terrific skirmishes—the common expression, "Not at home." No conventional or understood meaning was allowed to be assigned to this phrase. Not at home, they said, means simply according to the words, "I am not in the house; I am absent and abroad;" the second or understood meaning, "I am not visible to friends to-day, and it is no business of yours whether I am in the house or not," not counting. Well! let us take this not at home for our first example of how far it is possible to tell the exact truth; and remember, if we may not have disguises in one thing neither may we have them in another, and if one phrase is not allowed as a mystical kind of domino neither must be another.

Suppose then, instead of these three words expressing all they do and just what you desire they should express—out of the house, engaged, indisposed to receive visitors generally, or indisposed to receive that special visitor in particular—at any rate a six foot bar put up between you and the street door which not the most pushing can very well force open, you were obliged to tell the exact truth, and tell it too by Mary Maid's lips. "Oh, sir, missis is having her new wig tried on, and please she can't see you."

"Please, ma'am, missis is at home, but she says as how you are so unpleasant to her she can't abear to see you, and you do so run on about yourself, and you have such a bonnet as give her the jaundice to look at."

"Yes, sir, master and missis is both at home, but master's in the dining-room a-blowing up missis awful, and missis's eyes they are as red as red, and she'd rather you did not see her look such a fright!"

"Yes, sir, they're all at home, but there's young Mr. Sparrowhawk in the drawing-room along with Miss Em'ly he is, and they are looking out for him to say something like a gentleman to-day, for they've all slinked down stairs and left them alone!"

These are only a few of the possible features of a perfectly unveiled and honest truth; and pretty possibilities they are! lovely features, certainly, to have handed round to all the gossips of your set! Duns; it may be bailiffs (I have known such things happen before now); poor relations whom you love and value and of



whose sensitive pride you are tenderly careful, but whose gowns and bonnets are unmistakably shabby, and your visitors a purse-proud couple who will weigh them only according to the money worth of their appearance; washing day and everything pervaded by a smell of soap and steam and soda; your teeth at the dentist's—no one suspecting they are "dentist's triumphs" at all; the off day of the hair dyeing, when you are a mixture of purple and grey; Christmas bills and papa in a state of fury and effervescence; a case of mild scarlet fever in the nursery, and you anxious to conceal the fact yet not subject any one to danger; we can imagine hundreds of instances in which no one would like to tell the naked truth, and where the naked truth would be quite unnecessary, and indeed do more harm than good. Yet my friends and combatants used to gravely assert that "not at home" was an untruth utterly inadmissible, and that "engaged" was the nearest approach to a subterfuge possible to be allowed.

Engaged! I wonder how many people would take that for an answer? Some of course would; the well-bred and the formal and the timid and the reluctant—they would all murmur the polite phrase proper to the occasion, and drop their card into the servant's hand with the stereotyped unmeaning smile, and the stereotyped unmeaning regret; but there are dozens of our robust acquaintance who would constitute themselves exceptions on the spot, saying, complacently, "Oh, I am sure she will see me!"

"Sarah, just go and tell Mrs. Brown that it's only me, Mrs. Smith, of Camberwell, and I'm sure she'll see me, if only for half a minute."

"Engaged, is he? then go and say to him, will you? that I shall not keep him long; my business is very pressing, and indeed I *must* see him, but I shall not detain him long"—(his business being only a boring hour of personal gossip, perfectly uninteresting and of no good to heaven or humanity); and so on with the remainder of the dozens. And then where would you be? answer me that, Impracticables! where would you and your engagements be, when assaulted by your robust acquaintance and forced to stand and deliver, or show fight and come to blows? Oh, poor deluded moralists, who stand out for the plain truth unmasked and intact, and will not have so much as a rag of lace-work signifying nothing but a polite screen between you and the outside world, is it truth, think you, this high-handed refusal to acknowledge that which is?—is it quite according to your own rules to range yourselves on the side of the Impossible, pretending that this, and this alone, shall be the law of your life?—is there no want of inward candour, which may be of more spiritual importance than mere verbal accuracy, in this pretended assumption of a virtue unattainable, and untenable if attained?—this passionate declaring yourselves to be votaries of one God when you are bringing garlands and

offerings to the shrine of another? That tiptoe attitude of strained moral assumption is a greater loss of truth, to my mind, than bidding your servant say Not at Home when you are all the while in the drawing-room, comfortably or uncomfortably engaged in your own business, and indisposed to admit the outside world for twenty-four hours to come. But then I may be singular in my measurement of respective values; I think I am right.

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones? I am glad to see you." Now here is a white lie at the very beginning of things; and yet what else can I say, and what harm have I done? and yet again, lie as it is I contend that it is absolutely necessary, and even an act of virtue into the bargain. I certainly am not glad to see Mrs. Jones. I have no dislike to her, and perhaps I rather like her than not, and it may be that I distinctly respect her and think highly of her moral qualities; but glad to see her! when she has come just at the most awkward time she could have chosen—only cold mutton for dinner and not enough of that, Emma gone a visiting, and only that dirty slatternly Jane left to wait and do all the work, baby fractious with his teeth and will not go to the new nurse, and I with a headache that almost distracts me. And Mrs. Jones has a shrill metallic voice, not unlike the rasping of a file or the setting of a saw. But can I, ought I, to tell her that she is a nuisance, and that I am anything but glad to see her? In strict truth, I am telling a lie if a white one, when I welcome her and bid her be seated and take off her bonnet; but it seems to me the only thing left me to do, and I can see no outlet anywhere else. If she says—shrieking out her words more like a poll-parrot than a human being—"Am I in your way, my dear?" truth would bid me answer, "Abominably so;" but good breeding and Christian charity—and let me tell you, Christian charity is the best breeding we have—crisp my lips into the proper smile, and toll from off my tongue like beads upon a string, the conventional words, "Not at all, dear Mrs. Jones. I am very glad to see you, if you can put up with things a little uncomfortable and out of order." If I were to say "Yes, you are in my way, and I shall be obliged to you if you will go," I think I should be doing a great wrong. Mrs. Jones has come very many miles to see me; she lives at Watford and I live at Bayswater; she has had nothing to eat since her eight o'clock breakfast and it is now one; but if I were to tell her, though never so mildly, that she was a nuisance, and an incumbrance, and decidedly on my back as the French say, she would take huff as surely a straw catches fire, and about as quickly, and be off again at a moment's notice, unrested, unrefreshed, and my enemy for life. I look upon my white lie as simple self-sacrifice and discipline, and I should regard the truth as a bit of rather coarse and uncharitable selfishness. The Truthites would have me merely passive—as if that were possible!—as if the declining to say yes is not generally as eloquent as the most unmistakable no, or con-



trariwise, as the case may be! This, then, is another white lie that I hold to on the principle of opposing virtues and the human reason left free to choose which seems of largest force and greatest utility at the moment. And in this instance if—or rather when—it chanced that truth in its severity or hospitality in its fulness come into collision together, then I say let truth go to the wall, and set hospitality on the throne of the ruler triumphant.

There is also another white lie of small dimensions, if of grave results, which I hold to be of the severest purity, quite allowable by rigid law; and even more than allowable—commendable. A certain person is discussed in your presence; the votes go in his or her favour; the special virtues belonging are canvassed, measured, and given their full weight and bulk; and the company is unanimous (for a wonder!) in not besmirching the clean breast linen it is handling. Now you do not like the person under discussion. Never mind whether you have any solid ground for your dislike or not—it may be from something you absolutely know; it may be from something you have been told and do not know; or it may be from mere fancy, prejudice, suspicion, and the want of that mysterious elective affinity which has more to do with friendship than all the hierarchy of virtues; whatever the cause there is the result; you do not like this favourite of many voices, and you have a private dirt pie of your own, which you could make into pellets and fling dexterously abroad, if you would. Are you to do so? Knowing as you do the greediness of ill nature, and how the dogs of malice and uncharitableness will fight over the driest bone of scandal thrown out to them, is it well to throw such a bone? to take up that clean breast linen passing spotless through so many hands, and turn it here and there to the light, then show the dab of mud which you yourself have plastered over it? Here again, too, silence is as expressive as words, and mere passivity is *not* all that can reasonably be required. When you are asked for your opinion, and refuse to give it—refuse to endorse one of the many charters of virtue handed over to you—you have thrown your bone with as true an aim as if you had called all the dogs in Christendom to come and dispute over it—you have started the race of faults as if you had audibly called out a whole bead-roll of objections. To sit demurely voiceless, with eyes cast down or coldly raised, unsmiling, unsympathetic, as if you were nursing in your heart a world of hidden sins which you *could* detail but will not; is not that playing the part of the Accuser quite as thoroughly, if more subtly, than if you stood boldly forth and said your say like a man? Yet why should you say your say if malevolent and deprecatory? Grant even that you know certain facts which have a damaging ring when told, are you quite sure that to tell them would be even truthful?—we will put kindness and charity out of the field altogether. How many things do we know which, barely and baldly narrated, are infamies,

but told with explanations are noblenesses? The character, not the isolated fact, is the truest thing in a man, and the explanation, which is just what cannot be given, is the key to the rest. I could mention more than one instance now, were it right or delicate, where the action nakedly told would condemn without reprieve, but of which the motive, the explanation, can never be too much admired. And this is what is always left out in detailing things that we know to another's discredit.

I grant you, we ought to bear our witness on certain occasions against certain falsely favourable estimates; but these occasions are both definite and rare; and though I would not have all society one great hodge-podge of sugar and cream and almonds, neither would I omit the quassia when this was necessary, nor stint the syrup when this was necessary too. For instance, if we knew that a rogue was to be inducted into a place of trust—a thief made steward and the steward's master not a good hand at double entry—a poitroon given a captaincy, and bidden to lead his men in a moment of danger—if that woman with the fair hair and loose lips, looking out at the corners of her sleepy eyes and flirting her fan significantly, with *Lovelace* looking on, were assigned as little *Ella's* governess and moral exemplar—if it was proposed to send *Jacky*, destined for the church and the family living down in Huntingdonshire, to inaugurate his theological studies under the direction of *Mr. X. Y.*, whom I, and others of his intimates know to be a frank atheist and likely to lead Master *Jacky* anywhere but to that Huntingdonshire pulpit—if any of these things, or others like to them, come under your special notice, then silence would not be a white lie but one as black as *Erebus*, and you would be bound to bear your witness under pain of dishonour and shameful complicity. But save in such exceptional instances as these, silence as to our dislikes and fancies and suspicions and unproven traditions, if a lie by negation is of the nature of an absolute virtue: if a certain sweet and holy chapter in a letter once written to a set of people called the *Corinthians* be true!

What would the world be like if we all said out our thoughts? We should be a set of savages cutting each other's throats, and brandishing eternal tomahawks over each other's skulls; there would be no peace and no love and no happiness left among us; and for this one questionable virtue of truth unveiled we should have parted with all the rest. A. thinks B. a conceited, stuck-up, insufferable puppy; B. thinks A. a priggish, solemn, unendurable owl. Shall A. and B. make clean breasts of it mutually, and tell the truth without counting the cost, and indeed without shaming him who shall be nameless? As it is, being happily men of the world who know the worth of keeping their own counsel, they meet at railway boards and in committee-rooms and at dinner-tables and in ladies' drawing-rooms tranquilly enough; and A. keeps his



puppy dog chained up in the innermost courts, and even yelps out some insignificant little white lie of conventional kindness, and B. buries his owl deep in the ivy bush of formal civilities, and never once lets him loose to go mousing after unpleasant candour. And the result is that A. finds B. something better than a puppy, and B. finds A. something brighter than an owl. Had they in the beginning told the truth as it seemed to them, they would have hated each other cordially to the last days of their lives, and have never found out the virtues mutually possessed. And can any person in his clear moral senses hesitate as to which is the greater evil, white lying, active or passive, or bitter black uncharity and hate?

There is a species of lying which always puzzles me as to its lawfulness or unlawfulness, and whether it is in colour grey or purer white, with perhaps a darker smear only in the shadows; I mean the lies told to avoid giving unnecessary pain, or to avoid letting out some damaging or destructive truth. We all agree, I think, in certain examples even on this point, as when the death or disaster of one beloved is kept secret from a sick person, and false messages even made up, and apocryphal voyages and altogether fanciful statements—the devices of loving hypocrisy—resorted to, to conceal the awful truth which would probably kill outright if known. If the truth there would be murder, and nothing less, ought it to be told? Can we indeed set this one virtue supreme and regnant over all the rest? building a golden throne for it alone, while ranging all the others on wooden footstools, unequal in height, in grandeur, or in power. The need of white lies, active or passive, does come in sometimes when an opposing virtue claims the higher place, and it is moral pedantry to try and deny that need.

But passing by this circumstance of sickness and the care demanded, and the sacrifice even of truth to keep alive the flickering flame, I confess willingly that the necessity of telling white lies to hide disastrous truths is generally only the result of a previous sin; so that it is but one sin to bolster up, or salve over, or keep buried, another sin; which is a kind of compound interest in evil anything but desirable. That slur upon your mother's name, my child, and the awkward dates of your baptism and her marriage must never be told you; else your proud young heart—proud in the purity and fearless honour of youth—will droop and wither and finally die out for shame and sorrow at the scorn that can be pointed, as surely as if I were to give you a dose of poison in your morning's milk. But there again! the first sin has to be cemented by a second—evil like misfortunes generally coming pickaback, with a terrible tendency to accumulate. If the first wrong had not been done the second would not have been needed; and yet, must the innocent suffer for the guilty? Yet I am puzzled at the lawfulness of this white lie, and hold rather to the colder and sterner truth with the painful possibility in the background—the possibility of a life's

despair—to be met with and combated the bravest possible! Still again (for all questions honestly argued go through an eternal see-saw) the motive must be allowed due weight, and no man's conscience should be put in irons: keeping well off though that dangerous shoal of Jesuitism, of doing evil that good may come.

I vaguely remember a very beautiful anecdote touching this question, but I do not know where I have met with it, consequently cannot turn back to my authority so as to give it in due force and beauty. Perhaps some of my readers may be more accurate, and with a stricter knowledge of references. A certain Scottish nobleman, who had taken part in the Jacobite troubles and was consequently exiled and a price set upon his head, stole back to his own again after long years were past, and when he thought the keen eyes of justice would be bleared and blinking. Suspected who he was, and arrested, there was only one man whose testimony could positively identify him—some old retainer, or foster-father, or faithful henchman, or clansman true and leal—some one, at all events, who had the best right to speak, and whose word would be conclusive. The two were confronted in the court-house, and the old man, after having quietly scanned the other from head to foot, swore positively, unflinchingly, deliberately, that this was not the laird. Afterwards, when the truth became known and he was taxed with his lie, his answer was: "I had rather trust my soul to God than my puir master in the hands of these ruffians." Which has always seemed to me to be one of the sublimest bits of human love, and simple if erring faith, possible to be met with.

If this act of perjury was a crime, so then in inverse degree has been all sheltering of fugitives and hiding of the proscribed; all disguises (which are only lies in action instead of in words), and all travesties to cheat the enemy; all pretences of serving men and maids; the Jane Lanes; the Lady Nithsdale; the guards and stokers of that negro underground railway with its contraband freight—they are all liars to be condemned, not heroes and heroines to be admired; and their clever stratagems and crafty doublings to throw the blood-hounds off the scent, making them believe the thing that is not and so pass over the thing that is—they are all lies, white, black, or grey, according to the thermometer of your virtue. Surely yes!—is mere verbal accuracy the sole form of truth worth fighting for?—is there not a higher truth of deed than any simple untruth by word? I cannot but think, then, that once admit the supreme necessity of verbal truth or even of servile truth before and against all other motives of human action, and you have circumscribed the sphere of human virtue and impoverished the soil of human greatness. And that too in such wise as can never be recovered.

It is easy to understand why truth is made so much account of as a social and human virtue—for is it not the very policeman of the soul? detective and protective at once? Truth is the



one quality by which man is brought to trust his fellow-man, it is the formula of the Mutual Alliance that must exist if society is to go on, the defence-work raised up against and between each and all. Without it society would fall to pieces like a tower of uncemented bricks, but with it, as too inconsiderately supreme, we should degenerate into mere frantic savages executing unlimited revenge against the perpetual offenders of our self-love. In this, as in all things, the tutissimus medium, the golden mean, the middle of the road, is so much the wiser manner of walking! Extravagances and extremes only lead one into the ditch; and ditches are not pleasant either as promenades or parade-grounds.

### DOWN IN CORNWALL.

THERE is a small outlying hamlet in my parochial charge, about two miles from my vicarage, with a population of about two hundred souls, inhabiting a kind of plateau shut in by lofty hills and skirted by the sea. These rural and simple-hearted people, secluded by their remote place of abode from the access of the surrounding world, present a striking picture of old and Celtic England such as it existed two or three hundred years ago. A notion of their solitude and simplicity may be gathered from the fact, that whereas they have no village postman or office, their only mode of intercourse with the outer life of their kind is accomplished through the weekly or other visit of their clergyman. He carries their letters, which contain the short but simple annals of the poor, and he receives and returns their weekly and laborious literary compositions to edify and instruct their distant and more civilised correspondents. The address on each letter is often such as to baffle all ordinary curiosity, and unless deciphered by the skill of the experts of the post-office, must often furnish hieroglyphics for the study of the Postmaster-General as obscure, if not so antique, as the legends on a pyramid or Rosetta stone. A visit to a distant market-town is an achievement to render a man an authority or an oracle among his brethren, and one who has accomplished that journey twice or thrice is ever regarded as a daring traveller, and consulted about foreign countries with a feeling of habitual respect.

They have amongst them no farrier for their cattle, no medical man for themselves, no beer-house, no shop; a man who travels for a distant town supplies them with tea by the ounce, or sugar in smaller quantities still. Not a newspaper is taken in throughout the hamlet, although they are occasionally astonished and delighted by the arrival from some almost forgotten friend in Canada of an ancient copy of the *Toronto Gazette*. This publication they pore over to weariness, and on a Sunday they will worry the clergyman with questions about Transatlantic places and names of which he is obliged to confess himself utterly ignorant: a

confession which consciously lowers him in their veneration and respect. An ancient dame once exhibited her prayer-book, very nearly worn out, printed in the reign of George the Second, and very much thumbed at the page from which she still assiduously prayed for the welfare of Prince Frederick, without one misgiving that she violated the article of our Church which forbids prayer for the dead.

Among the singular traits of character which are developed amid these, whom I may designate in the German phrase as my mossy parishioners, there is one which I should define, in their extreme simplicity, as exuberant belief, or rather faith in excess. I do not, however, intend by this term any kind of religious peculiarity of tenet or creed, but only a prostration of the intellect before certain old traditional and inherited impulses of the human mind. They share and they embrace those instinctive tendencies of their Celtic nature which in all ages have led their race to cherish a credence in the existence and power of witches, fairies, and the force of charms and spells. It is well known that all such supernatural influences on ordinary life are singularly congenial to the ancient and the modern Cornish mind. I do not exaggerate when I affirm, at all events my own persuasion, that two-thirds of the total inhabitants of the Tamar side implicitly believe in the power of the *Mal Occhio*, as the Italians name it, or the *Evil Eye*. Is this incredible in a day when the spasms and raps and bad spelling of a familiar spirit are received with acquiescent belief in polished communities and even in intellectual London? The old notion that a wizard or a witch so became by a nefarious bargain with the enemy of man, and by a surrender of his soul to his ultimate grasp, although still held in many a nook of our western valleys, and by the crooning dame at her solitary hearth, appears to have been exchanged in my hamlet of Holacombe (for such is its name) for a persuasion that these choosers of the slain inherit their faculty from their birth. Whispers of forbidden ties between their parents, and of monstrous and unhallowed alliances of which these children are the issue, largely prevail in this village. There it is held that the witch, like the poet, is so born. I have been gravely assured that there are well-known marks which distinguish the ill-wishers from all beside. These are black spots under the tongue: in number five, diagonally placed: "Like those, sir, which are always found in the feet of swine," and which, according to the belief of my poor people, and which, as a Scriptural authority, I was supposed unable to deny, were first made in the unclean animals by the entrance of the demons into the ancestral herd at Gadara. A peculiar kind of eyeball, sometimes bright and clear, and at others covered with a filmy gauze, like a gipsy's eye, as it is said, by night; or a double pupil, ringed twice; or a larger eye on the left than on the right side; these are held to be tokens of evil omen, and accounted to indicate demoniac power, and certain it is that a peculiar glare or glance of



the eye does exist in those persons who are pointed out as in possession of the craft of the wizard or witch. But an ancient man, who lived in a lone house in a gorge near the church, once actually disclosed to me in mysterious whispers, and with many a gesture of alarm and dread, a plan which he had heard from his grandfather, and by which a person evilly inclined, and anxious for more power than men ought to possess, might at any time become a master of the Evil Eye.

"Let him go to chancel," said he, "to sacrament, and let him hide and bring away the bread from the hands of the priest; then, next midnight let him take it and carry it round the church, widdershins, that is, from south to north, crossing by east three times: the third time there will meet him a big, ugly, venomous toad, gaping and gasping with his mouth opened wide, let him put the bread between the lips of the ghastly creature, and as soon as ever it is swallowed down his throat he will breathe three times upon the man, and he will be made a strong witch for evermore."

I did not fail to express the horror and disgust with which I had listened to this grand-sire's tale, and to assure him that any man capable of performing such an atrocious ceremony and for such a purpose, must be by his very nature fit for every evil desire, and prepared, of his own mere impulse to form the most unhallowed wishes for the harm of his fellow-creatures, such as a demon only could delight to fulfil. But the feats which are supposed to be achieved by the witch—for the question proposed by the sapient King Jamie has been solved by the Cornish people, whether the Devil doth not oftener dally with ancient women than men, are invariably deeds of loss and harm: Some felon sow, like her of Rokeby, becomes the grunting mother of a large family of farrows; all at once, like Medea, she hates her own offspring with a fiendish hatred, and spurns them all away from her milk. They pine and squeal, and at last sit upright on their hinder parts like pleading children, put their little paws together in piteous fashion, and die one by one. All this would never have come to pass had not the dame, the day before, refused a bottle of milk to one who "should have been a woman," "but that her beard forbade them to interpret that such she were." What graphic tale of "things ill-wished" have I not heard around and within this wild and lonely hamlet! All at once a flock or herd would begin to pine away with some strange and nameless disease, the shepherd's ewes yeaned dead lambs, and were found standing over their lost offspring, agast. Or his cows, "the milky mothers of the herd," would rush from field to field, "quite mad," with their tails erect towards the sky, like the bare poles of a ship in distress, scudding before the gale; or the brown mare would refuse to be harnessed, and signify her intention to remain in the stall on a busy day, to her master's infinite disgust. In the more civilised part of my parish the well-to-do farmer

would have a remedy. He would mount his horse one break of day on some secret expedition, and be absent for another day or two. Then he returns armed with a packet of white powders, which he scatters carefully, one at every gate on his farm, and his men hear him as he goes muttering in solemn fashion some strange set words, which turn out, when the scroll is submitted to the schoolmaster afterwards, to contain the blessings of the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, copied in writing for his use. He has paid a visit, it appears, to a distant town, and been closeted with a well-known public character of the west, popularly called the White Witch, and it is he who has not only exposed the name and arts of the parish practitioner of evil, but has supplied an antidote in the shape of baffling powders and "charms of might."

Some years ago a violent thunderstorm passed over the hamlet of Holacombe, and wrought great damage in its course. Trees were rooted up, cattle killed, and a rick or two set on fire. It so befel that I visited, the day after, one of the chief agricultural inhabitants of the village, and I found the farmer and his men standing by a ditch, wherein lay, heels upward, a fine young horse, quite dead. "Here, sir," he shouted, as I came on, "only please to look; is not this a sight to see?" I looked at the poor animal, and uttered my sympathy and regret at the loss. "One of the fearful results," I happened to say, "of the storm and lightning yesterday." "There, Jem," said he to one of his men, triumphantly, "didn't I say the parson would find it out?" "Yes, sir," he said, "it is as you say; it is all that wretched old Cherry\* Parnell's doing, with her vengeance and her noise!" I stared with astonishment at this unlooked-for interpretation which he had put into my mouth, and waited for him to explain. "You see, sir," he went on to say, "the case was this: old Cherry came up to my place, tottering along and mumbling that she wanted a fagot of wood. I said to her, 'Cherry,' says I, 'I gave you one two days ago, and another two days before that, and I must say that I didn't make up my woodrick altogether for you.' So she turned away, looking very grany, and muttering something about 'Hotter for me hereafter.' Well, sir, last night I was in bed, I and my wife, and all to once there busted a thunderbolt, and it shook the very room and house. Up we started, and my wife says, 'O, father, old Cherry's up. I wish I had gone after her with that there fagot.' I confess I thought in my mind I wished she had; but it was too late then, and I would try to hope for the best. But now, sir, you see with your own eyes what that revengeful old woman hath been and done. And I do think, sir," he went on to say, changing his tone to a kind of indignant growl, "I do think that when I call to mind how I've paid tithe and rates faithfully all these years, and kept my place in church before your reverence

\* *Charity* is the full name.



every Sabbath day, and always voted in the vestries that what hath a be ought to be, and so on, I do think that such ones as old Cherry Parnell never ought to be allowed to meddle with such things as thunder and lightning." What could I—what could any man in his senses—say to this?

The great charmer of charms in this strange corner of the world, is a seventh son born in direct succession from one father and one mother. Find such a person, and you have "the sayer of good words" always at your command. He is called in our folk-lore the doctor of the district. There is such an old man in my hamlet, popularly called Uncle Tony Cleverdon. He was baptised Anthony; but this has been changed by kindly village parlance and the usage of the west. For with us the pet name is generally the short name, and any one venerable from age and amiable in nature, is termed, without relationship, but merely for endearment, "uncle" and "aunt." Uncle Tony has inherited this endowment in a family of thirteen children, he being the seventh born. He often says that his lucky birth has been as good as "a fortin" to him all his life; for, although he is forbidden by usage and tradition to take money for the exercise of his functions, nothing has hindered that he should always be invited to sit as an honoured guest at the table furnished with good things in the houses of his votaries. Uncle Tony allowed me, as a vast favour, to take down from his lips some of his formularies: they had never been committed to writing before, he said; not, as I believe, for more than three centuries, for they smack of the middle ages. He very much questioned whether their virtue would not be utterly destroyed when he was gone, by their being "put into ink."

Uncle Tony was like an ancient augur in the science of birds. "Whenever you see one magpie, alone by himself," said he, with a look of imitable sagacity, "that bird is upon no good: spit over your right shoulder three times, and say:

Clean birds by sevens,  
Unclean by twos,  
The dove in the Heavens  
Is the one I choose!"

Among the myriads of sea and land birds that throng this coast, the raven is king of the rock. The headland and bulwark of the slope of Holacombe is a precipice of perpendicular rock. There, undisturbed (for no bribe would induce a villager to slay them, old or young), the ravens revel, and reign, and dwell. One day, as we watched them in their flapping flight, said Uncle Tony to me, "Sometimes, sir, these wild creatures will be so merciful that they will even save a man's life." "Indeed! How?" "Why, sir, it once came to pass on this wise: There was once a noted old wrecker called Kinsman: he lived in my father's time; and when no wreck was onward, he would get his wages by raising stone in a quarry by the sea-shore. Well, he was to work one day over yonder, half-way down Tower-cliff, and all at once he heard a

buzz above him in the air, and he looked up, and there were two old ravens flying round and round very near his head. They kept whirling and whirling and coming so nigh, and they seemed so knowing, that the old man thought verily they were trying to speak, as they made a strange croak; but, after some time, they went away, and old Kinsman went on with his work. Well, sir, by and by they both came back again, flying above and round as before, and then at last, lo and behold, the birds dropped right down into the quarry two pieces of wreck candle just down at the old man's feet!" (Very often the wreckers pick up Neapolitan wax-candles from vessels in the Mediterranean trade that have been lost in the Channel.) "So when Kinsman saw the candles, he thought in his mind, 'There is surely wreck coming in upon the beach;' so he packed his tools together and left them just where he stood, and went his way wrecking. He could find no jetsam, however, though he searched far and wide, and he used to say he verily believed that the ravens must have had the candles at hand in theirholt, to be so ready with them as they were. Next day he went back to quarry to his work, and he always used to say it was as true as a proverb: there the tools were all buried deep out of sight, for the crag above had given way and fallen down, and if he had tarried only one hour longer he must have been crushed to death! So you see, sir, what knowledge those ravens must have had; how well they knew the old man, and how fond he was of wreck; how crafty they were to hit upon the only plan that would ever have slocked him away; and the birds, moreover, must have been kind creatures and willing to save a poor fellow's life. There is nothing on aith so knowing as a bird is, unless it may be a snake. Did you ever hear, sir, how I heal an adder's bite? You cut a piece of hazel-wood, sir, and you fasten a long bit and a short one together into the form of a cross; then you lay it softly upon the wound, and you say, thrice blowing out the words aloud like one of the commandments,

Underneath this hazelin mote,  
There's a Bragotty worm with a speckled throat,  
Nine double is he:  
Now from nine double to eight double  
And from eight double to seven double  
And from seven double to six double  
And from six double to five double  
And from five double to four double  
And from four double to three double  
And from three double to two double  
And from two double to one double  
And from one double to no double  
No double hath he!

"There, sir," said Uncle Tony, "if David had known that charm he never would have wrote the verse in the Psalms about the adder that was so deaf that she would not hear the voice of the charmer charm he never so wisely. I never knew that charm fail in all my life!" Tony added, after a pause. "Fail! of course,



sometimes a body may fail, but then 'tis always from people's obstinacy and ignorance. I dare say, sir, you've heard the story of Farmer Colly's mare, how she bled herself to death; and they say he puts the blame on me. But what's the true case? His man came rapping at my door after I was in bed: I got up and opened the casement and looked out, and I asked what was amiss? 'O, Tony,' says he, 'master's mare is bleeding streams, and I be sent over to you to beg you'll stop it.' 'Very well,' I said, 'I can do it just as well here as if I came down and opened the door: only just tell me the name of the beast, and I'll proceed.' 'Name,' says he, 'why, there's no name that I know by, we allus call her the black mare!' 'No name?' says I, 'then however can I charm her? Why, the name's the principal thing! Fools! never to give her a name to rule the charm by! Be off! be off! I can't save her.' So the poor old thing died in course." "And what may your charm be, Tony," said I. "Just one verse in Ezekiel, sir, beginning, 'I said to thee when thou wast in thy blood live.' And so on. I say it only twice with an outblow between each time. But the finest by-word that I know, sir, is for the prick of a thorn." And here it follows from my diary in the antique phraseology which Uncle Tony had received from his forefathers through descending generations:

Happy man that Christ was born!  
 He was crown'd with a thorn:  
 He was pierced through the skin,  
 For to let the poison in:  
 But his five wounds, so they say,  
 Closed, before he passed away,  
 In with healing, out with thorn:  
 Happy man that Christ was born!

Another time, Uncle Tony said to me, "Sir, there is one thing I want to ask you, if I may be so free, and it is this: why should a merry-maid" (the local name for mermaid), "that will ride about upon the waters in such terrible storms, and toss from sea to sea in such ruckles as there be upon the coast, why should she never lose her looking-glass and comb?" "Well, I suppose," said I, "that if there are such creatures, Tony, they must wear their looking-glasses and combs fastened on somehow—like fins to a fish." "See!" said Tony, chuckling with delight, "what a thing it is to know the Scriptures like your reverence; I never should have found it out. But there's another point, sir, I should like to know, if you please; I've been bothered about it in my mind hundreds of times. Here be I, that have gone up and down Holacombe cliffs and streams fifty years come next Candlemas, and I've gone and watched

the water by moonlight and sunlight, days and nights, on purpose, in rough weather and smooth (even Sundays, too, saving your presence), and my sight as good as most men's, and yet I never could come to see a mermaid in all my life! How's that, sir?" "Are you sure, Tony," I rejoined, "that there are such things in existence at all?" "Oh, sir, my old father seen her twice! He was out once by night for wreck (my father watched the coast like most of the old people formerly), and it came to pass that he was down by the duck pool on the sand at low-water tide, and all to once he heard music in the sea. Well, he cropt on behind a rock, like a coastguard-man watching a boat, and got very near the noise. He couldn't make out the words, but the sound was exactly like Bill Martin's voice, that singed second counter in church; at last he got very near, and there was the mermaid very plain to be seen, swimming about upon the waves like a woman bathing—and singing away. But my father said it was very sad and solemn to hear—more like the tune of a funeral hymn than a Christmas carol by far—but it was so sweet that it was as much as he could do to hold back from plunging into the tide after her. And he an old man of sixty-seven, with a wife and a houseful of children at home. The second time was down here by Holacombe Pits. He had been looking out for spars; there was a ship breaking up in the Channel, and he saw some one move just at half-tide mark. So he went on very softly, step and step, till he got nigh the place, and there was the mermaid sitting on a rock, the bootifullest mermaid that eye could behold, and she was twisting about her long hair, and dressing it just like one of our girls getting ready for her sweetheart on the Sabbath-day. The old man made sure he should griep hold of her before ever she found him out, and he had got so near, that a couple of paces more and he would have caught her by the hair as sure as tithe or tax, when, lo and behold, she looked back and glimpsed him! So in one moment she dived head-foremost off the rock, and then tumbled herself topsy-turvy about in the waters, and cast a look at my poor father, and grinned like a seal!"

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER IV. THE CHATEAU ROTZBERG.

AMID the many hundred miles which it traverses from its source in the glacier-land to its dispersion among the border flats of the Zuyder Zee, the great Rhine river flows through no district so full of strange interest, so wild, so primitive, so untrodden, as that deep and lonely valley that lies between Chur and Thusis in the Canton Grisons. The passing traveller hastening on to the Splügen, the wandering artist eager for Italy, alike hurry past with scarce a glance or a thought for the grey peaks above, or the stony river-bed below, the beaten highway. They little guess what green delicious valleys, what winding ravines, what legend-haunted ruins, and fragrant uplands jewelled with Alp-roses and purple gentian-blossoms, lie all unsought among the slopes and passes of the mountains round about. Still less do they dream that to some of those crumbling towers from which the very ivy has long since withered away, there cling traditions many centuries older than Christ; or that in yonder scattered chalets, some of which cluster like swallows' nests on shelves of granite six or eight hundred feet above the level of the valley, there is yet spoken a language unknown to the rest of Europe. Only the historian and archaeologist care to remember how there lie imbedded in that tongue the last fragments of a forgotten language; and how in the veins of the simple mountaineers who speak it, there yet linger some drops of the blood of a lost, a mighty, and a mysterious people.

Thus it happened that William Trefalden, who was neither an archaeologist nor an historian, but only a brilliant, unscrupulous man of the world, every fibre of whose active brain was busy just then with a thousand projects, neither knew, nor cared to know, any of these things, but took his way up the valley of Domleschg without bestowing a thought upon its people or traditions.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day from that on which he left London. He had been on the road two nights out of the three; and yet his eye looked none the less bright, and his cheek none the paler. As he strode along in the deep shade, glancing up from time to time at the sunny heights above his head,

his step grew freer, and his bearing more assured than usual. There was not a soil of travel on his garments. The shabby office coat so inseparably associated with its wearer in the minds of his clerks, was discarded for a suit of fashionable cut and indefinite hue, such as the British tourist delighteth to honour. His gloves and linen were faultless. Even his boots, although he was on foot, were almost free from dust. He looked, in short, so well dressed, and so unlike his daily self, that it may be doubted whether even Mr. Abel Keckwitsch would have recognised his employer at the first glance, if that astute head-clerk could by any possibility have met him on the way.

Absorbed in thought as he was, however, Mr. Trefalden paused every now and then to reconnoitre the principal features of the valley, and make certain of his landmarks. The village from which he had started was already left two miles behind; and, save a ruined watch-tower on a pedestal of rock some eighty feet above the level of the road, there was no accessible building in sight. The Hinter Rhine, with its grey waters still dull from the glacier, ran brawling past him all the way. There were pine forests climbing up the spurs of the mountains; and flocks of brown goats, with little tinkling bells about their necks, browsing over the green slopes lower down. Far above the sound of these little bells, uplifted, as it were, upon gigantic precipices of bare granite, rose, terrace beyond terrace, a whole upper world of rich pasture lands, cultivated fields, mossy orchards, and tiny hamlets, which, seen from the valley, looked like carved toys scattered over the velvet sward. Higher still, came barren plateaus, groups of stunted firs, and rugged crags among which the unmelted snow lay in broad, irregular patches, while far away to the right, where another valley seemed to open westward, rose a mountain loftier than all the rest, from the summit of which a vast glacier hung over in icy folds that glittered to the sun, like sculptured drapery depending from the shoulder of some colossal statue.

But William Trefalden had no eyes for this grand scene. To him, at that moment, the mountains were but sign-posts, and the sun a lamp to light him on his way. He was seeking for a certain roadside shrine behind which, he had been told, he should find a path leading to the Château Rotzberg. He knew that he had



not yet passed the shrine, and that by this time he must be near it. Presently a chapel-bell chimed from the heights, clear, and sweet, and very distant. He paused to glance at his watch, and then pressed forward more rapidly. It was already a quarter to five, and he was anxious to reach his destination before the afternoon should grow much later. There was an abrupt curve in the road a few yards further on. He had been looking forward to this point for some minutes, and felt so sure that it must bring him in sight of the path, that when it actually did so, he struck up at once through the scattered pines that fringed the waste ground to the left of the road, and trod the beaten track as confidently as if he were familiar with every foot of the way.

As he went on, the sound of the hurrying river died away, and the scattered pines became a thick plantation, fragrant and dusky. Then the ground grew hilly, and was broken up here and there by mossy boulders; and then came open daylight again, and a space of smooth sward, and a steep pathway leading up to another belt of pines. This second plantation was so precipitous that the path had in some places been laid down with blocks of rough stone and short lengths of pine trunks, so as to form a kind of primitive staircase up the mountain-side. The ascent, however, was short, though steep, and Mr. Trefalden had not been climbing it for many minutes before he saw a bright shaft of sunlight piercing the fringed boughs some few yards in advance. Then the moss became suddenly golden beneath his feet, and he found himself on the verge of an open plateau, with the valley lying in deep shade some four hundred feet below, and the warm sun glowing on his face. There ran the steel-grey river, eddying but inaudible; there opened the broad Rheintal, leading away mile after mile into the dim distance, with glimpses of white Alps on the horizon; while close by, within fifty yards of the spot on which he was standing, rose the ivied walls of the Château Rotzberg.

This, then, was the home to which his great-grandfather's eldest son had emigrated one hundred years before—this, the birthplace of the heir-at-law! William Trefalden smiled somewhat bitterly as he paused and looked upon it.

It was a thorough Swiss mediæval dwelling, utterly irregular, and consisting apparently of a cluster of some five or six square turrets, no two of which were of the same size or height. They were surmounted alike by steep slated roofs and grotesque weathercocks; and the largest, which had been suffered to fall to ruin, was green with ivy from top to bottom. The rest of the château gave signs of only partial habitation. Many of the narrow windows were boarded up, while others showed a scrap of chintz on the inner side, or a flower-pot on the sill. A low wall, enclosing a small court-yard, lay to the south of the building, and was approached by a quaint old gateway supporting a sculptured scutcheon, close above which a stork had built his nest.

None of these details escaped the practised eye

of William Trefalden. He saw all in a moment—poverty, picturesqueness, and neglect. As he crossed the open sward, and came in sight of a steep road winding up from the valley on the other side, he remarked that there were no tracks of wheels upon it. Passing under the gateway, he observed how the heraldic bearings were effaced upon the shield, and how those fractures were such as could only have been dealt by the hand of man. Not even the grass that had sprung up amid the paving in the court-yard, nor the mossy penthouse over the well, nor the empty kennel in the corner, remained unnoticed as he went up to the door of the château.

It was standing partly open—a massy oaken portal, studded with iron stanchions, and protected only by a heavy latch. William Trefalden looked round for a bell, but there was none. Then he knocked with his clenched hand, but no one came. He called aloud, but no one answered. At last he went in.

The door opened into a stone hall of irregular shape, with a cavernous fireplace at one end, and a large modern window at the other. The ceiling was low, and the rafters were black with smoke. An old carved press, a screen, some chairs and settles of antique form, a great oak table on which lay a newspaper and a pair of clumsy silver spectacles, a curious Swiss clock with a toy skeleton standing in a little sentry-box just over the dial, a spinning-wheel and a linen-press, were all the furniture that it contained. A couple of heavy Tyrolean rifles, with curved stocks to fit to the shoulder, were standing behind the door, and an old sabre, a pair of antlers, and a yellow parchment in a black frame, hung over the mantelpiece. A second door, also partly open, stood nearly opposite the first, and led into a garden.

Having surveyed this modest interior from the threshold, and found himself alone there, Mr. Trefalden crossed over to the fireplace and examined the parchment at his leisure. It was Captain Jacob's commission, signed and sealed by His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Second, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and forty-eight. Turning from this to the newspaper on the table, he saw that it was printed in some language with which he was not acquainted—a language that was neither French, nor Italian, nor Spanish, but which seemed to bear a vague resemblance to all three. It was entitled "*Amity del Pievel*." Having lingered over this journal with some curiosity, he laid it down again, and passed out through the second door into the garden.

Here, at least, he had expected to find some one belonging to the place; but it was a mere kitchen garden, and contained nothing higher in the scale of creation than cabbages and potatoes, gooseberry-bushes, and beds of early salad. Mr. Trefalden began to ask himself whether his Swiss kindred had deserted the Château Rotzberg altogether.

Strolling slowly along a side-path sheltered by a high privet hedge, and glancing back every now



and then at the queer little turreted building with all its weathercocks glittering in the sun, he suddenly became aware of voices not far distant. He stopped—listened—went on a few steps further—and found that they proceeded from some lower level than that on which he stood. Having once ascertained the direction of the sounds, he followed them rapidly enough. His quick eye detected a gap in the hedge at the upper end of the garden. From this gap, a flight of rough steps led down to a little orchard some eighteen or twenty feet below—a mere shelf of verdure on the face of the precipice, commanding a glorious view all over the valley, and lying full to the sunset. It was planted thickly with fruit-trees, and protected at the verge of the cliff by a fragile rail. At the further end, built up in an angle of the rock, stood a rustic summer-house newly thatched with Indian corn-straw. Towards this point William Trefalden made his way through the deep grass and the wild flowers.

As he drew nearer, he heard the sounds again. There was but one voice now—a man's—and he was reading. What was he reading? Not German. Not that strange dialect printed in the "Amity del Pievel." Certainly not Latin. He advanced a little further. Was it, could it be—Greek?

Mr. Trefalden's Greek had grown somewhat rusty these last eighteen years or so; but there could be no mistake about those sonorous periods. He recognised the very lines as they fell from the lips of the speaker—lines sweet and strong as that god-like wine stored of old in the chamber of Ulysses. It was many a year since he had heard them, though at Eton they had been "familiar in his mouth as household words."

About our heads elms and tall poplars whispered; While from its rocky cave beside us trickled The sacred waters of a limpid fountain. The cricket chirped in the hedge, and the sweet throstle Sang loudly from the copse.

Who should this be but Theocritus of Sicily? William Trefalden could scarcely believe his ears. Theocritus in the valley of Domleschg! Theocritus in the mouths of such outer barbarians as the dwellers in the Château Rotzberg?

Having ended the famous description of the garden of Phrasidamus, the reader paused. William Trefalden hastened up to the front of the summer-house. An old man smoking a German pipe, and a youth bending over a book, were its only occupants. Both looked up; and both, by a simultaneous impulse of courtesy, rose to receive him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "This is, I fear, an uncereemonious intrusion; but I am not quite a stranger, and—"

He checked himself. French was the language which he had found generally understood in the Grisons, and he had inadvertently used his native English.

But the old man bowed, laid his pipe aside, and replied in English as pure as his own.

"Whoever you may be, sir, you are welcome."

"I think I have the pleasure of addressing a relative," observed the lawyer. "My name is William Trefalden."

The old man stepped forward, took him by both hands, and, somewhat to his surprise, kissed him on each cheek.

"Cousin," he said, "thou art thrice welcome. Saxon, my son, embrace thy kinsman."

#### CHAPTER V. MR. TREFALDEN AND HIS COUSINS.

MR. TREFALDEN took the rustic chair handed to him by his younger kinsman, and placed it just against the entrance to the summer-house. It was his habit, he said, to avoid a strong light, and the sunset dazzled him. The old man resumed his seat. The youth remained standing. Both looked at the new comer with a cordial, undissembled curiosity; and for a few seconds there was silence.

Mr. Trefalden's elder kinsman was fragile, pale, white haired, with brilliant dark eyes, and thin sensitive lips, that trembled when he spoke earnestly. The other was a tall, broad-shouldered, broad-browed, powerful young fellow, with a boyish down upon his upper lip, and a forest of thick golden-brown hair, crisp and curly as the locks of Chaucer's Squire. His eyebrows and eyelashes were some shades darker than his hair; and his eyes looked out from beneath them with an expression half shy, half fearless, such as we sometimes see in the eyes of children. In short, he was as goodly a specimen of the race of Adam as one might hope to meet with between London and the valley of Domleschg, or even further; and this Mr. Trefalden could not but admit at the first glance.

The old man was the first to speak.

"You did not find your way without a guide, cousin?" said he.

"It was no very difficult achievement," replied the lawyer. "I enjoyed the walk."

"From Chur?"

"No—from Reichenau. I have taken up my quarters at the 'Adler.' My landlord described the road to me. It was easy enough to find; not, perhaps, quite so easy to follow."

"Ah, you came by the footpath. It is sadly out of repair, and would seem steep to a stranger. Saxon, go bid Kettli prepare supper; and open a bottle of d'Asti wine. Our cousin is weary."

Mr. Trefalden hastened to excuse himself; but it was of no avail. The old gentleman insisted that he should "at least break bread and drink wine" with them; and Mr. Trefalden, seeing that he attached some patriarchal import to this ceremony, yielded the point.

"You have a son, sir, of whom you may be proud," said he, looking after the youth as he strode away through the trees.

The old man smiled, and with the smile his whole face grew tender and gracious.

"He is my great hope and joy," he replied; "but he is not my son. He is the only child of my dear brother, who died twelve years ago."

Mr. Trefalden had already heard this down at



Reichenau; but he said, "Indeed?" and looked interested.

"My brother was a farmer," continued the other; "I entered the Lutheran Church. He married late in life; I have been a bachelor all my days."

"And your brother's wife," said Mr. Trefalden, "is she still living?"

"No; she died two years after she became a mother. For twelve years, Saxon has had no parent but myself. He calls me 'father'—I call him 'son.' I could not love him more if he were really my own offspring. I have been his only tutor, also. I have taught him all that I know. Every thought of his heart is open to me. He is what God and my teaching have made him."

"He is a magnificent fellow, at all events," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"My brother was almost as tall and handsome at his age," replied the pastor, with a sigh.

"What is his age?" asked the lawyer.

"He was twenty-two on the thirtieth of last December."

"I should not take him to be more than twenty."

"Twenty-two—twenty-two years, and four months—a man in age, in stature, in strength, in learning; but a boy at heart, cousin—a boy at heart!"

"All the better for him," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet voice and pleasant smile. "Many of the greatest men that ever lived were boys to the last."

"I have no desire to see my Saxon become a great man," said Martin Trefalden, hastily. "God forbid it! I have tried to make him a good man. That is enough."

"And I have no doubt that you have succeeded."

The old man looked troubled.

"I have tried," said he; "but I know not whether I have tried in the right way. I have trained him according to my own belief and ideas; and what I have done has been done for the best. I may have acted wrongly. I may not have done my duty; but I have striven to do it. I prayed for light—I prayed for God's blessing on my work. I believed my prayers were heard; but I have had heavy misgivings of late—heavy, heavy misgivings!"

"I feel sure they must be groundless," said Mr. Trefalden.

The pastor shook his head. He was evidently anxious, and ill at ease.

"That is because you do not know," replied he. "I cannot tell you now—another time—when we can be longer alone. In the mean while, I thank Heaven for the chance that has brought you hither. Cousin, you are our only surviving kinsman—you are acquainted with the world—you will advise me—you will be good to him! I am sure you will. I see it in your face."

"I shall be very glad to receive your confidence, and to give you what counsel I can,"

replied Mr. Trefalden.

"God bless you!" said the pastor, and shook hands with him across the table.

At this moment there came a sound of voices from the further end of the terrace.

"One word more," cried Martin, eagerly. "You know our family history, and the date that is drawing near?"

"I do."

"Not a syllable before him, till we have again spoken together. Hush! he is here."

A giant shadow fell upon the grass, and young Saxon's six feet of substance stood between them and the sun. He held a dish in his hands and a bottle under his arm, and was followed by a stalwart peasant woman, laden with plates and glasses.

"The evening is so warm," said he, "that I thought our cousin would prefer to stay here; so Kettli and I have brought the supper with us."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Mr. Trefalden. "By the way, Saxon, I must compliment you on your Greek. Theocritus is an old friend of mine, and you read him remarkably well."

The young man, who had just removed the book from the table, and was assisting to spread the cloth, blushed like a girl.

"He and Anacreon were my favourite poets," added the lawyer; "but that was a long time ago. I fear I now remember very little of either."

"I have not read Anacreon," said Saxon; "but of all those I know, I love Homer best."

"Ay, for the fighting," suggested his uncle, with a smile.

"Why not, when it's such grand fighting?"

"Then you prefer the Iliad to the Odyssey," said Mr. Trefalden. "Now, for my part, I always took more pleasure in the adventures of Ulysses. The scenery is so various and romantic; the fiction so delightful."

"I don't like Ulysses," said Saxon, bluntly. "He's so crafty."

"He is therefore all the truer to nature," replied Mr. Trefalden. "All Greeks are crafty; and Ulysses is the very type of his race."

"I cannot forgive him on that plea. A hero must be better than his race, or he is no hero."

"That is true, my son," said the pastor.

"I allow that the Homeric heroes are not Bayards; but they are great men," said Mr. Trefalden, defending his position less for the sake of argument than for the opportunity of studying his cousin's opinions.

"Ulysses is not a great man," replied Saxon, warmly; "much less a hero."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"You have all the world against you," said he.

"The world lets itself be blinded by tradition," answered Saxon. "Can a man be a hero, and steal? a hero, and tell lies? a hero, and afraid to give his name? Tell of Altdorf was not one of that stamp: When Gessler questioned him



about the second arrow, he told the truth, and was ready to die for it."

"You are an enthusiast on the subject of heroes," said Mr. Trefalden, jestingly.

The young man blushed again, more deeply than before.

"I hate Ulysses," he said. "He was a contemptible fellow; and I don't believe that Homer wrote the *Odyssey* at all."

With this, he addressed some observation to Kettli, who answered him, and departed.

"What a strange dialect!" said Mr. Trefalden, his attention diverted into another channel.

"Did I not see a newspaper printed in it, as I passed just now through the house?"

"You did; but it is no dialect," replied the pastor, as they took their places round the table.

"It is a language—a genuine language; copious, majestic, elegant, and more ancient by many centuries than the Latin."

"You surprise me."

"Its modern name," continued the old man, "is the *Rhæto-Romansch*. If you desire to know its ancient name, I must refer you back to a period earlier, perhaps, than even the foundation of Alba Longa, and certainly long anterior to Rome. But, cousin, you do not eat."

"I have really no appetite," pleaded Mr. Trefalden, who found neither the goat's-milk cheese nor the salad particularly to his taste. "Besides, I am much interested in what you tell me."

The pastor's face lighted up.

"I am glad of it," he said, eagerly. "I am very glad of it. It is a subject to which I have devoted the leisure of a long life."

"But you have not yet told me the ancient name of this *Romansch* tongue?"

Saxon, who had been looking somewhat uneasy during the last few minutes, was about to speak; but his uncle interposed.

"No, no, my son," he said, eagerly, "these are matters with which I am more conversant than thou. Leave the explanation to me."

The young man bent forward, and whispered, "Briefly, then, dearest father."

Mr. Trefalden's quick ear caught the almost inaudible warning. It was his destiny to gain more than one insight into character that evening.

The pastor nodded, somewhat impatiently, and launched into what was evidently a favourite topic.

"Look round," he said, "at these mountains. They have their local names, as the *Galanda*, the *Ringel*, the *Albula*, and so forth; but they have also a general and classified name. They are the *Rhætan Alps*. Among them lie numerous valleys, of which this, the *Hinter-Rhein-Thal*, is the chief. Yonder lie the passes of the *Spugen* and the *Stelvio*, and beyond them the plains of *Lombardy*. You probably know this already; but it is important to my explanation that you should have a correct idea of our geography here in the *Grisons*."

Mr. Trefalden bowed, and begged him to proceed. Saxon ate his supper in silence.

"Well," continued the pastor, "about two thousand eight hundred years ago these Alps were peopled by a hardy aboriginal race, speaking the same language, or the germs of the same language, which is spoken here to this day by their descendants. These aborigines followed the instincts which God would seem to have implanted in the hearts of all mountain races. They wearied of their barren fastnesses. They poured down into the southern plains. They expelled the native *Umbrians*, and settled as conquerors in that part of Italy which lies north of *Ancona* and the *Tiber*. There they built cities, cultivated literature and the arts, and reached a high degree of civilisation. When I tell you that they had attained to this eminence before the era of *Romulus*; that they gave religion, language, and arts to Rome herself; that, according to the decreed fate of nations, they fell through their own luxury, and were enslaved in their turn; that, pursued by the Gaul or the Celt, they fled back at last to these same mountains from which they had emigrated long centuries before; that they erected some of those strongholds, the imperishable ruins of which yet stand above our passes; and that in this *Rhæto-Romansch* tongue of the *Grisons* survive the last utterances of their lost poets and historians—when, cousin, I tell you all these things, you will, I think, have guessed already what the name of that ancient people must have been?"

Now it happened, somewhat unluckily, that Mr. Trefalden had lately read, somewhere or another, a review of somebody's book on this very subject; so, when the old man paused, quite warm and flushed with his own eloquence, he found himself prepared with a reply.

"If," said he, "I had not taken an impression—if, in short, I had not understood that the *Etruscans* were originally a *Lydian* tribe—"

"You took that impression from *Herodotus*!" interrupted the pastor.

"No; for the best of reasons. I never was *Grecian* enough to do battle with *Herodotus*."

"From *Tacitus*, then?"

"Possibly from *Tacitus*."

"Yes, *Tacitus* supports that theory, but he is wrong; so does *Herodotus*, and he is wrong; so do *Strabo*, *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Servius*, and a host of others, and they are all wrong—utterly wrong, every one of them!"

"But where—"

"*Liwy* supposes that the emigration was from the plains to the mountains—folly, mere folly! Does not every example in history point to the contrary? The dwellers in plains fly to the mountains for refuge; but emigration flows as naturally from the heights to the flats, as streams flow down from the glaciers to the valleys. *Hellanicus* of *Lesbos* would have us believe they were *Pelasgians*. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* asserts that they were the aborigines of the soil. *Gorius* makes them *Phœnician*—*Bonarota*, *Egyptian*—*Maffei*, *Canaanite*—*Guarnacci* . . ."



"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden; "but when I said I had understood that the Etruscans were of Lydian origin . . ."

"They were nothing of the kind!" cried the pastor, trembling with excitement. "If they had been his countrymen, would not Xantus of Lydia have chronicled the event? He never even names them. Can you conceive an English historian omitting the colonisation of America; or a Spanish historian passing over the conquest of Mexico? No, cousin, you must forgive me for saying that he who embraces the empty theories of Herodotus and Tacitus commits a grievous error. I can show you such archaeological evidence . . ."

"I assure you," said Mr. Trefalden, laughingly, "that I have not the least disposition to do anything of the kind. It is a subject upon which I know absolutely nothing."

"And father," began Saxon, laying his hand gently on the old man's arm, "I think you forget—"

"No, no, I forget nothing," interrupted his uncle, too much possessed by his own argument to listen to any one. "I do not forget that Gibbon pronounced the Lydian theory a theme for only poets and romancists. I do not forget that Steub, whatever the tenor of his other opinions, at least admitted the unity of the Etruscan and Rhetian tongues. Then there was Niebuhr—although *he* fell under the mistake of supposing the Etruscan to be a mixed race, he believed the Rhetians of these Alps to have been the true stock, and maintained that they reduced the Pelasgi to a state of vassalage. Niebuhr was a great man, a fine historian, an enlightened scholar. I corresponded with him, cousin, for years, on this very subject; but I could never succeed in convincing him of the purely Rhetian nationality of the Etruscan people. He always would have it that they were amalgamated with the Pelasgians. It was a great pity! I wish I could have set him right before he died."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"I wish you could," he said; "but it grows late, and I shall never find my way back before dark, if I do not at once bid you good evening."

The pastor put his hand to his brow in a bewildered way.

"I—I fear I have talked too much," he said, shyly. "I have wearied you. Pray forgive me. When I begin upon this subject, I do not know where to stop."

"That is because you know so much about it," replied the lawyer. "But I have listened with great pleasure, I assure you."

"Have you? Have you, indeed?"

"And have learned a great deal that I did not know before."

"I will show you all Niebuhr's letters another time, and copies of my replies," said the old man, "if you care to read them."

He was now quite radiant again, and wanted only a word of encouragement to resume the

conversation; but Mr. Trefalden had had more than enough of the Etruscans already.

"Thank you," said he; "thank you—another time. And now, good-by."

"No, no—stay a moment longer. I have so much to say to you—so many questions to ask. How long do you stay in Reichenau?"

"Some days—perhaps a week."

"Are you on your way to Italy?"

"Not at all. I wanted change of air, and I have come abroad for a fortnight's holiday. My object in choosing Reichenau for a resting-place is solely to be near you."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"How good of you!" he said, simply. "I should never have seen you if you had not found your way hither—and, after all, we three are the last of our name. Cousin, will you come here?"

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I shall come again, of course, to-morrow."

"I mean, will you come here for the time of your stay? I hardly like to ask you, for I know the 'Adler' is far more comfortable than our little desolate eyrie. But still, if you can put up with farmer's fare and mountain habits, you shall have a loving welcome."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"I thank you," said he, "as much as if I accepted your hospitality; but it is impossible. We Londoners lead busy feverish lives, and become enslaved by all kinds of unhealthy customs. Your habits and mine differ as widely as the habits of an Esquimaux and a Friendly Islander. Shall I confess the truth? You have just supped—I am now going back to Reichenau to dinner."

"To dinner?"

"Yes, eight is my hour. I cannot depart from it, even when travelling; so you see I dare not become your guest. However, I shall see you daily, and my young cousin here must do the honours of the neighbourhood to me."

"That I will," said Saxon, heartily.

Mr. Trefalden then shook hands with the pastor, and, Saxon having declared his intention of seeing him down the mountain, they went away together.

#### RICHARD COBDEN'S GRAVE.

THE long and hard winter of 1865, will for many years to come be memorable in the reports of the registrars for the unusual numbers of deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs. From February to April, after several weeks of arctic weather, the north-east wind had a reign of terror; and, amidst thousands of victims, slew a man whose name was so familiar on the tongues and types of his generation, that this spring will be signalled out as the spring in which Richard Cobden died. Every home in which there was an invalid looked forward to the cessation of the cruel and poisonous winds which prevailed, to set up the sufferer. In



Sussex, among the Downs, and along the shore, in the first week of February, the snowdrops and crocuses glinted up in the gardens, and the skylarks, with beating wings and ecstatic carols, mounted straight up into the sky. Poly-anthuses, anemone hepaticas, and blue and purple anemones, bloomed in the middle of the month. The first of the foreign singers, the chaffinch, came and warbled beautifully on the top twigs of leafless trees. The greater titmouse made himself heard about West Sussex homes by his two rasping notes, which seem borrowed from the whetting of a scythe. Where there were many trees and shrubs, amidst chirps and warblings, the tree-larks trilled, the thrushes whistled, and sanguine sufferers from bronchitis believed their throats had escaped from the gripe of this deadliest of the garotters. Relying on the apparent arrival of spring, Mr. Cobden, one of thousands of invalid prisoners during the winter, left his sheltered home at Dunford among the Downs, where "he had waited for finer weather," and whilst travelling to London was caught by four degrees of frost. Never strong, overworked all his life, often wounded in political strife, never having recovered the loss of his only boy, in his public zeal addressing his constituents too late in the year, and leaving his home too early in the spring to speak in parliament, the cold overpowered the heat in his overworn frame, and on the sunny but chilly morning of the 2nd of April, while the church bells were ringing, Richard Cobden was expiring in his chambers in Suffolk-street, London.

On the following Wednesday his remains were taken from London back to Dunford. He had built a mansion with a square tower on the site of his father's farm-house, preserving, however, one room of the old house, his mother's bedroom. Richard Cobden was a West Sussex man. Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, and Chichester, are built on a flat tract of clay land stretching some thirty miles along the shore, and sometimes as many as ten or a dozen miles from the foot of the chalky Downs to the shingle of the coast. Chichester is, like Brighton, close to the Downs, only in a valley a few miles from the sea, instead of being, like Brighton (the successor of a town washed away by the sea), built for refuge upon the slopes and cliffs of the Downs. Chichester is a cathedral and agricultural city, the rest are esplanaded bathing towns. On the northern side of the Downs of West Sussex are the agricultural towns of Horsham, Petworth, Midhurst, and Steyning. At the east end of the county of Sussex, it is important to remember, Saxon Harold was defeated by Norman William, and lordly castles and lowly thatched cottages, although several of the castles are now in ruins, and many of the sea-side villages have been swept away by the sea, still maintain the traditions of the victors and the victims of the battle of Hastings. The Cobdens, or Cobbys, are common in West Sussex chiefly as labouring or serving people. Inhabitants of West Sussex who read newspapers knew that Richard Cobden the member lived near Mid-

hurst, but among the large majority who do not read, or cannot read newspapers, the best known Mr. Cobden was an innkeeper at Hahnaker. Yet here Cobdens owned land and tilled it long before any temporal or spiritual barons erected castles to overawe the despoiled and oppressed Saxons.

Deeply engraven in the heart of Richard Cobden was the impression of the fact that his forefathers had owned Dunford, and had, by misfortune and fault, by weakness and simplicity of their own, or by the superior cunning of others, seen it pass away from them. His voice became plaintive on this theme. A Saxon, born under the cold shades of feudal baronries, Selsey, Leconfield, Winterton, Richmond, Arundel, where tenancy is but leave to toil for another, and enfranchisement only permission to vote as bidden, Richard Cobden imbibed from the lessons of his home his deep distrust and dislike of the aristocracy. Historical researches never occupied him very much, or else what was excessive in his hatred might have been corrected somewhat by simply visiting the eastern capital of his county and surveying the field of the battle of Lewes, if only from the tower of the castle, and studying the heroic struggle in which De Montford fought for parliament against kingcraft. But no men hate landlords like farmers' sons; and Cæsar, the laird's dog, is made by Robert Burns to tell Luath, the cottar's dog, what, I believe, is the reason why:

Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash,  
How they maun thole a factor's snash,  
He'll stamp, an' threaten, curse and swear,  
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear,—  
While they maun stan, wi' aspect humble  
An hear it a' an' fear an' tremble.

Democracy is a plant which grows in aristocratic soil.

The West Sussex men might be divided into Lowlanders and Highlanders, although all of one race and language, and Mr. Cobden's parish, Heyshot, called a Highland parish; for it lies among the very highest of the round broad-shouldered hills or mountains separating North from South Sussex. There is now a good road from Chichester to Midhurst over these hills; and the first sod of a railway has just been cut. When Richard Cobden was a little boy, a near connexion of mine used to visit the rector and squire of Trotton, the adjoining parish to Heyshot, shooting with his friend Twyford the clergyman, whilst the squire and his son hunted. There was then only a by-road from Midhurst to Petersfield. Newspapers were then so seldom seen in the neighbourhood that the squire did not know the name of the prime minister. This fact means, that the weak had no protection against the strong from publicity, and but little from law.

The temperature of the week preceding the Sunday on which Mr. Cobden died, was six degrees below the average of the last fifty years. On the morning of the 7th of April, however, the wind was from the south-west,



and a warm fog made houses invisible to each other, although only a hundred yards apart. This fog cleared off, and the day became the first of spring. The flat sea margin is beautifully cultivated, all covered with fields above which skylarks make the welkin ring; the serpentine roads wind past farm-houses and villages with sheltering trees and spires; and trim hedges line the roads, full of twittering birds; there are ditches beneath the hedges, and the grass above them is spangled with yellow primroses and golden celandine. From Chichester to Cocking Causeway the road rises. Many brick-built and flat-tile-roofed farm-houses seem covered with gold, for the *Parmelia* lichens are spread over their tiles like gold-leaf. Shrubby beeches abound on the roadside banks, with their withered brown leaves clinging still to their branches. Hazel-trees, some with male and some with female catkins, but none with a single leaf, and scarce one with a bud, on their gracefully drooping brown twigs, displayed one of the greatest beauties of the woodlands. This country, indeed, supplies the neighbouring farms and towns with wattles and fagots. The road winds and climbs up and along the sides of chalk mountains, cultivated far up their slopes, and with the broad round top of every one of them capped by a copse of pine or fir trees.

Cocking Causeway is a sort of small village green, where three roads meet. The spire of the new little church of Lavington is seen peeping out of the trees of the highest hill-top, and the undulating road leading to it winds between gorse in bloom, and tall hedges, and with the pine-trees about, looks like a bit of Scotland. The hill, on the very top of which the little church stands, is very steep. After climbing what the Scotch call a "stay brae," a path unfit for carriages, a series of steps and platforms, or terraces, forming the graveyard, lands us on the top where the church stands. The view seems enclosed by a circle of mountain-tops and copses, except where openings in the hills give extensive vistas. The churchyard is beautifully laid out with shingly walks and trim hedges, and planted with funeral trees. An evergreen cypress, already yellow with bloom, tall and slim as a Lombardy poplar, but smaller and more elegant, stands near the church door, in view of Mr. Cobden's grave, which is placed on the first platform beneath the level of the church, at the south-eastern angle and edge of the terrace, a spot on which the sun shines morn, noon, and eve. A beacon light, loftier than the belfry, might be seen all over the low country, and respond to Ower's Light Ship, near Selsey Bill, across the Pagham inlet of the sea. Over the whole of this district the guns of Portsmouth are occasionally heard.

This little church, all alone on the hill-top, is a spick-and-span antique. Two Romeward clergymen spent, it is said, seven thousand pounds in getting it up; the stained glass windows are kaleidoscopic, the arches of the aisles ugly and ill proportioned, the chancel separated from the

pews by an iron gate and padlock, and, as an imitation of the picturesque little churches on mountain-tops seen on the Continent, it is altogether so defective, that it is no wonder the founders of it fled from it into a community in which the architecture at least is much better of its kind. On the wall above the entrance chancel is inscribed, "Glory to God in the Highest."

About twelve o'clock the village green of Cocking Causeway exhibited groups of decently-dressed peasants, and a few broad-backed round-faced Lancashire gentlemen, who had been to see Dunford House, and were now waiting to pay the last mark of respect to their hero. There were two or three groups of foreigners loitering about, and several solitary figures. A young labourer was saying something, to which I overheard a woman reply, "There is every reason for believing he was a good friend to the poor." Soon a body of gentlemen were seen walking in procession over and down the hill by the road from Midhurst. The country people flowed in a constant stream towards the church. After a little time, about half-past twelve, a plain plumeless hearse, drawn by four horses, and preceded by mutes, came along the road from Chichester; four mourning coaches followed it, then the gentlemen on foot, and after them some fifteen private carriages. Respectable young women, weeping bitterly, occupied one of the mourning coaches, who were said to be servants from Dunford House. The private carriages fell into the line of the procession, the whole length of which, more than half a mile; could not be seen from one of the carriages.

There was a deep sadness in every face, tears in women's eyes; and the bell from the lofty belfry tolled with a plaintive tinkle. About two hundred gentlemen filled the little church, in which the service was read with mumbling mutterings. When the coffin was borne out of the church, and along the terrace towards the grave, amidst the uncovered mourners, the sun beating warmly upon their heads, whilst the clergyman said "dust to dust," "in hope," and the coffin grated down the planks into the vault, a shock of grief passed through the crowd of mourners, women wept, and men grew deadly pale. Many of the hands there had often been warmly clasped during a severe political struggle by the hand lying there dead. A French wreath of everlasting was laid on the coffin above his feet, and a wreath of spring flowers—blue and purple anemones, primroses, polyanthus, hyacinths, primulas, above his breast. It was an aged man of fourscore years who handed forward the wreath of spring flowers, and who had commenced his friendship with the deceased on the Catskill mountains in America, in July, 1835. This old man's chaplet was but the first of many symbols of respect paid to the memory of a man whose name is significant of a commercial policy tending to give the poor their daily bread, and spread peace on earth and good will among men. Other symbols are following it—busts,



statues, and subscriptions for his family, for his name will live long in Britain, France, and America.

### CHESS CHAT.

It is allowed that, of all the countries of Europe, Great Britain is the one which contains the greatest number of chess-players, and where that game is the most cultivated, not only by the stronger but also by the gentler sex. In English society it is far from rare to meet with ladies who play chess very respectably.

One lady, who had a handsome hand, modestly attributed her success not so much to her actual skill as to the magnificent diamond ring she wore. Not that, as some supposed of Mozart's piano playing, the gems were a charmed talisman; but the attention of her adversary, directed to the brilliants and the hand that wore them, was less absorbed in the game than it should have been, and so caused errors and incautious moves. Chess, in England, is less a pastime than in France; it is a science studied with serious earnestness. A thorough-bred English player is shocked at the French idiosyncrasy that four indifferent games, played for amusement, are better than one good game conducted as hard work. The French hold that English players do not play, but labour, at chess, carrying out their national maxim that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. They apply to the chess-board the same tenacity and circumspection which makes them so successful in business.

Of English authors, Cowley mentions chess in his *Ode to Destiny*, and Dryden in his verses *On the Young Statesmen*. Locke, in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, makes use of chess in the way of comparison. Lord Chat-ham, in a speech made in the House of Lords, January 20, 1776, after speaking of American affairs, likened the game of chess to a constitutional government. It is said by some that the first book printed in England by William Caxton was "The game and playe of the chess translated out of the french. Fynnysshid the last day of marche, the year of our lord God a Thousand foure hondred and seventy foure." This translation into English was done from the French translation of Jacques de Cessoles's Latin work. Dr. Dibdin, however, believed that it was printed in the Low Countries, observing that the same characters have not been found in any of Caxton's editions, whereas they are recognised in the two editions of the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, which he printed in the Low Countries or at Cologne.\*

That chess should have been invented by Palamedes, to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy, is no more improbable than the fact that French officers, holding an Algerian fortress,

cut off from all correspondence or friendly intercourse, without books or other amusement, unable to venture outside their walls, should while away the weary hours with worsted-work and embroidery. Pyrrhus is another claimant of the honour; Attilus, king of Pergamus, in Asia, another. But in truth there are at least a score or more reputed inventors of chess. The Hebrews, the Chinese, the Hindoos, in general terms. As individuals, Attalus, the mathematician, who died in the year 200 B.C.; a Lombard knight and lady, who were present at the siege of Troy; Chilo, the Lacedemonian, one of the seven wise men of Greece; Diomenes, a contemporary of Alexander the Great; Xerxes, minister of Evilmerodac, Nebuchadnezzar's son; and not a few other worthies, are believed to be entitled to our gratitude for the never-ending amusement supplied by chess.

The Arab account of its origin is as good as any. At the beginning of the fifth century of our era there reigned in India a youthful monarch of excellent disposition, but who had been strangely corrupted by flatterers. He speedily forgot that it is the duty of a king to be the father of his people; that the affection of his subjects is the only solid support of his throne; and that they constitute his whole power and strength. In vain did the Brahmins and the Rayals insist on those important truths; the monarch, intoxicated with his greatness and glory, which he believed immovable and unchangeable, despised all their sage remonstrances. At that juncture, an Indian Brahmin or philosopher, named Sissa, undertook to open the prince's eyes by an indirect method. He imagined the game of chess; in which, the king, although the most important piece, is powerless to attack, and even to defend himself, without the assistance of his subjects.

The new game speedily became famous. The King of India heard speak of it, and naturally wished to learn it. The Brahmin Sissa, while explaining the rules, succeeded in inculcating the maxims to which the royal ear had hitherto been deaf.

The prince, thus enlightened, reformed his conduct; and, in his gratitude, allowed the Brahmin to choose his reward. He asked for the number of grains of wheat which the squares of the chess-board would give him—one, for the first; two, for the second; four, for the third; and so on, continually doubling the numbers up to the sixty-fourth. The king readily and immediately granted so apparently moderate a request; but when his treasurers made their calculation, they found that all the resources of the kingdom were insufficient to pay the debt. In fact, to supply the promised wheat, there required sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four cities, each containing one thousand and twenty-four granaries, in each of which there should be one hundred and seventy-four thousand seven hundred and sixty-two measures, with thirty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight grains of wheat in each measure. So the Brahmin administered another admonition,

\* For this and other particulars the writer is indebted to the learned *Bibliographie Anecdoteque du Jeu des Echecs*, par Jean Gay, and recently published by Jules Gay, Paris.



to the effect that kings must be on their guard against the persons who surround them, and must take care not to let a bad use be made of their best intentions.

It is hard to believe that any one can ever have *guessed* chess, or made it out when proposed as an enigma. Nevertheless, Borzu (otherwise called Buzardjemehir "for short"), physician and vizier to Noushiwan the First, and tutor to his son Hermouz, divined the secret.

King Hind had sent to Borzu's royal master a chess-board, chessmen, and a letter.

"O king," it said, "may you live as long as the celestial spheres revolve in their orbits! I entreat you to examine this chess-board, and to set it before the eyes of the greatest scholars and sages in your kingdom. Let them carefully deliberate together, and discover, if they can, the principles of this marvellous game. If you succeed in penetrating the mystery, I promise to acknowledge myself your majesty's tributary; if not, as it will be clear that you are our inferiors in knowledge, it is you who ought to pay me tribute: for man's veritable grandeur consists in his knowledge, and not in treasures or territory, which are only fleeting and perishable things."

All the court counsellors and ministers set to work; but the enigma appeared insoluble. The seven days' reflection required by the king had nearly elapsed, when Borzu rose, and undertook to discover, all alone by himself, the clue to it in a day and a night. He shut himself up, tried each piece on the board, comparing the probable movements of each, until the whole and complete truth flashed upon him. The court then assembled, King Hind's envoy was introduced, and Borzu gave a formal lecture on chess, explaining to his wondering audience the arrangement of the pieces and their march. Noushiwan, in recompense, loaded him with favours and dignities.

Schacophillists, devotees to chess, have manifested themselves, under divers forms, at sundry epochs. Hyde relates that the merchants who frequented German fairs, when their business was pressing and did not leave them time to finish a game, used to put it off till the fair following; and, that there might be no mistake or cavil, they sent for a notary to draw up a record of the respective situations of the men on the chess-board. A Duke of Brunswick named one of his towns Schachstadt, or Chesstown, at the same time granting it certain privileges, on condition that the head of every family should keep a chess-board in his house, to be able to challenge every stranger who arrived.

Ströbeck, although only a village, near Halberstadt, in the province of Saxony, Prussia, has a still greater right to rank as a chess metropolis.

At the beginning of the eleventh century, by order of Henry the Second of Germany, the Count of Gungelin was delivered into the custody of the Bishop of Ströbeck, with injunctions to keep him in close confinement. He was imprisoned, accordingly, in an old tower which still exists. To beguile his captivity, Gungelin, who was passionately fond of chess, made himself a

chess-board and two sets of men. At first, he played alone, with himself, making his right hand the adversary of his left. Afterwards, he taught the game to the peasants, who took their turn in guarding the door of his cell. Once initiated in the mystery, they communicated it to their wives and children.

The taste soon grew into an universal passion; it became a matter of prime necessity. Ströbeck could not exist without chess, which got mixed up with the habits of every-day life, became a branch of education, and was transmitted from generation to generation up to the present day. At the close of every year, a chess competitive meeting is customary. Forty-eight candidates usually take part in this tourney. The victor of the victors gains the prize—generally a handsome set of chessmen—and is conducted in triumph home to his family, whose pride and glory he becomes thenceforward. When a lass of the village marries a stranger, before her departure she is bound to play a game with the chief magistrate of the parish, to prove that she has not forgotten the old local traditions. The ceremony mostly takes place at the inn appropriately adorned with the sign of The Chessmen.

Louis the Thirteenth, who detested games of chance, and would not allow them to be played at court, was so passionately addicted to chess, that he played even when riding in his carriage. Each man had a pin at his foot, which, being stuck into a padded chess-board, resisted the joltings of the royal vehicle.

With some individuals the love of chess has been strong enough to counterbalance the fear of dying. John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, made prisoner in 1547, by Charles the Fifth, was playing chess with his fellow-captive, Ernest of Brunswick, when he received the news of his condemnation to death. After a few remarks on the irregularity of the emperor's proceedings, he quietly continued his game. On winning it, he expressed his satisfaction, and then retired, to devote himself to the religious exercises befitting his situation.

A Turkish aga, who had incurred the Sultan's displeasure, received his sentence to death while playing chess. The game was far advanced, the position interesting, and he entreated the officers to allow him to finish it. They consented; and he won. Then, after thanking them for their politeness, he kissed the fatal document, and quietly submitted to his fate.

When a messenger informed Alamin Ben Haroun that the city of Bagdad was besieged, "Hold your tongue," said the caliph; "don't you see that I am on the point of giving a check-mate?" The same potentate sought out the best players of his empire, brought them to court, and pensioned them. His father, Abdallah the Third, used to bewail his sad fate, in having more capacity for governing nations than for moving chessmen.

Some players have such a taste for the difficult and the complex, that every-day chess is not a sufficiently elaborate puzzle. They must have chess with variations, the original melody



being far too simple. Tamerlane, the Tartar emperor (died 1405), a passionate amateur, finding chess ridiculously easy, complicated it accordingly. His method, which racked and strained ordinary brains, requiring intellectual athletes to grapple with it, did not survive him. At that time, there was great and little chess—chess major and chess minor. The emperor of course preferred the major, which was played on a chess-board having ten squares one way, and eleven the other. He named one of his sons Schahrokh, because the news of his birth arrived at the moment when, with his castle, or rokh, he gave check to his adversary's king, or schah.

The Chinese chess-board consists, like ours, of sixty-four squares; but they are all of the same colour. In the midst of it is a broad stripe, called the river Ho, which divides the field of battle into two camps of thirty-two squares each. The men belonging to each camp are of different colours, ordinarily black and red, and are placed at the point of intersection of the squares, instead of on their surface; the consequence of which is that nine men, instead of eight, can take their places on the same line. The disposal of the pieces on the first line is this: War-chariot, horse, elephant, officer, general, officer, elephant, horse, war-chariot.

Besides these, they have five soldiers, or pawns, and two cannon, which answer to our knights, attacking their enemy from a distance, by passing over the other pieces. The general, or king, the cannon, and the chariots, cannot pass the river. The queen does not exist in Chinese chess, but is replaced by two officers, or ministers.

In Germany, the rules of chess do not allow the making of a second queen, a third knight, &c., out of pawns which have traversed the board; but, to make up for the want, something still more efficient has been invented. To multiply combinations from the very outset, new pieces have been added to the old ones. As the queen combines the movements of the castle and the bishop, so there are supplementary pieces, uniting the moves of the bishop and the knight, of the castle and the knight; which, consequently, can give checkmate without the help of any other piece.

For those who find a single game of chess too light and frivolous a recreation, nothing is simpler than to increase the task by playing two or more games at once. The performance of this feat is no novelty. A Saracen, named Buseca, in the middle of the thirteenth century, used to play on two chess-boards at once against two of the best players in Italy. He also played in Florence without seeing the chess-board. Avabsehar, a Mussulman doctor and historian, who died in 1450, mentions, in his *Life of Timour*, a celebrated Arab doctor who equalled, if he did not surpass, Julius Cæsar's versatility, by simultaneously playing a game of *trietrac* (more complex than our backgammon), dictating a lesson, composing a copy of verses, and directing a game of chess.

In the present century, Messrs. Harwitz and

Kieseritzky played two games at once without a sight of the chess-board. The *Monde Illustré* for October 21, 1861, published one of the five games which L. Paulsen, a Hungarian, played simultaneously without a sight of the chess-board, with five different adversaries. Of the two Morphys, Ernest the uncle, and Paul the nephew, both remarkable players, the latter proved himself a marvellous adept. In 1858, at the *Café de la Régence*, he played against eight separate adversaries at once, with no chess-board to help his memory. Messieurs Baucher, Birwith, Bornemann, Guibert, Lequesne, Potier, Préti, and Seguin, all distinguished players, sat each before his own proper chess-board. Morphy had none; and yet he beat them. Paulsen, however, challenged Morphy, who declined. At the London chess tournament, June, 1862, Paulsen won eleven games out of thirteen, and gained the second prize.

Corollaries, offshoots, and amplifications of chess, have been more numerous than permanently popular. Some of them have had a short run of favour, and have then fallen into oblivion. It will suffice to mention two. *Uranomachia*, the astrologers' game, was given to the world in London, 1571. The chess-board for this celestial contest is round, and the men represent two sorts of planets fighting for the empire of the skies.

The game of strategy, or military chess, was produced by the Comte de Firmas-Périers, in Paris, 1815. It can be played by two, four, or six persons. Its machinery is very complicated, consisting of a chess-board of either two thousand six hundred and forty squares, or of one thousand six hundred and seventeen only, with nine hundred and forty pieces. Clever players may make the game last from a whole day to several weeks, with very unequal chances. Several pieces can be moved at once. The squares represent, by the differences of their colours, great inequalities of ground, which can be increased at the option of the players. Fields, forests, villages, rivers, marshes, mountains, some inaccessible, some practicable, vary and perplex the operations. Each general (that is, each player) has an army composed of infantry, light cavalry, heavy cavalry, siege artillery, field artillery, mortars, howitzers, and portable bridges. The men are independent of their horses; and each army has its divisions, commanded by generals of division. One would say that, to enlist as a volunteer and go through a course of drill, would be less troublesome and more practical than to learn the game of strategy.

The value of chess, as a mode of mental training, has been exalted to a degree at least equal to its deserts. A congress was convoked to meet, in 1850, at Altembourg, in Thuringia, to discuss the introduction of chess into schools as an obligatory item of instruction; to make it a German national game, and to combine all German chess clubs into one grand echiquian academy. Franklin holds it to be a great merit in chess that it offers sufficient interest in itself without holding out any prospect



of gain. Many excellent mental qualities, useful in the course of life, are acquired and strengthened by its assistance, until they become habitual and ready to serve at the first occasion. By chess playing we acquire, first, penetration; secondly, the power of taking in things at a glance; thirdly, patience; and fourthly, the habit of not being discouraged by an unfavourable aspect of circumstances.

According to the large Japanese Encyclopædia, the Emperor Yao invented chess to aid in the instruction of his son; others attribute it to an emperor of China, to serve for the same educational purpose. In China, young ladies are taught chess at an early age, as a matter of course, exactly as in other countries they learn music and dancing. In Arab harems, chess is one of the most usual female amusements; whilst the men pass whole days over the chess-board.

In Teweddowd, or the Learned Female Slave, a little-known tale belonging to the Arabian Nights' series, we are told what was a complete female education, at the beginning of the tenth century, in the East. After the charmer had displayed some of her accomplishments, the caliph, astonished at such a mountain of knowledge, chose to see her performance at chess, as a final test of her intellectual perfection. A first-rate player was summoned, and commanded to exert his utmost strength. In an instant, she checkmated him. At the second game, she gave him a horse (knight) and a rook (castle); at the third, the vizier (queen); all which advantages allowed to her adversary did not prevent her beating him. The grand player plucked out his beard by handfuls, tore his clothes—as if that would do any good—and swore that he would never play again, so long as Teweddowd remained in Bagdad.

To raise up a knot of modern Teweddowds, a Ladies' Chess Club, not long since, was founded in Philadelphia, U.S. By its regulations, gentlemen are formally excluded; they are only allowed to enter the establishment when they come to fetch the fair combatants home. Smoking in the rooms (by the ladies?) is strictly prohibited.

Schacophobists, haters of chess, are less familiar to the world. Nevertheless, they have been neither few in number nor low in rank. Possibly, some people may dislike chess, without having the courage to say so. Casimir the Second, king of Poland (died 1194), prohibited chess. Cardinal Pierre Damian, bishop of Ostia (died 1072), condemned a bishop of Florence to recite the Psalter three times through, to wash the feet of a dozen paupers, and to pay them each a crown per head, for having played chess all night in an inn. The cardinal, however, with monastic ignorance, included chess amongst games of chance; whereas, even in games of chance, skill counts for something. There are people who always win in the long run. They are either cheats, of whom no more need be said; or else they are good players merely. At the year's end, a good player *must* have won; because, when he has no trumps in his hand, he often finds them in his head.

Makrisi, in his Description of Egypt and Cairo, informs us that several persons in that city were beaten in the month Rebi, 403 of the Hegeira, by order of the Caliph Hakem, for playing chess. James the First of England would not allow his son, Prince Henry, to learn chess. Ingold, a Dominican of the fourteenth century, wrote a treatise in German, comparing seven different games to the seven deadly sins. Chess, with him, is the type of Pride, "witness a certain ecclesiastic, whose skill at chess rendered him insupportably proud and passionate." Under the reign of our Edward the Fourth, a law was enacted, in 1464, prohibiting the introduction of chess into England. Saint Bernard was delighted with those mysterious personages, the Knights Templars, because they held the game of chess in horror. In 1125, Bishop Guy threatened to excommunicate priests who gambled—they would hardly set out their chess-boards—on churchyard tombs. The synod of Langres forbade ecclesiastics to play chess, except very rarely—an elastic prohibition. The Provincial Council of Mexico, in 1585, allowed it to ecclesiastics, provided they did not play in public, nor in the academies, nor for *much* money—an equally elastic permission. Eudes de Sully, bishop of Paris (died 1208), would not allow his clergy to keep chess-boards in their houses.

Games of pure skill, like chess, as compared with games into which chance enters as an important element, are liable to the objection that they excite the player's self-esteem too much, and are apt to convert what ought to be a mere trifling and temporary interest into a bitter and long-remembered strife. A good player, who once happened to be beaten by a youngster whom he had been accustomed to beat invariably, never would ask the lad to play again. The thorn of the beating rankled too deeply. Franklin, in his work on The Morals of Chess, remarks on the tendency of the game to render people irritable by mortifying their vanity; and a chess-player's vanity is easily wounded: the wounds, too, are far from easy to heal. Don Carlos, a famous Spanish chess champion, travelled in Portugal, Italy, Holland, and France. Everywhere victory attended his steps. In Paris, he made the acquaintance of a Demoiselle Minette, who often played chess with a certain abbé. The abbé was so ungallant as always to win. To find favour in Minette's eyes, the don taught her to beat the abbé. Shortly afterwards, he received a challenge, which he accepted. His adversary was masked, and, for the first time, he met with his master. Completely prostrated by this check to his career, he retired into a convent, where, after the lapse of six months, Minette went to fetch him, declaring herself to be his vanquisher.

In the Four Sons Aymon, another romance belonging to the Bibliotheque Bleue, we read that when the barons went out of doors, after dinner, to divert themselves, Berthelot, Charlemagne's nephew, called for Regnault, the eldest of the Four, to play at chess. The men were of ivory, and the board—the most important



fact—was solid gold. While playing, a dispute arose. Berthelot insulted Regnault, and, in pugilistic phrase, tapped his claret. Regnault, smarting with the blow, seized the chess-board, and with it felled him to the ground, stone-dead. This little incident gave rise to one of the intestine wars which form the staple both of middle-age fiction and history.

Gustavus Selenus (the pseudonym of the Duke of Brunswick, who published his treatise in 1616) records the legend that O'Karius's son, at Pepin's court, used frequently to play chess with the king's son; but, as he often won, the young prince, losing temper, gave him a blow on the temple which killed him.

John Huss (died 1415) blames not only the evil passions engendered by, but also the time lost at, chess. Louis the Ninth (called Saint Louis), prohibited chess, under pain of a fine; because the game is too serious, and enervates the body by the excessive mental application it requires. Montaigne, in his *Essays*, says: "I hate chess, and avoid it; because it is not play enough, but amuses us too seriously. I am ashamed to bestow on it an amount of attention which might serve for something useful." Dr. Navarre regarded chess as the most impertinent of games; because, of all games, it is the least diverting. Jean Petit de Sarisbéry, bishop of Chartres (died 1182), considers chess a pernicious game. He holds that there is nothing more wretched than to weary oneself for a thing which gives no profit, and that the time bestowed on it might be much better employed.

To play well at chess—"Cavendish" opines—is too hard work. It is making a toil of a pleasure. We resort to games as a relief, when we have already experienced enough—perhaps more than enough—brain excitement. Under those circumstances, we do not desire severe mental exertion, but rather repose of mind, which is not promoted by engaging in a contest of pure skill. To take up chess, as an amusement, after mental labour, is to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Chess, well played, is no relaxation, and ought not to be regarded as a game at all. It is not a game with first-rate performers, but the business of their lives. Chess is their real work; ordinary engagements are their relief. Sarah Battle "unbent" over a book.

But *for what* is all this intellectual tension, this toil and trouble, this stretch of thought? Simply to fill an otherwise unoccupied portion of human life. "Labour for labour's sake," says Locke, "is against nature. The understanding, which, as well as the other faculties, chooses always the shortest way to its end, would presently obtain the knowledge it is about, and then set upon some new inquiry." But chess affords no information, leads to no purpose, effects no result, leaves no trace. It is a beautiful piece of mechanism, conducing to nothing. When the number of known combinations, problems, and solutions, shall have been increased a hundred-fold, the world will

not be a jot the happier, the wiser, the better, or the richer. Those who like thus to occupy their leisure, have a perfect right so to do. If their striving and straining do no good, at least it does no harm. But it is difficult not to say to one's self that the total amount of effort bestowed on chess, say only within the last hundred years, might have sufficed to gird the world with trans-oceanic telegraphs, or to work out the means of aerial locomotion.

### CONCERNING THE CHEAPNESS OF PLEASURE.

It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that pleasure is a costly article, yet it is a mistake that the wisest of us are constantly committing. Many of us are accustomed to regard pleasures of the highest kind, as we regard diamonds—in the light of rare jewels of the first water, which are only to be obtained by a lavish outlay of money. With this idea, we are all more or less envious of wealth, believing that its possession enables an individual to compass the whole round of human enjoyments. There was once a little boy who wished he were a king, that he might be able to swing on a gate all day. That boy had a very modest idea of enjoyment, but if his wish had been granted, he would soon have been as weary of swinging on a gate, as Tithonus was of being immortal. It is a pity that we cannot learn this lesson in a more practical way; that we cannot have our wish occasionally, and be convinced by experience that true happiness does not lie in being either rich or great. There are many accepted pieces of verbal wisdom inculcating contentment, by pointing out the evils of riches and the cares of greatness. We subscribe to these, and, as a matter of abstract faith, believe in them; but practically they do not guide us. We sigh for riches and greatness all the same, still clinging to the notion that wealth and position can purchase enjoyment. Well, as we cannot be kings and millionnaires for an hour just to see what it is like to wear a crown and have an endless supply of money, let us try the only practical test that is possible. Let us inquire from our own humble experience in what our pleasure consists, and compare it, as well as we can, with the pleasure of those who have more means than, but the same tastes and appetites as, ourselves. Let us, in fact, give proverbial wisdom on this subject the benefit of a little practical illustration.

I will say, for example, that you are a working man, earning a pound or two a week, and that I am an independent person with an income of ten thousand a year. I will not take the example of a king, because I apprehend few persons in their senses would aspire to that uncomfortable position. Well, then, we are both men, with the same senses and the same appetites. As regards our animal natures, you eat, drink, and sleep; I can do no more. Provided we both



have sufficient, there is no real difference in the satisfaction we derive from these indulgences. My meal may be composed of the so-called "delicacies of the season," while yours may be simply a steak and potatoes. When we have both laid down our knives and forks, and cried "enough," the sensation is the same in both cases. If you hanker after my delicacies, you own to a desire simply to give your palate a passing gratification. Your food is really more wholesome and nourishing than mine, and if you were content, you would enjoy it quite as much. The real fact is, that these "delicacies of the season" are invented and concocted for me, not because they are good for me, or because there is any great amount of enjoyment in the consumption of them, but because I have a vast deal of money to throw away. I merely conform to a fashion in ordering and paying for them.

I began with salmon, for instance. You think you would like to have salmon every day for dinner. Try it three times running. Why, in the old days, before railways established a ready and rapid communication with the London markets, the servants of country gentlemen residing on the banks of the Severn, the Tay, the Dee, and the Spey, made a stipulation in their terms of engagement that they were not to be fed upon salmon more than three times a week. Pheasant and partridge are delicacies of the season; but always to dine on pheasant and partridge would be less tolerable than perpetual bread and water. There is nothing for which a man should be more thankful than an ever-recurring appetite for plain beef and mutton—nothing except the means of indulging that appetite. Those highly spiced dishes, called by fine French names, which are set upon the tables of the rich and great, are mere cooks' tricks to stimulate the languid appetite. To hanker after such things is to have a longing for physic, not for wholesome food. Many grand folks who habitually eat them are miserable creatures, who have to coax their stomachs at every meal—pitiable victims of dyspepsia and gout.

Luxury in feeding rests upon the vulgar idea that a good dinner must cost a great deal of money. The height of human felicity with some people is to drink champagne. Why have they so high an opinion of that particular wine? Because it costs more money than any other, and is supposed to be an aristocratic beverage. But what is the enjoyment of these pampered feeders to that of the hungry carter who sits down by the wayside to thumb a hunch of bread and cheese, or cold meat? The active vigour of that man's appetite is superior to all the sauces in the world.

People who envy the luxurious feasts of the rich should know that the wise men who sit down to them only make a pretence of partaking of the so-called good things that are placed before them. I have heard that the cabinet ministers, before they go into the City to the Lord Mayor's banquet, dine quietly at home on some simple and wholesome viand, knowing that

there will be many dishes on the groaning tables of Guildhall which they dare not touch. The Queen spreads her table with all the most elaborate productions of the culinary art; but she herself makes her dinner off a cut of simple mutton. Cook as you will, and lavish money as you will, there is no exceeding the enjoyment of that carter sitting by the roadside thumbing his bread and cheese!

The popular idea of the pleasure attending drinking is, perhaps, more fallacious than any other. Strong drink is a luxury that is within the reach of all. No man is so poor in this country that he cannot find money to buy drink. The wretched, ragged, shoeless beggar in the street excites charity by the pretence that he is wanting bread. He *does* want bread, perhaps, but when a penny is thrown to him he goes to the public-house and spends it in gin. A man in a better station, when he chances to have a lucky hit, takes the same direction as the beggar. He never rests until he sets the champagne corks popping. In both these cases the impulse arises from an exaggerated idea of the pleasures of drinking.

It has become a sort of popular, almost national, faith, that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink. Among certain classes—and they are by no means exclusively the lowest—drink is the beginning and end of everything. The very name of liquor is held to be synonymous with enjoyment, and the dearer the liquor, the more it is prized and coveted. Yet every man who is not a downright drunkard is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are, beyond a certain point, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. I put it to any one who has stood half the night at a pewter bar, or sat half the night in a club-room, drinking, smoking, and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been anything like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book or a newspaper? The evil influence of riotous tavern pleasures upon the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory nature of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable also, if the persons who indulge in them did not deceive themselves and put the truth out of sight. No one ever brought any good out of a drinking bout yet. It is a short feverish spasm of animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing behind but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self-reproach, and headache. I should like to ask you, sir, if you say your prayers when you come home in that state? No; you don't. You are ashamed to say them. You postpone them until you have purged yourself—your mind and your lips—by more sober and rational behaviour. Next night, when you pass the hours quietly at home with a book or a friend, you feel that you have had real enjoyment, that the time has passed pleasantly, that you have learned something, and that you have not injured your health. You are not ashamed to say your prayers, and you get up next morning with a clear head, a good appetite, and an increased faculty for work and the enjoyment of life.



Least of all should we envy those who lead a fashionable life. The votaries of fashion are, for the most part, slaves of a custom to which they are born, and from whose bonds they cannot easily emancipate themselves. Look at the so-called swell. What a life is his! It begins, not with the dawn of morning, not with the first rays of the sun, but with the first glimmer of the gas-lights. Getting up late in the day, he devotes himself to the task of killing time by all sorts of methods—by smoking, skimming newspapers, receiving idle visitors, lounging, shopping, riding, playing billiards, betting, dining, yawning in the stalls of the theatre, supping, and gambling, and drinking to a late hour at the clubs. He hurries from one empty pleasure to another—never is, but always *to be* blest—awakes every morning with a racking headache, and goes on yawning, and for ever killing the precious time that he can never recal.

Then the lady of fashion. How is her time spent; how does *she* enjoy life? In dressing and re-dressing, in powdering and painting, in paying cold visits of ceremony, in riding in the Row, dressing again, and dining dismally, in sitting out weary operas, which she does not listen to, and does not care about. The same round, day after day, like a mill-horse. Such a life has no real enjoyment. To some it is a stern duty; to others an intolerable slavery.

Did you ever, my humble friend, happen to be walking down Long-acre of an evening when the broughams and the chariots come streaming along with their gaily-dressed loads bound for the opera. Doubtless. Well; did you never notice the young ladies, those who have been "out" two or three seasons, as the fashionable slang has it—did you never notice how sad and weary some of them are; how blank and indifferent their looks; how jaded and bored they seem! They are prisoners, captive slaves in the hands of an inexorable Fashion, which drives with a lash as hard to bear as the whip of a Southern planter. I once said to one of those young ladies:

"I suppose you are very gay, and enjoy yourself very much?"

She smiled sadly, and said: "What you call gaiety is to me a weary task, the burden of my life. I never enjoy myself except when I go into the country at Christmas."

I think that, even if I were without shoes and stockings, I could not envy those fine people rolling in their carriages to the opera. They know every note of the music by heart, as well as they know the church service—better, perhaps; they don't want to go; they are sick and weary of it. They sit and yawn the whole evening, and are glad when it is time to go home to bed and forgetfulness. But you and I who pay our shillings half-price to the pit—how *we* enjoy the play! What a delight it is to think about for days to come! How we long to go again!

There are many real advantages in being poor, if we only knew it. I am sure that the people

who can just make both ends meet, and are under no obligation to keep up appearances, are in the best position for attaining happiness. It may be said that poverty enjoys the largest amount of liberty. If a man can earn enough for the support of himself and his family, he is infinitely more free than many who, being in a better position, have other things and other persons to study. He has his stern inexorable duties, as most men have, but in his hours of leisure he is free to do as he pleases. He is bound by no law of fashion, restrained by no rules of etiquette; he is answerable only to himself and his conscience.

It is no doubt necessary that some of us should have a lofty ambition, and that there should be persons willing to sacrifice themselves in high positions for their own honour, and, I will add, their country's good. But such are not to be envied; they are rather to be pitied, when we think how they must repress their natures, and deny themselves, and live often through the whole of their lives with the canker of care for ever eating at their hearts. Why should I wish to exchange places with some rich lord or great dignitary? If I were a lord or a dignitary, I should not be free, this evening, when I have finished work, to go into the back yard and knock up that rabbit-hutch for Johnny. Besides, I like to smoke my pipe when I am doing amateur carpentering. It would never do for a dignitary to be seen in his back premises in his shirt-sleeves smoking a cutty. Contemplating that delightful hour with the saw and hammer and the timber purchased from the egg merchant, the thought flashes across me that if I were the Lord Chancellor, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, I should bring scandal on the highest seats of the realm by making away with myself. I am very fond of strolling about the streets and looking in at the shop windows; I don't mind owning, too, that I am partial to skittles and bowls; but if I were a dignitary I should have to deny myself these and many other simple pleasures, which fashion entirely denies to the great folks. What pleasure is equal to a stroll through green fields on a fine summer's day, with the daisies twinkling under your feet, and the birds singing among the leaves above? He must be a vain and thoughtless man, who, at such a time, envies the pleasure of the canterer in Rotten Row. Care, as the classic says, sits behind the horseman; ay, and vanity sits in the saddle with him. More than half those horsemen and horsewomen are doing a task up and down, up and down, to show themselves. They have no time to have such refreshing thoughts as I have among the daisies and the skylarks. And I warrant you they will not have half the appetite for their kickshaws as I shall have for that vulgar cold beef when I call in at the Spotted Dog, on my trudge homewards.

I come now to the most exquisite of all simple pleasures, a pleasure of which, I suspect, few but simple folks ever taste—that of rising early in the morning. How many hundreds of



thousands of persons in London never saw the sun rise? And yet it is one of the most glorious and most exhilarating sights in nature. I do not wonder at the sun-worshippers. Even a Christian, when he sees the orb of day bursting upon the world in all his golden splendour, can scarcely refrain from falling upon his knees, not to worship, but to adore with thankfulness. There are many thousands in large cities who live and die and never see a sun rise. There are thousands again who see it often, with bloodshot eyes, as they stagger home from the night's debauch. But what a bath of delight is dawn to the early riser. London, with all its ill fame for smoke and dirt and fog, is as bright and clear on some summers' mornings as any city of Italy or Spain. Before the fires are lighted, and the chimneys begin to smoke, every object, as far as the eye can reach, stands out distinct and clear.

The delights of a walk through the silent streets when the milkman is going his rounds, and the industrious apprentice is taking down the shutters, and the old woman at the stall is preparing to dispense her coffee, and the day policeman is coming on his beat with shining boots and clean-shaven face—how shall I describe them? I know not. Stay! I will take this staggering reveller by the collar and steady him, and tell him, if he can hear anything but the echo of the midnight chorus in which he has roared himself hoarse, that the draughts of this morning air which I am inhaling are more exhilarating than any champagne; that the beams of the virgin dawn that fall upon me are warmer than the smiles of the beauty that flaunts under the gas-lamps; that here in my morning's walk I am enjoying a keenness of pleasure such as he has never known, such as he probably never will know.

There is a text for a whole sermon here—one that sadly wants preaching. Half the young men who follow intellectual pursuits in our great cities are killing themselves with late hours. They turn day into night, and night into day. They never have an opportunity of breathing pure air. They live by gas-light, and go home to sleep when the sun rises, carefully barring out his beams. Such persons never taste one of the purest pleasures of life. They are, indeed, voluntary candidates for an early death. The wise man, when he is growing old, renews his youth, and his spirit and his brains, with early hours or walks in the sunshine.

Lastly, and generally, with regard to Pleasure: she is a coy and fickle maiden. If you take her for your sweetheart, don't make appointments to meet her. If you, do she will generally disappoint you. Walk abroad without thinking of her, and she will suddenly hook herself on to your arm, and make you unexpectedly happy. She is a decent maiden, and knows when to leave. Don't try to persuade her to stop too long; don't run after her and

compel her to stay, or she will not appear so sprightly and engaging when you meet her on her next Sunday out.

## THE GREAT CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.

NEVER did a great name pass through the traditions and worshippings of more than twenty centuries, with so little of the colourings of romance, as has been the fortune of Confucius. His example and precepts have made a deep impression on a greater number of human beings than any teacher of his own or any other age, has never been turned into an idol, nor worshipped as a deity. His modest nature constantly disdained all authority other than he had gathered from much travel, much intercourse with mankind, and much meditation on the rights and duties of individuals in their domestic, social and political relations. In the life that he led, in the books that he wrote, one sees nothing but the ordinary current of mortal affairs; and all the narratives with which he is associated are so simple and so truthful, as to present "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." He meddled with no state intrigues, and was therefore welcome at court; he mingled cheerfully with the multitude, and was popular with the people. Too independent to require, and too well satisfied with his condition ever to accept, favour from the ruling few, his rank did not place him above habitual intercourse with the subject many. Philosopher and sage, he never alienated himself from ordinary domestic duties, nor allowed his contemplative faculties to divert him from the practical application of his great experience to common concerns.

His words and acts are constantly referred to as the axioms and examples which should regulate the business and fix the duties of life. His doctrine was, that the laws of heaven and the laws of earth ought to be in harmony; that where they seemed discordant, it was man's duty to endeavour to make them accordant; that wisdom and goodness ought to be associated with power, and obedience with dependence; that society was a pyramid, having for its basis the people; and that the powers of government, passing through various stages, of lesser towards greater influence, should culminate in the apex of supreme authority. To those high in office he taught the lessons of prudence, forbearance, condescension, and benignity. Among the multitudes he enforced harmony, order, contentment, subjection to and reverence for the law. His estimate of the various social relations is equally wise and benignant. Hence, to parents, affection; for children, love; among brethren, universal courtesy and urbanity; these are the commandments he habitually circulated. He teaches the unsoiled purity of the infant at its birth, and that any after stains from ignorance, folly, or crime, are attributable to neglected education, wicked example, bad legislation, and other removable or controllable mischiefs. To cradi-



cate vicious thoughts, to encourage virtuous meditations, to confer benefits upon others, and to avoid doing injuries, are the foundations of his moral code. He quotes the aphorisms of sages, but recognises no prophets. He habitually admitted the existence of a mysterious, supreme, intelligent cause, directing and controlling all things, to which man must bend in reverent submission. He concerned himself little with the religious rites observed by his countrymen; but referred inquirers on such subjects to those who were specially charged with the conduct of the libations (then always simple, never sanguinary), to the spirits of heaven and earth, of the seasons, the harvests, and the elements. These observances, but especially the duties of the ancestral rituals, were rather of a civil than of an ecclesiastical character. All external ceremonials were regulated by the emperor and his council; they belonged not to the domain of the moralist and the philosopher, except in so far as their observance became a portion of that general law to which he taught submission and obedience. There is no reason to suppose that the objects of worship were at this period personified in the shape of images, or that the worship could be properly called idolatry. There are in the Wisdom of Solomon, especially in the thirteenth chapter, and in various other parts of the book of Ecclesiasticus, beautiful descriptions of the gods who, in the patriarchal ages, were supposed "to govern the world," and the pictures are striking resemblances of the theology of China in the time of Confucius.

On one occasion Confucius was reproached for his silence, and asked how, without speech, he was to be known to posterity? He answered: "How does Heaven speak? The four seasons fulfil their courses; one after another, beings are called into life. How does Heaven speak?" The commentator adds, "There are other voices than those of words." Thus, before Shakespeare, there were those who

Found tongues in trees, books in the running brook,  
Sermons in stones,

though perhaps they were not so clear-visioned as to find

Good in everything.

When asked how wealth was to be amassed, he refused to open his lips. One of his followers, who sought information about agriculture, received this gentle rebuke: "Consult not me, but an old (experienced) farmer." "He would never," writes a disciple, "speak about strange, or turbulent, or violent, or spiritual things." "I detest," he said, "the bold and the forward, who talk without knowledge."

Here is a narrative which fiction has decorated. Confucius was the minister of Lu, and it is recorded that he found means of recovering an article which had been lost in a water-pipe, when everybody else had failed. A neighbouring king, wishing to overthrow the sovereign of Lu, sent a dancing-girl (crushed feet were not then in fashion) to

fascinate him, and Confucius, failing in the counsels he gave his master that he should repel the attempt at seduction, surrendered his post, and departed to the adjacent country. When he reached the frontier, he was surrounded by guards, and left for seven days without food; but the people came to his deliverance, and escorted him to the court. The king would not give him office, because the minister represented that nations could not be ruled by the gentle and persuasive means which alone the sage would consent to employ. After some time he returned home, where he opened an academy for teaching lessons of morality, and was followed by many disciples. Then he wrote his "Spring and Autumn" for the reproof of the servile manners of his time, and his "Filial Duty," for the instruction of youth. Tradition says that about this period the Kilin appeared—a mysterious creature—a unicorn stag, with scales, one of whose legs was broken at the time of its capture, when it held in its mouth a jasper tablet on which was written the prophecy that Confucius would be a king without a kingdom. Confucius knew that his teachings were in advance of his age, and he determined to be the commentator and corrector of the books of the sages who had preceded him, and which had already a strong hold on the minds of the people. Afterwards he travelled with Tze Kung, his most opulent disciple, and other followers, and visiting Shantung, pointed out a hill, named Kin-fan, which he selected for his burial-place. Tze Kung expressed his apprehension that it might be invaded and disturbed, on which the sage directed that two imperishable pine-trees should be planted there to mark the spot, well knowing it would thus be secured from after desecration; and there Confucius was buried. The disciples mourned for him three years on the spot: Tze Kung six years, and the story says he covered the coffin with magnets for its protection. A wicked emperor sent a body of men to destroy the tomb, but their mattocks were arrested by the loadstones, which, attracting their coats of mail, dragged and confined them to the ground, so that they were helpless and unable to pursue their work. The pine-trees still live, and flourish or decay with the fortunes of the empire. Whenever a new dynasty is invested with sovereignty, a new branch appears.

Confucius instructed his disciples never to rest satisfied with their acquirements, but constantly to put to themselves the question, "Is this sufficient for excellence?" He taught that there might be as much courage in retreating from, as in confronting, danger. "I would not fight," he said, "unless I were sure to conquer." "The experience of seventy years," he declared, "has taught me to moderate my desires." He, like one greater than he, refused to be called "good," or even wise. One of his followers asked him, "Are you not a saint?" He replied, "I, a saint? No. I study incessantly the precepts of the saints, and teach their precepts." The biographers describe him as "affable, kind, respectful, economical, yielding." He was



candid in his judgment, and avowed his hatred of those "who, under the pretence of honesty, uncovered the hidden faults of their neighbours." When his stable was burnt down, he did not inquire about his valuable horses, but whether any of his servants had been injured. He declared that man was not meant to be inactive, and stationary like a calabash or a melon, but locomotive and busy in the exercise of virtue. He pointed out, to the admiration of his followers, a man whose hands and feet were hardened by labouring for his parents. "Avoid extremes. Despise gay dress, and costly food," were maxims of which his character was a constant exemplification. He was silent at his meals, while he requested to be served with order, and the food to be cut square. While he taught that all reverence should be paid to age, and all respect shown to authority, he is described as "stiff and peremptory to inferior functionaries," who then no doubt were, as too often they are now, disposed to display the "insolence of office." He recommended that we should bring into notice and activity, the talents and virtues of others: not only to relieve ourselves from responsibility, but that we might give to excellence a field for its exercise. From his youth he was distinguished for the accuracy of his accounts; a merit, let us say, almost universal in China, which is greatly attributable to the Decimal system, of whose existence in the days of Confucius evidence is not wanting. So liberal was he, that his dependents sometimes refused his gifts. He was fond of music, and played to amuse himself in solitude; but in public he joined in the songs of the people, and took an active part in the choruses of advanced musical students. He pointed out the beauties of nature to the attention and admiration of his disciples; and while he turned away from the careless, he neglected his meals for the instruction of the listening and the thoughtful. If he had not arrived at the recognition and development of the Benthamic principle that "the greatest good of the greatest number" ought to be the object of government, he was, when consulted about state affairs, accustomed to inquire, "How many are concerned?" Many little observations characteristic of the age of the philosopher are mentioned by ancient historians. He never stood in a doorway, lest he should impede the going out or coming in of visitors. He would assist at no ceremony where proper order was not preserved.

Of Confucius, a popular Chinese proverb says, "You can more easily scale the heavens with a ladder than reach the sublimities of the great master."

Many hundred years before the birth of Confucius, a work called the Book of Changes had formed the groundwork of the national philosophy. It represents two great principles, the yin and the yang: in other words, the male, and the female elements, as engaged from the beginning of things in the work of creation. The volume has diagrams, to which mysterious influence is attributed, and which represent the

powers and the action of nature. These diagrams, and their explanations, which have occupied the attention of hundreds and hundreds of commentators (indeed the treatises concerning them in the imperial collection amount to fourteen hundred and forty-five), are believed by the Chinese to be only understood by the profoundest of their sages. Confucius dedicated many years to the study of these recondite teachings, and his notes, which are always attached as commentaries on the earliest commentators, are held in high estimation; but they certainly fail to explain what is in itself inexplicable.

It is related that before the birth of Confucius, his mother, aware that she was to be the parent of a sage, took every means to give perfection to the character of the unborn child. After his birth she went to dwell in the neighbourhood of sepulchres, that he might be taught sympathy and pity. She afterwards located herself near a butcher's-shop, that he might be taught the useful arts of life. She then changed her domicile so as to be next door to a school, that he might witness the rewards of diligence. One day the boy being tired with his lessons played the truant, and returning home, his vexed mother took a knife and cut from the loom an unfinished piece of cloth she was weaving. He fell at her feet, and asked the reason of her conduct. "This web is like you, thread by thread make an inch, inch by inch make a foot, feet by feet make yards; but if the web be cut, the work is arrested. And so it is with your study." The lesson was never forgotten. The tale is briefly told in the Trimetrical Classic, one of the classical books of China.

The Lun-yu thus describes the sage:

Kung-tze (Confucius) lived in his native village; he was remarkable for sincerity and truthfulness, but his modesty kept him habitually so silent, that he seemed deprived of the faculty of speech.

But in the ancestral temple, and in the presence of his sovereign, he spoke boldly and distinctly. All that he said, bore the marks of matured reflection. He never failed in preserving a respectful self-possession.

At court he addressed subordinates with firmness and dignity, and inferiors with a frank courtesy.

In receiving his guests he showed them attention by the absence of all negligence, and the careful adjustment of his garments. He never entered the palace gates without lowering his head, as if the portal had not been high enough for his passage; but he walked steadily till he reached the throne, when he moved slowly as if his feet were fettered; he kept his robes on his hands, and held his breath, but in departing his face was radiant with smiles.

When he received the imperial mandate, he inclined his body, and raised the writing above his head. (The ceremonial is still used, and has been employed by foreign ambassadors when presenting their credentials.)



Of his dress there is a minute description. He avoided ostentatious colours; his summer garments were of linen. He wore dark robes in winter, lined with lamb-skins; he had a white garment of deer-skins, a yellow of fox-furs. He never neglected to carry the ordinary adornings for use, such as chop-sticks, knife, purse, fan, &c. At every new moon he visited his prince in court dress.

He had his fasting days, but his ordinary food was boiled, and he ate beef and fish cut into small pieces; but he would eat nothing red or discoloured, or out of season, and required every attention to cleanliness and order in the preparation and serving of his meals. He partook of them with great moderation.

He habitually offered sacrifice and libations to his ancestors, spoke not while at meals, nor after he had retired to rest. He would not sit down on a crumpled or ill-placed mat. He refused to have any new medical nostrums tried upon his person. The royal gifts he received he used in sacrifice at the ancestral halls, and performed the ancestral rites for those who left no descendants.

He received mourners with a mournful countenance, and if a person to whom deference was due were afflicted with blindness, he did not on that account fail to exhibit every mark of respect. He showed sympathy for the afflicted by descending from his carriage when they passed in their mourning dress; and as the tablets were borne along on which were inscribed the names of honoured men, he paid them a similar attention. He did not repudiate the courtesies shown him, and attended the banquets prepared in his honour. In his chariot he stood erect holding the reins in his hand. He pointed at nothing with his fingers, and he never uttered superfluous words. He had no self-love, no prejudices, no inexorable system, no obstinacy.\*

It is said of him that when he quitted the kingdom of Tse (for he was a great traveller), he provided himself with only a handful of rice, which had been steeped in water. This is an early exemplification of the command in the New Testament, to take neither scrip nor purse, and the development of the maxim "to salute no man by the way," may be found in the advice which follows, not to allow any distraction or diversion from the business in which we are occupied. Confucius left his father, and when he set out on his travels, he said: "I travel slowly; that is the duty of him who quits his parents. If haste be needful, hasten; but when slow travelling is becoming, travel slowly. In private life, live privately; in exercising public functions, exercise them publicly." Mencius eulogises the straightforwardness of Confucius's character as exhibited in his teachings and doings, adding, that he always acted for the best under the circumstances in which he was placed. He calls Confucius the representative of harmony produced by musical sounds, in which the louder

notes were from brazen instruments, the softer from musical precious stones.

"I detest," he says, "appearances where there is no reality. I hate the tares, fearing they will damage the harvest. I hate clever (cunning) men, fearing they will confound justice. I hate the sound of the *ching* (music not according to the rules of the gamut), fearing it will corrupt harmony. I hate the violet colour, for fear it may be mistaken for purple. I detest the honest men of villages (petty representatives), fearing they may confound virtue."\*

One of the most popular of the sage's sayings is: "Within the four seas all men are brothers." It was in answer to a complaint of one of his disciples: "All men have brothers, but I have none." The Chinese empire was supposed by the ancients to be enclosed within four oceans, bounding it to the north, south, east, and west.

"The woman must be subject to the man." To which commentators add:

Woman may not direct affairs. When at home she must obey her father, when married her husband, when a widow her eldest son. Her will should not be her own.

"He who has no distant cares must have present sorrow."

"Whether clever or not, a son is a son."

"If you fail in your duty to men, how can you serve spirits (the gods)? Supreme knowledge illustrates resplendent virtue. He who renovates the people reaches the borders of extreme virtue."

"Four horses (in their rapidity) cannot overtake (a violent) temper."

Confucius spoke highly of one of his contemporaries, Yau Hwai, who in the heyday of youth so moderated all his desires as to dwell in a mean abode, in an obscure street, to eat out of a vessel made of rushes, and to drink from a calabash. "He is indeed a sage," said the master.

"There is a condescension, not to be practised merely because it is condescension, for if condescension be not the effect of genuine courtesy it ought not to be displayed."

"Let us not grieve that we know not other men, but rather grieve that other men do not know us."

"Learn what you learn thoroughly—add constantly to your learning, so may you become a teacher of men."

"Science consists in knowing that we know what we know, and know not what we know not."

"To know what is just and not to practise it is cowardice."

"In our repasts economy is better than extravagance, and in funeral ceremonies silent grief is preferable to ostentatious and costly display."

"If the voice of celestial reason be heard by you in the morning, you will be prepared for death at even."

"Be not disquieted at finding no official employment, but be disquieted until you have ac-

\* Lun Yu, chap. x.

\* Mencius, book viii.



quired aptitude for such employment. Be not afflicted because you are unknown, but endeavour to be worthy of being known."

"Who can carve on rotten wood? who can paint white a wall of soft mud? He who merely knows what is right, does not equal him who does what is right, nor is he who loves what is right equal to him who delights to practise it."

"To meditate in silence and create fit objects for meditation—to pursue study without flinching—to instruct men without being discouraged—when shall I possess these virtues?"

"From you, my disciples, I have concealed no doctrines, all that I have done I have communicated to you."

"The first effort should be to become virtuous; the gathering the fruits of virtue is secondary to this."

"He is a true man who, in the sight of profit, thinks of justice; of danger, risks his life; and who, without obligation, remembers a promise he has made."

"The superior man rises higher and higher in intelligence and sagacity; the inferior sinks lower and lower in ignorance and vice."

"Judge yourself severely and judge others indulgently, so you will be secured against ill will."

"The superior man, seen in the distance, seems grave and austere; when approached he is found gentle and affable, though his words may be severe."

"There are five excellent things for rulers. To scatter benefits without prodigality; to obtain the services of the people without exciting their hate; to raise the revenues without cupidity; to be dignified without ostentation; to be majestic without harshness."

"The superior man depends upon himself, the vulgar expects everything from others."

"The superior man is firm in his purpose, he seeks no misunderstandings; he lives in peace with the crowd; but is not of the crowd."

"Words ought not to be accepted because uttered by the lofty, nor rejected because uttered by the lowly."

"The arts of language may pervert virtue; and a capricious impatience ruin the noblest projects."

"Be not anxious about eating and drinking; hunger may visit even the husbandman; but study brings its own felicity."

"There are nine fit objects for the meditation of the sage; he looks on that he may be enlightened; he listens that he may be instructed; in his air and attitude he preserves sense and sincerity; in his countenance gravity and dignity; in his words sincerity and truth; by his actions he makes himself respected; in his doubts he seeks advice; in his anger he represses his agitation; when lucre tempts him he thinks of justice."

"By nature we nearly resemble one another; condition separates us very far."

"As the heavens have not two suns, so the people have not two sovereigns."

"Under good government poverty and misery are no shame; under bad government shame belongs to riches and honours; under good

government act boldly and worthily, and speak boldly and worthily; under bad government act boldly and worthily, but speak with caution and prudence."

This resembles the Miltonian maxim: "I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto."

"The blessings of good government spread like the overflow of a fertilising stream; more rapid in its progress than the messenger who brings a royal proclamation."

"It is well that the chariots of the emperor follow the same tract as those of past times; that books are written in the same characters, and maxims continue unchanged."

Confucius recommends caps of silk as more economical than linen caps; a curious evidence of the relative value in these days of the materials employed.

Mencius also calls attention to the greater value of silk than woollen garments. There is an ancient proverb, which says that no one ought to be content whose industry has not at the age of fifty enabled him to wear silk apparel.

"Men cry, 'The rites! the rites.' Are they thinking of aught but the precious stones, and the ceremonial robes? (i.e. the external display). They shout, 'Music! music!' Do they mean anything but the noise of bells and drums?"

"Never neglect the interests of the people. The book of Odes says:

Gather your rushes in the day,

To weave in cords and mats at eve,

Repair your roofs without delay,

The seed time is approaching—leave

Nothing undone—for these are hours

Demanding all your pains and powers."

"Everything must be made subservient to the labour of the husbandman."

"To govern a country virtuously and ably is to resemble the polar star, which remains immovable, while the other stars revolve in their circles, taking it for their guide."

Confucius being asked, "Is there any word which teaches what ought alone to be practised to the end of life?" replied "Chou?" (reciprocity of forbearance), which the commentators say conveys this meaning, "Do not to others what you would not they should do unto you." Upon this Chou, the great instructor has this annotation:

"What you disapprove in those who are above you, do not practise to those who are below you; what you disapprove in your inferiors, practise not to your superiors; what you disapprove in those who precede you, practise not towards those who follow you; what you disapprove in those who follow you, practise not towards those who precede you; what you disapprove in those on your right, practise not to those on your left; what you disapprove in those on your left, practise not to those on your right; this is the reason and rule of action."

Again: "What I would not that others should do to me, I would not do unto them."

Again: "To be so much our own masters as to judge others by fair comparison with ourselves, and to do to them as we would they



should do to us, this is the doctrine becoming man, and there is nothing beyond it."

It is well known that the doctrine of the sovereignty and authority of the people—the correctness of the popular judgment and the necessity of submitting to it—in a word, the recognition of the *Vox populi* as the *Vox Dei* forms one of the prominent teachings of Confucius and the early Chinese sages. This is the language of Kaou-yaou-mo. "What Heaven sees and wills, is but what the people see and will. What the people deem worthy of reward and punishment, is what Heaven will reward and punish."

And of the Ho Keang :

"The fortune of the prince is dependent upon Heaven, and the will of Heaven is in (the opinion of) the people. If the prince possess the love of the people, the sovereign ruler will look upon him with complacency, and strengthen his throne; but if he lose the people's love, the sovereign ruler will look on him with anger, and he will lose his throne." And whenever it suits a temporary purpose to appeal to the popular will in order to justify the adoption of a particular policy, that appeal is ostentatiously put forward. In controversies with Western nations, the hostility of the people is a very convenient way of getting out of a difficulty. When the late emperor refused to give effect to the engagements of the British treaties by allowing us a free access to the city of Canton, the averment was that the Cantonese would not allow us to enter, and that the will of the people was as a wall of brass which could not be broken. The fact being, that the mandarins gave every encouragement to the multitude in their hostile declarations against the barbarians from afar, representing that admittance into the city was only the stepping-stone to the subjugation of the empire.

In the *Chung Yung*, written by Tze-tze, the grandson of Confucius, is a description of the celebration of ancestral rites : "In the spring and the autumn the princes descended to the ancestral temples, carefully arranged the most precious ancient vases and utensils, and opened the clothes and garments of their ancestors, offering the meats of the season.

"The rites were those of the ancestral halls, therefore those who were present were carefully placed to the left or the right, according to their dignity or their rank—dignities and ranks being observed. Therefore the high dignitaries were separated from the commonalty, and the ceremonial functions were confided to those who deserved to perform them. Thus the sages were distinguished from ordinary men. When the crowd retired from the ceremony, and the family joined in the accustomed festivity, the young administered to the old, and thus the solemnity imitated the court in dignity. During the festival, the colour of the hair was observed, and those present were placed according to their years.

"The rites of the sacrifices to heaven and of sacrifices to earth, were those which they employed to render homage to the supreme God. The rites of the ancestral temple were those employed for offering sacrifices to their predecessors."

The Book of Odes says :

"The wise man reverently and silently attends the ancestral temple. Among all ranks and duties, there is, during this time of sacrifice, no dispute about precedence" (all having been arranged).

Is it a marvel that Confucius should have been—that he is now—almost worshipped? Is it not rather a marvel that, in a country where ten thousand gods are adored, he should have escaped deification?

When Sir Henry Pottinger brought the copy of his treaty for signature to Keying, it was headed with "In the name of God. Amen!" The Chinese Commissioner asked which God was meant? It was answered, "The God of Gods. The God who was above everything and everybody." To which Keying replied, "There is no God above the Son of Heaven, the Emperor," one of whose recognised functions is to determine *what* gods are to be worshipped by the people. Keying persisted in objecting to any authority superior to that of his sovereign, and the words were struck out of the treaty.

#### SCEPTICAL AND CRITICAL MR. BULL.

It is the fashion to say that we have lived through the Ages of Faith and have come out on the other side—indeed very far on the other side—the rebound being in proportion to the width of the first lurch; that we are a carping, critical, unbelieving generation, testing everything and taking nothing for granted, as would be were we meek of mind and of a generous faith; that, puffed up and utterly bewildered by the pride of intellect and the scientific advancement of these later days, we dwarf the very powers of nature into mere pigmy potencies which we can touch and handle and scrutinise, and weigh in the feeble balance hanging up in our own little back parlours comfortably; that the old Latin proverb, "All things unknown, magnificent," is wiped off the slate, and in its place is scrawled in a large text hand, "All things unknown, derided." This is the current idea regarding the English mind of the nineteenth century, and there never was one falser or more mistaken. So far from being incredulous, there have been few ages when belief was more elastic or credulity more robust; when wilder schemes were set afloat on smoother seas of faith or less ruffled by the breath of doubt; when, under the mask of science and disguised beneath the ample drapery of the possible, more tremendous absurdities have gained a footing among respectable creeds; when quackery wore richer trappings or superstition had grander quarters. Indeed, the very knowledge and science of the time lends itself to this width of faith and robustness of credulity; for when so much has been discovered what may not remain behind? when we have already distanced the wonders of fairy tale and fable, is it strange that we should accept the supernatural as the next stage? that the curbs and fetters should fall from the impossible, and the limits of faith be set far



outside the poor little laws of nature? Arguing from what was scouted as fabulous even in our own time, but what is now matter of daily life (that misdirected prophecy of Dr. Lardner's about the Atlantic steam ships is one of the most famous *pièces de résistance* of the everything-possibilists), a large section among us rejects absolutely nothing but common sense, and believes in everything except the law of gravitation and the necessities of dynamics. To stick to these is to be a "a pig" and "a mole," and a dozen other such amiable little amenities, according to the morals and manners of our playful friend the *Spiritual Magazine*; and the only men worthy to bear the name of men, and who are not simply humanised gorillas—that is, having a serviceable brain and an educated intellect—are those who believe in gentlemen floating about a pitch dark room, because they say so—in the spiritual origination of certain visible and tangible masses of matter called by courtesy "luminous hands"—and in the absolute honesty of certain spiritual juggleries, of which all that can be said is, that it is vastly like human jugglery, and condescends to the same means and conditions.

Yet as a nation we pride ourselves on being critical even to scepticism; for all that the word has such an ugly sound;—"only one little letter between sceptic and septic," as I remember a tremendously grand college bigwig saying to me when I was only a callow youngster, with a whole inch of eggshell still sticking to the top of my pate: and mightily pleased and edified I was at this feeble joke so solemnly perpetrated!—we refuse to believe in foreign miracles, taking our chemistry to Naples and Saint Januarius, and our pathology to France and her young peasant girls visited by holy apparitions in caves and mountain passes; we will not away with over-subtle dogmas of any kind; and everywhere we say of ourselves that we are not credulous, and that we are critical, and that if we have one quality more pronounced than another, it is our common sense, and the almost impossibility of John Bull's being taken in. Poor old John Bull! if there is a creature on the face of this earth more easily gulled than another, it is the respectable animal who does duty as our national representative! Show John a bit of scarlet cloth or a purple stocking, and he goes raving mad on the spot; tearing about and bellowing, to the infinite amusement of those who wave the red flag before his stupid old eyes, just to see him scamper over the sand, making a fool of himself at all four corners. Read out to John, dozing in his comfortable easy-chair, a list of new religions, and, phew! before you can have uttered your traditional invocation to Mr. John Robinson, John has established a hierarchy, built a church, let off all the pews, and gone straight up to heaven by the newest description of spiritual railroad vouchsafed. In any way in which you can assure him that he has been an idiot all his life hitherto, and that you have just discovered a new method for transforming geese into swans, so surely do you make him your debtor and your slave, and ready to swallow

flies, ducks, or camels, as it may suit you to prepare.

Sceptical and critical is John? Well! nations are not unlike individuals in the way in which they pride themselves on having the very qualities they do not possess; and John's assumption of cold critical reason is about on a par with the affected rakishness of the innocent country gentleman, whose worst misdemeanours are that he plays long whist for silver three-pennies and admires whisky-toddy hot—about as practical as Liston's desire to play Hamlet, or poor Power's belief that he was a Romeo burked and massacred by the brogue and the shillelagh. Sceptical and critical? while mediums make large fortunes by a few conjuring tricks performed on false pretences? while swindlers can cozen even London lawyers by forged title-deeds to non-existent estates? while well-dressed shoplifters can blind London tradesmen, and lull them into the most confiding security by the excess of their audacity and gorgeous apparel? while can be set abroad, and what is worse largely credited, insane stories of the monstrous vice and cruelty of well-born English ladies and gentlemen, if only living under the shadow of that same scarlet bunting aforesaid? and while a knot of sane and cultivated people can gravely attempt to revive the superstitions of the middle ages, and tax the interference of the other world by way of accounting for certain unexplored phenomena in this? So far from being either sceptical or critical, it seems to me that we English folk of this present time are just the most credulous and the least discerning of any folk extant; and that the mental condition of two-thirds among us is that of unhesitating and unquestioning acceptance of whatever they are told to believe, without the application of any test and without the check of any misgiving.

One half of the world lives on the gullibility of the other half. They trade on it, eat, drink, sleep, are clothed and lodged through and by it; and when certain purveyors of public pabulum speak of what the public demands, they mean simply the amount of credulity afloat, and how near to the wind they can steer their supplies. Nothing wonderful has as yet made shipwreck, so far as I can remember; and the capacity for fly swallowing has not been arrested by a fly too big for the national gullet. To be made beautiful for ever by a powder and a wash, which the tradition is no one can by any possibility analyse or find out, chemists being only dunces with dirty fingers, and mystic recipes coming from the far East quite beyond vulgar fractions; to be cured of every evil known to a dyspeptic humanity by a pill and a rather slab and very insipid kind of gruel; to have one's natural deficiencies in the matter of hair, teeth, shape, and limbs, supplied with such artistic skill that, in point of fact, the artistic skill has the best of it and beats Nature and all her works out of the field; to be in possession of some magical scheme for making thousands, to be liberally imparted to a believing world for the small charge of eighteen-pence and a stamped envelope—do



not such minor witnesses to the profitable gullibility of our generation meet us at every street corner and in every advertising sheet of the newspaper?—not to mention other things even more surprising and even more believed in. Indeed, I think that belief is generally strong in proportion to its absurdity; and that the more impossible, unprovable, and exaggerated a thing is, the more ferocious are its adherents and the more fanatical its martyrs.

And chief of all the strange hallucinations of this scientific age of ours, is the fashionable acceptance of the so-called "physical manifestations" of spiritualism; and of all the surprising conditions coincident and connected with that state, the unconscious falsehood of believers is the most incomprehensible. To hear them, no one has ever seen to the back of one of the juggleries practised; every stale trick, though exposed again and again, is still unfathomed and unfathomable; detection makes no more impression on them than the way of a ship through the water; the waves of credulity and gullibility flow together again, and ramp and tumble as before, so soon as ever the sharp keel of truth has cut through them; and, like the blind who stoned the long-sighted among them because they told lies and said they saw what the others could not, so do these spiritual adherents maul and much abuse those of us who retain our senses, and are not led away by a group of knaves and a box of conjuring apparatus.

I will just count off one or two things that have lately happened, showing the marvellous credulity of this section of believers. A short time since certain mysterious "spirit photographs" were brought over here from America, which the spiritualists assured you had baffled the ingenuity of every scientific man in both hemispheres to discover, and were hopeless enigmas to the very cleverest photographers. It did not raise any doubt in their minds that the "spirits" were decidedly vulgar specimens of etherealised humanity, and that they were more often than not totally out of perspective and drawing—as, for instance, those spirits who had been accommodated with a chair, were not sitting on the chair, but sometimes a foot or so above it, and sometimes a foot or so below it; and it did not in the least degree signify to them, or weaken the force of their assertions, that every photographer who knows his business and has ever manipulated half-cleaned plates, knew all about the process from the beginning, and could reproduce as many "spirit photographs" as you had a mind to pay for. I watched this craze about the spirit photographs; and I am constrained to say, that I heard as much nonsense talked concerning them as would have filled up more than one physician's certificate for bed and board in Bethlehem Hospital. Happily the craze has passed, so that there is one lie the less to afflict and bewilder poor wandering humanity. From the same place too—America being the hotbed of these "physical manifestations" as it has been the grove where grew wooden nutmegs and the like—come "spirit drawings," done under the

table by spirit painters in the space of a few seconds; and which the "first artists" (are said to) pronounce inimitable and altogether unearthly—though to the crass earthly eyes of critical judgment, still closed to spiritual beauties, they are merely coarse, odd-looking daubs and nothing more—with vague suggestions of invisible writing to be brought out by chemical washes (as I saw the other day done as an amusing trick) and sometimes a clever substitution of cardboard; prestidigitation being by no means an unattainable art, and substitution not unknown even among thieves. Again, nightly in this great Babylon of ours, is there a crowded exhibition of spiritual tailoring and fine-drawing, and a coat split asunder for the purpose of being clapped on to the back of a roped-in medium (I acknowledge that "swish" with which it is done is a very effective adjunct), yet showing no trace of where this "marvellous solution of continuity," as a clever crackbrain of the sect calls it, has been effected. And it is no trial of faith to the believers that more than one professed conjuror, dealing only with the confessed forces of nature as exhibited in his own well-trained members, shows precisely the same trick under exactly the same conditions of time and darkness, without any aid from the spirits at all. Tell them of this "repeat" and they will answer you with Aaron's rod and the magicians', or even with more sacred parallels still; for our friends the spiritualists do a vast amount of unconscious blasphemy which we poor rationalists would be horrified to even think of.

Following in the wake of another medium are crowds of "luminous hands," like the disjecta membra of his familiars, crawling about window-blinds and the like, without exciting a suspicion of gutta serena and phosphorus as items in London shops purchasable by money. A friend of my own, a spiritualist, has held these hands in his: he affirms positively that he felt the pulses beat and the warm flesh quiver in his grasp; that they had the different characteristics of the friends whose hands when in life they were said to be; and one especially which he had known for years, was presented to him with every feature of the past life restored. I too have held one of these hands; and I affirm just as positively that it was a mechanical trick of some kind—a bladder filled with air, and manipulated by a spring most probably—and that it had no more life in it, and no more spirituality, than the rustic's turnip or Pepper's ghost.

These are the marvels, then, which some of the finest company in London have gone night after night to see, spending much money, and faith and emotion more precious than money, during the process; and these are the proofs, salient and undeniable, of the gross credulity and want of critical faculty in our age. A dozen detections—as of that miserable impostor whose arm the spirits condescendingly made their foolscap, and wrote thereon words as false and foolish as the rest—cannot open their eyes; the most obvious confederacy they set aside as an insult to a plausible, well-



talking, well-mannered gentleman in a dress-coat and black satin waistcoat; credulity is erased from the list of human frailties, and hallucination is denied as a diseased condition known to the faculty; even madness has been asserted by them to mean spiritual possession, and the disordered state of the brain or nerves to be simply signs not causes; and I have heard of the sect who proposed to treat insanity with spiritualism as the fitting homœopathic agent! In fact spiritualism is at this moment the fashionable superstition of the upper ten thousand, as fortune-telling, and reading the stars, and Zadkiel, and Old Moore, are of the lower. For there is a fashion in faith as well as in bonnets and crinolines; and education seems to have got but a small "pull" upon credulity, and to be of less influence than should be in determining the faith of a man.

Cataract is a troublesome disease to get rid of. Certainly it can be broken up and the hard horny veil between the brain and the sunlight may be removed; but the operation is not always successful, and the blindness is sometimes persistent. So with the mental cataract of credulity. With some it can be removed by a test or operation, more or less severe according to the degree of density attained; but with others it is hopeless. Blind as they are, blind they will remain; indeed, loving their darkness more than light, and unwilling to be couched lest their steps should become perplexed by reason of too many allurements lying to the side. This abnegation of judgment and critical reason stands these poor people instead of religious reliance, and many imagine that they are doing God and humanity the truest service by reducing themselves to as hopeless a condition of mental imbecility as is possible to be attained by a sound brain in good working order. Faith is no longer to them an honest, manly reverence for what is beyond sensual proof or mathematical demonstration; a belief in the goodness and wisdom of the great Father in Heaven; and an acceptance of the strange problems of this life—sin, misery, and death—in a childlike spirit of humility, sure that all is good and wise and loving—but the irreligious belief in knaves rather than in God's laws of nature—the credulous acceptance of a few juggling tricks, not to be discovered in their working by men not adepts at juggling, as of higher meaning than the facts of science and the immovable bases of truth—the substitution of men for God—of trickery for truth—of jugglery for science—and of verbal lies glibly uttered for the eternal word spoken in nature since first time and nature were. It is not we who are irreligious, it is they; but their blindness to this is part of their cataract, and so they must be left, till some tremendous exposure takes place which will open even their tight-shut eyes.

In the mean time credulity must reign triumphant, as at present; and gullibility must be the seed-bed whence clever knaves reap golden harvests; quacks must still find their

account in specifics every ingredient of which the family doctor knows by heart, and could employ in more skilful combination—saving the quackery; false faiths, Mormonism and the like, must still recruit their armies from the great outstanding ranks of the credulous eager for fiery chariots, and revolting at the dull plodding way of charity, and good works, and prayer, and almsgiving, and the rest of the unexciting means by which we are told we shall at last, by painful striving, come to our rest; and still will there be for ever appearing some new Messiah, either in art or in literature, in politics or in religion, who is to divert the whole current of human thought, and change the whole face of human life. King Arthur is always to reappear, you know, in every land and every creed which owned a King Arthur at all; and we have not grown out of that superstition yet ourselves; though we have re-christened our Arthur, and called him vaguely the Coming Man. As if we are not all, in our degree, the Coming Man actually appeared, whose duty it is to cleanse and heal and otherwise purify the dirty little world of our own souls! and that once done heartily by each, would diminish the sphere of the resuscitated Arthur by more than ninety-nine in every hundred. The legend of the Coming Man may or may not be true—to me it seems only a legend, very pleasant to the imagination, and saving us a world of trouble by simply offering us a pattern by which we are to mould ourselves, instead of leaving us to the weary toil of fashioning out our pattern for ourselves; and the great revolution on the eve of which the world has always been living, and which it never recognises until it has come and gone for sometimes many generations, may or may not burst forth in our day; but assuredly if it does it will not come from such paltry charlatans as the so-called mediums; and spiritualism as practised in the "structure" and the dark séances, is not the new religion which is to regenerate mankind or lead back wandering steps to the great temple of truth. When all these tricks and juggleries are incontrovertibly exposed—as I believe they will be, some day—I wonder what the arch believers will feel like then; and where their manhood will stand in their own esteem, when forced to confess that they have been made the babyish dupes of a few clever-handed scoundrels, simply because they would not investigate and dared not criticise, but opened their foolish mouths and swallowed fat lies, which they swore were quails and manna direct from Heaven!

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER VI. THE VALUE OF A NAPOLEON.

As the two cousins passed across the grass-grown court-yard, and under the gateway with the stork's nest overhead, Mr. Trefalden pointed up to the broken scutcheon.

"Is that a record of some mediæval fray?" asked he.

"Oh dear no!" replied the young man, laughingly. "My great-grandfather smashed that heraldry when he bought the place."

"Then he was a zealous Republican?"

"Not he. Quite the contrary, I believe. No—he defaced the shield because the château was his, and the arms were not."

"I see. He did not choose to live in a house with another man's name upon his door. That was sensible; but he might have substituted his own."

Saxon's lip curled saucily.

"Bah!" said he, "what do we want of arms? We are only farmers. We have no right to them."

"Neither has any one else, I should fancy, in a republic like this," observed Mr. Trefalden.

"Oh yes—some have. The Rotzbergs, who lived here before us, the Plantas, the Ortensteins, are all noble. They were counts and knights hundreds of years ago, when the feudal system prevailed."

"Nobles who subscribe to a democratic rule forego their nobility, my young cousin," said Mr. Trefalden.

"I have heard that before," replied Saxon; "but I don't agree with it."

This young man had a sturdy way of expressing his opinions that somewhat amused and somewhat dismayed Mr. Trefalden. He had also a frightful facility of foot that rendered him a difficult companion among such paths as led down from the Château Rotzberg to the valley below.

"My good fellow," said the lawyer, coming to a sudden stop, "do you want me to break my neck? I'm not a chamois!"

Saxon, who had been springing from ledge to ledge of the slippery descent with the light and fearless step of a mountaineer to the manner born, turned back at once, and put out his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically. "I had forgotten. I suppose you have never been among mountains before?"

"Oh yes I have—and I can keep my feet here quite well, thank you, if you do not ask me to come down in a coranto. I have been up Snowdon, and Cader Idris, and plenty of smaller heights—to say nothing of Holborn Hill."

Saxon laughed merrily.

"Why, what do *you* know of Holborn Hill?" said Mr. Trefalden, surprised to find that small jest appreciated.

"It is a hill rising westward, on the right bank of the Fleet river."

"But you have never visited London?"

"I have never been further than Zurich in my life; but I have read Stowe carefully, with a map."

Mr. Trefalden could not forbear a smile.

"You must not suppose that you therefore know anything about modern London," said he. "Stowe would not recognise his own descriptions now. The world has gone round once or twice since his time."

"So I suppose."

"I should like to take you back with me, Saxon. You'd find me a better guide than the mediæval surveyor."

"To London?"

"Ay, to London."

Saxon shook his head.

"You do not mean to tell me that you have no curiosity to visit the most wonderful city in the world?"

"Not at all; but there are others which I had rather see first."

"And which are they?"

"Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem."

"Then I have no hesitation in prophesying that you would be greatly disappointed in all three. One is always disappointed in places that depend for their interest on remote association."

Saxon made no reply, and for a few moments they were both silent. When they presently left the last belt of pines behind them and emerged upon the level road, Mr. Trefalden paused and said:

"I ought not to let you go any further. My way lies straight before me now, and I cannot miss it."

"I will go with you as far as the bridge," replied Saxon.



"But it is growing quite dusk, and you have those mountain-paths to climb."

"I could climb them blindfolded. Besides, we have arranged nothing for to-morrow. Would you like to walk over the Galanda to Pfeffers?"

"How far is it?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with a glance of misgiving towards the mountain in question, which looked loftier than ever in the gloaming.

"About twenty-three or four miles."

"Each way?"

"Of course."

"I am much obliged to you," said the lawyer, "but, as I said before, I am not a chamois. No, Saxon; you must come over to the Adler to-morrow morning to breakfast with me, and after breakfast, if you like, we will walk to Chur. I hear it is a curious old place, and I should like to see it."

"As you please, cousin. At what hour?"

"I fear if I say half-past eight, you will think it terribly late."

"Not at all, since you do not dine till eight at night."

"Then I may expect you?"

"Without fail."

They were now within sight of the covered bridge and the twinkling lights in the village beyond. Mr. Trefalden paused for the second time.

"I must insist upon saying good-by now," said he. "And, by the way, before we part, will you be kind enough to explain to me the real value of these coins?"

He took out a handful of loose money, and Saxon examined the pieces by the waning light.

"My charretier to-day would not take French francs," continued Mr. Trefalden, "but asked for Muntz money. When I offered him these Swiss francs he was satisfied. What is the difference in value between a French and a Swiss franc? What is Muntz money? How many of these pieces should I get for a Napoleon, or an English sovereign?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't know," said he. "I have not the least idea."

Mr. Trefalden thought he had been misunderstood.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Perhaps I have not explained myself clearly. This Muntz money——"

"Muntz money is Swiss money," interrupted Saxon. "That is to say, the new uniform coinage voted by the Diet of 1850."

"Well, what is this Swiss franc worth?"

"A hundred rappen."

"Then a rapp is equivalent to a French centime?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"The rappen are issued instead of the old batzen," said he.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"We don't quite understand each other yet," he said, taking a Napoleon from the number.

"What I want to know is simply how many Swiss francs I ought to receive for this?"

Saxon took the Napoleon between his finger and thumb, and examined it on both sides with some curiosity.

"I don't think it is worth anything at all here," he replied, as he gave it back. "What is it?"

"What is it? Why, a Napoleon! Do you mean to say that you never saw one before?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"But I know they are current here, for I changed one at Chur."

Saxon looked as if he could not comprehend his cousin's evident surprise.

"You may be right," said he. "I cannot tell; but I will ask my father when I go home. I dare say he can explain it to you."

Mr. Trefalden's amazement was so great that he took no pains to conceal it.

"But, my dear fellow," he said, "you cannot be unacquainted with the standard value of money—with the relative value of gold and silver?"

"I assure you I know nothing at all about it."

"But—but it is incomprehensible."

"Why so? It is a subject which has never come under my observation, and in which I take no interest."

"Yet in the ordinary transactions of life—of farming life, for instance, such as your own—in the common buying and selling of every day——"

"I have nothing to do with that. My father manages all matters connected with the land."

"Well, then, if it were only as a guide to the expenditure of your own money, some such knowledge is necessary and valuable."

"But I have no money," replied Saxon, with the simplicity of a savage.

"No money? None whatever?"

"None."

"Do you never have any?"

"Never."

"Have you never had any?"

"Never in my life."

Mr. Trefalden drew a long breath, and said no more.

"That seems to surprise you very much," said Saxon, laughingly.

"Well—it does."

"But it need not. What do I want with money? Of what use would it be to me? What should I do with it? What is money? Nothing. Nothing but a sign, the interpretation of which is food, clothing, firing, and other comforts and necessities of life. I have all these, and, having them, need no money. It is sufficiently plain."

"Ah, yes, it is plain—quite plain," rejoined the lawyer, abstractedly. "I see it all now. You are perfectly right, Saxon. You would not know what to do with it, if you had it. Good night."

"Good night."

"Don't forget half-past eight to-morrow."

"No, no. Good night."

And so they shook hands and parted.



Mr. Trefalden was somewhat late that evening for his dinner; but the cook at the Adler was an expert artist, and not to be disconcerted by so common-place an emergency. It was a very *recherché* little dinner, and Mr. Trefalden was unusually well disposed to enjoy it. Never, surely, was trout more fresh; never was Mayonnaise better flavoured; never had Lafitte a more delicate aroma. Mr. Trefalden dined deliberately, praised the cook with the grace of a connoisseur, and lingered luxuriously over his dessert. His meditations were pleasant, and the claret was excellent.

"A simple old pastor with a mania for archæology," muttered he, as he sipped his curaçoa and watched the smoke of his cigar—"a simple old pastor with a mania for archæology, and a young barbarian who reads Theocritus and never saw a Napoleon! What a delicious combination of circumstances! What a glorious field for enterprise! Verily, the days of El Dorado have come back again!"

#### CHAPTER VII. PASTOR MARTIN'S THEORY.

THE pastor had spoken from his heart of hearts when he told Mr. Trefalden with what solicitude he had educated his brother's orphan; but he did not tell him all, or even half, of the zeal, humility, and devotion, with which he had fulfilled that heavy duty. Knowing the full extent of his responsibility, he had accepted it from the very hour of the boy's birth. He had lain awake night after night, while little Saxon was yet in his cradle, pondering, and praying, and asking himself how he should fortify this young soul against the temptations of the world. He had written out full a dozen elaborate schemes of education for him, before the child could babble an articulate word. He spent his leisure in studying the lives of great and virtuous men, that he might thence gather something of their tutelage; and, to this end, toiled patiently once again through all Plutarch's crabbed Greek, and Fuller's still more crabbed English. He compiled formidable lists of all kinds of instructive books for his pupil's future reading, long before his young ears had ever heard of the penances ending in "ology." He filled reams of sermon paper with unobjectionable extracts from the classic poets, and made easy abstracts of Euclid and Aristotle for his sole use and benefit. In short, he laid himself down before the wheels of this baby Jugger-naut in a spirit of the uttermost self-devotion and love, giving up to him every moment upon which his pastoral duties held no claim, and sacrificing even the Etruscans for his dear sake.

The boy's education may almost be said to have dated from the day on which he first began to laugh and put out his little arms at the sight of those he loved. Uncle Martin, in spite of some maternal opposition, took care of that. He asserted his position at once; and quietly, but firmly, maintained it. He it was who taught

the child his first utterances—who guided his first feeble steps upon the soft sward out of doors—who trained his tongue to stammer its first prayer. He taught him that God had made the sun, and the stars, and the green trees. He led him to see use and beauty in all created things—even in the most unlovely. He brought him up to fear the darkness no more than the light; to admire all that was beautiful; to reverence all that was noble; to love every thing that had life. He would not even let him have a toy that was not in some way suggestive of gracefulness or service.

When little Saxon was but two years old, his mother died; and the good pastor pursued his labour henceforth without even a semblance of opposition. Saxon the elder believed in his brother as of old, and deferred to him in everything. Martin did not, perhaps, believe quite so implicitly in himself; but, as he told his cousin, he prayed for light, and only strove to know his duty, that he might perform it.

As time went on, that duty became daily of more extensive operation. The boy grew portentously both in ideas and inches. He developed an alarming appetite for books, as well as bread-and-butter. His curiosity became insatiable, and his industry indefatigable. In short, he perplexed his tutor sorely, and unconsciously raised up a host of difficulties which had been left quite unprovided for in the good pastor's theories.

For Martin Trefalden had theories—very strange, unworldly, eccentric theories, indeed, which looked wonderfully well upon paper, and had been proved by him to his brother over and over again as they sat smoking together by their fireside o' nights; but which had various disagreeable ways of tripping him up, and leaving him in the lurch, now that they came to be put into practice.

Chief and foremost among these was his grand theory about the Trefalden legacy.

Having persuaded his brother to marry, and having, as it were, compelled Saxon the younger to enter on this stage of mortal life, it obviously behoved him, above all other things, to arm that little Christian against the peculiar dangers and temptations to which his singular destiny exposed him. He must be trained in habits of innocence, frugality, charity, and self-denial. He must be taught to prize only the simplest pleasures. He must be doubly and trebly fortified against pride, avarice, prodigality, self-indulgence, and every other sin of which wealth is fruitful. Above all, argued the pastor, he must not love money. Nay more, he must be wholly indifferent to it. He must regard it as a mere sign—an expedient—a medium of exchange—a thing valueless in itself, and desirable only because it is convenient. His childish hand must never be sullied by it. His innocent thoughts must never entertain it. He shall be as pure from the taint of gold as the first dwellers in Paradise.

"But when he grows up, brother Martin,"



suggested the father one evening, while they sat talking it over, as usual, in the chimney-corner, "when he grows up, you know, and the money really falls due—what then?"

"What do you mean, Sax?"

"He won't know what to do with it."

"But *you* will," replied the pastor, sharply, "and, after all, 'tis you are the heir—not he. You never seem to remember that, brother Sax."

The farmer made no reply.

"And by that time, too," continued Martin, "the boy will be old enough to understand the right uses of wealth."

"You'll teach him those, brother Martin," said the farmer.

"You and I together."

Saxon the elder smoked on in silence for a moment or two; then, laying his hand gently on the pastor's sleeve, "Brother Martin," he said, "thou'rt younger than I, as I have reminded thee once or twice before. I don't believe that I have a very long life before me. I don't feel as if I should ever inherit that fortune, or see my boy with a beard upon his chin."

He was right. He died, as we know, twelve years before the century expired, and Martin Trefalden continued to bring up his nephew in his own way. He could ride his hobby now at any pace he pleased, without even the interruption of a meek question by the way; so he ambled on year after year with his eyes shut, and refused to recognise the fact that Saxon was no longer a boy. He made himself wilfully blind both to his moustache and his inches. He would not believe that the time was already come for discussing the forbidden subject. He could not endure to tell his young Spartan that he must one day be rich; and so, as it were, be the first to raise his hand against that fabric of unworidliness which it had been the labour of his life to erect.

Of late, however, he had "had misgivings." He had begun to wonder whether perfect ignorance of life was really the best preparation for a career of usefulness, and whether the college at Geneva might not have proved a better school for his nephew than the solitude of Domleschg.

Thus matters stood when William Trefalden, Esquire, of Chancery-lane, London, made his appearance at the Château Rotzberg; and thus it happened that his cousin Saxon, the heir to four millions and a half of funded property, had no notion of the value of a Napoleon.

#### CHAPTER VIII. MR. TREFALDEN MEETS ACQUAINTANCES BY THE WAY.

PUNCTUAL as the minute-hand of the quaint little Swiss timepiece on the mantelshef was Saxon to his appointment. The first metallic chime of the half-hour was just striking as he reached the inn door, and the rapid smiting of his iron heel on the paved corridor leading to the salon drowned the vibrations of the second. He found the breakfast-table laid beside an open window looking upon the garden and the moun-

tains, and his cousin turning over the leaves of a large book at the further end of the room.

"It is pleasant to find one's self so good a judge of character," said Mr. Trefalden, advancing with outstretched hand. "I felt sure you would be true to time, Saxon—*so* sure, that I had sent the eggs away to be poached—and here they are! Come, sit down. I hope you're hungry."

"Indeed I am," replied Saxon, making a vigorous onslaught upon the loaf.

"You seem to have brought the mountain air in with you," said Mr. Trefalden, with a half-envious glance at his fresh young cheek and breezy curls. "It is a glorious morning for walking."

"That it is; and I have been up to some of the high pastures in search of one of our goats. It was so clear at six o'clock that I saw the Glärnisch quite plainly."

"What is the Glärnisch—a mountain?"

"Yes—a splendid mountain; the highest in the Canton Glarus."

"What wine do you prefer, Saxon?"

"Oh, either, thank you. I like the one as well as the other."

Mr. Trefalden raised his eyes from the carte des vins.

"What 'one' and what 'other' do you mean?" asked he.

"The red and the white."

"You mean vin ordinaire?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't drink vinegar myself," said he, "and I should not choose to place it before you. We will try a bottle of our host's Château Margaux. I suppose you like that?"

"I don't know," replied Saxon. "I never tasted it."

"Have you ever tasted champagne?"

"Never."

"Would you like to do so?"

"Indeed I don't care. I like one thing just as well as another. These cutlets are capital."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his cousin with an expression of mingled wonder and compassion.

"My dear boy," said he, "what have you done, that you should *only* like one thing as well as another?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"It is a shocking defect either of constitution or education," continued Mr. Trefalden, gravely.

"You must try to get over it. Don't laugh. I am perfectly serious. Here, taste this pâté, and tell me if you like it *only* as well as the cutlets."

Saxon tasted it, and made a wry face.

"What is it made of?" said he. "What are those nasty black things in it?"

"It is a pâté de foie gras," replied Mr. Trefalden, pathetically, "and those nasty black things are truffles—the greatest delicacies imaginable."

Saxon laughed heartily, poured some claret into a tumbler, and put out his hand for the water-bottle.



"You are not going to mix that Château Margaux!" cried Mr. Trefalden.

"Why not?"

"Because it is sacrilege to spoil the flavour."

"But I am thirsty."

"So much the better. Your palate is all the more susceptible. Try the first glass pure, at all events."

Saxon submitted, and emptied his glass at a draught.

"That is delicious," said he.

"You really think so?"

"Unquestionably."

"You prefer it to the vin ordinaire?"

"I do indeed."

Mr. Trefalden drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Allons!" said he. "Then there is some little hope for you, Saxon, after all."

"But—"

"But what?"

Saxon blushed and hesitated.

"But I am not sure," said he, "that I prefer it to the vin d'Asti."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and groaned aloud.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," laughed Saxon, with a comic look, half shy, half penitent. "But—but it isn't my fault, is it?"

Before Mr. Trefalden could reply to this appeal, there was a rustling of silk, and a sound of voices in the corridor, and a lady and gentleman entered the salon, conversing earnestly. Seeing others in the room, they checked themselves. In the same instant Mr. Trefalden, who sat partly turned towards the door, rose and exclaimed:

"Mademoiselle Colonna!"

The lady put out her hand.

"You here, Mr. Trefalden?" said she. "Padre mio, you remember Mr. Trefalden?"

The gentleman, who held his hat in one hand and a bundle of letters and papers in the other, bowed somewhat distantly, and said he believed he had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Trefalden before.

"Yes, at Castletowers," replied the lawyer.

The gentleman's dark face lighted up instantly, and, laying his hat aside, he also advanced to shake hands.

"Forgive me," he said, "I did not remember that you were a friend of Lord Castletowers. Have you seen him lately? I hope you are well. This is a charming spot. Have you been here long? We have only this moment arrived."

He asked questions without waiting for replies, and spoke hurriedly and abstractedly, as if his thoughts were busy elsewhere all the time. Both his accent and his daughter's were slightly foreign, but his was more foreign than hers.

"I only came yesterday," replied Mr. Trefalden, "and I propose to stay here for a week or two. May one venture to hope that you are about to do the same?"

The young lady shook her head. Her father had already moved away to the opposite side of the room, and was examining his letters.

"We are only waiting to breakfast while our vetturino feeds his horses," said she; "and we hope to reach Chur in time for the mid-day train."

"A short sojourn," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes; I am sorry for it. We have travelled by this road very often, and always in haste. The place, I am sure, would repay investigation. It is very beautiful."

"You come from Italy, I suppose?"

"Yes, from Milan."

"And are, of course, devoted as ever to the good cause?"

Her eyes seemed to flash and dilate as she lifted them suddenly upon her interrogator.

"You know, Mr. Trefalden," said she, "that we live for no other. But why do *you* call it the 'good' cause? You have never joined us—you have never helped us. I had no idea that you deemed it a good cause."

"Then you did me injustice," replied the lawyer, with an unembarrassed smile. "The liberty and unity of a great people must be a good cause. I should blush for my opinions if I did not think so."

"Then why not give us the support of your name?"

"Because it would bring no support with it. I am an obscure man. I have neither wealth nor influence."

"Even if that were so, it would be of little importance," said Mademoiselle Colonna, eagerly.

"Every volunteer is precious—even the humblest and weakest. But you are neither, Mr. Trefalden. You are far from being an obscure man. You are a very brilliant man—nay, I mean no compliment. I only repeat what I have often heard. I know that you have talent, and I am sure you are not without influence. You would be a most welcome accession to our staff."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle Colonna, you over-estimate me in every way."

"I do not think so."

"I ought also to tell you, that I am a very busy man. My whole life is absorbed by my professional duties."

"It is always possible to find time for good deeds," replied the lady.

"I fear, not always."

"Enfin, we are not exacting. To those friends who can give us but their names and their sympathies, we are grateful. You will be one of those, I am sure."

"It is better to give nothing, than to give that which is worthless," said Mr. Trefalden.

Mademoiselle Colonna met this reply with a slight curl of the lip, and another flash of her magnificent eyes.

"Those who are not for Italy are against her, Mr. Trefalden," she said, coldly, and turned away.

The lawyer recovered his position with perfect tact.

"I cannot allow Mademoiselle Colonna to



mistake me a second time," he said. "If she does me the honour to value my poor name at more than its worth, I can but place it at her disposal."

"Are you sincere?" she said, quickly.

"Undoubtedly."

"You permit us the use of your name?"

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and bent his head.

"Thanks, in the name of the cause."

"But, signora——"

"But what?"

"You will forgive me if I desire to know in what manner you propose to make my name serviceable?"

"I shall enter it on our general committee list."

"Is that all?"

"All—neither more nor less."

Mr. Trefalden's face showed neither satisfaction nor dissatisfaction. It was perfectly placid and indifferent, like his smile. Mademoiselle Colonna looked at him as if she would read him through; but she could do nothing of the kind.

"If you repent of the permission you have granted," she began, "or object to the publicity of——"

"No, no," interposed the lawyer, with a little deprecatory raising of the hand; "not at all. It gives me much pleasure."

"If, then, on the contrary, you choose at any time to favour us with more active aid," continued she, "you need only write to my father, or Lord Castletowers, or, indeed, any of the honorary secretaries, and your co-operation will meet with grateful and immediate acceptance. Till then, no demand will be made upon your time or patience."

Mr. Trefalden bowed.

"Have you many such drones in your hive, signora?" asked he.

"Hundreds."

"But they can only be encumbrances."

"Quite the contrary. They are of considerable value. Their names give weight to our cause in the eyes of the world; and the printed lists which contain them find their way into every court and cabinet in Europe. For instance, I have here a paper——"

She paused, glanced towards Saxon, and dropping her voice almost to a whisper, said:

"Your guide, I suppose? Does he understand English?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Trefalden, answering the second question, and taking no notice of the first. "As well as you, or myself."

"Dio! Have I said too much? Is he safe?"

"I would answer for him with my head, if even he had understood the purport of our conversation—which he has not done."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Because he is a wild mountaineer, and knows no more of politics than you, Signora Colonna, know of the common law of England."

The young lady took a folded paper from her pocket, and placed it in Mr. Trefalden's hand.

"Read that," she said. "It is from Rome. You are aware, of course, that Sardinia——"

Her voice fell again to a whisper. She drew the lawyer away to her father's table, spread the document before him, and proceeded to comment upon its contents. This she did with great earnestness and animation, but in a tone of voice audible only to her listener. Mr. Trefalden was all attention. Signor Colonna, his thin hands twisted in his hair, and his elbows resting on the table, remained absorbed in his papers. Saxon, who had not presumed to lift his eyes from his plate while the lady stood near him, ventured to glance now and then towards the group at the further end of the room. Having looked once, he looked again, and could not forbear from looking. It was not at all strange that he should do so. On the contrary, it would have been strange if he had done otherwise; for Saxon Trefalden was gifted with a profound, almost a religious sense of beauty, and he had never in his life seen anything so beautiful as Olimpia Colonna.

## BIRDS: A FLIGHT.

BIRDS often have governed men. In all ages, and in many countries, birds have enjoyed a dominion as powers of the air, that has been given by men to no other class of animals as powers of the earth and water. We wonder at their powers of flight, and their marvellous migrations. Nowhere can we get away from the birds. We ascend a high monument, and the birds are as much at home as upon the ground. We scale a cliff, and the birds glide over the ledge of it, and return again, while we shudder as we creep to the edge and glance over. Far away at sea we meet the birds careering over the waves, and appearing to enjoy their flight, while perhaps the frail vessel in which we are sailing labours along with creaking timbers and flapping sails. We sit alone in our most private chamber, and a little bird hops impertinently upon the balcony or window-sill, and peeps into the room. Nowhere are we safe from the birds, and hence the ancients believed that they possessed a rare knowledge of human affairs. As they were continually flying about, they were supposed to observe and pry into men's most secret actions, and know all their doings. We meet in the Greek poets with many allusions to this; for instance, in Aristophanes' comedy of the Birds, one is made to say, "No one knows of my treasure, except indeed some bird;" and again, Sophocles makes *Œdipus* say, "If you have received any information from the prophetic birds, divulge it." The idea, indeed, passed into a proverb among the Greeks, to the effect that when they were engaged in any secret action, no one knew what passed, "except indeed some bird." A like expression has come down to our own times. "For," preaches *Ecclesiastes*, "a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which had wings shall carry the matter;" inasmuch as we say, when we wish to affect mystery as to the true source of our information, "A



little bird has told me" so and so; and the idea is very prettily rendered by Hans Christian Andersen in his story of the Fir-tree, where the young tree wonders what is done with the trees taken out of the wood at Christmas-time. "Ah, we know—we know," twittered the sparrows, "for we have looked in at the windows in yonder town."

Thus the mere power of flight possessed by birds seemed to give them ubiquity; but perhaps their comings and goings with the seasons, their alternate disappearance and reappearance, were wonders which excited even more remark, and claimed more earnest attention. These periodic movements, which we term migration, appear to have been observed in the very earliest historic times, and although at first, perhaps, they produced only astonishment, a closer observation of them could not fail to be turned to practical account. At a time when men had no almanack to guide them to the changing of the seasons, no calendars to direct them in the planting out of their fields and gardens, it is not surprising that the arrival and departure of birds helped to direct them in their tillage of the soil.

It is not a matter, therefore, which need surprise us, that, after Homer, the oldest profane work extant, namely, the Works and Days of Hesiod, is a manual of agriculture, whose title, interpreted by the scholiast, signifies the art of agriculture, and the proper time for its prosecution. In this work the poet, who lived more than twenty-seven centuries ago, informs us that husbandry was in great measure regulated by the blooming of plants, and by the coming and going of birds. Aristophanes makes one of his characters say that in former times the kite ruled the Grecians, by which his commentators explain that he meant that formerly the kite was looked upon as the sign of spring. And in another place he says that the cuckoo in like manner governed all Phœnicia and Egypt, because when it cried "Kokku" they considered that it was time to reap their wheat and barley fields. But in the days of Aristophanes, and as men grew in knowledge, this natural calendar passed out of repute, and gave place to something more exact and of more general application. Still, in the Comedy of the Birds, where it is said that the bird kind sprang from Eros, the much-desired or plastic Love, in conjunction with Chaos, the benefits conferred by them upon mankind are summed up as follows: "The greatest blessings (says the Chorus of Birds) which can happen to mortals are derived from us. First, we show you the seasons—to wit, spring, winter, autumn. The crane points out the time for sowing when she flies croaking into Libya; she bids the sailor put away his rudder and take repose, and every prudent man provide himself with an upper garment. Next, the kite appearing, proclaims another season, namely, that it is time to shear your sheep; and after that the swallow informs you when you may sell your cloak, and buy light summer clothes."

Even in the present day, however, the farmers are more or less guided in their actions by the

birds. Thus Dr. Solander tells us that the peasants of Upland have this saying: "When you see the white wagtail, you may turn your sheep into the fields, and when you see the wheatear, you may sow your grain." For in Upland there is seldom any severe frost after the wheatear appears, and the sheep are housed all the winter in that severe climate. So, also, the shepherds of Salisbury Plain say:

When dotterel do first appear,  
It shows that frost is very near;  
But when that dotterel do go,  
Then you may look for heavy snow.

When men began to meditate upon the movements of certain birds, how they all disappeared at a certain time as if by common consent, and then reappeared after a regular interval, they not unnaturally fell into the error of mistaking cause for effect, and regarded the birds as regulating the seasons instead of the seasons as directing the movements of the birds. And since no man could say with certainty whither they went or what became of them during the interval of their absence, it was no great wonder that they should imagine them to have retired somewhere beyond the sphere of the earth, and perhaps (who could tell?) might approach the regions of Olympus, where they could hold converse with the very gods, and be enabled by them to predict future events. And when, in later times, it became known to travelled philosophers, that some of them might be seen high up the Nile during winter, that fact, instead of shaking the confidence of those who credited their gifts of prophecy, only served to confirm their faith. For if that were the case, why should they not make periodic visits to Æthiopia, and even to Ammon, the favoured oracle of the ruler of the gods, where they might meet Jove himself, and receive from him an annual ratification of their powers, and new messages from the councils of the gods. The very foresight of the birds, as shown by the regularity of their times of departure and reappearance seemed to have something of a divine nature in it, and thus it became almost natural for a superstitious people to believe that birds were, as Cicero styles them, the interpreters or messengers of Jupiter, as soon as any one boldly announced it as a fact.

Hence, although no writer after Hesiod speaks of birds as capable of fully directing the husbandman in his operations, we are not to suppose that as time went on they lost their influence and dignity. On the contrary, they appear to have gained a most extraordinary ascendancy over the minds of men, which rose to such a wonderful pitch that at length no affair of moment, either public or private, was entered upon without first consulting them. Thus came in augury, by which was meant a forewarning notice concerning future events derived from prophetic birds—a mode of divination attributed to various inventors. However it began, it gained so much credit, that seldom anything of moment was undertaken, either in time of war or of peace, seldom were any honours conferred, any magistrates created, without the appro-



bation of the birds. Other forms and results of divination were even passed by without regard, unless confirmed by the birds. At Lacedæmon the king and senate had always an augur attending upon them to advise them, and kings themselves used to study the art. A college of augurs figures in the very dawn of Roman history, consisting of a select four members, chosen from the patricians, but afterwards increased to six, and eventually opened to the plebeian class. Augustus, however, gave them the power of electing new augurs at pleasure, so that thenceforth the company was no longer select and definite in number.

The authority and influence of these augurs must have been immense, since no event of political or social importance could take place without their sanction. Unless the augury proved favourable, the election of king, consul, dictator, and prætor, of every civil officer and religious functionary, was null and void. No general could engage in battle, no public land could be allotted, no marriage or adoption was held valid, unless the *auspices*—bird-sights—were first taken and proved favourable. In war, these auspices were taken by the commander-in-chief, and the victory obtained by any portion of the army under his command, was said to be won "under his auspices," an expression which in our own day bears a similar meaning, viz. that the patron lends the influence of his name.

The augur who accompanied the Lacedæmonian king was robed in white, and wore a crown of gold upon his head. Seated upon his divining-chair his face was directed towards the north, and he had, therefore, the east upon his right hand, and the auguries which appeared upon that side were esteemed fortunate, while those from the opposite or western side were unlucky. The Roman custom, however, was different; clothed in purple or scarlet, the Roman augur faced the south, and his right hand, therefore, pointed west. Hence has arisen some confusion in the two languages in reference to the right or left hand, when taken in the sense of fortunate or unfortunate. But the Latin poets often adopted the Greek form, and the right hand was usually accounted fortunate. For this reason wine was always passed from left to right, and in drawing lots the same order was observed.

Birds, then, were fortunate or unfortunate, either by their own nature, or by the place and manner of their appearance; for the same birds at different times have foreboded different and contrary events. If, however, a flock of all sorts of birds came flying about any man, it was an excellent omen, and portended some very great luck. It is said to have happened to Gordius the Phrygian, the inventor of the celebrated knot which bears his name, and who, originally a peasant, was raised to a throne.

As might be expected, the eagle, the august bird of Jove, was a bird of good omen. If one appeared sporting in the air, clapping its wings, and flying about from right to left, it was the best of all omens; and various auguries were founded upon the way in which it was observed

to seize its prey. Of this we have illustrations in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. On one occasion, Telemachus, being at Sparta in search of Ulysses, observed an eagle flying at his right hand, carrying a tame goose in its claws. From this omen it was foretold that Ulysses would return and surprise all the suitors of Penelope in his house. And such circumstances sometimes brought about the very events which they appeared to indicate, as when the Greeks, disheartened and cast down, saw an eagle dragging a fawn by the feet, and casting it down upon the altar of Jupiter Panomphæus, they took courage, and gave the Trojans a signal defeat. When, on the other hand, Hector was about to attempt the destruction of the Grecian fleet, the appearance of an eagle upon his left hand caused him presently to desist from his enterprise.

The swan also was a lucky bird; and just as Pliny relates that the halcyon, or kingfisher, was a bird of good omen, and at breeding-time foretold tranquil and calm weather, so the swan was precious to seamen as a sign of fair weather; and the reason given by the Latin poet Æmilius is, that the swan never sinks beneath the waves, but ever floats buoyantly upon the surface. The dove also was lucky; and the circus, or harrier, was, Pliny tells us, very auspicious to persons engaged in affairs of money or marriage. The robin has always been regarded with tenderness. Popular tradition, even earlier than the date of the story of the Children in the Wood, has made him our sexton:

No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
Till robin redbreast painfully  
Did cover them with leaves.

It is noted in Grey's Shakespeare,\* that, according to the oldest traditions, if the robin finds the dead body of a human being, he will cover the face at least with moss or leaves:

Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye  
The little redbreast teacheth charity.

*Drayton's Owl.*

The wren is also credited with similar charity. In Reed's old plays we read:

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flow'rs do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburi'd men.

Here is another quaint quotation expressive of the tradition from Stafford's Niobe dissolved into a Nilus: "On her (the nightingale) waites Robin in his redde livorie: who sits as a crowner on the murthred man; and seeing his body naked, plays the scorie tailour to make him a mossy rayment." Bird-murderers have always been warned against killing the robin.

Whoever kills the robin or the wren  
Will never prosper, boys or men.

For

A robin and a wren  
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.

The wren is not everywhere so well protected as the robin. A strange ceremonial was prac-

\* Vol. ii., p. 226.



tised in Waldron's time, in the Isle of Man, on the day before Christmas Day, though lately on St. Stephen's Day. It is called wren-hunting, and is founded on a tradition, that in former times, a fairy, of uncommon beauty, exerted such undue influence over the male population, that she, at various times, induced by her sweet voice numbers to follow her footsteps, till by degrees she led them into the sea, where they perished. This barbarous exercise of power had continued for a great length of time, till it was apprehended that the island would be exhausted of its defenders, when a knight-errant sprung up, who discovered some means of countervailing the charms used by this syren, and even laid a plot for her destruction, which she only escaped at the moment of extreme hazard, by taking the form of a *wren*. But, though she evaded instant annihilation, a spell was cast upon her by which she was condemned, on every succeeding New Year's Day, to reanimate the same form with the definitive sentence, that she must ultimately perish by human hand. In consequence of this legend, on the specified anniversary, every man and boy in the island (except those who have thrown off the trammels of superstition) devote the hours between sunrise and sunset to the hope of extirpating the fairy, and woe be to the individual birds of this species who show themselves on this fatal day to the active enemies of the race; they are pursued, pelted, fired at, and destroyed, without mercy, and their feathers preserved with religious care, it being an article of belief, that every one of the relics gathered in this laudable pursuit is an effectual preservative from shipwreck for one year, and that fisherman would be considered as extremely foolhardy, who should enter upon his occupation without such a safeguard.

The unlucky birds were vultures and kites, which smelt carnage from afar, and were always on the look-out for their feast of dead. Hawks and buzzards also, probably from their cruel and predatory habits, were usually esteemed unlucky, though if the prey escaped it was a good sign. So also owls were usually inauspicious, but, inasmuch, as the owl was sacred to Minerva, the foundress and protectress of Athens, there, at least, they were omens of victory and success; and when Hiero of Syracuse, afterwards king, was admitted into the military service, it is said an eagle came and sat upon his shield and an owl upon his spear, by which was portended that he should be valiant in war, wise in council, and, at length, attain regal dignity. The Athenian proverb for good fortune was, "The owl flies." But, in other places, owls were unlucky omens when seen by men going about any serious business. Thus, when Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was ignominiously slain at Argos by an Argive woman, who, seeing her son in danger, threw down a tile which brought the king to the ground, it was said that his fate had been portended by an owl, which came and sat upon the top of his spear as he held it in his hand. Bats also, which were thought to be birds, and, in the quaint language of Holland, the translator of Pliny, "the onely bird

that suckleth its little ones," were equally inauspicious; but even the favourite swallow was also regarded as unlucky. Although these messengers of spring were welcomed with pleasure and admiration in most ages and countries, it is no less true that, when flying about or resting upon a place, they were looked upon as birds of evil omen. In Darius's Scythian expedition, the appearance of swallows presaged the total defeat of his army by the enemy; and Tzetzes, the commentator on Hesiod, as well as Apuleius, enumerate the swallow in their list of inauspicious birds. Amongst the signs and wonders cited to urge upon the world the first crusade, was clouds of birds and butterflies that darkened the air in various places—all winging their way towards Jerusalem.\* Matthew of Paris records that just before the great schism that split the Popedom into two—which event it presaged—the air was darkened in Northumberland with the feathers of birds which fell from innumerable flights of them that fought like maniacs as they flew.

It was not every bird that could be a sure messenger of the gods; those we have named were chiefly consulted. Nor was it always the appearance and manner of flight which were regarded. Some belonged to the class (called "oscines") whose voice revealed the will of the gods. Thus cocks, which were sacred to Mars, were regarded as prophetic in all matters relating to war, and their crowing was hailed as an omen of good, presaging victory. Themistocles, whose victory over the Persians was announced in this manner, paid a very doubtful compliment to the birds by establishing an annual feast, at which cock-fighting in the theatre was a great feature. And when, for some nights before the battle in which the Bœotians overthrew the Lacedæmonians, the cocks crew all night, it was interpreted as an omen of success, because the cock, when victorious, struts, and crows his triumph. But Shakespeare gives a legendary reason for "the bird of dawning's" perseverance during at least one night in the year, in the following charming lines:

It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

If a *hen* was heard to crow, some dreadful judgment was thought to be hanging over the world. But, as hens do not usually crow, this dread was not often begotten.

We have also a modern saw on the subject of a "whistling woman and a crowing hen." Divination, by help of a cock, was effected in the following manner, for the purpose of discovering some secret or future event: The twenty-four letters of the alphabet having been written in the dust, upon each letter was laid

\* Chronicles of St. Medard of Soissons, p. 486.



a grain of barley, and a cock, over which previous incantations had been uttered, was let loose among them; those letters off which it pecked the barley, being joined together, were then believed to declare the word of which they were in search. The magician Jamblichus, desirous to find out who should succeed Valens in the imperial purple, made use of this divination, but the cock only picked up four grains, namely, those which lay upon the (Greek) letters *th. e. o. d.*, so that it was uncertain whether Theodosius, Theodotus, Theodorus, or Theodectes, was the person designed by the Fates. Valens, however, when informed of the matter, was so enraged that he put several persons to death, simply because their names began with these letters. When, however, he proceeded to make search after the magicians themselves, Jamblichus thought it high time to put an end to his majesty's life by a draught of poison, and he was succeeded by Theodosius in the empire of the East.

Some pretenders went so far as to take credit for comprehending the language of birds, and thus to rely on something more than the omens derived from their appearance and mere voices. Apollonius of Tyana, in Cappadocia, was one of these, a Pythagorean who carried out his master's precepts with great strictness, and was raised by his disciples to the position of a demi-god. He boasted to the companion of his travels, Damis, that he was skilled in all languages, though he had never learned them, and understood the languages of beasts and birds. It is reported of him by his biographer, Philostratus, that as he was sitting in a parlour with his friends, there came a sparrow and chatted to a flock of birds that were before the window. Apollonius, who heard the noise, said that the sparrow was inviting them to a feast at a certain place where a mule, laden with corn, had let his burden fall. The company, desirous to know if this were true or not, immediately went to the spot, and found it was as he had told them. Another pretender to this art was Democritus, the laughing philosopher, who combined considerable ability with not a little knavery. He had the impudence to assert that he not only possessed the secret of bird language, but could also impart it to others, which he professed to do by telling them the names of certain birds a mixture of whose blood would produce a serpent, which, if eaten, would give them this wonderful knowledge without any further trouble; for which story the credulous old Pliny is answerable. Melampus of Pylos also laid claim to a similar gift, which he received miraculously in the following manner. His servant, having killed two large serpents, which had made their nests at the bottom of an oak, he raised a pile and burned them upon it, taking care at the same time of their young, which he fed with milk. The grateful reptiles, instead of acting like the adder in the fable, finding him asleep some time after, crept up to him as he slept upon the grass near the oak, and gliding around him, softly licked his ears. This awoke

Melampus, and to his astonishment he found himself in the secret of the chirping of birds as they flew around him, and taking advantage of his wonderful endowment, he made himself perfect in the knowledge of futurity. After his death, temples were raised to his memory. The story of the Grand Vizier in the Spectator will occur to every one; and a more modern and trustworthy example may be met with in the Quarterly Review for 1817, where the writer states that he knew an individual who had passed much of his time in boyhood alone, in lonely situations, and had acquired by close attention such a knowledge of bird-language, that from the song of the parents he knew where the nests were situated—whether they contained eggs—whether the brood was hatched—and the number of eggs or young birds, before he saw them.

There was also a third mode of divination, derived from the feeding of chickens, whose eagerness or indifference in eating the food thrown to them was looked upon as lucky or unlucky. Contempt of their intimations was supposed to occasion signal misfortunes; as in the case of P. Claudius in the first Punic war, who, when the person who had charge of the chickens told him that they would not eat, which was esteemed a bad omen, ordered them to be thrown into the sea, saying irreverently, "Then, let them drink." But it could not be expected that such heathenism should pass unpunished, and P. Claudius, soon after engaging the enemy, was defeated with the loss of his fleet.

In the very nature of things, however, the high claims of the augurs and aruspices could not be maintained for ever. In the palmy days of augury, an augur once elected was an augur for life. Of whatever crime he was guilty he could not be deprived of his office, because, says Plutarch, he was entrusted with the secrets of the empire. The art seems first to have been contrived, and afterwards cultivated, to increase the influence of the leading men over the multitude. But some, like Cato, were so profane as to say they were surprised that the aruspices did not laugh when they saw one another, their art was so ridiculous; while, on the other hand, the ancient writings teem with wonderful instances of the truth of their predictions. Such instances may be met with in Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Suetonius, Diodorus, and Cæsar. In the fifty-fourth year of his age Cicero was appointed an augur, but by his time the office had lost its religious character altogether, though it was still regarded as one of the highest political dignities, and was greatly coveted for the power it conferred.

In our own day we have not wholly escaped out of the power of the birds, and although they exercise their dominion now only over the uneducated and the superstitious, still there are persons who are as submissive to them as the Romans were. They are chiefly, however, the unlucky birds which exercise influence now-a-days. Bishop Hall, describing the superstitious man, says, "If a bittourn fly over his head



by night, he makes his will." The screech-owl's cry is still portentous in some ears. The sight of a crow through a window in the morning is still enough to deter some from going abroad, even upon important business; and the words of presage,

One, sorrow,  
Two, mirth,  
Three, a wedding,  
Four, death,

are applied to the merry, inoffensive magpie.

Respect, and even worship, paid to birds, are not peculiar, indeed, to any age, or to any race. Said Ephrem the Syrian, as we read in the Latin version, "Ubi aves, ibi angeli"—where birds are, there angels are. Before the Flood, birds were classed as clean and unclean. In the days of the Ark, the omens of the raven and the dove were watched and interpreted. The famished Elijah was sustained by the ministry of birds. Particular birds have been in many countries the objects of special worship, on account of some property or quality which has rendered them fit symbols of divine attributes. Thus the ibis was worshipped in Egypt, as we learn from many writers, and the reason given by a great number is that of Herodotus, namely, that it fed upon winged serpents which came out of Arabia in the spring, though there are many and interesting reasons against the possession of such an attribute by this ancient bird. Storks are respected in Holland and Germany, and accommodation for them is provided upon the tops of houses, to which they are supposed to bring good luck. Marabout cranes are protected in India, and in Egypt large bronze vases of food are placed upon the roofs of certain ancient mosques for the use of the birds. The Pondicherry vulture is venerated in the East as the type of Vishnoo; and a species of cuckoo, the *Caculus honoratus* of Linnaeus, is so called from the honours it receives. In China, also, various birds are still employed to distinguish the different grades of mandarins, who are obliged by law to have their particular bird embroidered on their breast.

The birds, therefore, have no cause for complaint. Their reign has lasted longer than the term of any human dynasty, and if they have not in these days such absolute and widely-extended sway as they possessed two or three thousand years ago, they only share the fate of all power and greatness in this world under the moon.

### THE BUNDLEMAN ON THE PLAINS.

A BUNDLEMAN, or foot traveller who carries his bundle of blankets on his back, arrives in the evening at a cattle station on the M. river, in Australia. Received by a chorus from the dogs, he asks for the "cove," by which he means the master, goes to him, and puts the stereotyped question, "Please, sir, do you want any hands?" He is sent up to the men's hut, with leave to stay the night. There, after supper, he "gets in a yarn" with the stockmen, as they smoke their pipes outside the hut.

"How far might you call it from here to the B. river, matey?" "Oh, about seven-and-thirty mile, for them as knows the bush, but you'll have to put sixty or seventy more on to it if you follows the rivers." "What's the cove like, down below?" "A hungry beggar, as grudges a man a pot of tea." "Any water on the plain?" "Well, there ought to be enough to camp on, in the dug hole, at the lake." "There was a chap, up the river, as told me that a dray come up here, straight across from the dry lake, a month ago. Could a man follow the track?" "Jim and me see the tracks plain enough, a long way out, when we was after that beast to kill, o' Wednesday; but you'd better not let the cove see you a-going that way: he kicked up row enough about the dray coming; said they wanted to make a road across the run, and we'd be havin' a flock of caterpillars (sheep) comin' over next. If you're game to tackle the plain, Jim here is goin' after the horses at daylight, and he'll put you on the dray-track."

Daylight comes: a bright red dawn. The traveller is conveyed by Jim the stockman through the low polygonum scrub that skirts the river, and is shown the faint marks of a pair of wheels. These he is to follow for twenty miles or so, when he will come to a beaten track, near which he fully expects to find a little water. He has a bit of "ration" with him, and thinks he will camp at the dug hole that night, and go on to the B. next day. On that river, sheep station huts are plentiful, and he need make no more long marches. He has his covered tin pot, or "billy," in his hand; this holds a couple of quarts of river water; but it is old and battered, and leaks a little. The great grey plain is spread before him; the Fata Morgana is brilliant this morning, as it often is in very hot weather; and he sees the reversed images of far distant sand-hills, pine ridges, and river timber, refracted above the horizon, and flickering in the heat, radiated from the hot earth. Then, up rises the great fiery sun, the heat increases suddenly, the fantastic figures fade away, the horizon seems to contract, and lies before him as round and unbroken as that of the sea.

There is plenty of life here, near the river. Great flights of cockatoos have posted their yellow-crested sentries, and are busy digging for their breakfasts. Light clouds of white dust rise far and near, where the cattle, which are all in on the river now, are congregating on their camps; they have been feeding during the last three hours, and will lie all day, in sleepy groups, upon the hot sand-hills, until in the late afternoon the elders among them decide that it is time to march, in long strings, to the accustomed watering-place. A dozen gaunt black crows fly on before the traveller, mocking him with their fiendish croaking, and wishing in their hearts that evil may befall him, to the end that they may pick his bones. They know that a man's skin is thinner than a bullock's, and that, on such tender meat, their beaks would have a fair chance against the wild dog's teeth. Presently, a kangaroo rat bolts out of a



salt-bush, and goes away at a great pace, with zig-zag bounds: his little fore-paws crossed demurely over his breast. The bundleman's dog pursues him, but is rated by his master, and comes back to heel; he will have far enough to go to-day, without hunting wallabys.

It is already, though only an hour after sunrise, very hot; there is the coppery glare about the north-west portion of the sky which always accompanies a hot wind; there is a dull smoky look about the horizon that portends a "regular scorcher;" and though he is as yet only about four miles from the fringe of tall trees that skirts the river, they already begin to look cloudy and indistinct. The dry track is almost obliterated, and the walking among the low salt-bushes and cotton-bushes is very bad. The bundleman begins to think he would have been wiser to have followed round the rivers, where he would have had a beaten track, shade and water, than to face the plain, for the sake of a short cut. However, he is a good walker, and does not care for the heat; he marches on, with his bundle on his back, and his "billy" in his hand. He has done some twelve or thirteen miles, the sun is almost perpendicularly over his head, and he is out of sight of the river timber—fairly out to sea, as it were. He throws down the roll of blankets, sits on them, opens the "billy," and finds that a good deal of the precious water has leaked; he drinks a little; it is very precious, but he pours a few drops into the lid of the pot for his dog, who, poor fellow, is suffering already, and looks strangely dusty, anxious, and dispirited. That dog's ancestors came from breezy Scotch mountains, and he would be far more at home seeking sheep buried in a snowdrift, than plodding across the scorching plain. The traveller stops the leak with a bit of clay, shoulders his bundle, and trudges on. The plain seems endless; no sound of living thing breaks the deadly stillness; the very flies that so tormented him near the river, have disappeared; there is nothing moving save unearthly-looking columns of red dust, towering high in the hot air, raised from some distant sand-hill by the whirlwinds. On he plods, hour after hour, looking anxiously for the faint wheel marks that guide him. The hot wind burns his eyes and dries his lips, and he moistens his parched mouth now and then with a few drops of the precious water. He is unselfish enough, too, to spare his dog a little. The water does not refresh him much, for it is very warm and mawkish, and the rim of the tin pot almost scorches his lips. At last he sees a dark grey cloud suspended over the horizon, quivering in the glare of reflected heat. He knows that cloud to be the low timber that skirts the dry bed of the twenty-mile lake; he expects to find water in a pit dug on its edge. Drinking the last of his store, he walks on more quickly; knowing that on such a day the trees would not be visible more than a couple of miles, he begins to have pleasant thoughts of a "pot of tea," a pipe, and a sleep in the shade of a pine. He hurries on, the afternoon sun is

shining in his face, he crosses a beaten track almost without seeing it. Perhaps a thought may arise within him as to the possibility of the hole being dry, and perhaps his heart may stand still a moment, but he *will* not think it. Everything seems strangely still; why are there no birds about the water? Not the twittering of a wren, not the croak of a crow, to break the silence. He notices, with a quail of fear, that there is no footmark of living thing in the dust of the cattle-paths that lead to the water-hole.

Who can tell what passes through the mind of the lost sailor, as he goes overboard, in a gale off the Horn? Who can realise what that seaman feels, as the great ship leaves him, far behind, upon the pitiless waves, among which, he knows too well, no boat can live to save him? And this shepherd, as he looks into the pit, and sees grim death staring him in the face, from the dry mud at the bottom of the hole? He has heard his mates talk of dead men's bones found on that plain, and he knows what his end is to be. Poor fellow! He is very thirsty now, his tongue is swelling in his mouth, he feels giddy and sick, and throws away his pack. He will stagger on a few miles more, hardly knowing whither he is going, lured on perhaps by the treacherous mirage, which will mock his eyes with phantom sheets of clear water, reflecting the trees around them, and rippling in the wind, only a few hundred yards ahead. He will wander on at random, throwing off his clothes; as he becomes weaker, perhaps he will feel his knife, and think of his dog; but the dog has lain down to die under a bush, and that last horrible resource is gone. Then, a gleam of hope! Two dark forms looming large against the red smoky mist in which the sun is setting, come up rapidly until within half a mile of him. Are they horsemen? They stop. Do they see him? Yes, they have seen him, and they fly before the hot wind; he knows they are emu going to water, and that their long legs will carry them to the cool river in two hours or so. Many months after, some wandering stockman may see some bones lying on the plain, and may curse the wild dogs for killing calves; he will never notice the round white skull under a salt-bush a few yards off.

Remains of lost travellers are often found on these plains. During a residence of twelve years on them, the writer has had personal experience of seven instances, but the relics can seldom be identified. Clothes and blankets are soon torn to shreds by wild dogs, and bones are picked clean by them, aided by the crows and ants. Sometimes, however, remains are recognised. A friend, in the year 1853, riding through a strip of "mallee" scrub, not far from the Edward River, picked up a skull, bleached by the sun and rain of many seasons. There were no other bones near it, and he carried the skull home, where, for years, with "memento mori" inscribed upon it, it decorated the mantel-piece of a bachelor's hall. Many were the



ethnological and phrenological opinions pronounced over it. One worthy doctor, from its great thickness and monkey-like shape, declared it to be the brain-pan of an old black woman. He used to point out the great development of the organs of philoprogenitiveness and secretiveness—qualities for which black gins are remarkable—but his theories were overthrown. Eight years after the finding of the skull, and near the place where it was lying, a shepherd picked up a little copper box, which contained, with other papers, a cheque, dated 1842, for sixteen pounds, and drawn in favour of a certain Paddy Cane. On inquiry among the “old hands,” it was found that a man bearing that name had lived with one of the earliest settlers in the district, and had disappeared, after starting to walk across the plain. At a late shearing on the Nurrumbidgee some years ago, the men sent one of their number across the plains, with a pack-horse, to bring back two kegs of spirits, to be drunk at Christmas-time, which was then approaching. After an absence of many days, the pack-horse came home alone to his accustomed “run,” but the man never came, and the kegs were not heard of. Three years or so afterwards, the barrels were discovered; one, half empty, with a pannikin beside it; and the messenger’s bones were scattered around.

Some spots on the Old Man Plain have the reputation of being haunted by the ghosts of those who have perished on it; a well-known place called the Black Swamp being especially notorious. A fine tall young fellow was terribly scared by something he saw there, one clear winter’s night. He did not like talking about it, and it was with a good deal of trouble that he was induced to describe what he saw, or thought he saw. Charley said that he was travelling down the country with fat cattle; they were camped at the Black Swamp; it was a moonlight night, and the rest of the party were asleep round the fire; the cattle all lying down quietly, not a sound to be heard save the deep breathing of the sleeping bullocks. Noticing something moving, and thinking it to be a restless bullock moving off the camp, he rode round to head it back, when he saw, by the light of the moon, a man on a grey cob riding towards him across a shallow pool of rain water, in which his horse’s feet made no splashing, nor any sound whatever; the figure rode close past Charley without taking any notice of him, and passed through the midst of the sleeping cattle, not one of which even looked at it. Now, Charley, an experienced drover, knew that had a mortal stranger so ridden among them, every bullock would have started up instantly, and the whole mob would have “rushed;” so he went to the fire, awoke his mates, and, without a word of explanation, bolted underneath the waggon, where he remained until daylight, with his head wrapped up in a blanket. Charley has never camped at the Black Swamp since, and he never will; he does not much care even now to talk about the

“trotting cob,” and looks contemptuously at any one who insinuates that he must have been dreaming with his eyes open.

## GOOD FRIDAY, AND A BETTER FRIDAY.

“SLAP, bang, here we are again!”

This was the Good Friday morning and evening hymn, also the noontide song. Everybody, old and young, male and female, grave and gay, lively and severe, sang it, or hummed it; some because they liked it, others because they couldn’t help it, and it was the popular thing to do. I wonder if there is anything in the Africaine that will attain to the popularity of Slap, bang, here we are again! I doubt it. The elements of popularity which make up this all-pervading musical air we breathe, have been compounded with much skill and cunning. Oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid gas, and the other things—I am not scientific—are scarcely more nicely balanced in the atmosphere than are the elements of catchiness in Slap, bang, here we are again! Reducing it to its component parts, we find it to consist of three negro melodies, which have already received the stamp of public approval, the convenient fal la la form of expression, and an ever-recurring opportunity for slapping and banging and making a noise. Who is the immortal man who has contrived to hit the popular taste right slap bang in the middle of the bull’s-eye? Why doesn’t he stand forward that we may crown him with bays, or commemorate him on a medal, or give him a monument, or do something to him, as a mark of our profound admiration and gratitude? Well might the philosopher observe, “Let me write the songs of my country, and I care not who makes the laws.” What influence do our law-makers exercise at the present moment compared to that which is wielded by the author of Slap, bang, here we are again? For one person who is interested in Mr. Gladstone’s budget, there are ten who are much more earnestly engaged in learning to sing Slap, bang. Happily the song has a moral. It inculcates jollity. Under any circumstances we are to slap and bang and be jolly dogs.

Undoubtedly this was the maxim which the holiday-makers inscribed on their banners on Good Friday, much to the scandal of the unco’gude people who made a vain attempt to persuade them to go to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul’s, instead of the Crystal Palace and the wrestling-ground at Hackney-wick. It was not very reasonable to expect the pent-up, hard-working population of London to sacrifice the first holiday of the year—the first week-day of leisure they had had for many months—to the observance of religious ceremonies, about which there is very little agreement even among the classes professedly religious. A French journal the other day expressed the greatest horror of the holiday-making which prevails in England on Good Friday. But the same journal chronicled



with the utmost complacency, and with no hint of a shock to its piety, the high jinks at the races in the Bois de Boulogne on the Sunday following Good Friday. The various denominations of English dissenters take little note of Good Friday; the Scotch, who, as regards piety and orthodoxy of the most severe kind, are the salt of the earth and the chosen of the land, disregard it altogether. There is no doubt a want of fitness in this particular day being the supreme occasion for recreation and amusement; but the people are not responsible for the arrangement. The religious observances of the day clash with their opportunity of enjoyment. Regularly every year the people are asked to attend church and chapel when they have a pressing invitation to dine at the Crystal Palace. Is there no way of accommodating matters?

In Catholic countries the Church is not so inexorable and unreasonable. A short attractive service is held early in the morning, and the churches are filled because attendance does not interfere with the harmless enjoyments to follow. But here a tedious service, beginning at eleven and not ending till one, consumes the golden hours of the opening day of summer. The trains are all gone out, the sun has begun to decline in the heavens, and the best part of the day is gone—the day which will not come again for twelve long months. Would the foundations of the Church and of the celestial faith which was first divinely taught out in the fields, by hedges, on mountain-sides, in gardens, in the homely rooms of roadside inns, be shaken and for ever disturbed, if the commemorative service were to begin on Good Friday morning at eight o'clock, to involve few or no repetitions, and to last half an hour? Is it as dangerous to make this request as for an unsophisticated Caffre to ask innocent questions about Noah's ark?

The burden of the popular song already mentioned was the first sound I heard on Good Friday morning. It was trolled forth by a gay-hearted youth in the street, whose spirits were elevated by anticipations of a very jolly day. He was doing the slapping and the banging alternately with his feet on the pavement, and with a short stick on the railings, as he passed along. I will confess that it was the joyousness of that youth, aided by the encouraging smiles of the sun, and a praiseworthy effort which a certain lilac-tree had made during the night to appear in the morning in summer costume, which incited me to the resolve to put every other feeling and consideration aside, and go out for a day's enjoyment. A wide-awake hat, a leather bag (containing a short pipe and a flask), and a stout stick, were my special equipment for the expedition. I freely declare, when I closed the gate behind me and stepped into the street, I felt very much tempted to sing Slap, bang, and beat the accompaniment, as my youthful exemplar had done. The sensation of going out on a fine day without encumbrance or impediments of any kind, animate or inanimate,

is very delightful—selfish, but vastly pleasant. You feel yourself for the time agreeably divorced from all the cares of life. If you have a horse which you are accustomed to ride or drive, that inconvenient convenience is not more glad to be rid of you for the day than you are to be rid of him. The wide-awake donned for the occasion you feel to be a cap of liberty. With that wide-awake on, you are equal to a lightness and freedom of conduct which the dignified chimney-pot wholly forbids. You are not particular about soiling yourself; you are ready to vault over stiles instead of genteelly walking through gates; you don't mind resting yourself on the flat of your back; you are not above drinking beer out of a pewter pot—in fact, rather prefer it out of that particular measure; and a tumble into a ditch is regarded rather as a welcome opportunity for the display of athletic vigour than as an accident damaging to your dignity.

Proceeding through the streets to my railway (which goes everywhere), and seeing the servant-maids, dressed in all their best, emerging from the front doors, and tripping gaily upon the pavement, I have a thought of cage doors opening, and long imprisoned birds fluttering out into the free air. They hop along quietly and warily at first, as if they were afraid lest some one might run out and carry them back to captivity. But when they come to the first turning, they are round the corner and away like—like birds! Poor things! what care they have taken to plume themselves, and smoothe out their feathers, in order to appear to the best advantage in the eyes of that young man, who is invariably a lout. I have much sympathy with Molly the cook-maid down-stairs with her frying-pan, and think her life of service rather a hard one, but she has not much to hope for in that young man. When she leaves service to throw herself into the arms of that dreadful person, I fear she too often leaps from the frying-pan into the fire!

At the station of my railway which goes everywhere, I find the escaped birds assembled in a great flock. They are chiefly of the feminine gender, and few of them have been happy in hitting the convenient dimensions for a crinoline, as appears by the tendency of those articles of attire to emulate the restive disposition of Old Joe for kicking up behind and before. I notice that on the down platform convenient for the trains which run towards Richmond and Kew, and, by some marvellous junction arrangement, the Crystal Palace, there is a much larger flock of birds than on the up platform, convenient for the trains which run towards those once popular Easter resorts, Highbury, Hackney-wick, and Epping Forest. I am bound for Hackney-wick, having heard that that was the favourite resort on Good Friday, and that the wrestling there was as time-honoured an observance of the day as the eating of hot-cross buns. In fact, I had been given to understand that, as the buns were the "panis" of the festival, the wrestling con-



stituted the "circences." So away we go towards Hackney-wick, the most of us, so soon as the train begins to move, taking an affectionate pantomimic farewell of the female birds on the opposite platform, who, let loose from their propriety of conduct (which they have hitherto sustained with difficulty) by precisely the same circumstance, the moving away of the train, kiss their hands to us, and fall into a general flutter of giggling. I find sitting on the seat opposite to me a dirty man with a grave cunning face, who holds on his knee two bird-traps, and the thought flashes across me that this man depends for his success to-day upon the same weakness of nature which prompted those human birds to kiss their hands and giggle when the train moved off. *He* will pretend to move away, but when the bird, beguiled by the song of the decoy, comes down and enters the trap, he will pull the string, and the foolish little creature will be caught. Ah me!—but there, let us have no moralising. Have I not put on my wide-awake, and come out for a day's enjoyment?

Enjoyment! Save the mark! A more squalid, dirty, dreary, depressing place than the wrestling-ground (attached to a public-house of course) at Hackney-wick it would be difficult to conceive. The wrestlers are unmitigated roughs, and the few spectators are mostly of the same class. These, then, are the famous rustic games of Hackney-wick! While I am wondering that any decent people could ever have been attracted by such a miserable spectacle, I receive a piece of information which accounted for this and other strange things which I witnessed subsequently. The great Good Friday Hackney-wick Exhibition of Wrestling had been transferred to, and was then being held at, the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Proceeding now in a cab towards other famous holiday resorts of the people, in the neighbourhood of Wood Green and Hornsey, I am puzzled and astonished to observe the almost deserted condition of the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which in former years used to be thronged. Here and there I come upon a mob of costermongers in a field, offering to a sparse public of their own class the highly exhilarating sport and pastime of three sticks a penny; but nowhere can I find the respectable working classes ruralising and enjoying themselves in the "Green Lanes." Where are they? Whither have they gone? Is not this Good Friday? I begin to understand at last. I perceive that pleasure is being *centralised*. The great mass of the holiday-makers are at the Crystal Palace; the admirers of athletic sports at the Agricultural Hall; and the irregulars, jealous perhaps of the principle of centralisation as applied even to holiday-making, have gone up to refresh themselves with a sight of the green leaves and the many-coloured flowers in the gardens of Kew and Hampton Court.

"Centralisation," I mutter to myself, "bad thing—dangerous to the rights and liberties of the people—tendency towards autocratic and dictatorial government—must be wrong on

principle, therefore no exception to the rule can be allowed." I am not so sure about this, however, when I reflect on the subject. What are the amusements provided for the fancy-free public roving among these green lanes? Three sticks a penny, hard biscuits and beer. Anything else? Well; if you press me for a more full and categorical reply, I will add, ardent spirits in all their vile holiday varieties. On the other hand, if I turn to the programme of amusements at the Crystal Palace, I find that, in addition to the normal attractions of the place, the courts, the statues, the works of art, and the flowers, the public are offered, for the small charge of one shilling, a great variety of entertainments, including a concert by first-rate singers, an exhibition of the jewels taken at the sack of Peking, a skating-hall, agymnasium, bowls, archery, cricket, boats, &c. And I am reminded that the thousands who crowded the Crystal Palace on Good Friday joined with great earnestness, and with evident pleasure, in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, rendering it with a steadiness and precision which showed that they are neither unaccustomed to, nor indisposed to, religious exercises, if fitting opportunities were offered to them. On Easter Monday the Crystal Palace opened with extra attractions—the Wizard of the North, the Alabama Minstrels, and a pantomimic ballet in the theatre. On the same day the South Kensington Museum was open free, and thousands thronged it all day long, preserving their appetite for wonders to the last, and coming away still hungry.

I know now how it was that I found myself so solitary, so wretched, and so very far from the jolly dog I had intended to be, down among the Green Lanes. The glory of the old-fashioned seats of rough-and-ready pleasure had departed. They had been moved up, and the people had gone up after them. The mangy little mobs I saw hanging about the public-houses looked extremely miserable until the public-houses opened, and then they had a good excuse in the rain, which now began to fall, for devoting themselves to drink. I looked in at several houses to see how the people were enjoying themselves. *Enjoying* themselves! It is a mockery to use the word. A steaming mob at a dingy sloppy bar, drinking from dirty pots; the sanded floor littered with orange-peel and splashed with beer. Poor, but decent, women, who have come out with their children for a day's recreation, are sitting in a squalid dirty room dignified by the name of a "parlour," cutting their bit of bread and cheese or cold meat on a deal table that does not appear to have been washed for months. Dirty costermongers slopping beer about, and filling the air with the smoke of the vilest tobacco, a Babel of hoarse voices, a heavy vapour of damp fustian, a smoke, a smother, a scuffling of hob-nailed feet, and through all a ghastly attempt at hilarity in the never-ceasing chorus of Slap, bang, here we are again!

Returning homewards late in the afternoon, I note in the immediate neighbourhood of certain outlying public-houses, melancholy prepara-



tions for Easter Monday fairs. Huddled together in miserable companionship, a few rickety vans, that had once been yellow, were already displaying worn and blurred pictures of pink-eyed ladies, dwarfs, and boa-constrictors, which were certainly not to be seen inside; one giving a foretaste of its "wonders of the wild woods, the jungle, and the prairie," by hanging out two guinea-pigs in a rat-trap. A swing or two, and a roundabout, and a collection of dirty boards, evidently the materials for constructing shooting-galleries and gingerbread-stalls. And it is fondly supposed inside those dingy tumble-down vans that there will be people on Easter Monday eager to walk up and pay their money to see the live lions stuffed with straw—that is to say, the two guinea-pigs in the rat-trap. I had the curiosity to revisit these scenes of wild delight on Easter Monday, and found one of the fairs—Chalk Farm—tolerably well attended. On the stage of the show where the two guinea-pigs were displayed, the very dirtiest woman it has ever been my lot to see was banging a drum with a hole in it, while a man in ragged corduroys, whose corresponding dirtiness suggested a close attachment to his wife, belaboured a cinder-sifter with the handle of a carter's whip. The "ladies and gentlemen" who were invited to walk up, and who did walk up in scores, paying their pennies with a lively anticipation of pleasure which was pitiful to behold, knowing the nature of the squalid treat that was in store for them, were entirely and exclusively boys and girls of the poorest and most degraded class—degraded only because neglected and uncared for.

The Crystal Palace, though the return ticket and "entrance" amounted to only two shillings, was above them, and they were obliged to be content with what poor amusement the gipsy showman could afford them for a penny. Their greatest delight seemed to be the roundabout and the swing, and in the latter there were none the fewer female candidates for a seat because the great aim and pleasure of the proprietor was to fling them so high up in the air as to throw their petticoats over their heads. The shouts of delight that hailed this exhibition smote upon me with a saddening effect, when I remembered that the scene was being enacted within sight of the oak planted just a year ago to the memory of the Immortal Bard, the high priest of all kinds of moral and intellectual elevation. Here, as elsewhere, the fair was promoted by the public-house for its own benefit.

It was inexpressibly sad, on the evening of Good Friday, and again on the evening of Easter Monday, to see the humble order of holiday-makers tramping homewards all weary, depressed, mud-stained, and draggled. The birds that had fluttered out so trim and gay in the morning, looked as birds always look when they have been in the rain. The young man—Molly's star in the dark—was much dimmed in his lustre. His gait was heavy and lumpy, and his eyes looked out with a fishy stare from a great haze of beer. He had enjoyed himself dismally.

We had all enjoyed ourselves dismally, and if you had seen us dragging our weary legs homewards, as flies drag themselves across a beer-slopped tap table, you would have said we were the most jolly melancholy dogs you ever saw.

I am afraid the rain was responsible for the excessive quantities of beer we drank. Adjourning to the public-house to escape the rain, we got out of one form of wet into another. But if the day had been never so fine, it would have been difficult to find real enjoyment in the Elysian Fields attached to public-houses of the very worst and lowest class.

Would it not be worth while to centralise those humblest of the seats of pleasure in some second-class Crystal Palace, or palaces, where the open sesame would be the "little sincipex," or even less? The people are over-lectured and under-amused. More decent amusement for the less decent among us, is much wanted on a holiday. In practical remembrance of Good Friday, will the Bench of Bishops, or the Bench of Cabinet Ministers, or the Bench of Magistrates, or any Bench of all the many Benches that over-bench us, speak out wholesomely upon that honest truth? We should soon see a Better Friday than the Good Friday we see near populous places now.

#### CIRCUMLOCUTIONAL VACCINATION.

WHEN, towards the close of the last century, Jenner, after innumerable experiments, devoted study, and in the face of the ridicule and antagonism that usually attend the discoveries of the benefactors of mankind, established the results of his researches into the great question of vaccination, it was supposed that that question was exhausted, in so far as that—the operation once successfully performed—the scourge of small-pox which for centuries had spared neither age nor sex, strength nor feebleness, which made beauty hideous and destroyed the comeliness of youth, which brought blindness, deafness, and a hundred infirmities in its train, was for ever conquered. And for many years the constant immunity from small-pox that attended the performance of the operation, led mankind to regard themselves as entirely secure by such means. Certain medical men then, as since, declared that in transmitting the vaccine from arm to arm, hereditary diseases were also transmitted, and that thus it was merely the exchange of one malady for another—the exchange, moreover, of a malady to which successive generations became liable, for one to which only individuals were, or might be, subjected. Even these, however, expressed no doubt as to the certainty of the prevention of small-pox by means of vaccination.

During twenty-two years Jenner continued to experiment with unflinching success; the method of vaccinating from arm to arm being constantly employed during this period, and for nearly twenty-seven succeeding years, without a question of its perfect efficacy being raised.



For, although a few cases of small-pox occurred in instances where vaccination had taken place, it was believed that such cases were the result of imperfect vaccination, of the appearance of what was called false vaccine, or of an interruption in the course of the development of the cow-pox by pressure on the pustules.

So entire was the belief during these years of the unfailing result of the operation, that much surprise was excited by an account of the appearance of an undoubted case of vaccine in a person who had previously been successfully vaccinated, and whose arms bore unmistakable marks that the cow-pox had, what is popularly called, taken. This case was cited by a well-known French physician, Monsieur Rayer, in 1825, as being a most extraordinary and unprecedented instance of a second development of cow-pox: it being supposed that the reappearance of that malady, after successful vaccination, was as impossible as the breaking out of small-pox under similar conditions. The case, however, being then an isolated one, the excitement caused by its appearance seems to have died away, and people returned to their former convictions. Some years later, however, new facts arose to dispel this assurance of security, for, in Glasgow, several instances appeared, nearly at the same time, of small-pox in persons duly vaccinated.

The experiment of re-vaccination was then, for the first time, attempted, and as in many instances it produced a return of cow-pox; the question raised by M. Rayer was solved; and it was supposed that the repetition of the operation at certain intervals, or whenever the malady appeared in the form of an epidemic, would prove an effectual security. If the cow-pox were duly re-developed, the partisans of the system argued, there was complete hindrance to any attacks of small-pox; if the former failed to appear, it proved that the system was proof against the invasion of the latter.

But, further experience demonstrated that this idea was also a fallacy. In Paris and elsewhere, during the last ten or twelve years, frequent instances have occurred of persons who, having been re-vaccinated several times without success (vaccination having proved effectual in their childhood), were supposed not to be liable to small-pox, but who were yet seized with the malady, and that sometimes in its worst form. Moreover, the question, long held in abeyance, as to the possibility of the communication of disease through vaccination, was again brought forward, certain facts tending to give colour to such a theory having been observed.

Dr. de Paul, director of vaccination at Paris, in his last annual report to the Minister of the Interior, adduced various instances where dangerous maladies had been communicated from unhealthy children to those born healthy, and of parents free from taint. And in England, within the last two years, during which period the small-pox has in several places proved severe,

re-vaccination, on adults especially, has been sometimes attended with very serious consequences, leading to the inference that the virus was of an injurious nature.

All these circumstances taken into consideration, one conclusion became evident—namely, that an attempt must be made to return to the original source. The complete efficacy of the natural vaccine, not only when taken direct from the cow, but even for a certain time after its transmission through the human subject, had been proved by undoubted evidence; the impossibility of its being mistaken for any other affection, and its perfect freedom from the danger of introducing contamination into healthy blood, had been equally clearly demonstrated; and, though some still obstinately adhered to the belief that vaccination lost nothing of its efficacy by the usual method, and was free from the evils it was accused of producing, men of intelligence and energy resolved to recommence the experiments of Jenner, persuaded of the necessity of re-establishing the purity of the virus, and doubting nothing of producing similar results by similar means.

A Neapolitan physician was the first to carry into effect these conclusions. Dr. Negri established, near Naples, a collection of heifers, to which he communicated at different periods the cow-pox from a cow sent over by the Queen from England in 1857. From these he vaccinated and re-vaccinated many thousands of persons with the most satisfactory results, and medical men and savans visited the institution to study the system and report on its effects. France soon followed the example.

Dr. Lanoix, having, on the spot, obtained all the necessary information, took back to France a cow affected with cow-pox, and brought together at Bel-Air a number of heifers on the same plan as that of Dr. Negri. He commenced operations by re-vaccinating all the pupils of the school of the Prince Imperial at Vanves, and, in the majority of instances, the vaccination took perfectly, showing how ineffectual the first operation, performed by the old system, had been.

Belgium followed. A physician of Brussels, studying the question under M. Lanoix, and obtaining from him sufficient virus to perform a large number of operations—attended in most cases with the same results as those witnessed in Italy and France—appealed to the communal administration for a vote of funds to set on foot a public establishment to carry out a system so important to the public health. The application was attended with success, and money has been granted for the foundation of what is called an *Établissement Vaccinogène* at Brussels.

Surely England, where the discovery was first made, and which supplied the means of re-establishing the purity of the preservative matter, should not remain behindhand in the race! The frequency with which small-pox has displayed itself in England of late years, the severity not unfrequently attending the cases, and the by no



means rare instances of the effects of impure virus, warn us to adopt the very simple remedy within our reach.

## GOING INTO BUSINESS.

### IN THREE PARTS. PART THE FIRST.

"How is it possible for me to commence business on my own account, when I have no capital?" This was the question I put to a friend who advised me to begin as a merchant in London, after the failure of some schemes by which I had hoped to better my condition in life. "And I am not only without money, but also without credit," I continued, "for who would give credit in the way of business to a man who is utterly unknown in the City?"

"My dear sir," was the reply, "you are far too timid; at the present day, if a man has knowledge and energy of character, he does not require either capital or credit to commence trade with, and to get on in the mercantile world. I know a Greek gentleman who is about to start a firm in London, and who wants an Englishman well acquainted with business to enter into partnership with him. I will give you a letter of introduction to him, and I hope you may be able to arrange matters to your satisfaction."

Armed with a note from my friend, I called upon Mr. Velardi, the Greek gentleman who was about to set up in business as a merchant, and who wanted an English partner. I found him in the office of a fellow-countryman, up three pair of stairs, somewhere behind Austin Friars. He read the letter, and at once proceeded to talk over the matter which had brought me to see him. His intention was to start, simultaneously, mercantile offices in London, Smyrna, and Odessa, as one firm. In each of the latter towns he told me he had already a partner, and he now wanted one for London; would I accept the situation? No mention was made of capital, but he informed me that I should have a third of the net profits of the English firm.

As it was a case of this or nothing with me, I gladly consented to join the new firm, the preliminary terms being as follows: First, I was to join him as partner for three years certain, and during that time I was to be allowed to draw "on account" of my future share of the profits, which were to be declared every half year, the sum of twenty pounds a month. Second, I was to give up the whole of my time to the affairs of the firm, and more particularly was to keep the books and write all the English letters of the house. Third, if required, I was to be ready to go abroad at a day's notice, on the business of the firm, and to reside in either Smyrna or Odessa for such time as the head partner might direct. Fourth, and lastly, I was not to accept any bill nor sign any cheque or draft, for the firm, without special leave or order. The latter clause in our agreement—which was drafted so as to be afterwards duly drawn out in proper form by a so-

licitor—appeared somewhat strange to me. But as I was only too glad to get anything whatever to do, I did not question details too closely.

Mr. Velardi was a fair average specimen of the Greek merchant as found all over the world. He was about thirty years of age, wore a short-cut and very black beard, dressed well, was gentlemanly in his manners—courteous, in fact, to a degree, except when he was getting the worst of a bargain, when he would rave and rant like the lowest Houndsditch Jew. Besides his own language, he spoke English, French, and Italian, well; a little Russian too, and had some knowledge of Turkish. He had served as a clerk in a merchant's office in Syra, and also in Odessa. He had been in business on his own account for five years, during which time he had suspended payment twice, but had always managed to compound with his creditors for two or three shillings in the pound. Of all kinds of trade and business in every part of the world he had a most thorough knowledge, but exceeded above everything in the theory and practice of foreign exchanges. With the help of a pencil and a scrap of paper, he would in three minutes—gabbling as fast as possible all the time to himself in Greek—show how that, according to the various exchanges of the day, he could, by drawing on Amsterdam, sending the bill to be sold at Hamburg, and there purchasing bills on New York, which were to be sent for sale to Madrid, and the proceeds invested in paper on Brazil, turn two, three, four, or five per cent. In transactions of this nature—which were to me much the same as Greek Iambics would be to a Calcutta Hindoo—he often embarked, for he had correspondents in every part of the known world; and, what is more, he generally gained by such dealings, or, if he did not gain, he hardly ever lost.

The London firm which he established, Mr. Velardi called VELARDI, WATSON, AND CO.; I being Watson; Co. being a myth. At Smyrna, the firm was Velardi and Co.; at Odessa it went by the name of Velardi Brothers. But, so far as I could make out, the only *bonâ fide* partner in the three firms—or, at least, the only person who had any real power over the business done by all these houses—was the Mr. Velardi with whom I was associated in London.

Our capital was not large. Mr. Velardi had three hundred pounds in a London bank, and I had nothing. Yet, on these very limited means, we did business to an amount which astonished me, and often made me fear that the pace was too good to last. When we first started, Mr. Velardi used to get such bills as he drew upon his foreign houses endorsed by one of his more wealthy and better-known countrymen in London; but the necessity for this proceeding soon wore off, and as he became better known, his drafts were sold readily upon 'Change, although at first only to a moderate amount. That amount, however, soon got larger, as it became known that our firms in Smyrna and Odessa drew largely upon us, and that those bills were always met at maturity.



The way in which we managed to procure funds in order to meet large amounts was generally as follows: We would draw upon one or other of our firms abroad—say at Smyrna—in favour of a correspondent at Leghorn, Hamburg, or elsewhere. That correspondent (our correspondents were always Greeks firms) had orders, so soon as he received the bill, to sell it as if it were his own property and remit us the proceeds, charging his commission of five per cent for negotiating and endorsing the bill. At Hamburg—or wherever else this took place—the transaction appeared quite legitimate and business-like. Thus Messrs. Velardi, Watson, and Co., of London, drew upon Messrs. Velardi and Co., of Smyrna, in favour of Messrs. Cavali and Co., of Hamburg, for the sum of one thousand pounds, payable three months after date. Messrs. Cavali and Co., after sending the first of the set of bills forward for acceptance, endorsed it, and sold it on the Hamburg Exchange. Any one not in the secret would have thought that the house of Velardi and Co., of London, owed Cavali and Co., of Hamburg, money, and had remitted this draft in payment of the debt. But the fact was, that the bill was an accommodation bill on a large scale; for the proceeds of its sale were duly remitted to us, and by us used to pay off bills which either the Smyrna or the Odessa house had drawn upon our firm in London.

Drawing bills is a very easy proceeding; even selling them can be accomplished at times; the difficulty is to meet them. To great minds nothing is impossible. Before the bills drawn upon one of our foreign houses became due, that house drew upon us in the way in which we had drawn upon them, and sent the bill to be negotiated in some other market, the proceeds being duly remitted to the firm, in order to enable it to meet the bill or bills we had had drawn upon it. Thus between the three firms, which together had a *bonâ fide* capital of three hundred pounds, we kept up a see-saw of bill-drawing, which often amounted to thirty or forty thousand pounds, scattered over most of the commercial markets of Europe, and by no means unknown even in America, both North and South.

The profit and loss upon these transactions were varied, but as a general rule we were the gainers. To achieve even a partial success in this paper traffic, it was of course necessary to watch all the exchanges in Europe, and to profit by those that were favourable to our operations. Thus, if the exchange in Paris upon Odessa was more favourable than that of Hamburg upon the same place, we sent our bills to Paris to be negotiated, and vice versâ. Moreover, our correspondents in every commercial capital of Europe were under agreement to accept whatever bills we might draw upon them, and we had all the chief exchanges of the world at our command. So that, whenever it suited us to do so, we drew upon any place bills which could be favourably negotiated in London.

For a purely English house to carry on

transactions of such magnitude would have been a simple impossibility. English merchants have still some old-fashioned notions about not drawing or accepting bills, unless the said bills really represent some veritable commercial transaction between the drawer and the drawee. Thus, if Messrs. Smith and Co., of London, have sold Messrs. Jones Brothers of Amsterdam so many bales of goods, it is quite legitimate that the former firm should draw on the latter for the amount against the goods. It is also quite according to rule that when Messrs. Smith's draft on their correspondent is accepted, they should sell or discount the same, which at maturity will be paid by Messrs. Jones. But it was not until the Greeks—or rather what is called the Levant trade—took to trafficking in bills which had really nothing whatever behind them in the way of money or capital, that a regular and large profit began to be made out of this kind of paper.

But, to do them justice, the Greeks are the only people in the world that could carry on that extraordinary trade, because they form the only nation the natives of which have implicit confidence in one another. Whatever a Greek may be to the foreigner, he is always true to his countrymen. He haggles over bargains, gesticulates wildly, and shouts himself frantic, if he thinks that he is likely to be overreached by so much as half a farthing in the hundred pounds; and in any transaction about goods, merchandise, or money, he will try to wriggle out of his bargain if he is likely to be a loser by it. But with all this he is true to his signature, knowing that, whatever he might gain by dishonouring it, he will in the end lose very much more than he gains. Thus, when Greek merchant A of Marseilles, writes to Greek merchant B of London, and informs the latter that he has drawn upon him at three months' date for five hundred pounds, but will cover the draft—that is, remit the means wherewith to pay it—before it falls due, B accepts the bill at once, feeling quite certain that A will keep his word.

The business which our firm did, was not confined exclusively to that of accepting and drawing bills. We bought large quantities of Manchester goods, shipping some on our own account to various ports in the Levant, and sending out others on commission to different firms abroad, that had given us orders to procure them. In Manchester there are a great number of Greek firms, whose sole business it is to purchase goods for houses in London and elsewhere, and it was to one or other of these houses that we always gave our order to buy in the Manchester markets. Strange to say, although foreigners in this country, the Greeks in Manchester purchase goods very much cheaper than the English firms can. Moreover, as they do not always insist upon cash payments, but carry on among themselves a system of discounting, and will always accept bills drawn upon any foreign firm, it is much easier for a house with limited means to do business with them than with the houses that are solely English. If the Manchester Greeks thrive, prosper, and



increase, during the next twenty-five years, as they have done in the last quarter of a century, more than half the buying, selling, and agencies of the most important trade in England will be in their hands. As it is, all throughout the ports of the Levant—at Smyrna, Salonica, Alessandria, Beyrout, and Constantinople—the Greek importers of English goods make large fortunes where the local English merchants can barely make a living.

My duties as junior partner in the firm of Velardi, Watson, and Co., were not very severe. By eleven o'clock every morning—seldom earlier—I was at the office. If I happened to be the first to arrive, I opened and read all such letters as were not in Greek: a language which I do not understand. This done, I proceeded to look over the bill-book, and see what drafts fell due on the next few days following, and whether there were funds sufficient at our banker's to meet them. I then had half an hour's consultation with Mr. Velardi, who by this time had read all the news and notices of exchange throughout Europe, and was well posted up on the subject. We then determined what bills were to be drawn and sent abroad, for sale, and what were to be disposed of in London. The next two or three hours were always spent at "the Baltic," which is the stock exchange of all the Levant trade in London. Here we not only saw our friends, but also transacted a great deal of our business, selling bills, freighting ships we had chartered, effecting insurances on goods, and what not. At three or four o'clock we returned to the office, where I wrote the English and French, and Mr. Velardi Greek, letters: the latter always the most numerous. By six o'clock in the afternoon we were generally free and on our way home, though occasionally I have been kept until nine, ten, and eleven o'clock at night. For with Mr. Velardi nothing was ever allowed to stand in the way of business when business had to be done.

Our business establishment was not an expensive one. Besides my partner and myself there was only one clerk, a young English lad, who copied letters, ran messages, went to the post, and had the office to himself all the afternoon when we were at "the Baltic." This youth had no more idea than the dead what our firm was worth, or what was the amount of our liabilities or assets. The Greeks never allow many people to see below the surface of their affairs, and that is one reason why they succeed so well in general with their business. In our firm, no one except my partner and myself knew what was really going on either with our home or our foreign houses. Not, indeed, that I knew much myself what was doing in exchanges, for the subject was to me so hopelessly intricate that I never attempted to master it. Of course I was aware what bills we had to meet, and what amounts we had to receive; but as to being able to work out the complicated questions of bills being bought in one place, sent to another, there sold, and the proceeds sent to a third place, that was out of the question, and therefore I never attempted it.

After our partnership had lasted some six months, we went over the books together, and arrived at the conclusion that our net profits for the half year amounted to nearly a thousand pounds; of which, according to agreement, I was to have one-third. From this, of course, there had to be deducted the twenty pounds a month which I had drawn "on account" of my profits. Still there remained a very nice little sum for me to pocket, and I had every reason to be satisfied with the results of the business.

But not so my partner, Mr. Velardi. This gentleman did not seem to think that with a paid-up capital of three hundred pounds, a profit of more than nine hundred and eighty pounds in six months—being at the rate of six hundred per cent per annum—was sufficient. A few days after our balance had been struck, he told me that we must put more energy into the business, and that he must require me to go abroad and reside at Smyrna for some months, as he was by no means satisfied with what our firm was doing in that place. As the fruit season was soon coming on, there would be an opening, which must not be overlooked, to extend our business in many ways.

In a fortnight's time I found myself en route for Smyrna. From London by Dover, Calais, and Paris to Marseilles, and thence by the French steamer, *viâ* Messina, to the Piræus and Syra, I found myself dining at the *Hôtel des deux Augustes*, at Smyrna, on the tenth day after I had dined in Cheapside. I was well furnished with letters of introduction to all the leading people in the place, besides having written instructions from Mr. Velardi as to what I was to do in the way of business, and how I was to do it; or rather to what extent I could proceed in business upon my own responsibility. Should I have any doubts as to what was to be done on any emergency, I was at once to refer to my partner in England. This was easy enough, there being telegraphic communication between Smyrna and London.

To my great surprise I found, upon going to see various persons in Smyrna, that an idea had got abroad in the place that Mr. Velardi's English partner, my humble self, was a very wealthy man, and that I had come to the place with money to do business on a large scale. How, or by whom this idea had been promulgated, I never exactly found out, although I always believed—and do so still—that the real author of the story was my partner himself. Be that as it may, my being thought a rich man tended of course to facilitate my dealings in the place, and would consequently increase our profits very much if I was only judicious and careful in the way I went to work.

The fruit season is the time when the figs are brought into Smyrna by hundreds of camel-loads, and after being dried and packed, are shipped to England. Into this trade I entered largely, but did still more in the way of drawing and selling bills upon our London house, and remitting the proceeds to Mr. Velardi, who took



care to turn the money to good account. On the other hand, Mr. Velardi drew largely upon the Smyrna house, remitting to me the proceeds of the bills, which I placed to our credit in one of the local banks. At one time we had in Smyrna a balance of nearly five thousand pounds, and a still larger sum with our London banker. It is true that all this money rested upon no surer foundation than the paper our bills were written upon. Still, the world at large did not know this, and day by day our reputation as a wealthy firm increased. I, who had not brought a shilling into the house, was believed to have had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds upon which I had commenced business with Mr. Velardi. It was useless for me to deny the story; the very fact of my doing so only made it the more believed. Mr. Velardi was well known in Smyrna, and every one in the place was aware that he had commenced life with very little capital. "I wonder," said one gentleman to me, "how it is that a rich man like you came to enter into partnership with so poor a man as Velardi; however, you have no doubt been the making of the house, which now enjoys as good credit as any firm in Smyrna." Little did the speaker think that it was Mr. Velardi who had been the making of me!

Mr. Velardi was far too cautious a man to trust messages of importance to the telegraph—that is, to the telegraph in the Levant—where what is intended to be the most private becomes generally the most public. Before I left London he handed me a cypher, which was to be used between us upon all business matters of any importance. Accordingly, I one day received from him a telegram to the following effect:

"FIGS 109 SHIP 10,000 BOXES SMYRNA TO LONDON, 5000 ODESSA."

Almost before I had read this telegram it was reported all over Smyrna that figs had risen greatly in price in London, and that the house of Velardi had received a telegram to ship ten thousand boxes of the fruit to London. This report served our purpose in two ways. In the first place, it concealed the real meaning of the message; in the second, it served to raise the price of figs, of which we had lately bought a large stock, and which we were now able to sell at a considerable profit. To me, who read the telegram according to the cypher I had by me, the message ran thus:

"Draw bills on London, at exchange of 109 piastres to the pound, to the amount of 10,000*l.*, and remit half here and half to Odessa."

These directions I followed out to the letter, and by the next steamer both amounts were duly remitted to the respective firms. A few days later, the post brought me Mr. Velardi's letter, in which his reasons for directing me to draw these bills were explained in substance as follows:

A company had been formed to run steamers between London and various ports on the Black Sea. As the agency of this company would be both useful and profitable to our firm, and as Mr. Velardi wished very much to obtain it, when he applied for it he gave, as references of

the respectability of our house, our London banker, as well as the banker in Odessa with whom we did business. To have a good answer given by any banker to whom you refer, it is necessary to have a good balance in his hands; for this reason my partner wished that in each of his banker's hands there should be at least five thousand pounds. In Smyrna such a reference was not necessary, for, owing to my supposed wealth, every one who was asked would have said—and did say—that no firm in the place enjoyed better credit, and that our capital was supposed to be very large. In due time the references were sent, favourable replies were given, and the agency of the steamers was obtained for our firm: a matter which proved of no small importance to us.

At the end of six months' sojourn in Smyrna I returned to London, and found that we could for the past half year divide a net profit of two thousand one hundred pounds, my share of which amounted to seven hundred pounds. This was not a small amount for one who, a year before, had entered into business without a farthing.

My partner, however—although still working as before, and with even more, if possible, than his old energy—had begun to turn his thoughts into new channels of profit. It was just then that the mania for joint-stock companies was at its height. Commercial men were all more or less speculating in shares, and anxious to be on the direction of some one or other "good thing." As all the financial arrangements of our firm were entirely under the direction of my partner, I could not object to any employment of our money which was approved of by Mr. Velardi. Moreover, like almost every other commercial man in England, I began at this time to be infatuated with the idea that there was a royal road to fortune, and that money could be made much faster by dabbling in shares, than by ordinary legitimate trade.

We at once went at the Stock Exchange work with a will. There was not a company's prospectus published in the Times which we did not read with avidity, and in which we did not apply for double the number of shares that we could possibly hope to obtain. When they rose to a premium, we sold them, and applied for others in fresh concerns. We made money fast, and each of us got named to be directors upon boards of good companies. Very soon, our names got to be well known in the City, and we were in great request as directors in new companies. Our speculations were all on joint account, and, for the third half year that we were partners, we divided three thousand pounds between us, of which one-third was, according to agreement, my share. Moreover, being at heart a very liberal man, Mr. Velardi wrote off five hundred pounds as an extra bonus to me, for the trouble and expense I had been at, and the good I had done the firm during my residence at Smyrna.

But we soon began to find that in business, as in everything else, no man can serve two masters. The complicated exchanges which we



had been engaged in, required the full attention of one man; and to manage the Manchester goods department of our firm was quite enough work for another. We began now to think much more of the rise and fall in shares than of the rates of exchange at Hamburg, or the price bills on London were selling at in Marseilles. My partner was a director of a bank, a finance company, and two marine insurance offices, which together took up all the time he could spare from running in and out of his stock-broker's to know how things were looking, and whether the shares he held were rising or falling. By degrees our proper business began to get into a muddle. Our Smyrna house telegraphed that they had an acceptance for two thousand pounds coming due in a few days, and they had not yet received funds from us to take it up. Thanks to a timely telegram, and a local friend in the place, the bill was met, and our credit saved: though affairs of this kind always get known sooner or later in a gossiping Eastern town, and are sure to do harm. Even in London we forgot on one or two occasions to provide for bills falling due, until the very last moment; and this of course had a bad effect on our banker, the man of all others with whom we wished to stand well. Our business fell off by degrees; but how that happened, and what befel us and it, must form the subject of another paper.

### SWIMMING SILVER.

THE Rights of Salmon were included among those of Englishmen in Magna Charta. They have a prominent clause to themselves in that broadsheet, and they have been legislated for, like fellow-subjects, ever since. Benjamin Franklin gave us a man's view of a salmon, when he defined it as a bit of silver pulled out of the water. The population of the salmon in the waters of the three kingdoms ought far to exceed that of the men on the dry land. In our waters, if we suffer them to be so, they are thoroughly at home, and will increase and multiply while paying us a splendid tribute of their silver. In old times our unpolluted streams were so full of salmon that our own salmon was dried as a staple winter store in monasteries, or for the provisioning of English armies. By spoiling of the water, and by reckless interference with the course of salmon nature, the fish have been turned out of some rivers, and were not long since rapidly disappearing out of others, while, in all, their population was reduced as that of a nation might be after a hundred years' war.

But, four years ago, a salmon fishery act was passed, which, as between Englishmen and English salmon, may be termed the Peace of 'Sixty-one. The purport of this treaty was, that the salmon were to be aided, as much as possible, in their passage up the rivers to their gravelly spawning-beds, and were not to be attacked while spawning, or during their return as spent fish to recover health and fatness in the sea.

By this time there have been found out all the chief flaws in that treaty. On the whole, it has been no failure. In many of our rivers the salmon are establishing new and strong colonies, but still the peace is kept imperfectly. The temptation is great to the greedy and the thoughtless to fish up the silver they see swimming in the water, and to do it without any regard to times and seasons. For their own immediate gain, there are men at the mouths of rivers who will stop an entire colony of fish ascending to its breeding-grounds. Up the streams, there are men who will seize the spent fish and the little smolt or child salmon. Every salmon-stream is as the goose that laid the golden eggs, and the rational cry is, let us take our fair shares of the eggs, but let nobody have a right to kill the goose. Scotland, Ireland, and the river Tweed, having fishery acts of their own, the act of 'sixty-one applied to England only. And now, though the salmon-streams are alike throughout the three kingdoms, they are under a jumble of three different sorts of salmon law.

This is the gist of our law which is being altered in a few respects by a bill now passing through parliament. You shall pour nothing into salmon waters that will poison fish. The penalty will become heavy if you persist in doing so, unless you prove that, at a reasonable cost, you have tried the best means of exercising a lawful right in the stream without hurt to its purity. You shall use no light for salmon catching, and no spear or like instrument. You shall use no fish roe as bait. You shall spread no nets narrower than two inches from knot to knot. Unless you have a right, by grant, charter, or immemorial usage, you will be fined ten pounds a day while fishing salmon with "fixed engines," as stake-nets, bag-nets, putts, putchers, &c., or nets secured by anchors, or otherwise fixed to the soil, in any inland or tidal waters. There shall be no dams used for catching, or assisting in the catch of salmon, except such fishing weirs and fishing mill-dams as are lawfully in use at the time of the act's passing. Penalty five pounds or less, and a pound or less for each salmon caught, with forfeit of the fish, and of the traps, nets, and contrivances used for the fishing. You shall in all your lawful fishing weirs and dams have gaps and fish passes, with such a constant flow of water as will enable the salmon to pass up and down. In the head-race or tail-race of any mill, or within fifty yards below any dam, unless there be a sufficient fish pass, you shall not catch salmon otherwise than with a rod and line, on penalty of fine and forfeiture. When, for water supply of towns or other purposes, artificial streams are drawn from a salmon river, proper gratings shall be put up, so as, without hindering the passage of boats, to prevent the salmon fry from passing into these canals or artificial channels. Penalty for neglect a pound a day. After six months, five pounds a day. Under forfeiture and penalty of five pounds or less for each fish, you shall not catch or buy or sell unseasonable salmon, except it be for scientific purposes. You shall



not disturb salmon when spawning, or their spawning-bed, or wilfully disturb or injure or destroy the young of salmon, or obstruct their movements, or buy them or sell them. Except for scientific purposes. It shall be unlawful to fish for salmon from the first of September until the first of February, except that during the September and October of that close time, they may be fished for with a rod and line. Between the third of September and the second of February, it shall be unlawful to buy or sell salmon unless cured, pickled, dried, or imported fresh from abroad. During this close time all fixed engines for intercepting salmon are to be removed. In the fishing season also there shall be a weekly close time. From twelve at noon on Saturday till six o'clock on Monday morning, there shall be no salmon fishing lawful except that with rod and line; and during the weekly close time a free passage of not less than four feet shall be left through every crib or trap.

The Home Office superintends the operation of this act, and appoints two inspectors of fisheries, who make yearly reports to parliament. Finally, justices at sessions have power to appoint conservators or overseers of rivers, for the preservation of the salmon, by enforcing the provisions of this act; in which there are many more words and a few more provisions, but of which we have here given the essence.

The actual result of this act has been everywhere good, and in some places good beyond expectation, seeing all the drawback there still was on the establishing of right relations between men and salmon. As there is a time before corn harvest during which the earth is yielding her increase, so there is a time also before salmon harvest during which the water yields its increase; costing no rent of land, no labour to those who shall gather, and, when respected, leaving a rich harvest-time that lasts for more than half the year. But, with the increase of fish, there has been increase also in the number of the fishers. In its natural and honest sense that only means revival of a decayed calling, and the opening of a new field of occupation to the many thousands who have bread to earn. If, therefore, the new race of fishers would fish fairly, everybody must rejoice to see their numbers rising every year in proportion to the rising numbers of the salmon who frequent our streams. But they do not fish fairly. On the upper waters of most of our salmon rivers, the proprietors have in most cases formed associations for protection of the fisheries, subscribing annual sums for payment of a watcher, for erecting fish-runs where there are barriers to the passage of the fish, and for like acts of prudence. They themselves catch only a few fish with the rod and line. Fifty or a hundred are caught in the tidal waters for every one that is caught in the upper streams. But as they found that the result of all their labours was mainly the enrichment of hundreds of reckless fishers in the lower streams, who do much to spoil the fishery, while they take all they can

seize and do not pay a farthing towards protection and improvement of the stream, it is no wonder that the zeal of those associations should decay.

Fairly to watch and protect a salmon river, to incur the cost of putting up fish ladders wherever they are needed, to induce or compel all the millers and factory owners who have use of the stream to avoid unlawful pollutions or obstructions, costs both trouble and money. More trouble under the act of 'sixty-one than under the new arrangements now becoming law. In the Taw and Torridge rivers the last salmon act caused owners of land on the upper streams to subscribe liberally, and employ their keepers in aid of the general protection of the waters. The fish had been barred out, but a way up for them had been made by fish ladders, and there are now in those rivers four salmon for every one there used to be. But a hundred men in the estuary draw their profit from the increased harvest of fish, pay nothing towards its protection, and even grumble that they may not get more by fishing longer, though it is this natural limitation of the fishing time, and care of the breed of fish, that has given to these men the livelihoods they now enjoy. Seeing and hearing this, the voluntary subscribers for protection of the river slackened in their zeal, and the annual subscriptions have fallen from a hundred and thirty pounds to thirty. The only fair thing to be done is to make every one who profits by a salmon fishery contribute in his just proportion a small sum towards the fund that will secure its adequate protection. That has been the system in Ireland for the last seven years or more, and that is the system now to be introduced in England. The Severn Association, from their practical knowledge of the funds necessary to good maintaining of the fishery and of the nature and extent of the fisher population, have suggested a fair scale of contribution in the form of licenses, from five pounds for the use of a weir trap, to a pound upon each salmon rod, and half-a-crown apiece for putts.

But there are salmon streams, like those of Yorkshire, so long barred by insurmountable dams, and otherwise damaged, that their fisheries are all but extinct, and there are not fishermen enough from whom to raise a fund for their re-annexation to the domains of King Salmon. Reclamation there can be only by a frontage rate on property upon their banks, not as a substitute for the license duty, but as a rate in aid, whenever two-thirds or three-fourths of the proprietary on the river agree that it is necessary, and that it shall be levied.

The act of 'sixty-one saved all existing rights on streams and tidal waters, and a host of new claimants of rights have set up what are called "fixed engines," made lawful by no charter or immemorial usage. It was costly and difficult to bring such cases into the law courts. It was proposed, therefore, that a more recent Irish example should be followed, by constituting an English Commission of Inquiry for the examination of all claims, establishment of rights, and destruction of illegal erections. This is pro-



vided by the bill now passing into law. Again, the water-bailiffs, whom hitherto any obstinate holder of ground by the water-side might warn off his land as trespassers, are to have lawful right of passage, with power to examine all dams, nets, and so forth. These water-bailiffs will be under the control of local boards of conservators appointed by the courts of quarter session.

Mr. Ffennell and Mr. Eden, the Inspectors of Salmon Fishery, have during the last year called meetings in all the chief fishing districts, and have found, with the most trivial exceptions, universal desire for the scheme of amendments now proposed. Mr. Eden tells us that resolutions hostile to it were only carried at Newcastle-Emlyn and at Carmarthen, and the persons opposing it were of the same class at both places. The Towey and Tivey are fished to a degree unknown elsewhere by coracle nets. The net, resembling an Irish snap net, is kept stretched between two coracles floating down the stream; when a fish strikes, it is instantly lifted into one or other of the coracles. Miles and miles of fresh water, especially in the Tivey, are swept nightly by these nets. At Newcastle-Emlyn, coracle men said there were no persons who knew better than themselves that the river wanted protection. There were the nets used at the bar of the river below them by "persons who wished to get the river all to themselves," and somebody must stop the killing of smolts or fry above them. Above and below protection was needed, but "they were quiet people, who did not like surveillance and law."

At Carmarthen, the men generally declared that the last season had been remarkably good, and that the fisheries had gradually improved since the act of 1861 was passed. They only objected to such of the provisions of that act as touched themselves. The season was too short; the mesh of the net too large; the weekly close time altogether bad, and so much of the public water as was suited for their kind of fishing ought not to be touched by any other kind of net. It was stated that thirteen or fourteen seine or draft nets were now used in the tideway, below their usual fishing-ground, where only three or four were worked a short time since, and this proof of improvement was regarded as a grievous wrong. It was strongly urged that restrictions should be set upon the use of these nets (possibly there may be reason in the request), and loud complaints were made that the smolts were killed in thousands by the men above. Protection, therefore, was necessary; but "it was reasonable that its cost should fall on other men," and the gentleman through keepers, or the public by the police, should be at the expense of preserving the river, that was to say so much of it as they, the coracle men, did not use; that part of it required no watching whatever.

The poaching in and about Carmarthen is a serious evil. The town has a population of about ten thousand, and a police force of eleven men;

but nothing is done to enforce the fishery law. The poachers all start from the town; return there, bring their fish, and sell them publicly there, in season and out, clean or foul; and there have not been two convictions for the last ten years.

As to the poisoning of salmon streams by waste of mines and factories, that can usually be prevented. The Nanty lead mine on the Herefordshire Wye at first killed some of the fish, and burnt the tails and fins of others; although catchpits had been constructed for the retention of the refuse water till the noxious waste had settled. When the insufficiency of his catchpits became known to the mine owner, he immediately ordered their extension, and last summer, though the season had been dry, and any refuse discharge would have been less diluted than usual, nobody heard of any poisoned fish. That is a large lead mine. The Devon Great Consols is a large copper mine also worked by a river-side without any injury whatever to the fish. The new system of washing and converting into coke the small coal that used to be burnt at the pit's mouth, fouls river-beds, but here too the catchpit system is all that is required to save the rivers from pollution. The refuse of paper-works is very injurious to fish, but it is also a valuable manure, and paper-makers are discovering the use of it upon their land, or, if they have no land of their own, find sale for it among the farmers. In gas-works every product—the ammoniacal liquor, the tar, the refuse lime—has a known use and value, and as the prudent manager of a gas-works at Gloucester told one of the fishery inspectors, "he could not afford to poison the Severn with substances producing him a return." The same is true of other works. As there is no waste in nature, so also there should be no waste in a well-managed operation of man's industry. We may have mines, mills, factories on the banks of our salmon rivers, but if we make a right use of our wits, we shall hardly displace thereby a single fish. And then nothing is needed but respect for the natural conditions of the salmon's life, so that it may be left free to increase and multiply while yielding us a constantly increasing harvest. By doing that very incompletely, we have caused in three years a large increase in the number of the salmon that come up our English streams. By doing it, as now proposed, completely, every English salmon river will again become a silver mine, with its vein of living treasure so far inexhaustible, that it becomes richer instead of poorer year by year.

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER IX. OLIMPIA COLONNA.

SAXON TREFALDEN did not fall in love at first sight, as Palamon fell in love with Emelie, walking in the garden "full of braunches grene." His heart beat none the faster, his cheek grew none the brighter, nor the paler, for that stolen contemplation. Nothing of the kind. He only admired her—admired her, and wondered at her, and delighted to look upon her; just as he would have admired, and wondered at, and looked upon a gorgeous sunrise among his own native Alps, or a splendid meteor in a summer sky. He did not attempt to analyse her features. He could not have described her to save his life. He had no idea whether her wondrous eyes were brown or black; or whether it was to them, or to the perfect mouth beneath, that her smile owed the magic of its sweetness. He had not the faintest suspicion that her hair was of the same hue and texture as the world-famed locks of Lucrezia Borgia; he only saw that it was tossed back from her brow like a cloud of burnt gold, crisp and wavy, and gathered into a coronet that a queen might have envied. He knew not how scornfully her lip could curl, and her delicate nostrils quiver; but he could not help seeing that there was something haughty in the very undulations of her tall and slender form, and something imperial in the character of her beauty. In short, Saxon was no connoisseur of female loveliness. The women of the Grisons are among the homeliest of their race, and till now he had seen no others. A really graceful, handsome, highly-bred woman was a phenomenon in his eyes, and he looked upon her with much the same kind of delightful awe that one experiences on first beholding the sea, or the southern stars. Indeed, had Mademoiselle Colonna been only a fine portrait by Titian, or a marble divinity by Phidias, he could hardly have admired her with a more dispassionate and simple wonder.

Presently Mr. Trefalden came back to his breakfast, leaving Signor Colonna and his daughter to theirs. He resumed his seat in silence. He looked grave. He pushed his plate aside with the air of one whose thoughts are too

busy for hunger. Then he looked at Saxon; but Saxon's eyes were wandering to the further end of the salon, and he knew nothing of the close and serious scrutiny to which he was being subjected. The young man would, perhaps, have been somewhat startled had he surprised that expression upon his cousin's face; and even more puzzled than startled by the strange, flitting, cynical smile into which it gradually faded.

"Come, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "we must finish this bottle of Château Margaux before we go."

Saxon shook his head.

"You have had only one glass," remonstrated his cousin.

"Thank you, I do not wish for more."

"Then you don't really like it, after all?"

"Yes I do; but I am no longer thirsty. See—I have almost emptied the water-bottle."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"We are told," said he, "that primeval man passed through three preliminary stages before he reached the era of civilisation—namely, the stone period, the iron period, and the bronze. You, my dear Saxon, are still in the stone period; and Heaven only knows how long you might have stayed there, if I had not come to your aid! It is my mission to civilise you."

Saxon laughed aloud. It was his way to laugh on the smallest provocation, like a joyous child; which, in Mr. Trefalden's eyes, was another proof of barbarianism.

"Civilise me as much as you please, cousin William," he said; "but don't ask me to drink without thirst, or eat without hunger."

Mr. Trefalden glanced uneasily towards the other table, where the father and daughter were breakfasting side by side, and conversing softly in Italian. Perhaps he did not wish them to hear Saxon call him "cousin." At all events, he rose abruptly, and said:

"Come—shall we smoke a cigar in the garden before starting?"

But just as they were leaving the room, Mademoiselle Colonna rose and followed them.

"Mr. Trefalden," she said, eagerly. "Mr. Trefalden—we found letters awaiting us at this place, one of which demands an immediate answer. This answer must be conveyed to a certain spot, by a trusty messenger. It may not,



for various reasons, be sent through the post. Can you help me? Do you know of any person whom it would be safe to employ?"

"Indeed I do not," replied the lawyer. "I am as great a stranger in Reichenau as yourself. Perhaps, however, the landlord can tell you . . ."

"No, no," interrupted she. "It would not be prudent to consult him."

"Then I fear I am powerless."

"It—it is not very far," hesitated the lady. "He would only have to go about a mile beyond Thuis, on the Splugen road."

"If I were not a man of law, Mademoiselle Colonna," said Mr. Trefalden, with his blandest smile, "I would myself volunteer to be your envoy; but—"

"But you have given us your name, Mr. Trefalden, and can do no more. I understand that. I understood it from the first. I am only sorry to have troubled you."

"Indeed you have not troubled me. I only regret that I cannot be of more service."

Wherewith Mr. Trefalden bowed to Mademoiselle Colonna, made a sign to his cousin to follow him, and left the room. But Saxon lingered, blushing and irresolute, and turned to the lady instead.

"I can take the letter," he said, shyly.

Mademoiselle Colonna paused, looked straight into his eyes, and said:

"It is an important letter. Can I trust you?"

"Yes."

"Can I rely upon you to give it into no other hands than those of the person whom I shall describe to you?"

"Yes."

"If any one else should try to take it from you, what would you do?"

"If a man tried to take it from me by force," replied Saxon, laughingly, "I should knock him down."

"But if he were stronger than you; or if there were several?"

He stopped to consider.

"I—I think I should take it out as if I were going to give it up," said he, "and I would swallow it."

"Good."

Mademoiselle Colonna paused again, and again looked at him steadfastly.

"Did you hear all that I said about this letter just now to Mr. Trefalden?" she said.

"Every word of it."

"You know that you must not repeat it?"

"I suppose so."

"And you know that to convey this letter may be—though it is very unlikely—a service of some little danger?"

"I did not know that; but I knew it was a service of responsibility."

"Well, then, are you equally willing to go?"

"Of course. Why not?"

Mademoiselle Colonna smiled, but somewhat doubtfully.

"I do not doubt your courage," she said; "but how am I to know that you will not betray my confidence?"

Saxon coloured up to the roots of his hair, and drew back a step.

"You must not give me the letter," said he, "if you are afraid to trust me. I can only promise to deliver it, and be silent."

Signor Colonna rose suddenly, and joined them. He had his purse in his hand.

"Will you swear this, young man?" he asked. "Will you swear this?"

"No," said Saxon, proudly, "I will not swear it. It is forbidden to take God's name for trifles. I will give you my word of honour, but I will not take an oath."

"Humph! what reward do you expect?"

"Reward? What do you mean?"

"Will twenty francs satisfy you?"

Saxon drew back another step. He looked from Signor Colonna to his daughter, and from the lady's face to the gentleman's.

"Money!" he faltered. "You offer me money?"

"Is it not enough?"

Barbarian as he was, Saxon was quite sufficiently civilised to writhe under the sting of this affront. The tears started to his honest eyes. It was the first humiliation he had known in his life, and he felt it bitterly.

"I did not offer to carry your letter for hire," said he, in a hurried, quivering voice. "I would have gone twice the distance—to please and serve the lady. Good morning."

And, turning abruptly on his heel, the young man strode out of the room.

"Oh, stay, monsieur, one moment—one moment only!" cried Mademoiselle Colonna.

But he was already gone.

"What is this? Who is he? What does it all mean?" asked Signor Colonna, impatiently.

"It means that we have committed a grievous error," replied his daughter. "He is a gentleman—a gentleman, and I took him for a common guide! But see, there he goes, through the garden gate—go to him; pray go to him, and apologise in my name and your own."

"But, my child," said the Italian, nervously, "how can you be sure—"

"I am sure. I see it all now—I ought to have seen it from the first. But look yonder, and convince yourself! Mr. Trefalden has taken his arm—they go down through the trees! Pray go—go at once, or you will be too late!"

Signor Colonna snatched up his hat and went at once; but he was too late for all that. The garden was a very perplexing place. It belonged, not to the hotel, but to the Château Planta close by, and was entered by a large iron gate, some few yards down the road. It was laid out on a little picturesque peninsula just at the junction of the Hinter and Vorder Rhines, and was traversed by all kinds of winding walks, some of which led down to the water-side, some up to



shady nooks, or hidden summer-houses, or open lawns fragrant with violets, and musical with ever-playing fountains. Up and down, in and out of these paths, Signor Colonna wandered for nearly half an hour without meeting a living soul, or hearing any sound but the rushing of the rivers and the echoes of his own steps on the gravel. Saxon and his cousin had disappeared as utterly as if the green sward had opened and swallowed them, or the grey Rhine had swept them away in its eddying current.

#### CHAPTER X. MENTOR TAKES TELEMACHUS IN HAND.

PASTOR MARTIN never closed his eyes in sleep that night after William Trefalden paid his first visit at the Château Rotzberg. His anxieties had been increasing and multiplying of late, and this event brought them en masse to the surface. He scarcely knew whether to feel relieved or embarrassed by the arrival of his London kinsman. Harassed as his mind had been for some time past, he yet dreaded to lay the source of his troubles before an arbiter who might tell him that he had acted unwisely. Yet here was the arbiter, dropped, as it were, from the clouds; and, be his verdict what it might, the story of Saxon's education could not be withheld from him. The good priest shrunk from this confession. It was true that he had done all for the best. It was also true that he would have given his own life to make that boy a good and happy man. And yet—and yet there remained the fatal possibility which had so haunted him during these last few months. His own judgment might all this time have been at fault; and the fair edifice which he had been building up with such love and devotion for the last twenty years or more, might, after all, have its foundations in the sand. This was a terrible thought, and so hard to bear that the pastor made up his mind to go down to Reichenau early in the morning, and talk the whole matter over with William Trefalden before he and Saxon should have started for Chur. When the morning came, however, a goat was missing from the flock. This mischance threw all the farm-work out of its daily course, so that the pastor started a good half-hour too late, quite expecting to find them both gone by the time he reached the Adler.

In the mean while, Saxon had overtaken his cousin in the garden of the Château Planta.

"Well," said Mr. Trefalden, "I began to think you were never coming. Take a cigar?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't smoke, thank you," said he, hurriedly. "This way."

Mr. Trefalden noted the flush upon his cheek, and the agitation of his manner, and followed in silence.

The young man plunged down a labyrinth of narrow side-walks, till they came to one that sloped to the water-side. At the bottom of this slope, only a wire fence and a slip of gravelly

bank lay between them and the river. A covered bridge spanned the stream a few yards higher up, and beyond the bridge lay the meadows and the mountains. Saxon, without deigning to touch the wire with his hand, sprang lightly over. Mr. Trefalden, less lightly, and more leisurely, followed his example. In a few minutes more, they had both passed through the gloom of the covered bridge, and emerged into the sunshine beyond. Saxon at once struck across the road, and took the field-path opposite.

"Is this the way to Chur?" asked Mr. Trefalden, somewhat abruptly.

Saxon started, and stopped.

"No, indeed," he replied. "I—I had forgotten. We must turn back."

"Not till I have finished my cigar. See—here is a shady nook, and an old pine-trunk, that looks as if it had been felled on purpose. Let us sit and chat quietly for half an hour."

"With all my heart," said Saxon. So they sat down side by side, far enough out of sight or hearing of the garden, in which Signor Colonna was searching for them on the opposite side of the river.

"By the way, Saxon, what kept you so long, just now?" said Mr. Trefalden. "Were you flirting with the fair Olimpia?"

Saxon's face was scarlet in an instant.

"I—I offered to carry her letter," he replied, confusedly.

"The deuce you did! And she declined?"

"She misunderstood me."

"I am heartily glad of it. I would not have had you mixed up in any of the Colonna intrigues for a trifle. In what way did she misunderstand you?"

Saxon bit his lip, and the colour which had nearly faded from his face came back again.

"She thought I wanted to be paid for going," he said, reluctantly.

"Offered you money, in short?"

"Yes—that is, her father did so."

"And what did you say?"

"I hardly know. I was greatly vexed—more vexed, perhaps, than I ought to have been. I left them, at all events, and here I am."

"Without the letter, I trust?"

"Without the letter."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Trefalden looked down, thoughtfully, and a faint smile flitted over his face. Saxon did not see it. His thoughts were busy elsewhere, and his eyes were also bent upon the ground.

"I am sorry you don't join me in a cigar," said Mr. Trefalden. "Smoking is a social art, and you should acquire it."

"The art is easy enough," said Saxon. "It is the taste for it which is difficult of acquisition."

"Then you have tried?"

"Yes."

"And it made you giddy?"

"Not at all; but it gave me no pleasure."

"That was because you did not persevere long



enough to experience the delicious dreaminess that . . . ."

"I have no desire to feel dreamy," interrupted Saxon. "I should detest any sensation that left my mind less active than usual. I had as soon put on fetters."

Mr. Trefalden laughed that low, pleasant laugh of his, and stretched himself at full length on the grass.

"There are fetters, and fetters," said he. "Fetters of gold, and fetters of flowers, as well as fetters of vulgar iron."

"Heaven forbid that I should ever know any of the three," observed Saxon, gravely.

"You have this very day been in danger of the two last," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Cousin, you are jesting."

"Cousin, I am doing nothing of the kind."

Saxon's blue eyes opened in amazement.

"What *can* you mean?" said he.

"I will tell you. But you must promise to listen patiently, for my explanation involves some amount of detail."

Saxon bent his head, and the lawyer, puffing lazily at his cigar from time to time, continued.

"The Colonna family," said he, "is, as of course you know already, one of the oldest and noblest of the princely Roman houses. Giulio Colonna, whom you saw just now at the Adler, is a scion of the stock. He has been an enthusiast all his life. In his youth he married for love; and, for the last twenty or thirty years, has devoted himself, heart and soul, to Italian politics. He has written more pamphlets, and ripened more plots, than any man in Europe. He is at the bottom of every Italian conspiracy. He is at the head of every secret society that has Italian unity for its object. He is, in short, a born agitator; and his daughter is as fanatical as himself. As you saw them just now, so they are always. He with his head full of plots, and his pockets full of pamphlets—she exercising all her woman's wit and energy to enlist or utilise an ally."

"I understand now what she meant by the 'good cause,'" observed Saxon, thoughtfully.

"Ay, that's the hackneyed phrase."

Saxon looked up.

"But it is a good cause," said he. "It is the liberty of her country."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, yes, of course it is," he replied; "but one gets weary of this pamphleteering and plotting. Fighting is one thing, Saxon, and intriguing, another. Besides, I hate a female politician."

"She is very beautiful," said Saxon.

"She is beautiful, and brilliant, and very fascinating; and she knows how to employ her power, too. Those eyes of Olympia Colonna's have raised more volunteers for Italy than all her father's pamphlets. Confess now, would you have been so ready to carry that letter this morning, if the lady had worn blue spectacles and a front?"

"I cannot tell; but I fear not," replied the young man, laughingly. "But what has this to do with the fetters?"

"Everything. Granted, now, that the fair signora had known you were my cousin . . ."

"I suppose she took me for your servant," interposed Saxon, somewhat bitterly.

"—and that you had really taken charge of that paper grenade," continued Mr. Trefalden, "can you not guess what the results might have been? Well, I can. She would not have offered you money—not a sou—but she would have smiled upon you, and given you her hand at parting; and you would probably have kissed it as if she had been an empress, and worshipped her as if she were a divinity; and your head, my dear Saxon, would have been as irretrievably turned as the heads of the false prophets in Dante's seventh circle."

"No, that it would not," said Saxon, hastily, with his face all on fire again at the supposition.

"And besides, the false prophets were in the eighth circle, cousin—the place, you know, called Malebolge."

"True—the eighth. Thank you. Then you would have placed the grenade in whichever pocket lay nearest to the place where your heart used to be; and you would have gone to the world's end as readily as to *Thusis*; and have been abjectly happy to wear Mademoiselle Colonna's fetters of flowers for the rest of your natural life."

"Nay, but indeed . . ."

"So much for the flowers," interrupted Mr. Trefalden. "Now for the iron. Once embarked in this 'good cause,' there would have been no hope for you in the future. In less than a month, you would have been affiliated to some secret society. Dwelling as you do on the high road to Italy, you would have been appointed to all kinds of dangerous services; and the result of the whole affair would have been an Austrian dungeon, whence not even Santa Olimpia herself would have power to extricate you."

"A very pleasant picture, and very well painted," said Saxon, with an angry quiver of the lip, "but an error, cousin, from beginning to end. I should have devoted myself neither to the lady nor the cause; so your argument falls to the ground, and the fetters along with it."

Mr. Trefalden had too much tact to pursue the conversation further, so he changed the subject.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Passionately."

"Do you play any instrument?"

"I play a little on our chapel organ, but very badly."

"By ear, I suppose?"

"Not entirely. My father learned music at Geneva in his youth; and all that he knows he has taught me."

"Which, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, "is just enough to make you wish it were more?"

"Precisely."



"Have you a good organ at the chapel?"

"No, a wretched thing. It is very small, very old, and sadly out of repair. Two of the stops are quite useless, and there are but five altogether."

"A wretched thing, indeed! Can't you get a new one?"

"I fear not. Perhaps when Count Planta comes back from Italy he may give us one. My father means to mention it to him, at all events; but then the count is always either in Naples or Paris. He may not come to Reichenau for the next three or four years."

"And in the mean while," said Mr. Trefalden, "the organ may die of old age, and become altogether dumb."

"Quite true," replied Saxon, with a sigh.

Mr. Trefalden glanced at him sharply, and a silence of some moments ensued.

"Don't you think, Saxon," said he, at length, "that it must be very pleasant to be rich?"

Saxon looked up from his reverie, and smiled.

"To be rich?" he repeated.

"Ay—as Count Planta, for instance."

"Are you serious, cousin?"

"Quite serious."

"Then I think it cannot be pleasant at all."

"Why not?"

"Because wealth is power, and power is a frightful temptation."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Trefalden.

"And a frightful responsibility, too."

"Nonsense again!"

"All history proves it," said Saxon, earnestly.

"Look at Athens and Rome—see how luxury undermined the liberty of the one, and how the desire of aggrandisement . . ."

Mr. Trefalden laid his hand laughingly upon the young man's mouth.

"My dear fellow," said he, "you talk like a class-book, or an Exeter Hall lecturer! Who cares about Rome or Athens now? One would think you were a thousand years old, at the very least."

"But . . ."

"But your arguments are very true, and classical, and didactic—I grant all that. Nevertheless, our daily experience proves money to be a remarkably agreeable thing. You, I think, are rather proud of your poverty."

"I am not poor," replied Saxon. "I have all that I need. An emperor can have no more."

"Humph! Are there no poor in Reichenau?"

"None who are very poor. None so poor as the people of Embs."

"Where is Embs?"

"About half way on the road to Chur. It is a Roman Catholic parish, and the inhabitants are miserably squalid and idle."

"I remember the place. I passed it on my way here yesterday. It looked like a hotbed of fever."

"And well it might," replied Saxon, sadly.

"They had it terribly last autumn."

Mr. Trefalden faced round suddenly, leaning

on his elbow, and flung away the end of his cigar.

"And so you think, young man," said he, "that because you have all you need, money would be of no use to you! Pray, did it never occur to you that these fever-stricken wretches wanted food, medicine, and clothing?"

"We—we did what we could, cousin," replied Saxon, in a troubled voice. "God knows, it was very little, but . . ."

"But if you had been a rich man, you could have done ten times more. Is that not true?"

"Too true."

"Your religion enjoins you to give alms; but how are you to do this without money?"

"One may do good works without money," said Saxon.

"In a very limited degree. Not one-tenth part as many as if you had plenty of it. Did you never look at that side of the question, Saxon? Did you never wish to be rich for the sake of others?"

"I am not sure, but I do not think I ever did. I was so impressed with the belief that money was the root of all evil . . ."

"Pshaw! Things are good or evil, according to the use we make of them. A knife is but a knife, whether in the hand of a surgeon or an assassin; yet the result is considerably different. You must divest your mind of these fallacies, Saxon. They are unworthy of you!"

Saxon put his hand to his brow uneasily.

"What you say sounds like the truth," said he; "and yet—and yet it is at variance with the precepts upon which I have relied all my life."

"Very possibly," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Precepts, however, are bad things to depend upon. They are made of india-rubber, and will stretch to cover any proposition. Let us suppose, now, that you were a rich man . . ."

"How absurd!" said Saxon, forcing a smile.

"What is the use of it?"

"We will see what might have been the use of it. In the first place, you would have had good instruction, and have become an accomplished musician. You would have enriched yonder little church with a fine organ, and perhaps have rebuilt the church into the bargain. You would have furnished the poor sufferers of Embs with a staff of doctors and nurses, and have saved, perhaps, some scores of human lives. You would have been able to surround your uncle with comforts in his old age. You could have gratified your desire of visiting Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. You could have lined the old château from top to bottom with Greek and Latin poets, and have founded a museum of Etruscan antiquities for your uncle's perpetual delight. Finally . . ."

He paused. Saxon looked up.

"Well, cousin," said he; "finally what?"

"Finally, rich men do not wear grey blouses and leather gaiters. If you had had a coat like mine on your back this morning, Saxon, Made-moiselle Colonna would not have taken you for



a common peasant, and Signor Colonna would not have offered you money."

Saxon sprang to his feet with an impatient gesture.

"Enough of would be, and might be!" exclaimed he. "Of what use are these speculations? I am not rich, and I never shall be rich; so it is idle to think of it."

"At all events," persisted Mr. Trefalden, "you admit the desirableness of wealth?"

"I—I am not sure. I cannot relinquish an old belief so hastily."

"Not even in favour of the truth?"

"I do not yet know that it is the truth. My mind needs further evidence."

"Of what, my son?" said a gentle voice close behind him.

It was the pastor. There was a field-path across those very meadows between Rotzberg and Reichenau, and the pine-trunk where the cousins had stayed to rest lay within a dozen yards of its course.

Saxon uttered a joyous exclamation.

"This is fortunate!" cried he. "You come at the right moment, father, to judge our argument."

"We were talking of riches," said Mr. Trefalden, rising, and grasping the old man's outstretched hand. "My young kinsman here preaches the language of an Arcadian, and declaims against the precious metals like a second Timon. I, on the other hand, have been trying to convince him that gold has a very bright side, indeed, and may be made to perform a good many wise offices. What say you?"

The pastor looked distressed.

"The question is a broad one," said he, "and there is much truth on both sides of it. But we cannot discuss it now. I want to talk to you, cousin William. I have hastened down from Rotzberg, fearing all the time lest I should miss you. Were you not going to Chur?"

"We were going, and are going, by-and-by," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Can you spare me half an hour before you start?"

"The whole day, if you please."

"Nay, an hour will be more than enough. Saxon, that which I have to say to our cousin is not for thy ears. Go up, my son, to Tamins, and inquire about that Indian corn-seed that farmer Retzschel promised us last week."

Saxon looked surprised; but prepared to be gone without a word.

"Shall I come back here afterwards?" he asked.

"No. It would be better to await thy cousin at the Adler."

Saxon coloured, and hesitated.

"Could I not wait at the chapel?" said he.

"Ay, at the chapel, if thou wilt."

So the young man waved a cheery farewell, and started at once upon his uncle's errand. Looking back presently, at the turn of the path, he saw them sitting on the pine-trunk, side by side,

already in earnest conversation. He saw Mr. Trefalden shake his head. He fancied there was some kind of trouble in the old man's attitude. What could his uncle have to say to one whom, kinsman though he was, he had never seen till the previous evening? Why this mystery about their conversation? It was very strange. Saxon could not help feeling that he must be himself concerned, somehow or another, in the matter; and this surmise added, vaguely, to his uneasiness.

## THE LIONS, THE LIONS!

Now that Jules Gerard is gone, M. Chassaing is the French lion-killer of the day; and he is perfectly right in giving to the world a modest narrative of his exploits.\* Next to ridding a country of criminal men, is the clearing it of voracious beasts. Fancy the sensation in our midland counties at knowing one hungry lion only to be abroad; what a relief, then, must it have been to dwellers near Batna to be freed from the terror of four in one single night, the 21st of March last! The evil is, that in Algeria the lion's names are Legion and Hydra. When one is slain, another recruit forthwith fills his place. It must be many years, if ever, before the colonised portions of Africa can think of their great feline animals with the same equanimity as we regard wolves. As to the vast uncolonised regions, lions and their fellows form a considerable part of the native inheritance.

Even the Arabs (who, with all their faults, are far from cowards) rarely make war on the great carnivores. But they are indolent, and therefore will not hunt by night. They know, moreover, that the animal has a hundred different pathways, and that they are not sure of meeting him one time out of thirty. They prefer to attack him by day; a proceeding which is almost always followed by the death of some of the assailants, or by serious wounds.

A panther, who had fixed his quarters on a mountain about six miles north-east of Batna (M. Chassaing's head-quarters and centre of operations), had, for a considerable time, caused the Arabs to suffer serious losses. At last, when their patience was quite worn out, they came to the resolution of killing him, and chose, for their expedition the afternoon of January 27, 1862. After the usual investigations and a careful observation of the enemy's stronghold, thirty men, armed with guns and other accessories, commenced the attack. The animal, once driven out, received several shots, but was only wounded more or less severely. The Arabs broke the circle which they had formed to surround the brute, and fell in a body on the panther, hoping to crush him by one bold stroke. But he, finding himself driven up a corner, charged his assailants, and made such good use

\* Thirty lions were already in M. Chassaing's game-bag when Mes Chasses au Lion went to press. The number has since increased, and is still increasing.



of teeth and claws, that in a few minutes he was master of the field. True, he soon afterwards breathed his last; but the results of the encounter were, one Arab dead on the spot, eight seriously wounded, and several marked with the creature's sign manual. It is clear that the panther of the province of Constantine is by no means an inoffensive and timid animal, as certain sportsmen, in their inexperience, have asserted.

At the foot of the great mountain named Le Chailla, seven or eight-and-twenty miles to the east of Batna, there are vast thickets composed of evergreen oaks, Aleppo pines, junipers, and lentisks, which form a capital cover for the king of animals. He rarely leaves them, except by night; and he then follows the numerous foot-paths which wind across them in all directions.

An Arab, going to cut wood, hatchet in hand, was thoughtlessly following one of those paths, when, at a sudden turn, he found himself in the presence of an enormous lion. The animal, as much taken aback as the man, bristled his mane and uttered low growlings; while the Arab, believing the lion about to swallow him, brandished his hatchet with threatening gestures, which could only serve to irritate him. In fact, the lion did advance; and then the Arab, mad with terror, dealt him a terrible blow on the head with his axe. The edge of the tool penetrated deep; but, although a little stunned, the brute rushed upon his aggressor, and with his formidable jaw broke his thigh. The poor wretch's screams of pain, repeated by the echoes from rock to rock, seem to have made the lion believe that he was surrounded by several enemies, for he let go his prey, and fled, with rapid bounds, to his secret fastness. The unhappy man, in spite of his wound, profited by the momentary respite. With a superhuman effort he hauled himself up a tree; at the foot of which, the lion, soon discovering his mistake, stretched himself at full length, to watch the victim who had just escaped from him. It took an hour and a half for the inhabitants of the douars to understand his position and come to his succour. Seventy or eighty Arabs, all armed with guns and yataghans, halted about a hundred paces from the perch on which the poor fellow could hold no longer. They shouted to him to pluck up courage, and that they would soon deliver him. Amongst them was a famous runner, a brother of the Sheikh Belale, who used to run races with horses. "Fire all at once at the lion," he told them. "To attack you, he will quit the tree. I shall soon be there, and up it; and then I can sustain the wounded man, until a favourable opportunity occurs of helping him down and fetching him away." A general discharge was made. The lion, only wounded, rushed upon his aggressors, who showed him their heels with such agility, that he could not catch a single one of them. Tired of his onslaught, he returned to the foot of the tree, up which the sheikh's brother had nimbly climbed, and was holding the patient in his arms, more dead than alive with fright and suffering.

Meanwhile, after reloading, the Arabs came back, determined to make an end of it. Forming a circle, they advanced within fifty paces of the lion, and at a signal from the eldest present, fired all at once, and immediately once more fled, furiously pursued by the exasperated animal. Taking advantage of the moment, the runner slipped down the tree, bringing with him the wounded man, whom he hoisted on his back, and then hastened to escape. The lion, who had seen every movement, was on the point of seizing his prey a second time, when the two brothers of the victim, who had prudently reserved their fire to cover his retreat, discharged their guns point-blank on the animal, who, this time seriously wounded, fell, but speedily got up again. One of the brothers then plunged his yataghan into his belly. The lion turned upon him sharply; with one stroke of his talons and one bite of his jaw he killed him. Leaving this victim on the ground, the Arabs accompanied the original sufferer to the douar; where, after embracing his wife and children, he soon breathed his last sigh. The survivor of the three then swore an oath over his brother's corpse, either that he would kill the lion, or that the lion should kill him. After earnestly imploring the sheikh to take care of his own and his brothers' children, he stripped himself of all his clothing, took two guns and one pistol, and then gave an express prohibition for any one to follow him.

Arrived at the scene of the recent combat, he saw the lion lying on the ground, about ten paces from his brother's body, close to a copse of evergreen oak. The lion allowed him to approach within twenty paces, without seeming to pay any attention to him. The Arab took aim between the head and the shoulder. At the shot, the lion, in two bounds, reached his aggressor, who coolly stuck the muzzle of his second gun into his ear, and blew his brains out. Of course the victor, after receiving everybody's loud and hearty congratulations, was carried in triumph to his douar.

This tragic episode suggests to M. Chassaing the following observations:

If, at their unexpected meeting, the first Arab had not made threatening gestures with his hatchet; if, in short, he had remained motionless, the lion, he believes, would have taken to flight. In any case, he ventures to affirm that if the man had quietly stepped aside from the path, the lion would not have followed him. The conclusion from which is, that if ever you happen to be in similar circumstances, you will find, either that the lion will take himself off, or that he will peaceably permit you to allow him to pass.

Whenever the Arabs undertake an enterprise against the great carnivores, it is very rare that somebody does not get killed, and several individuals maimed or badly wounded. The military authorities, therefore, do all in their power to discourage such dangerous battues. For people so poor in strategy as the Arabs, and, above all, so badly armed, it is a desperate game and a misapplication of courage to attempt, by



day, what certain experienced sportsmen easily achieve by night. Consequently, M. Chassaing is greatly satisfied to find that Europeans and even Arabs are adopting his plan of lion-shooting; and to his delight, he is sure to leave successors behind him, whenever age shall compel him to retire.

It may be safely stated that many naturalists who have studied the lion and described his ways, have only known him in a captive state. Had they, like M. Chassaing, been acquainted with him wild and free, their judgment would often be different. Whatever has been said to the contrary, the lion slaughters much rather through instinct than necessity. Blood inebriates him. Behold him surrounded by victims! His joy is at its height; he passes from one to the other. Except when urged by hunger, he contents himself with greedily drinking the blood. If pressed by appetite, he tears away lustily with his teeth, eats gluttonously, and, if he quit his prey, it is not through disdain or pride, as some writers have paid him the compliment of supposing, but simply because he can gorge no more. He returns to it, sometimes for five or six days; that is, up to the point when it becomes uneatable.

If it is true that the animal does not always return to his first-slain prey; but the reason is that, during his retreat, he has sacrificed fresh victims along the road, enough to satisfy his appetite. It is an exception which by no means justifies the statement put forth by certain travellers and naturalists, that the lion never deigns to eat of the same dish twice.

There exist in Algeria three very distinct species (or varieties?) of lion. The tawny lion, who is the tallest in stature; the black lion, not quite so tall, but more thick-set, square-built, and stout; and the grey lion, whose stature differs from that of the two preceding species. In one quality they are identical; namely, in being equally dangerous.

Great forests are the lion's favourite habitations—lofty trees, with thick underwood—which he scarcely ever leaves except in the evening, when he goes in search of his provisions. He habitually follows the roads and paths. Only when disturbed or pursued does he make his way through the thicket. He announces his departure from his lair by terrible roars, and then is silent, to avoid betraying his approach when he hears the douars. He then advances stealthily, sometimes by leaps, sometimes crawling close to the ground, catching the slightest sounds and keeping his eye on every bush. If the dogs, by their excited barking, betray his approach, the Arabs rush out of their tents, yell at him insulting epithets, "Christian! Jew! Gipsy!" and worse, throw stones in his supposed direction, and beat the nearest trees with their sticks. Thus discovered, he retires; but only to change his tactics. He waits till the hubbub has settled down. Then, aided by his enemy's false security, he returns unawares, clears the enclosure at a single bound, seizes his prey, and makes the best of his way back

again, before the Arabs are even aware of his inroad.

The enclosures, in which the herds are folded, are usually from eight to ten feet high. We can imagine how strong and agile the lion must be, to clear such an obstacle with ease when laden with the prey which he has selected as the plumpest. If the first theft do not suffice to appease his hunger, he defies his adversaries anew. The offensive names and the stones slung after him produce about an equal effect; the dogs do not care to quit the tents, and he carries off his victim undisturbed. When, by a very rare exception, the lion, surprised, fails to secure his prey, the herd has suffered none the less; for it is seldom that, before seizing one, the destroyer has not felled five or six head of cattle. Does he do so with a view to a speedy return? Perhaps; but he multiplies his evil deeds, if only for the pleasure of revelling in blood.

It is impossible for the lion to eat all the animals he slays; but that does not hinder him from continuing to butcher all he meets on his passage. Blood is his stimulant, and carnage his pleasure. He rarely attacks horses, oxen, or mules, on the open plain; but if they straggle or venture to pasture in extensive woods, they pay the penalty of their invasion of his territory. There he is master, and slaughters whatever he finds, at his ease.

At El-Mader, a lion rushed through a herd of domestic animals, dividing it in two. Sheep, goats, horses, and mules were dispersed in indescribable confusion. One half was able to escape to the plain. The other half, purposely separated by the lion's manœuvre, fled towards the summit of the mountain. Next day, forty-five carcasses strewed the ground. On visiting the field of carnage, M. Chassaing recognised, besides the lion's traces, the marks of a lioness and her cub. Evidently, a single lion could hardly accomplish such a massacre alone. Some author has written that the lion, seizing a bullock by the ear and whipping him with his sinewy tail, is able to lead him whithersoever he will, more cleverly than a butcher could. We may believe that the lion, without touching the beast, has the talent to drive him towards a thicket, where he is sure to devour him in peace; and he effects his purpose by intercepting any attempt he may make to return to the plain.

A general belief is, that the lion fixes his residence in holes or in the hollows of rocks: in short, in a cavernous den. This is a mistake. Confident in his strength, sure of his own power, and fearing the attack of no animal whatsoever, he simply selects, as his place of repose, the densest thicket he can find, where man, if he dare, may go and visit him. Moreover, it is the pangs of hunger only which can rouse the creature out of his slothfulness; and he will hardly take the trouble to dig a retreat which his courage and pride would disdain, if he had it. Were it possible for the sportsman, following his track, to muffle the sound of his footsteps and avoid all brushing or breaking of the branches which oppose his passage, he might easily be surprised in



his slumbers, and so made to pass from sleep to death; but these obstacles are so many impossibilities with which it is prudent *not* to contend.

M. Chassaing has been able to verify one singular peculiarity of the lion's habits; namely, that he swallows considerable quantities of clay, and also of "diss," a coarse ever-green grass, the sides of whose leaves cut like a two-edged sword; which does not prevent its being eaten by horses and mules. Both are no doubt taken medicinally. The clay is his antibilious pill, the "diss" his emetic.

In the adult state, there exist four times as many lionesses as lions, although in youth the balance of the sexes is pretty nearly equal. The disturbance of the equilibrium may be attributed to the furious battles between the males; at the close of which, one of the rivals is almost always left for dead, sometimes both. In fact, the most efficient exterminators of lions are, the lionesses. Those ladies are fond of holding soirées, at which every gentleman present is expected to fight for his love and his life; the survivor to enjoy the honours of the evening in undisturbed tranquillity. The invitation given is a passionate roar, which attracts all the lions of the neighbourhood. Their assemblies are sometimes even held by day.

While following some footprints, at about eleven in the morning, M. Chassaing reached an eminence covered with thick brushwood. In this retreat he suddenly caught sight of two magnificent lionesses, and three lions, one of whom was monstrous. This last followed one of the lionesses step by step, keeping his weaker rivals at a respectful distance; these manifested their impotent rage by short, snappish, subdued cries. The happy sultan swept round his favourite in rapid circlings, seeming proudly to enjoy his conquest. M. Chassaing was considering whether he might not venture to disturb the party, and was trying to get nearer to the amorous couple; when, to his astonishment, he perceived a little further off four other lions, from two to three years of age, who, doubting their own strength, kept their distance from the lionesses, not daring to venture nearer. He had the good luck to be able to gaze on this strange tableau vivant for several minutes. Deeming it folly to quarrel with the assembled nine, he quietly and prudently retired from the spot.

Much has been said about lions killing men for the sake of eating them. Our author declares that he does not believe in spontaneous aggression, *except* during the season of courtship, when the animal is in a state of over-excitement. A lioness, fearing danger for her cubs, might also do the same. As to their devouring a man after killing him, he denies the fact, both for the lion and the panther. In a country where wild swine and herds abound, the great cats can never be literally famished. When a man has been killed by a lion or a panther, it is invariably by hyænas, tiger-cats, lynxes, jackals, and rats, that he is afterwards eaten. Still, necessity knows no law; and he would not refuse to admit, with Dr. Livingstone and

Adolphe Delegorgue, that an elderly lion, incapable of catching boars, or leaping hedges, *might* take to man-hunting, as the easiest mode of procuring a meal. All things considered, there is no safety in encountering any of the great felines, and it is better to leave them plenty of elbow-room. The Algerian lion and panther never climb trees, like cats; consequently, whatever may have been said, a man perched more than four yards above the earth, that is, beyond the reach of a bound, is perfectly out of danger.

Lions are very numerous in Aurès and around Batna. The mountain Bou-Arif, about twenty-seven miles long, swarms with them to such an extent, that, after killing fourteen, M. Chassaing knew of twelve remaining. He makes out a bill of what one lion only costs his neighbours and friends:

	Francs.
A sheep per day, at 12 fr., makes,	
per annum	4380
An ox per month, at 50 fr.	600
A horse and mule every two months,	
at 400 fr.; although he sometimes eats mares at 1800 fr.	2400
Total, per annum	7380

or 295*l.* 4*s.*; which is nearly as much as he is worth. Pursuing the calculation:

	Francs.
In Bou-Arif, lions destroy to the	
annual value of	191,880
In Aurès	479,700
Total	671,580

or very nearly twenty-seven thousand pounds. Camels and other domestic animals are not reckoned.

There is, therefore, no possibility of living in quiet with lions. Any compromise is out of the question. But if the end did not justify the means—if lions were not to be exterminated *anyhow*—the way in which war is made on them can hardly be regarded as generous warfare. Our chasseur sees a lioness whom he had already wounded in the left fore paw, stretched in repose on the ground, but at a considerable distance. Nevertheless, he ventures a shot. Instantly she makes a bound, roaring fearfully, and in seeming search after her adversary, who could not fire his second barrel, because, in her advance, she cunningly kept on the right side of an intervening thicket. Five minutes afterwards, she continued her flight, rushing down hill with all her remaining speed and strength. Her enemy, after reloading, hurried off in the same direction. Traces of blood were more and more abundant; and, at every hundred paces, the animal could be heard to fall and roll on the ground. Those marks, and the wailings which she incessantly uttered, proved both that she was seriously wounded, and that she was suffering considerable pain. From that moment he was able to follow her by hearing only. He made long circuits, in order to cut off her retreat; but the ground was so rough, and the brushwood so thick, that he always arrived too late.



These manœuvres, added to the distance he had already traversed, were very fatiguing; and hunger (he had eaten nothing for the best part of a day) mastered his usual energy. In that state of weakness, even if he came up with the creature, he would have encountered her at great disadvantage. He therefore gave up the pursuit for the present, and returned to Batna to take a three days' rest, with the firm determination of returning to the charge. He calculated, Fabius-like, that, in the same proportion as, and while, he was regaining strength, the enemy would be losing hers, under the combined effects of pain and loss of blood. She did lose some, but had enough remaining to make her a formidable adversary. The final result hung upon a straw—the second barrel of his second gun, which broke her spine, although the head had been aimed at.

Good-for-nothing horses, mules, and donkeys, he "utilises" by employing them as lion-bait. When he speaks of the "poor animal" tied to a stake to attract the marauder, and there await his fate, it sounds as if a humane angler were to talk of "the poor worm" he was impaling on his hook. In those cases, however, the lion inflicts a merciful death. One blow or bite at the throat, one long-drawn draught of blood, and all is over.

After he had slaughtered a couple of unprotected cubs, the parents, unconscious of their bereavement, came to feast on what had been their offspring's ruin. And their restless movements, "their powerful voices, which vomited imprecations and threats," made M. Chassaing suspect—very naturally—that they had found their little darlings wounded. All he got by a fortnight's sojourn in the valley of Ourton, was "an indigestion of almost continual rain and snow." The sight of a fine lioness, followed by three respectable cubs, relighted all his wonted fire. The idea of making a double shot took full possession of his soul. And he certainly would have made it (for they bit at the bait-horse famously); but the shouts of an Arab, driving before him an impertinent donkey that wouldn't go, put "my animals" to flight. Had he sold the skins before he shot the lions? The reader is therefore left by the author to picture his bitter disappointment. For ten successive days he took every means of meeting "this interesting family;" but they were shy of his acquaintance; the moon was in the wane, and he was obliged to return to Batna, "bre-douille," in familiar French; "re infectâ," in Livian Latin; and sold, done, dished, or diddled, in homely vernacular English.

In the same way, he looks on the Arabs' dishonest tricks with an eye of fun rather than of severity. His language is of pleasing plainness. They are, to a supreme degree, 1<sup>st</sup> ingrates, 2<sup>d</sup> liars, 3<sup>d</sup> thieves.

M. Chassaing has taken lion-shooting pupils, in limited number. And if any gentleman, tired of pulling harmless salmon out of Norwegian streams, or of shooting tame reindeer on Lapland hills, aspire to some more herculean and philanthropic task, he cannot do better than

seek the favour—not accorded to every one—of M. Chassaing's protection and training. Of the few so patronised, was the Prince de Windischgrätz. One day, when master and pupil were breakfasting together under canvas, in his little farm at El-Mader, they saw, in one of his barley-fields, a troop of sixteen horses and mules also breakfasting, with appetites sharpened by a previous fast. As soon as might be, the beasts and their owner were brought before the proprietor of the barley, who inflicted, more as a warning than as a payment for the damage, a fine of two francs per head. Like all Arabs in similar case, the man vowed he was poor, and had no such money. The penalty was reduced to twenty francs, with the further declaration that it would not be pocketed, but divided amongst the Arabs who had captured the animals. During the discussion, the prince, pitying the delinquent, rose from table and slipped into his hand a twenty-franc piece. At which the Arab instantly returned to the charge; offering an indemnity of ten francs only, swearing by all his saints that it was more than enough, and that it was every farthing he had in the world.

A few days afterwards, they were searching for game on the banks of a river which was greatly swollen by the melting snows. Suddenly, all the Arabs rushed, in violent excitement, to the brink of the stream. "Quick!" said the prince. "Somebody has fallen in, and will be drowned." They galloped to the spot, and inquired what had happened. No answer. Perceiving a woman on the other side, who wept and sobbed as if her heart would break, they crossed the water; and there an old man informed them that a six months' old colt had tumbled in and was carried away. The prince asked Chassaing the amount of the loss. It being valued at twenty francs, he took out a napoleon and gave it to the woman, who, during her lamentations, incessantly tore her cheeks with her nails. She ceased her weeping to take the money, and then recommenced her wailing and woe.

The reason of this is, that by the loudness of their lamentations and the depth of their self-inflicted scratches, the Arabs judge of the degree of interest which their better halves or quarters take in their affairs.

While perusing M. Chassaing's narrative, one is struck with the rigorous weather he encountered. Our signs of Red and Golden Lions, our exhibitions of pictures in front of travelling menageries, our thousand-and-one illustrative woodcuts, all agree in representing lions either reposing in caverns with a genial and oven-like atmosphere, or basking in a torrid landscape where eggs would hatch spontaneously, if they did not first roast or fry. Never do our popular artists represent a lion under circumstances which might render an umbrella convenient, or a cloak an agreeable accessory. When reading, therefore, of leonine sport, we are prepared for stinging sunshine and stifling siroccos—we hope M. Chassaing was prepared for them too—for scorching days and close steamy nights, with the air as full of sharp-set mosquitoes as a hive, before swarming, is full of bees; but we were



not prepared to find him tracking the footprints of lions in the snow, sometimes three feet deep, and more; to hear of his braving pelting rains that lasted for days, snow-storms idem, biting and benumbing north-east winds, and frost descending ten degrees centigrade below freezing water, all in pursuit of "the Said," as the Arabs reverently call him. It follows, that his blankets were as necessary a part of his equipment as his guns.

To pay their respects to a family of lions who were nightly making terrible ravages, he and his friend Bombonnel, at the close of February, '63, pitched their tent amongst the Beni-Oudjana. For several days they had changes of temperature through the three degrees of comparison of the adjective "cold." Either they had come too soon, or "ethereal mildness" was coming too late; and the worst of it was that the lions (who, though not over-nice, still have an eye to creature-comforts) were induced to quit the mountain for the plain.

The tribe whose flocks and herds they had come to succour, had migrated to the hills, expecting gentle spring. When, however, they could stand it no longer, they determined to return to the lowlands again, in spite of the labour and the perils it involved. The defile took place at ten in the morning, passing in front of the sportsmen's tent. The procession was headed by the women, walking with naked feet through snow above their knees. They carried their children behind their backs, whilst in front, on their bosoms, they held lambs and kids. Following the track they opened in this way, came mules, oxen, and asses, laden with chattels, and then sheep and goats, bleating with all their might and main. The pilgrimage was closed by the Arab men, who, gravely seated on their horses, got together the lagging animals whom fatigue or caprice had caused to straggle.

The Algerian lion, at least, is a harder animal than is generally supposed. With plenty of beef and mutton and horseflesh, he has no objection to roughing it occasionally. Indeed, were any enthusiast to wish to naturalise lions and panthers in England, it is evident that it is not our climate which would prevent the success of the amiable experiment.

#### MABEL MAY.

##### 1.

I WAS weary all thro' of the thousand and one  
Wants, wishes, and wretchedest sorts of strife  
Within and without, which some call life,

Mabel May,

When I climb'd to the cloud on the mountain cone,  
And lay on the bare black rock alone  
In the watchful twilight vast and grey,

Mabel May,

And yearn'd for the yet unarisen light,  
As a wretch yearns, wrong'd by a woful night,—  
To plunge in a passionate gush of sight,  
And leap at one bound of a rapture bright  
Into the burning heart of the sun,  
And be lost, as a star, when the dark is done,  
Drops faint in the fount of the full-pour'd day,

Mabel May.

##### 2.

And, lo you! all round me, all o'er me, he rose,  
The august, godlike, glory pure,  
Which not even the eagle's eyes endure,

Mabel May.

He smote, like a trumpet, the slumbering snows  
To a burning blush from their pale repose  
Wide awake, and——How shall I say,

Mabel May?

My very eyes ached with the interminate  
Splendour for which they had lain in wait.  
Was it joy, was it pain, was it love, was it hate,  
That agony born of a bliss too great?  
And I stagger'd beneath the blind bright blows  
Of the bare-orbed Beauty, and sought for who knows  
What phantom hand, to guide me away,

Mabel May.

##### 3.

So it ever hath been, so it ever shall be,  
Since man was made for the lot of man.  
In the curse of his course since his course began,

Mabel May—

Our soul to feel, and our sight to see  
Is afire and athirst. Then it comes: and we  
Are made sport for the powers we have brought  
into play,

Mabel May.

We desire: we are strong: we are proud of the pain.  
Scale the summit, and breathless behold, but in  
vain,

What we cannot endure. We are lost by our gain,  
And o'erwhelmed at the point where we seem'd to  
attain;

We are slaves to the force we ourselves have set  
free,

And unmade by the might that we make. Who is he  
That stands fast and looks full in the face of his day,

Mabel May?

##### 4.

So I turn'd me anon, by the downward track  
To the valley beneath, never lifting again  
My looks left dim by the dazzling pain,

Mabel May;

With, above and behind me, the mountain black  
And broad, still keeping the sun at his back;  
And dejectedly follow'd my dismal way,

Mabel May,

With no care now what the chance might be  
Of the next thing I should be forced to see,  
When the dance of those colours that, dazzling me,  
Danced on before, should disperse and flee,  
And leave me a smart from the torturous hack  
Of the Sun-God's triumphing knife, alack!  
Like that poor Satyr he stoop'd to flay,

Mabel May.

##### 5.

But how did it happen? For suddenly there  
The sweet vale beneath me lay wash'd in a wave  
Of luminous beauty, warm, solacing, swave;  
And the birds broke out in a rapturous lay,

Mabel May;

And a million mild wild odours were  
Afloat in the moist fresh morning air,  
Suddenly silently; whence came they,

Mabel May?

While on each grass blade, in a silver bell,  
The bright dew trembled before it fell,  
To the warbling pure in the sweetbrier dell  
Of that delicate harper, Ariel;



And even the rock, no longer bare,  
Was robed in a roseate mantle rare,  
And a laughing land before me lay,  
Mabel May.

## 6.

Fools fly in the face of the bliss they believe  
They were born for. If born for it, why not wait?  
Can Fate miss man, or man miss Fate,  
Mabel May?

No! we claim to acquire, unresign'd to receive,  
What chance, not choice, can alone achieve,  
And then, when we fail as is fit, we say  
(Mabel May),

"Better check desire than chase despair!"  
But what, when we say it, if unaware  
The burning Beauty we could not bear,  
Taking pity on our proved want, as 'twere,  
Should pour itself over our path, and weave  
Life's way with the light we have learn'd to leave,  
Warning our sense with a reflex ray,  
Mabel May?

## 7.

O, 'tis you are the cause of these thoughts, I try  
To release in speech and shall never succeed,  
They lie too deep in my soul, indeed,  
Mabel May;

For you are the light of my life, and I  
And my life are yours, to be made thereby  
Of what colour you will—you are my day,  
Mabel May.

But that light of you, in this life of mine,  
Were a depth of glory too divine  
To be born all at once, if it did not shine  
Deepened, reflected, and fused, in fine,  
With the common things of life, that lie  
In that light transmuted to melody  
Odour and colour by its glad play,  
Mabel May!

My wife! my life! my day, whose sway  
Makes all things sweet with a sense of sun—  
Scent-breathing flowers, and birds' sweet tone!  
My one in all, and my all in one!  
Now I hold you fast where my footsteps stray,  
And find you most when you seem away,  
Loving you more than my life can say,  
Mabel May!

## AT THE OPENING OF THE BUDGET.

WHEN on a night of "great attraction" I go to the play with an order, and, without any trouble or inconvenience secure a private box, or a reserved seat in the stalls, while I see people who have paid their money waiting in the passage, or anxiously struggling to find a place in some remote corner where they will not be able to see half the stage, I am apt to feel that I am a party to a strange and unaccountable piece of injustice. At times, indeed, when I am in a sensitive humour, I am affected with a twinge of something like remorse. I have entered the theatre without payment, and the box-keeper has politely shown me into one of the best places, lingering respectfully at my back to offer me a play-bill and ask if I would like an opera-glass. Meanwhile the people who have paid their money, and waited and struggled, are

rudely pushed away into any back seat which the box-keeper chooses to assign to them. When those people, uncomfortably imbedded among their fellows, like fossils in clay, reverentially look down upon me lounging easily in my roomy box, I feel that I am a sort of bloated aristocrat, one of the pampered and privileged classes who enjoy advantages over the common run of people in virtue of the fact that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or for some other reason equally absurd. I feel that the heels of my dress-boots, though they may be rather down at the sides, are the heels of a grinding tyranny.

Why should I be thus favoured? Well, really upon my word I cannot give you any good or valid reason for it whatever. I am not a dramatic critic. I am not a personal friend of the manager. I was not particularly anxious to see the play, and, having come in free, I shall of course not trouble myself to applaud. All I can say is, that a friend gave me an order—how he got it I have not the most remote idea—and that I am here in one of the best places, while worthy folks, who were dying to see the play, who have paid their money, who are determined to be pleased, and who are eager to applaud everything, are occupying the most uncomfortable seats in the theatre. It is always a great relief to me to perceive that these people regard me with the respect which is due to a person who pays his way. If I thought they had any idea that I had come into that private box with an order, and had not paid two pounds twelve and sixpence for it, I am sure I should not be able to look them in the face.

I had a touch of this same feeling the other day, when, by merely showing my card at a little door in the lobby of the House of Commons, I was immediately passed into the Speaker's gallery, while hundreds, who were probably more interested than myself in the financial speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (which was the "great attraction" of the evening), had been cooling their heels all day in St. Stephen's Hall, waiting for the mere chance of a seat in the gallery devoted to "strangers." With great admiration for the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, I am willing to confess—albeit I know what taxes are and feel them—that I was not very deeply concerned about his surplus, or what he was going to do with it. I had even forgotten the date of the budget night, until an honourable member casually reminded me that he had put my name down on the Speaker's list "for to-morrow."

Accordingly, when to-morrow came, I rolled down to Westminster in a cab, and in a very easy and indifferent frame of mind, knowing that I had an order for the front row of the stalls, and was sure to get in without any trouble. You may judge how indifferent I am about parliament and parliamentary orators, when I tell you that on being set down at the corner of Palace Yard I looked for Fendall's Hotel. It was gone, and a whole row of houses with it, and had been gone, I was informed, ever so



long." When I was in the habit of visiting the gallery some years since, it was my custom to fortify myself at Fendall's before entering the House. But here I am to-day, wanting fortification, and there is no Fendall's; which reminds me of the obstinate German shoemaker, who clung to his shop in Exeter Change, spite of all sorts of legal notice to quit, until one morning he arrived with his key and could not find his door, for the simple yet somewhat extraordinary reason that his house had been taken down and carted away in the night, his stock being left for him neatly done up in a brown paper parcel on what had once been his domestic hearth, but which was now merely a flat stone in the middle of a yawning waste.

Palace Yard without Fendall's appears to me like a desert without an oasis. Where is the weary parliamentary agent to sit him down and rest? Where is the thirsty witness on committees to cool his fevered tongue, or stimulate his flagging imagination? Where is the country constituent to lie snugly in wait, ready to pounce upon his "member" the moment he appears in the Yard? Where, indeed! Echo answers, "Where?" for, standing in the midst of the desert, and sweeping the horizon on all sides, no more cheering sight meets the eye of the weary traveller than a humble coffee-shop, mocking his longings with a mirage of saloop.

Every year, when I read in the papers reports of the budget speech, I am treated to extra and special paragraphs giving florid accounts of the "great excitement which prevailed in and about the House." Naturally I was anxious to see this great excitement with my own eyes. I looked, looked hard for it, but couldn't see it. The usual stream of pedestrians was passing along towards the bridge, or onwards by the Abbey into the penetralia of Westminster proper—or rather improper—but no one turned his head towards the Parliament House, or jerked his thumb in that direction to express his interest, or indicate that something momentous was going on there. The cabbies on the boxes of their vehicles, standing in a stagnant row in the yard, smoked their pipes and read their penny papers—the police and sporting department, for a wager!—the police themselves sauntered about leisurely, evidently sighing for mobs to quell, and disturbances to subdue, but giving no other indication of the great imperial occasion than the ostentatious display of very clean white Berlin gloves. The double row of spectators that lined the entrance to Westminster Hall, did not comprise more than twenty persons. No; the only great excitement which I witnessed in the neighbourhood of the House, was caused by a natty groom, in unexceptionable buckskins and top-boots, who took a fancy to show off his horsemanship in a manner more befitting a circus than the public streets. A member of the force, sighing to distinguish himself, had two thoughts about taking the natty groom into custody; but, probably anticipating some difficulty with so lively a horse, modified his intentions at the second thought—pro-

verbially the best—and was content to stigmatise the rider as a nincompoop, which he was. I do not mention these comparatively mild incidents, with any wilful intention of derogating from the importance of the occasion, but simply as an illustration of the well-known fact that, where one pair of eyes with no speculation in them can see nothing, another pair of eyes with speculation in the direction of business, namely, turning an honest penny-a-line, can see a great deal.

I am rather disposed to think that, when, with a stiff back and an assured air (owing to the consciousness that my name was down on the free list), I walked straight down between the double row of spectators at the grand entrance of Westminster Hall—I say I am rather disposed to think that those spectators took me for a member of parliament. Now, I am acquainted with several members of parliament—I do not say it boastfully—and this manifestation on the part of the populace did not make me in the least degree proud. Had it affected me in that way, it is certain that my pride would very soon have had a fall; for, on proceeding up the Hall I went a little too near the side-door in the left wall, sacred to the entrance of members, and was peremptorily waved off to a respectful distance by a very clean white Berlin glove. If those foolish people craning their necks at the entrance thought me a member of parliament, this ornament of the A division knows better. That white Berlin glove says, in tones of tragic command, as plain as a white Berlin glove of that particular pattern can speak, "Back, common person, and don't get in the way of the people's anointed."

Now, I had no intention of getting in the way of the people's anointed, and it was with no design of obtaining a close view of them, nor of passing myself off as one of them—which is a thing I would scorn to do—that I sidled up towards the left wall. No; I was simply curious to inspect the old lady who presides over the one orange-stall which is privileged to plant its humble trestles on the historic flags of Westminster Hall. I have always been curious about that old lady. I have had all sorts of theories about her—that she is a decayed widow of a lamented and much-respected member of the House; that she is a poor descendant of one of the dead and gone Speakers; that she is a favoured constituent of an Irish member; that she was the foster-mother of the Serjeant-at-Arms; that her ancestors sold Normandy pippins on that spot before Red William built the Hall, thus giving a patent of possession to the family for all time—that she is nobody at all, but just an old apple-woman from St. Giles's placed there as a Spartan memento to honourable and right honourable gentlemen, of the vanity of pride and ambition. This last was the theory I was inclined to adopt, when I got near enough to her stall to observe that her oranges were of the three-a-penny quality, that her pippins were as dried up and wizened as her own august self, and that the rest of the stock



consisted of one bottle of lemonade and a bottle of peppermint-stick. Truly, in respect of a bunch of lilac drooping from a blue jug with a fractured spout, it might be said that the refection offered to the people's anointed was laid out à la Russe, but certainly the refection itself was not calculated to minister to luxurious or pampered tastes. Still, my curiosity with regard to that old lady and her wares is yet far from satisfied. I want to know if she is by "special appointment" to the Honourable House; if she considers it beneath her dignity to sell oranges to any one under the rank of an M.P.; if the M.P.s pay fancy prices for those wizened apples, or negotiate on the ad valorem terms of four a penny; I want to see her family tree, to inspect her deed of tenure, to hear how her ancestors got the better of Red William, and who are the honourable and right honourable gentlemen who buy peppermint-stick. My present opinion being, that the white Berlin glove is a gauntlet permanently thrown down as a challenge to all not-anointed persons who venture to approach the lady on her sacred and particular flag-stone, I will make an endeavour to reach her by means of letter, respectfully directed to "The Honourable the Old Orange Lady, Westminster Hall." I am not sure about the form of address to use in approaching so exalted and unique a personage, but I will look into the Polite Letter-writer.

Warned off from the apple-stall, as from a sacred shrine, I proceed up the steps, to the left, through St. Stephen's Hall, and thence into the lobby. I had been informed outside that candidates for seats in the strangers' gallery had begun to assemble in Palace Yard at daybreak, that the first comers planted their backs against the door of Westminster Hall, and that when the door was opened the accumulated crowd burst into the Hall like a mob of gallery boys on boxing-night. There were legends, too, of persons who had sat from eight o'clock in the morning on the cold stone bench of St. Stephen's Hall, and of others who had paid handsome sums to deputies to keep their places for them. But this "great excitement" had subsided now. The strangers' gallery had long been filled, and there were only five persons left on the waiting-bench, one being a commissioner, doubtless a deputy.

I pass across the lobby, taking care not to get in the way of the anointed, mention my name to a porter at a little door to the right of the members' entrance, and am bidden to walk up and see the live lions. Lightly up a few stone steps, and I am in the presence of the Commons of England in parliament assembled.

I have been accustomed to hear that the House on this great annual occasion presents an "imposing spectacle." It did not strike me so. The House itself by daylight is not handsome. It is dingy and gloomy, and not a little suggestive of a large parlour in an old-fashioned tavern. A thought comes across me of a judge and jury night, and every moment I expect the Speaker to call for a glass of brandy-and-water

and a cigar. And now as the Speaker rises to read the order of the day, his appearance and voice call up a vision of Mr. C. J. Smith, as the Lord Chief Justice, trying Janet Pride at the Adelphi. When he leaves the chair and takes his seat on the ministerial bench, in a careless unofficial attitude, he is Mr. C. J. Smith waiting at the wing, with that odd incongruity of appearance which a dignitary always presents when he withdraws himself from the imposing surroundings of his high office to mingle in the meaner scenes of life. While he sat in the chair under the royal arms the Speaker wore an air of conscious dignity; but the moment he left the chair to sit on an ordinary bench it appeared that he felt himself to be a bit of a guy. In the half-hour of waiting for the entrance of the great performer of the evening, I have an opportunity of looking about me, and making notes of the appearance of the House and its occupants. The benches on both sides of the chair were crowded. Honourable and right honourable gentlemen seemed to be absolutely sitting on each other, so closely were they packed. It was the parliamentary boxing-night. Oddly enough, the only persons who had plenty of leg and elbow room were the strangers and the reporters, who were there on sufferance. The ladies high up in the cage over the reporters were in a worse case than the members. In their expansive skirts and inflated finery they overlapped each other like sardines in a tin, or shall I say sweet muscatels in a box? Looking down upon the members massed on either side of the table, graced by the bauble which the brewer of Huntingdon ordered to be taken away, but which does not appear to be at all offensive in the eyes of Mr. Bass of Burton-on-Trent, I am invited to a certain speculation: If it were not known to me that the Whigs sit on the right of the Speaker, and the Tories on the left, should I be able to tell from the personal appearance of the members which were Whigs, and which were Tories? There was certainly a difference in the aspect of the parties, but I am not sure that their distinctive characteristics would have guided me to a definite conclusion as to their politics. There were as many blue coats and high collared yellow waistcoats on the Whig as on the Tory side. And the swells who wore pointed moustachios, and parted their hair down the middle, were pretty evenly balanced. It struck me, however, that on the whole the Tories were better dressed. The trousers on the ministerial bench had a decided sixteen shilling look. There was a want of cut about them. The Tory trousers, on the other hand, while exhibiting more style, were generally of a lighter and more dandy colour. The Tories, too, had the best of it in boots. There was an unpleasant high-low aspect about the Whig boots, suggestive of radicalism, and a wide extension of the franchise among the clodhoppers; whereas, the natty patent leathers of the Tories indicated a desire to preserve the British constitution in an exclusive state of elegance.



There are a great many whispered inquiries in the gallery for Lord Palmerston, but he is not here to night (gout), and his absence greatly detracts from the interest with which the "stranger" usually scans the ministerial bench. It is very pleasant to find the strangers around me highly discriminative persons, with the right taste for greatness. Pending the arrival of the master-spirit, the men they look for and talk about are Bulwer Lytton and Disraeli and Austen Layard. The last is only an under-secretary, but he is far more in request than the upper-secretary, his chief. Bulwer Lytton and Disraeli are sitting side by side, both, from this distance, looking wonderfully young. "What a pity it is that they sit on that side of the House!" I was mentally exclaiming, when I suddenly checked myself to inquire what "that side of the House" would be without them?

A pause of expectancy, then suddenly "Yar, yar, yar" (usually reported as "cheers"), and all eyes are turned towards the door. A false alarm. Mr. Cox of Finsbury! A laugh. Presently "Yar! yar! yar!" again, and then—the man!

He walks up to his seat opposite the brass-bound oak box (of which Mr. Disraeli has a duplicate) quietly and modestly. He takes off his hat, sits down, and calmly opens a little leather bag. He looks in to see that his papers are all right—that he hasn't forgotten the notes of his sermon—and then leans back on the bench to await his cue. Sir George Grey gives notice of an address to her Majesty in reference to the terrible American calamity, and his few well expressed sentences evoke a solemn assent from all sides of the House.

And now Mr. Gladstone! You know what it is, when, after the minor characters have been mumbling through the introductory portion of the play, the great tragedian or comedian—the leading man of the company—steps upon the stage. You don't want to look at the bill. He declares himself at once. He stands confessed before you. So with Mr. Gladstone. Others had mumbled and buzzed in our ears, and we caught only half what they said. But now, every word was as distinct and audible, away in the distant gallery, as if it had been spoken across the table to us. I had heard, with the rest of the world, extravagant praises of Mr. Gladstone's oratory, but I had never until now received the right idea of it. He is not an orator of the high-flown order, he does not indulge in flights of studied rhetoric, he never condescends to clap-trap, nor does he seek to catch the ear by any of the favourite artifices of popular speakers. His style is chiefly characterised by a masterly simplicity. His voice is not a powerful one, but it is singularly distinct and clear. He adopts little variety of mood, but he never wearies you: he is never monotonous.

The great intellect of the man shines out through the whole performance like a steady bright light, and the course of his argument goes on with the inexorable precision of an hydraulic machine, which may be regulated to gently crack an egg or crush into powder a ton of iron.

Yet, with all this sledge-hammer force, he has a charming persuasiveness. When he is trying to clear away some mist of prejudice, or demolish some false notion, he appeals to those who are misguided as if he were addressing a whimsical woman. He seems to say, "Now, my dear, do be a good reasonable creature, and listen to common sense." Only once in the course of his speech was he tempted to adopt a tone of defiance, and that was when he concluded his triumphant reply to the arguments in favour of the reduction of the malt-tax. Then he turned round and shook his forefinger—like an eagle's claw—in the face of the Opposition. Never was a case so completely and thoroughly demolished. To abolish the malt-tax altogether would be to strike the death-blow of indirect taxation; to reduce it by one-half, and give up more than three millions, would cheapen beer to the extent of one farthing a quart; and, finally, no article of the same class was so lightly taxed as beer. The way in which these arguments were insinuated, rather than enforced, one after the other, was suggestive of a cunning artificer using some small neat instrument to take out a bolt which others had driven in and clenched with sledge-hammers. The moral effect upon the Opposition was very evident; not a syllable of denial was uttered; there was not even a gesture of dissent. It was made very clear that the case of the malt-tax was a bad one; but the announcement that the duty would be taken off tea instead, did not appear to give very lively satisfaction. I believe my neighbour in the gallery faithfully interpreted the feeling on the subject when he whispered that the public never had got, and never would get, the full benefit of the reduction of the tea duties.

The equalising of the duties on fire insurances was received rather coldly, but when the announcement came that the income-tax would be reduced to fourpence, the House was roused to real enthusiasm. The very strangers could not refrain from joining in the cheers, and the gallery keeper was himself too much carried away to think of checking them. The Chancellor made several small proposals with regard to licenses and the measuring of barley by weight, which certain persons stigmatised as "crotchety" and "niggling," but it appeared to me that the aim of those proposals was to do justice, and to put taxation as much as possible upon a fair and equitable footing. And indeed it is this honest aim which lifts Mr. Gladstone as a financial minister so far above all his predecessors. He is not content to frame a budget that will pass, or that will merely serve the purpose of the exchequer. His aim is not to get as much money as possible out of the people, but so to manage matters that the burden which he is obliged to impose upon the people shall be as light as possible. He is like the good farmer who does not fail to give back to the fields from which he reaps; or like a thrifty housewife who is not satisfied merely to make both ends meet, but who saves and makes the most of everything, that she may increase the comforts of her home.



Mr. Gladstone spoke for three hours by the great clock, and never turned a hair. His voice was as clear and distinct at the end as it was at the beginning. His notes consisted of about twenty loose slips of paper, but he only referred to them when dealing with figures: and occasionally it appeared that his memory was more accurate than his written memorandum, for he took up a pen now and then to alter a figure. I was curious to see if one of the sacred old lady's oranges would be resorted to for refreshment during the long and trying statement; but no; the Chancellor had provided himself with a flask—a very little flask—at which he took a very little pull now and then, when the cheers of his audience gave him time to pause. At the end, he gathered up his few slips of memorandum, put on his hat, and sat down as calmly and modestly as if he had been doing nothing but giving notice of a motion. I don't know at which I was the more astonished—the marvellous intellectual power exhibited by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the hardihood of the big, burly, inaudible, but honourable gentleman, who rose to speak after him.

#### FOOD FOR POWDER.

At last it has occurred to our English authorities that men need not necessarily be brutal or ignorant to make good soldiers—on the contrary, that the chances are, that the better the man the better the soldier, and the more educated his brain the more intelligent his work. But his has been about the last soul thought needful to save. The blind, the deaf and dumb, the idiots and criminals, have all had their patrons and friends; but, until quite lately, the army was left to chance and the hard old-world regulations. Almost the only idea which civilians had concerning it was, that vice and intoxication were its sole amusements, and the goose-step and parade drill its legitimate occupations, in times of peace. When respect for learning became general, and the belief that a man's mind had something to do with his morals crept in as a make-weight against the exaggeration of both materialists and spiritualists, then the education of the army began to be spoken of as a thing possible and desirable; and a Council of Military Education was appointed. The second report—only the second, so the experiment has not been very long in hand—lies on the table before us; and for those who care to read them, we extract certain of the results obtained.

In 1860, the per-centage of those who could neither read nor write was 18.95; of those who could read but not write, 19.72; of those who could read and write, 53.89; of those who possessed of a superior education 7.44. In 1864 the numbers stood, for class (1), 13.44; for class (2), 17.30; for class (3), 64.05; for class (4), 5.18; which last is a diminution, that tells nothing against the scheme of military schools. Another curious little fact is in the apportionment of ignorance. Thus, of the two

uneducated classes (1 and 2) the tabulation stands:

	1864.	1860.
Cavalry ...	20.80	22.03
Royal Artillery ...	22.09	25.65
Royal Engineers ...	8.44	5.86
Military Train ...	35.06	42.37
Foot Guards ...	9.73	10.96
Infantry of the Line	36.40	45.62

showing a decided decrease of ignorance in every branch—or, more properly, arm—of the service, while still keeping the relative proportions. Major Gleig's report gives fifty per cent as reading fluently such books as the Fourth Reading Book of the Irish National Society; but only about ten per cent as able to write without error, fifty words of dictation from the Sequel to the Second Reading Book. In arithmetic the results are rather doubtful, Major Gleig saying that "he has found comparatively few men able to work sums in the compound rules except as applied to money, and that many men are unacquainted with the tables of weights and measures in common use." That inability to work certain sums, except as applied to money, has a rich touch of nature in it; for how often has the soldier to work the most complicated sums in his head!—the debt for tobacco owing to Molly Brown; that cane he bought of Jemmy Rice; the brooch he promised to give Nancy as a fairing, and doesn't know where to get the money for; those goes of gin and pints of stout scored up against him at the Blue Boar; and all that his miserable little pocket-money can and cannot afford! Yes, complicated indeed, and of most involved and original working are the soldier's accounts; no wonder he can do the compound rules when applied to money which he understands so fatally well, but boggles over them when transferred to other matters of a purely imaginative or intellectual character. The History of England and Geography are almost the only subjects of higher study relished; but even these are not well reported on, save in the school of the Dépôt Brigade of the Artillery at Woolwich, and that of the 78th Highlanders.

In 1861 the compulsory attendance at school, which had been commanded in the beginning of this experiment, was discontinued, as were the weekly payments; in consequence of which more men enrolled themselves as scholars, and fewer attended the schools. But, indeed, the attendance at school is strangely irregular—strangely for a service all drill and word of command and uniformity and non-individuality—varying according to the humour of the men and the temper of the commanding officer; varying also, we may be sure, according to the mind and manners and teaching of the schoolmaster, "one day a large number attending, and for the next few days none." Which must try both men and master, irregularity being one of the greatest enemies to proficiency. Not much school-work is done at any time, though, indeed, some wonderful results are given out of the scanty hours afforded. The average amount for a soldier is about three hours and a half per week, while



many are not able to give more than two hours or an hour and a half, as at Colchester, per week. Even in those corps where special classes are looked on with favour by the commanding officer, the attendance rendered by each man has not exceeded fifteen or sixteen hours weekly; in others it has been as low as from one to five hours. So that we cannot wonder if the average progress of the men is not very rapid, and if the saying still hold true in the army schools, of knowledge under difficulties. Certainly knowledge under difficulties when "a soldier who does not know his alphabet is told that the course of the bullet under the influence of powder is a curved line called the trajectory, and this is done in a schoolroom with blackboard and easel, and with diagrams and written explanations which must be incomprehensible to a wholly uneducated mind." But great results are sometimes attained. One man, THOMAS WHITE from Battle, Sussex (he deserves to be mentioned), after eight years' service in the Royal Artillery sent in papers at the general examination which many a young collegian could not have achieved. They were grand papers, bristling with *x*'s and any number of A B C D's, algebraic sums worked out as if by magic, trapezoids and triangles, and perpendiculars, and diagrams, and all manner of odd-looking cabalistic signs; while the historical questions, and other things which a plain body could better understand, were answered as if from a dictionary. Thomas White, now sergeant, ought to have a pleasant future before him if the consciousness of well-doing may give pleasant thoughts and happy days to a man, with perhaps more substantial advantages in the time to come.

There was some confusion at first respecting the dress of the army schoolmasters. A blue frock coat with braid, silk sash, sword and waist belt, and a forage cap with red cloth band, resembled too closely the undress uniform of a commissioned officer to be pleasant either to the schoolmaster himself, or to his superiors. This has now been altered; and the chevrons on the arms of the blue frock-coat, with the suppression of the sash, sufficiently distinguish the army schoolmasters—who rank only as non-commissioned officers next below regimental sergeant-majors—from the commissioned officers. There are seven superintending schoolmasters, who are commissioned officers with the relative rank of ensign. These have from seven to eight shillings a day, with free quarters or lodging money in lieu, and a shilling a day for servant's wages; there are one hundred and twenty-eight army schoolmasters, beginning from three shillings a day, and rising sixpence a day every two years, up to the maximum of six shillings and sixpence at fourteen years' service; and they too have free quarters and fuel provided for them, with a pension of from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings a day after twenty-one years' service. The assistant schoolmasters have two shillings a day. When marching with troops, the army schoolmaster has his marching allowance of two shillings and sixpence a day;

when detained, he has his detention allowance of three shillings and sixpence a day; he has free second-class passage, and when on board pays one shilling a day for himself, fourpence for his wife, and a penny for each child, as food money. When moving with troops, he is allowed three hundred-weight of baggage, and has the right to have conveyed for him ten hundred-weight if travelling with his wife; he has a right to only six hundred-weight if his wife be not with him, and four hundred-weight if he be unmarried. He may marry if leave be asked and obtained, but not otherwise; he is not allowed to take private pupils—for the Army, like the Church, is a jealous mistress; and he has an orderly told off to keep his rooms clean, and, if need be, to prepare his meals: for which he, the orderly, receives one shilling a week.

Then, there are schoolmistresses; which certainly reads oddly at the first; for we are so little accustomed to think of the soldier as a family man, or of the barrack square as a nursery-ground, that it looks almost like a joke to read of "army schoolmistresses," pupil teachers, and monitresses. The first of these it is desirable should be as much over twenty-one years of age as is convenient; the post is one of peculiar danger and difficulty even for the steadiest, wherefore the authorities discountenance the employment of young unmarried women as much as possible (but there are always many applications from that class), and encourage the appointment of the wives of non-commissioned officers, and, better still, the wives of the schoolmasters themselves. A schoolmistress gets thirty-six, thirty, or twenty-four pounds a year, according as she is of the first, second, or third class; after twenty-four years' service she has a pension of two shillings a day; she has the same pay as the schoolmaster when travelling with troops or when detained, but only half the amount if she be the schoolmaster's wife; she has her three hundred-weight of baggage if moving with troops, which does not allow of much spare finery; and she has the right to the conveyance of four hundred-weight if unmarried, and of six hundred-weight if married, save to a trained schoolmaster, or if not travelling with her husband. There are three weeks' holidays twice in the year, in summer and winter; and the life seems to be pleasant enough, though dangerous and needing extra caution in the way of walking.

The pupil teachers must be from seventeen upwards; they begin at a salary of six pounds, and go gradually up to the maximum of eighteen pounds; and the monitresses are girls from thirteen to seventeen, with a salary of four pounds for their captaincy over their little bands of twenty-five. For, our schoolmistresses are not wanted to soften the hard dose of learning to Paddy, or Sawney, or John; they are wanted for Paddy's, and Sawney's, and John's children—thus recognising the family in the most emphatic way possible to an administration, and acknowledging individual rights under the uniform as they were never acknowledged before. But as we said, young unmarried women are discouraged as



much as possible, and wives and mothers taken instead, when feasible.

Admission to these children's schools is not quite gratuitous; twopence a month being demanded for one child, three-halfpence for each if there be two, and a penny for each if three or more attend. The children of soldiers serving abroad, are taken without payment; this presupposes that they have been unable to accompany their fathers; and the children of the regimental officers, should they attend the military school, pay five shillings a month each, decreasing in proportion according to the number sent from each family, as we have seen with the children of privates. No difference is made between the children, whatever the rank of the parents, but all are subject to the same laws and regulations without respect of persons; as if the whole thing were of the severest republicanism to be found within the four seas. But the old rule of extremes meeting holds good everywhere; and in a military school and in a republican, the same severity of discipline may be found, and the same ignoring of rank; though starting from such different principles, and worked out to such different results.

Another new feature in barrack life is that of giving lectures to the soldiers; also the creation of libraries and recreation-rooms, subject to wise and careful regulations. From the libraries are excluded all books of an immoral character, or of a political, or controversially religious—else we should have Paddy breaking Sawney's head concerning the greater sanctity of the Pope as against John Knox; in the recreation-rooms are prohibited the two amusements of gambling and drinking. But a refreshment-bar supplying innocent drinks and innocuous refreshments, is allowed, as is smoking—spittoons being supplied from head-quarters if asked for. The lists of recreation-rooms established in Great Britain and the colonies, India excepted, give the following figures: Fifty-six corps have two recreation-rooms each; one hundred and three corps have only one each; twelve use the library for all purposes; four have not established a recreation fund at all; sixty-nine supply refreshments; and forty thousand eight hundred and one soldiers subscribe to the recreation-rooms. The scale of subscription is, for an officer, a shilling a month; for a sergeant, sixpence; fourpence for a corporal; threepence for a trumpeter, drummer, or private. There are strict rules relating to the cleanliness of these rooms, and the cleanliness of the regimental librarian and the regimental bar-keeper. To those of us who love method and order, and are opposed to untidiness and slovenliness, it is a positive refreshment to contemplate the orderly precision and drill-sergeant kind of regularity of these barrack-yard relaxations.

The examination papers of the Royal Military Asylum Normal School, Chelsea, for educating trained schoolmasters, are of the stiffest; full of arithmetic and mensuration, and finding the sides of squares equal to rectangles of any odd number of feet you like to give; diagonals of

quadrilateral figures; the perimeter of parallelograms, or rather of a rectangle; equilateral and equiangular pentagons; and whole pages tattooed with algebraic signs. Here is one problem that looks like a riddle. "If the company of a regiment contain 64 Englishmen and 30 Scotchmen, how many different guards of three men can be formed in which there is always one Scotchman?" Riddle-me, riddle-me-ree, perhaps you (Gentle Reader) can't tell me how this may be! This, and "Expand  $(x - \frac{1}{x})^6$ . Find the sixth term of  $(a^2 - x^2)^{-\frac{1}{2}}$ ," end the paper on algebra. Then come logarithms and plane trigonometry; mechanics, and a discussion into mean sections and levers and equilibriums, &c.; then comes grammar, and an awful question relating to common, proper, collective, abstract, and complex nouns; a request to have written down the first person of the future perfect, present perfect, pluperfect, and past imperfect of the verb I strike; also a request for the plural of Miss Smith. What will the army-schoolmasters say to this? Miss Smiths, or the Miss Smiths, or the Misses Smith, or what? Other people would be puzzled at the command, for the poor Miss Smiths get but an irregular kind of plural assigned them at the best of times, and have to trust much more to individual taste than to grammatical rules. In history, too, knotty points are offered to the military schoolmaster to untie. "Write a life of Henry the Eighth." From whose text-book, Hume's or Froude's? And how will he handle that Fidei Defensor if he be a Roman Catholic?—and how those orthodox enmities against Dissent if he be a Presbyterian? In geography he is required to explain the term, watershed. Considering that the foremost of our literary journals has been signalised week after week with "fratchings" and scratchings concerning this one word, it will be rather hard on the poor army schoolmaster to make him decide so uncertain a question. Then, in Roman history his knowledge is expected to be almost as extensive and accurate as that of the imperial author of Jules César himself. He is to "state very briefly the origin and issue of the Numantine, Jugurthine, Servile, and Piratic wars;" he is to say in what wars were fought the battles of the Regillus, Sentinum, the Siris, Pydna, Aquæ Sextie, Orchomenus; also to name the commanders therein. Riddle-me, riddle-me-ree, again. Could you do this, reader? In the Grecian history, the military schoolmaster is to speak of the important events which occurred at Coronea, Amphipolis, Chæronea, Ipsus, Sphacteria, and Issus; also he is to tell where he finds especial mention made of Argos, Egæsta, Epidamnos, Plataea, and Olynthos. For India, he is to write the lives of Clive and Warren Hastings, and say when Assam, Aden, Candy, Jamaica, and Penang, became British possessions; also to give the names of the commanders victorious against the Sikhs, and to give the names and dates of the battles fought against them; he is likewise to say (a mere trifle this)



in which of the Jewish tribes were situated Engedi, Shiloh, Jericho, Hebron, Bethel, Gilgal, Mount Ebal, Mount Gerizim, Golan, Ramoth-gilead, and Mount Carmel; he is to be well up in field fortification and permanent fortification; he is to give a fair synopsis of chemistry; he is to be able to transpose music, and to give the difference between a diatonic and chromatic interval; and when he has done all this, he is to be an army schoolmaster at three shillings a day, teaching raw recruits their letters!

But putting aside pedantries and exaggerations, such as would seem to be inevitable in all new schemes and uncertain workings, this recognition that the soldier has a soul to be saved and a mind to be trained in other ways beside accurate firing at a mark, and marching in time to music, is a concession to the general spirit of progress, and the more enlightened views of humanity current in our day, for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful. It is always easy to find plenty to laugh at, in the best-planned schemes; it may not be of vital consequence to know all about the battle of the Siris, but it is of vital consequence to get a higher caste among the privates than hitherto, and to elevate our Food for Powder into thoughtful, and, in a way, intellectual men. It used to be thought that the greater the ruffian, the better the soldier; the more nearly he was like to a pirate or a gorilla, the more thoroughly he did his work. So he might, perhaps, if his work consisted only in sacking cities. But for efficiency of discipline, for steadiness on the field, for that certain high-toned morale which is the best guarantee of military success, we want a higher stamp of man; and one as far removed from the pirate and the gorilla as is possible. And though we do not think that the army is to be regenerated by magic lanterns and the Grecian history, yet all which tends to make the barrack square a home to the men, and all which keeps them amused when in barracks, and therefore less eager to fling themselves into low debauchery when they are let out, is a gain not only to themselves, but to the community at large, to whom they are a burden or a protection, a scourge or a defence, according to their handling. An army of high-spirited gentlemen would be almost invincible; next to them comes an army composed of men of worth actuated by principle, and disciplined, not merely drilled.

#### CRICKET ON THE CONTINENT LAST YEAR.

IN Paris, Lyons, Dieppe, Boulogne, Frankfurt, Homburg, Geneva, and Florence, the game was last spring set upon its legs, and started off amid a hearty flourish of advertisements and international aspirations of a highly sanguine and prophetic nature. But in most cases, although this impetus appears to have kept up its career for a time, it too soon proved to be a deceitful one; degenerating surely and *not* slowly into a suspicious roll, finally making its way in little

other than a disreputable stagger. However, the cry for Continental Cricket was perseveringly kept up, and foreigners were assured that the game was destined to obtain a firm hold upon their affections, while England was given to understand that the time was at hand when crack clubs might leave her shores, and find fit opponents to encounter, without its being necessary to take a three months' voyage to meet them. It was confidently prophesied that French and German elevens would soon struggle at Lord's, or a team of regenerated Italy contest gallantly with the Trojans of Kennington Oval.

Nowhere were more vigorous and sustained efforts made to give the game a self-supporting and progressive existence, than in Paris, and nowhere was the failure to obtain any corresponding result more thoroughly complete. There was a noisy self-assertion in the public proceedings of the Parisian Club, which, however warrantable had success smiled upon its efforts, served, as events transpired, but to render its issue the more effectually disastrous. Its circulars and placards met the English public at every turn. Galignani patriotically lent itself to the cause with all the ardour of a convert, and every one was prepared to see the French rise en masse, and take the field, flannelled and padded to the throat. *Le Sport* and *La France* even caught the momentary enthusiasm, and with a confidence which sufficiently proved how very little they knew what they were talking about, announced that the Parisians, not content with their other peaceful victories over their English neighbours, both in arts and commerce, and with making every preparation to wrest from them their supremacy on the turf, were likewise forming a society to compete with them in the well-known English national game of "Cricket-Match." By a brilliant stroke of policy, the illustrated journals were enlisted, and in due time pictorial representations of *Le Jeu de Cricket-Match* appeared before the wondering public.

But somehow, spite of all these promising appearances, adequate results failed to ensue. To the more muscular of the resident English, the young English employes in French houses, and the students, usually a numerous tribe, the opportunity of enjoying so thoroughly English a pastime was fine fun; while, ever and anon, a roving Oxonian, or travelling barrister, thought it no small "lark" to play his favourite game on a foreign soil; and by such its existence was, as it were, gone bail for while the novelty lasted, or the occasion remained. But by the French themselves, the encouragement afforded must have dashed the hopes of any but the most determinedly sanguine temperament. Nor could that met with in Germany merit any higher praise. It was found to be a matter of considerable difficulty to induce the natives to *look on*; while in no single instance has anything approaching to emulation been excited. It would seem that the natural depression produced by



this disappointing indifference was becoming somewhat general, when an event occurred which at once aroused all drooping energies, and of which Paris resolved to take every advantage. Sir Robert Clifton, the member for Nottingham, offered to take over a team of Nottingham men, at his own expense, to contest the honours of the Parisian Club. This was an occurrence which, if nothing else could do so, would surely rouse the dormant interest of the native mind, and the occasion was improved to the utmost. The Nottingham men duly turned up, and were fêted with an ostentation and assiduity which could not have been surpassed had they been the barbaric envoys of some interesting region far away. To them it was doubtless an excursion of a highly enjoyable nature, amusing, novel, and cheap. And although they are believed to have expressed some surprise at being required to display their not inconsiderable skill on an oblong patch of hard-baked clay, surrounded by brushwood thickets (very destructive to any exhibition of free hitting), they conducted themselves in a perfectly well-behaved, respectful English manner, and doubtless returned home in high good humour. The example thus set was followed in several places; but in one and all it was unsuccessful in inducing the French or German youth to acquire the principles of the game.

At Homburg, a loudly heralded match was played between France and Germany. That is to say, eleven Englishmen on the side of Germany, found means to induce eleven more Englishmen on the side of France to come from somewhere, or anywhere, and have what they playfully termed an *International Match*. But, although the ground was occupied by the additional attraction of a very large proportion of the Landgrave's army—to wit, the band—and that potentate himself was reported to be present, the game found no adopters among all the heterogeneous crowd gathered at that lively spa. Here, as in Paris, the white-breeched, alpaca-coated foreigners grouped themselves upon the ground in the cool shade, and, luxuriously smoking cigarettes, made the most whimsical comments upon the spectacle before them. The bowler appeared to be the popular *bête noir*. It seemed to them monstrous that he should be allowed to discharge his missile at the unoffending batsman with impunity; while it seemed equally absurd that the latter did not run away. The running was a still greater source of wonder, when it was noted that the object did not appear to flee from the reach of the aggressive bowler, while the general, and apparently resultless movement caused by the cry of "over," was a mystery altogether too deep for solution. When the ball was hit away, a general murmur of satisfaction hailed the event. The aggressor was now believed to be nonplused; and much disapprobation was expressed at the alacrity with which the non-combatants in the field strove to neutralise the feat, and the fury with which they hurled the

recovered ball at the unfortunate foe. But after watching the game for a while, impatience began to be manifested. Was this all? Was this the game? Ten men to stand in the hot sun all day, to watch the eleventh throw a hard ball at his friend! Could that be a fit amusement for grown Englishmen? For a whole day, too! Well, if *that* were all, they thought but very little of the boasted "Cricket-Match," which, without doubt, was not half so amusing as their own game of ball, that could be played under the trees in the cool evening. However, for a time the more patient were content to wait. The *horses*, or, as at Homburg it was believed, the *cards*, would come at last, and decide the final issue of the game, of which the present proceedings were looked upon as a somewhat frivolous preliminary. But when their patience too was exhausted, and their mistake corrected by some lingual Briton, they also went off, with eloquent shrugs of derision at the immense and elaborate trouble *ceux drôles Anglais* were taking to waste their time, and make themselves uncomfortable. And this indeed brings us to our point. Can we hope to see our neighbours over the water welcoming cricket among them as an established national pastime? Has experience given us any ground to hope so? We opine *not*.

## GOING INTO BUSINESS.

### IN THREE PARTS. PART THE SECOND.

"THIS sort of thing won't do," said my partner, Mr. Velardi,\* to me one day, upon receiving from our banker a polite note declining to discount certain bills which we had sent in that morning; "if it gets known in the City that our bills are going a-begging, we shall very soon be what you Englishmen call, up a tree."

Now, to the truth of this observation I could hardly dissent, although I felt in my heart that if I had been a banker, and the bills which were offered me for discount were such as we had latterly sent in to our bank, I should certainly have "declined with thanks"—a phrase not unknown, I believe, to the highly-respected "Conductor" in charge of this present vehicle. The truth was, that although we had never yet left a bill unprovided for, the discount market in the City, in Paris, and at Marseilles, was becoming overstocked with our paper, which certainly, when inquired into, could only bear the character expressed by the well-known slang commercial phrase of "pig upon bacon"—the meaning of which is, that although drawn by one person or firm, and accepted by another, both drawer and drawee are in point of fact one and the same person.

That such was the real character of our bills, there can be no doubt. Either the firm of Velardi, Watson, and Co., of London, drew on Velardi and Co., of Smyrna; or else the latter

\* See *Going into Business*, page 378 of the present volume.



firm drew on Velardi Brothers of Odessa; or the house of Odessa drew upon one of the other two houses. It is true that at each of these places we had a dummy or two set up in the way of partners, or representatives of the local firm, but the only person of the whole concern who had any capital was my partner, Mr. Velardi, of London. And, as I said in the previous chapter, he started the three firms with not more than three hundred pounds in bank.

Had we been content to keep only a moderate amount of paper afloat, and had we been more impartial in dividing the amount we sent for discount amongst the various commercial capitals of Europe, we might have carried on the little game of triangular paper-trading for some time longer, and might always have obtained in London what accommodation we wanted, to a moderate extent, from our bankers. But now that we had commenced to dabble in shares and joint-stock companies, this became more and more difficult, as we were often pressed for large sums with which to pay the differences upon various transactions on the Stock Exchange; and, in order to have money in hand, we were obliged to discount our paper on the spot. Latterly the amount we had sent into our banker had increased tenfold, and the not unnatural consequence was that after making some difficulty more than once, our Lombard-street friend one fine morning declined altogether to discount for us, at least until some of the paper he already held of ours had run off. No wonder, then, that upon reading the banker's unexpected reply to our application, Mr. Velardi had exclaimed, "This sort of thing won't do."

Something had to be done, and that quickly. A great amount of paper of ours—bills drawn by us and accepted by the firm at Smyrna or Odessa—had to be provided for. Otherwise, if the money to meet these bills were not remitted by a certain day, the respective houses would have to stop payment, and the whole concern would come to the ground with a smash—the London, Smyrna, and Odessa firms included.

To a great mind nothing is impossible, and in this emergency Mr. Velardi proved that he was equal to the difficulty. In the first place, he at once, with a stiff and somewhat angry note, withdrew our account from the too cautious private banker, and placed it with a joint-stock bank, which was glad, and had been too anxious to have our name on their books. The day had come when in London there were so many new banking concerns that managers and directors of such companies jumped at anything in the shape of a new current account. Our credit balance with our old banker was by no means a small one; when we withdrew it the amount was upwards of two thousand pounds, and although this was altogether from the proceeds of paper still afloat, the joint-stock bank not only received us with open arms, but proposed that one of our partners should become

a director upon its board. This—after some few days of coquetting, and professing that we really did not seek the honour—we agreed to; and it was duly announced, in the money article of the Times, that "the board of the Onyx Bank (Limited) had been strengthened by the accession of Mr. Velardi, of the well-known firm of Velardi, Watson, and Co., of Austin Friars; whilst one of the small guerrilla City weekly monetary publications announced—for "*a consideration*," of course—that "owing to the accession of Mr. Velardi to the board of the Onyx Bank, it was believed that establishment would in future be very largely supported by the Greek interest in London." This disinterested surmise proved much more correct than similar prophecies generally do, for as Greek commercial men generally follow, and often help each other, no sooner was the name of one of their community seen on the board of a joint-stock bank, than a perfect flood of current accounts poured into the concern, and Mr. Velardi's name stood as that of a man whom the board was not only very glad to get, but whom it would be very sorry to lose.

The Onyx Bank (Limited), although a new, was a respectable, institution. It is true that, like others of the newly started concerns, it was most anxious to get accounts, thinking no doubt that the bad and indifferent among them could be weeded out when the bank got a little firmer footing in the mercantile world. Hitherto, the business done by this establishment had been but a moderate one, and, though the directors had exerted themselves to the very utmost to obtain accounts, Mr. Velardi was the first gentleman with a seat at the board who had brought in anything like a considerable amount of business. This of course made him a great card with his fellow-directors: the more so as he had pleasant manners, was an excellent man of business, and always well posted up in matters of exchange and confidential affairs of trade, loans, &c. All this gave our firm great facilities in the way of discounting our paper, and as we opened at about the same time another discount account with one of the new discount companies, of which I had become a director, our means appeared almost unlimited. Thus, so far as monetary facilities went, the private banker in Lombard-street who had refused to discount any more of our paper, really conferred a great benefit upon us.

My partner was, however, not the man to remain contented with a partial success. He had provided well for the present, and was determined to provide well for the future. Believing our firm to be very wealthy, one of the directors of the Onyx Bank offered to put his son into our house as a partner, and to give him a *bonâ fide* capital of five thousand pounds. Mr. Velardi was far too much a man of the world to agree to this at once, but asked some days to consider of it, giving his consent at last on the condition that Mr. White—the young man who was to join us—should at once proceed to



Alexandria, and open a branch house there, and that his share in the profits of the concern should be one-half of what we made in Alexandria, and a fourth of what we made in London, Mr. Velardi having supreme management and sole direction of the affairs of all the various firms. At Alexandria the name of our house was to be White, Velardi, and Co., and as it was announced that our new partner joined us with a large capital—magnified, as is usual in these cases, threefold and fourfold—we gained not only in actual capital, but also in credit. And as most of the trade at Alexandria is conducted through Marseilles and Liverpool, it was thought expedient to establish firms at both places. To each of those ports a dummy Greek clerk was despatched, with orders to accept and draw bills, as he might be from time to time directed from head-quarters in London; thus we at one jump had two new “drawing posts” at our disposal, to say nothing of the *bona fide* branch firm established at Alexandria. Our means for doing business were of course very largely increased in every way.

I have said that our firm was at this time thought to be wealthy, and no wonder. So large and so intricate had our bill transactions become, that I question whether Mr. Velardi himself could have told what were our assets and what our liabilities. If pen, ink, and bill stamps could build up a fortune, then we were wealthy indeed; but to me, who knew that the foundation of our firm was paper, and that the half-yearly profits of the concern were regularly divided and taken away by the partners, the future did not seem as bright—or at any rate as certain—as it did to the outsiders who stood looking on. We kept up appearances remarkably well. We had, besides our house in London, branch establishments at Odessa, Smyrna, Liverpool, Marseilles, and Alexandria. At the latter place the business we did was *bona fide*, for Mr. Velardi was far too long-headed a man to put himself in the power of a partner who was son of a brother bank director, and, therefore, not only was our commercial accommodation bill system on our large scale not carried out in that place, but produce was regularly shipped from Egypt to Liverpool or Marseilles on our account, and Manchester as well as French goods sent out there on commission. Our partner there—Mr. White—being known to have brought capital into the concern, and also to be the son of a rich London merchant, we were looked upon in Egypt as a highly respectable and wealthy firm, and the odour of this commercial sanctity was wafted from the banks of the Nile to those of the Mersey and the coast of France, so that paper bearing our indorsement or acceptance was freely discounted in either place, and as we had judgment enough not to overstock either place with our paper, our prosperity seemed more than likely to increase with time.

I had no reason to complain. I had worked hard for Mr. Velardi, but I had been well paid, and, having been allowed to follow the

example of my senior partner, could withdraw my half-yearly share of the profits from the concern. I was worth from three to four thousand pounds, which I had invested securely and settled upon my wife in such a way that all the legal powers in England could not touch it, happen what might. What Mr. Velardi's profits had been up to this time I never could exactly make out, but I know for certain that they were not less than twenty thousand pounds; for he had settled upon his wife, a house, furniture, and a round sum in Consols which represented rather more than this sum. Nor was our partner, Mr. White, discontented with his lot; for, after he had been little more than a year in Alexandria, he wrote and told his father that his share of the profits exceeded five-and-forty per cent of the capital he had placed in our firm. As a matter of course, this news got noised abroad, more particularly among the directors and shareholders of the Onyx Bank, so that our fame and our credit increased and thrived greatly all over the city of London. As an instance how we stood at this time, which I may call the zenith of our commercial prosperity, a friend of mine was offered no less than five hundred pounds if he could by any means induce one or other of our partners to become directors in a new joint-stock concern:—palpable swindle. Nor was our reputation for wealth less widely spread upon the Continent. I happened about this time to go over to Germany for my autumn holiday. By some mistake or other, my luggage was sent from Strasburg direct on to Trieste, instead of being given over to me at Vienna, where I intended remaining a few days. In my portmanteau was my desk, and in my desk were my letter of credit and circular notes, so that, except a few napoleons I happened to have in my pocket, I was penniless in a town where I was an utter stranger. I went into the first private bank I came across, and, asking to see one of the partners, told him who I was, and requested him to telegraph to London, and ask his correspondent there to inquire of our firm whether he could on my order advance me fifty or sixty pounds which I wanted to pay my way until I could get my baggage back again. But the moment I mentioned the name of our firm, and showed by my passport and letters that I was really the Mr. Watson who was a partner in that house, the banker offered me any sum of money I liked to ask for, and placed himself entirely at my disposal, adding to his civility and kindness by asking me to dine with him, and go to his box at the Opera afterwards.

To make our business affairs all the more secure, both Mr. Velardi and myself left off in a great measure speculating in shares and stocks. It is true that wherever we had an interest in a really “good thing,” we kept what we had purchased or obtained. But we left off buying or applying for shares in new concerns, and resolutely declined very many offers that were made us of putting us upon the direction of “first-rate” companies. Mr. Velardi continued a director of the Onyx Bank, and took a very active part in the



management of that establishment, which gave us almost unlimited facilities in the way of discount. What we found we could not do in the Onyx, I managed to do with the Joint Discount Company, at whose board I had a seat; so that, by one means or other, we always managed to "melt" either our own paper, or that which was sent us to discount on commission.

It would have been well for us if we had stuck entirely to our own business and bills. Unfortunately, a very tempting—and, had the times gone right, a very lucrative—business was thrown in our way. There are in London a vast number of small Greek firms, commission agents, and other individuals, who attempt to do in a small way what I have described\* in a former chapter\* that we did on a large scale with foreign and other bills. The great difficulty with these men is to know where to discount the paper that is remitted them from abroad, and if it were not for the wealthier firms of their own countrymen they would find it an utter impossibility in London. They manage to melt their paper by taking it to one of the better known Greek firms, who—"for a consideration"—indorse it, and pass it into their bankers with their own bills, making over the proceeds to those who give them the paper to discount. The commission charged is generally very high, often as much as nine or ten per cent for three months, being at the rate of from thirty to forty per cent per annum. Of course the risk incurred by the larger houses is proportionably great. If all go well, one set of bills is provided for by fresh bills being drawn, and the wheel is thus kept rolling on. But should there be a hitch anywhere, and one bill not be met, or should a commercial crisis come on, and bills of all kinds be difficult—sometimes impossible—to discount, not only does the party who is discounting fall, but in all probability he drags down with him half a dozen firms even weaker than himself, and injures most materially the larger firm that have discounted for him, often ruining it irretrievably.

At the time we embarked in this dangerous business, the English commercial world appeared to be suffering from a superabundance of money. Men were everywhere looking right and left to find out how their funds had best be employed. But, for those who did not enjoy good credit in the City, the difficulty of obtaining money was great, as, in fact, it always is more or less. To those who, like ourselves, had facilities of obtaining money, the rates of discount were not more than four per cent, whereas, to strugglers in the sea of commerce, nothing less than eight or ten was charged, and those who were quite unknown in London had to pay as much as fourteen and sixteen. But with all this there was money to be made in London, and where money is to be made, men of the Greek nation will always

be found. There were then, as ever, a host of small Greeks in London, anxious to profit by the various kinds of commerce which they, of all people, understand well. After the manner of their nation, their capital was chiefly in bills. To draw bills was easy enough, and to accept them not more difficult; the question was where and how to discount them. Actuated partly by a desire of gain, and partly by a wish to be a great man in the eyes of his poorer fellow-countrymen, Mr. Velardi, in an evil hour, began to discount some of these bills, and to pass them in with our indorsement to the Onyx Bank. The profits on these transactions are great, but the risk is greater. For a long time all went well, but gradually the number of these bills increased upon us so quickly that we had to send them to Liverpool, Marseilles—anywhere—wherever we thought they could be discounted. Nor is this kind of business one in which those engaged in it can pull up at any moment they please. The bill for two or three hundred pounds drawn by an unknown man in London upon a myth in Trieste, is certain not to be met at maturity unless funds for that purpose be remitted in time. To provide such funds the same party must discount another bill, and if you who have melted the first for him don't now do the needful, it is pretty certain, not only that the bill will be returned upon your hands, but also that two or three other small bill-drawers and acceptors, whose names are most probably written upon stamped paper which you have indorsed, will also come to grief.

In the mercantile world there starts up from time to time a crisis or panic, which sets all calculations and commercial rules at defiance. It may be set down as a rule that every ten years one of these fevers occur in the money market. While they last, few, if any, even of the largest houses, are safe, unless their speculations have been conducted very prudently. We had been about two years in the full enjoyment of our greatly increased credit and reputation, when the first clouds began to show themselves in the horizon of trade. The first thing that caused us annoyance was the failure of some of the individuals whose bills we had discounted, and had passed on to the Onyx Bank, or to the Discount Company. This paper had of course to be taken up at once, in order to save our own credit; it was of no use renewing the bills, for day by day the facilities for discounting grew less and less all over London, as well as on the Continent. For a time we kept on bravely, living upon the reputation of our former credit, which was not yet a thing of the past. But when really good houses in the City began to fall, and when the money article of the morning papers contained every morning a list of four or five firms whose bills had been returned on the previous day, even Mr. Velardi began to get anxious, and try whether it were not possible for us to save our reputation, and weather the storm.

There was another circumstance which helped greatly to injure us at this time. In the Levant trade, and generally throughout the Mediter-

\* See Going into Business, page 378 of the present volume.



anean, it is customary for firms in London, Paris, and Marseilles, to grant open credits to such of their correspondents as ship produce to them on commission. Thus in our house, in order to obtain shipment of produce from Smyrna, Alexandria, and Odessa, we gave our correspondents—or rather our constituents, being the small native firms for whom we did business in London—leave to draw bills upon us at three months' date, the only stipulation being that these bills must be covered by other remittances before arriving at maturity. The system is most unbusiness-like, and extremely dangerous, inasmuch as the firm that accepts these drafts is not covered in any way at the time of doing so; and, as a matter of course, whether the remittances come or not at the proper time, the bills that have been accepted must be met when due. With purely English firms this custom has never prevailed; but with all foreign houses it is very common, owing to the great competition existing to obtain shipments of produce on commission. So well aware of the existing competition are all the native Greek, Egyptian, and other small firms in the Levant, that if their custom be worth having, they will not ship to any house that does not consent to grant them what is called a banking credit for three, four, or five, thousand pounds at a time.

We did business with several of these native Eastern firms, all of which we were obliged to grant open credits of various amounts. The object the native merchants of the Levant have in obtaining these credits, is, partly to try and make a profit by the rates of exchange, but chiefly to be able to raise money whenever they need it for the purposes of trade, by selling the bills drawn upon Europe. As almost all the native trading community is engaged in this bill-drawing and dealing, and, as each in their turn require remittances on Europe, these bills of exchange find a ready sale, provided the credit of the drawer be tolerably good, and the drawee known to be a pretty safe firm.

Having formed a very extensive connexion at Smyrna and other places with small native firms that shipped produce to us for sale on commission, we had granted a number of these banking credits, as they are called, none of which were very large, but which taken together made up a very considerable sum. At the time of the crisis coming on, we could not have had less than three hundred and twenty or five-and-twenty thousand pounds of bills for which

we were under acceptance, and which we should have to meet before long. As time went on, some remittances to cover these arrived in due course, others did not arrive, and many of those which came to hand were upon houses that had either already failed, or were on the eve of bankruptcy. In some instances the bills were perfectly good when they arrived in our hands, they were duly accepted by the firms on which they were drawn, and were then accepted and passed on to our bankers; but, just before they were due, the acceptors declared themselves under the necessity of suspending payment, and as we had discounted them with the bank, we had to make them good at once.

To pay out money freely, and receive little or none, would soon bring the bottom of the longest purse to light. To save exposure, and in daily hopes that things would mend, we held on as long as we could, but all to no purpose. The inevitable day came at last. The board of the Onyx Bank began to look very shyly at my partner, and the directors of the Discount Company regarded me with but little affection; for rumours had gone abroad respecting the vast amount of our liabilities, which, though startling enough, fell short of the truth. The rates of discount grew higher and higher in the City, until at last both the joint-stock banks and the discount houses refused to take any save the most undoubted paper, and very little of that. Our credit fell so low, that although we were able, by discounting at ruinous rates, for a short time to stave off the evil hour, it came at last, and the monetary article of the Times contained the announcement that "the bills of Messrs. Velardi, Watson, and Co., were returned yesterday." Also, that "the liabilities of this firm are said to amount to three-quarters of a million; the assets will depend chiefly upon how certain bills now running are met by various firms connected with the Levant trade, in which the house that has just stopped was largely engaged. The books have been placed in the hands of the well-known accountants, Messrs. Blank, Blank, and Co."

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[PRICE 2d.]

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XI. UP AT THE CHURCH.

THREE hours later, Saxon was sitting alone before the organ in the little chapel on the hill. One hand supported his head, the other rested listlessly upon the keys. A tattered mass of Palestrina's lay open upon the music-desk; but Saxon's eyes were turned towards the door, and his thoughts were far away. He had been playing, half an hour or an hour ago, and had fallen since then into a long and anxious train of thought. He had even forgotten the little fair-haired urchin who acted for him as blower, and who had fallen fast asleep in the sunshine that streamed through the south window at the back of the organ.

It was a plain, whitewashed, brown-raftered little church, with a row of deal benches on each side of the aisle, and a pulpit to match. On a long board suspended from the roof just above the altar was painted, in gaudy characters of gold and scarlet, a German couplet, signifying "Where God is, there is liberty." The organ was of old dark oak, with ebony keys; and on the top stood a battered angel with a broken trumpet. It was a place of primitive simplicity, and no kind of architectural beauty. The beauty lay all without, among the Alps and pine forests that showed here and there through open doors and windows.

It was more than an hour past mid-day when Saxon Trefalden sat thus before the organ, and his cousin had not yet come to claim his company. His thoughts were busy, and his soul was disquieted within him. The uneasiness that he had felt on leaving those two to their solitary conference had now increased tenfold. Why was he excluded from it? And why should his uncle, who had never, as he believed, hidden a thought from him before, keep a secret from him now?

Then, what of this unknown kinsman, William Trefalden of London? Did Saxon really like him? The question was a difficult one. He scarcely knew how to answer it, even to himself. He thought he liked his cousin. Nay, he felt sure—almost sure—that he liked him. Not, perhaps, quite so well to-day as yesterday. Was it that an indefinite sense of mistrust mingled with the liking? No, that was impossible. His generous nature revolted at the thought. Was

it that William Trefalden's opinions were so new to him, and went so far to unsettle his own preconceived notions of good and evil? Or was it that he was himself somewhat out of humour with the world this morning—somewhat less contented than of old? The organ, to be sure, had sounded more wheezy and thin than ever to-day, and his own playing had seemed clumsier than usual. Besides, that matter of the twenty francs was hard to forget. Well, well, he certainly liked his cousin; and as for poverty, why he must put up with it, and make the best of it, as his father and uncle had done before him. Then with regard to Olimpia Colonna—Pshaw! were she fair as Helen, and patriotic as Camilla, it would make no difference to him. Saxon flattered himself that he was invulnerable.

At this point of his meditations, a shadow fell upon the threshold, and was followed by the substance of William Trefalden.

"I am ashamed, Saxon," said he, "to have kept you waiting for me so long. Your uncle is gone home, and I suppose it is too late to think of Chur to-day. Is this the organ?"

Saxon bent his head affirmatively.

"So! a lumbering old box of pipes, only fit for firewood! What say you? will you present the parish with a new one?"

"I hope the parish will not have to wait till I do so," replied Saxon, with a faint smile.

"But I am serious. Will you order one from Geneva, or have it brought all the way from Paris?"

"Cousin William, what *do* you mean?" faltered Saxon, his heart beginning to beat faster, he knew not why.

Mr. Trefalden laid his two hands on the young man's shoulders, and, looking him steadily in the face, replied:

"This is what I mean, Saxon. In three or four weeks' time you will be a rich man—a very rich man—ten times richer than Count Planta, or any nobleman here."

"I—rich—richer than—~~I~~ do not understand you!" said Saxon, brokenly.

"It is the absolute truth."

"But my uncle—"

"He knows it. He has known it since before you were born. He has desired me to tell you all the story of your inheritance."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead, and turned his face away.



"Not just yet—not here," he said, in an agitated voice. "I—I am so taken by surprise—almost terrified. Will you leave me for a few minutes? I will come out to you presently in the churchyard."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Trefalden, and turned towards the door. Saxon sprang after him, and grasped him by the arm.

"One moment," exclaimed he, pointing to a little stone tablet let into the church wall about half way between the organ and the porch. "Did *he* know, too?"

The tablet bore the name of Saxon Trefalden, and the date of his death.

"Your father and your uncle both knew it," replied Mr. Trefalden, gravely. "This fortune would have been his now, instead of yours, if he had lived to claim it."

Saxon turned away with a deep sob, and his cousin went out into the sunshine.

Left alone in the little silent church, the young man covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"God help me!" murmured he. "What shall I do? I am so young, so ignorant, so unfit to bear this burden. God help me, and guide me to use these riches rightly!"

And then he knelt down beside the little organ, and prayed.

#### CHAPTER XII. ON THE TERRACE AT CASTLETOWERS.

A BROAD gravelled terrace lying due east and west, with vases of massive terra-cotta full of glossy evergreens placed at regular intervals along the verge of the broad parapet. A mighty old Elizabethan mansion of warm red brick, standing back in a deep angle of shade, with all its topmost gables, carved scutcheons, and gilded vanes glittering to the morning sun. A foreground of undulating park traversed by a noisy rivulet, and rich in old gnarled oaks planted at the time of the Restoration. A distance of blue hills and purple common, relieved here and there by stretches of fir plantation jutting out into the hazy heath-land, like wooded promontories sloping to the sea. On the terrace, a peacock with all his gorgeous plumage displayed; a lady feeding him from her own white hand; and two gentlemen standing by. The time, the second day of April, balmy, sunny, redolent of the violet and the thorn. The county, Surrey. The place, Castletowers.

"How you flatter that bird, Mademoiselle Colonna!" said one of the gentlemen; a tall, soldierly man, with a deep sabre-scar across his left temple, and some few grey hairs silvering his thick moustache and beard. "His disposition was always a perfect balance between vanity and ill nature, but since your advent, the brute has become more insufferable than ever. Take care! I never see your hand so near his beak without a shudder."

"Fear nothing on my account, Major Vaughan,"

replied the lady; "and pray do not be unjust to Sardanapalus. He is quite an altered bird; and as gentle as a dove—with me."

"You do well to add that clause, my dear lady, for we can all bear witness to the way in which his majesty 'takes it out' in viciousness when you are not by. He flew at Gulnare not an hour ago, down by the five oaks yonder; and I believe, if I had not chanced to be within hail, and if the mare were not the most self-possessed beast in creation, there would have been battle, murder, and sudden death between them."

"Really? You make me prouder than ever of my conquest."

The soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"Pshaw!" said he, "what is one bar on the medal, more or less, to the hero of a hundred fields?"

"Major Vaughan, you are complimentary."

"Vaughan's pretty speeches always smell of powder," laughed the younger gentleman, who was leaning against the parapet close by.

"Bah! que veux-tu, mon cher? A man can no more shake off the associations of twenty years, than he can shake off the bronze from his skin."

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, The scent of the barrack will hang round it still!"

Mademoiselle Colonna looked up quickly, still feeding the peacock from her open palm.

"I like your compliment the better, Major Vaughan, for what Lord Castletowers calls its smell of powder," said she. "It is a familiar perfume to me, remember."

"I don't like to remember it," muttered the soldier, pulling thoughtfully at his moustache.

"Nor I," said Lord Castletowers, in a low voice.

"Why not, pray?" asked the lady, with a heightened colour. "Is it not the incense of Italian liberty?"

"Granted; but it is an incense so powerful, that fair ladies do well to smell it from a distance."

"Not when they can be of service in the temple, Major Vaughan," replied Mademoiselle Colonna, with one of her proud smiles. "But, digressions apart, do you really tell me that Sardanapalus attacked Gulnare without any kind of provocation?"

"I do indeed."

"It is strange that he should be so savage!"

"It is still more strange that he should be so docile! I believe, Mademoiselle Colonna, that you are in possession of some taming secret known only to yourself."

"Perhaps I am. May I be allowed to cite you as a specimen of my success?"

Major Vaughan bowed almost to the ground.

"Oh! daughter of the sun and moon," said he, "the head of thy slave is at thy disposal!"

Startled either by the major's profound salaam, or by the sudden pealing of the breakfast-bell, Sardanapalus threw up his head, and uttered an



angry scream. Mademoiselle Colonna withdrew her hand quickly, and flung away the remainder of the cake with which she had been feeding him. Lord Castletowers saw the gesture, and sprang to her side.

"The brute has not bitten you?" he said, anxiously.

She had already wrapped her handkerchief round her hand, and was moving slowly towards the house, as if nothing had happened; but there was a scarcely perceptible quiver in the smile with which she replied:

"Very slightly, thank you. Don't be angry with the poor bird. He meant no harm."

"Meant!" echoed the young man, fiercely. "I'll teach him to know what he means in future. Will you permit me to see the extent of the mischief?"

"Nay, it is nothing—a mere peck."

Lord Castletowers uttered an exclamation of dismay, as he stooped to take something from the ground. It was a little fragment of cake, all crimson dyed.

"It is no 'peck' that has done this!" he exclaimed. "For pity's sake, Olim—Mademoiselle, allow me to see your hand!"

"Indeed it is not serious; but, lest you should fancy it worse than it is—there!"

The blush with which she began faded quite away as she concluded, and left her somewhat paler than usual. She averted her eyes. She could bear the pain bravely enough, but not the sight.

"What is the matter?" said Major Vaughan, who had turned away on making his salaam, and seen nothing of the accident.

"That carrion-bird has bitten Mademoiselle Colonna!" replied Lord Castletowers, with unconcealed agitation. "Bitten her severely. See this!"

The pretty little delicate palm was half laid open, but the slender fingers did not even tremble. Major Vaughan examined the wound with the keen glance of one accustomed to such matters.

"Humph! an ugly gash!" said he; "but not so bad as a bayonet thrust, after all. If you will accompany me in-doors, mademoiselle, I will dress it for you in first-rate style. You do not know what a capital surgeon I am. Here, Castletowers,—something to tie up the young lady's hand in the mean while!"

Lord Castletowers gave his own handkerchief, and, turning aside, hastily thrust Mademoiselle Colonna's into his breast-pocket. Her eyes were still averted; but a dark shadow came upon Major Vaughan's face.

"A thousand thanks," said she, smilingly, when the bandage was adjusted.

"You must not thank me till it is properly dressed, mademoiselle," replied he, offering her his arm. "And now, if you please, we will find our way to the housekeeper's room, and procure all that is necessary; while you, my dear fellow, had better go and explain the cause of this

delay to Lady Castletowers. I know she does not like to wait for breakfast."

"True, it is one of my mother's peculiarities. I will do the work of propitiation. As for Sardanapalus . . ."

"Sardanapalus must be pardoned," interposed Mademoiselle Colonna.

Lord Castletowers shook his head.

"Nay, I entreat."

But she entreated with the air of an empress.

The young man lifted his hat.

"The prisoner at the bar was condemned to death," said he, courteously; "but since the queen chooses to exercise her prerogative, the court commutes his sentence to solitary confinement for life in the great aviary at the end of the Italian garden."

At this moment the breakfast-bell sent forth a second clamorous peal; the imperial convict uttered another dissonant cry, and sailed across the terrace in all his panoply of plumage; and the trio went up to the house.

#### CHAPTER XIII. THE HOUSE OF CASTLETOWERS.

GERVASE LEOPOLD WYNNCLYFFE, Earl of Castletowers, was the fifth peer of his house, and the last of his name. He was not rich; but he was very good natured. He had no great expectations; but he was tolerably clever, tolerably good looking, and only twenty-seven years of age. His principles were sound; his French accent was perfect; he had made one successful speech in the House, and he was unmarried. With all these qualifications, and his five feet eleven inches to boot, it is not surprising that Lord Castletowers, despite his very limited means, should have found himself, during several seasons, the object of a fair amount of maternal manoeuvring. That he was not yet given over to the spoilers was owing to no wisdom of his own, and to no absence of that susceptibility which flesh (especially flesh under thirty years of age) is heir to. On the contrary, he had been smitten, as the phrase goes, twice or thrice; but on each of these occasions his destiny, and, perhaps, his lady mother, had interposed to save him.

The young Earl adored his mother. She was still beautiful; slender, pale, stately, and somewhat above the average height of women. In complexion and features she resembled the later portraits of Marie Antoinette; but it was a likeness of outline and colouring only. The expression was totally different—so different that it appeared sometimes to obliterate the resemblance altogether. The sorrow, the sweetness, the womanly tenderness of that royal face were all missing from the serene countenance of Alethea, Countess of Castletowers. She looked as if she had never known a strong emotion in her life; as if love and hate, anguish and terror, would have glanced off from her like arrows from a marble statue. Proud as they both were, the very pride of these two faces had nothing in



common. That of the queen was passionate, upon the lip; that of the countess shone coldly from the eye. Pride was, indeed, the dominant principle of her being—the pivot upon which her every thought, word, and action turned. She had been a great heiress. She was the daughter, wife, and mother of an Earl. She was of the ancient line of Holme-Pierpoint; and the blood of the Holme-Pierpoints had mingled once with that of the Plantagenets, and twice with that of the Tudors. The Countess of Castletowers never forgot these things for a moment. It is doubtful if they were even absent from her dreams. Her dignity, her grace, her suavity of manner, were perfect; but they were all based upon her pride, like that royal bower of which the poet dreamed:

A sunny pleasure-dome, with caves of ice.

Lady Castletowers had not loved her husband; but she loved her son as much as it was in her nature to love anything. The husband had squandered her dower; insulted her by open neglect; and died abroad overwhelmed with debt and discredit, within the fifth year of their marriage. The son had revered, admired, idolised her from his cradle. He had never given her cause for one moment's anxiety since the day of his birth. As a little child, he thought her the most noble and gracious of God's creatures—as he grew in years, his faith in her remained undiminished, and his love became that beautiful love which mingles the chivalrous respect of the man with the tender homage of the son. It was not, therefore, surprising that whatever waif of human weakness had fallen to her ladyship's portion should have been garnered up for this one object. While he was yet very young, her affection for him was invested at compound interest, and left to accumulate till he should become of an age to deserve it; but as he arrived at manhood, his life became identified with her own. All her pride and ambition centred in him. He must marry well—that is to say, richly and nobly. He must make a position in the Upper House. He must some day be a cabinet minister; and he must get that step in the peerage which the Duke of York had once solicited for his father, but which George the Fourth had refused to ratify. Lady Castletowers had set her heart on obtaining these things for her son, but above all else had she set her heart upon the last. She would have sold ten years of her own life to see the marquis's coronet upon his carriage panels. When the clergyman in church put up that prayer towards the end of the morning service which implores fulfilment for the desires and petitions of the congregation, "as may be most expedient for them," Lady Castletowers invariably reverted in the silence of her thoughts to the four pearls and the four strawberry-leaves; and never asked herself if there could be profanity in the prayer.

In the mean while, the young Earl accepted

all this pride and ambition for the purest maternal affection. He did not care in the least about the marquise; he was somewhat indifferent to the attractions of the Upper House; and he had almost made up his mind that he would not, if he could, be burdened with the toils and responsibilities of office. But he would not have grieved his mother by a hint of these heresies for the universe. He even blamed himself for his own want of ambition, and soothed his troubled conscience every now and then by promising himself that he would very soon "read up" one of the popular financial topics, and make another speech in the House.

But that question of the wealthy marriage was to him the least agreeable of all his mother's projects. There was some romance in the young man's disposition, and he could not relish the thought of adding to his own scanty acres by means of his wife's dower. He would have preferred to marry a village maiden for love, like the Lord of Burleigh; or, at least, to have felt that he was free to love like the Lord of Burleigh, if he chose.

It was in this same spirit of romance that Lord Castletowers had associated himself with the Italian cause. He had, or fancied that he had, a democratic bias. He was fond of quoting the examples of the classic republics; he had read Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, and Godwin's *Political Justice*; and he had a genuine English hatred of oppression, whatever its form or aspect. Surrounded as he had been since the hour of his birth by a triple rampart of conservatism, it is possible that democracy possessed for this young nobleman the stimulative charm of a forbidden luxury. He certainly never confided the full extent of his republican sympathies to his lady mother, and he would have been far from grateful to any officious friend who had presented her with a verbatim report of certain of his most enthusiastic speeches. Those speeches were delivered at meetings held in obscure lecture-halls and institutes in un-aristocratic parts of London, and were remarkably good speeches of their kind—vigorously thought, and often felicitously expressed; but their eloquence, nevertheless, was by no means calculated to gratify the Countess of Castletowers.

On all questions of English polity, Lord Castletowers was what is somewhat vaguely called a "liberal conservative;" on all Italian subjects, a thorough-going bonnet rouge. He would no more have advocated universal suffrage in his own country than he would have countenanced slavery in Venetia; but he firmly believed in the possible regeneration of the great Roman republic, and avowed that belief with unhesitating enthusiasm. Besides, his old college tastes and associations were yet fresh upon him, and he entertained all a young man's admiration for the Latin heroes, poets, and historians. Nor were his sympathies all so classical and remote. He was keenly susceptible to those influences which



beset the travelled amateur of books and art. He had loitered, sketched, and dreamed away more than one winter among the palaces of Florence and Rome. He had read Petrarch, and Tasso, and the most amusing parts of Dante. He had been in love, though never, perhaps, very deeply, with scores of dark-eyed Giuliettas and Biancas. He had written canzonets in which *amore* rhymed to *core* in the orthodox fashion, and had sung them by moonlight under picturesque balconies, over and over again, in many a stately old Italian city. Above all, he had known Giulio Colonna from his earliest boyhood, and had been inoculated with Italian patriotism ere he knew what patriotism meant. Accustomed to regard Signor Colonna not only as some kind of distant cousin, but also as one of his mother's most frequent guests, he had accepted all his opinions with the unquestioning faith of childhood. He had, indeed, listened to the magic of his eloquence long before he was of an age to understand its force and purport, and had become insensibly educated in the love and reverence of those things which were to Giulio Colonna as the life of his life. It was, therefore, no wonder that the young Earl proved, as he grew to man's estate, a staunch friend to the Italian cause. It was no wonder that he made enthusiastic speeches at obscure meetings, transacted a vast amount of really hard work in his capacity of Honorary Secretary to the Central Committee, and believed in Giulio Colonna and the great Italian republic of the future, with all his heart and soul.

There was, in reality, no blood relationship whatever between the Castletowers family and this branch of the Colonnas. A Miss Holme-Pierpoint had married a Prince Colonna some twenty-five or thirty years before; but she was long since dead, and had left no children. A pleasant intercourse had subsisted, however, between the two families ever since. The Colonnas, down to the third and fourth generation, were royally welcomed at the grand old Surrey mansion, whenever any of them came to England; Lady Castletowers and her son had once spent six delightful weeks of *villeggiatura* at Prince Colonna's Alban Villa; and when the young Earl was in Rome, he had been the very life and soul of all the winter entertainments given at that stately palazzo which stands in the Corso at the corner of the Piazza di Santissimi Apostoli. As for Giulio Colonna, he had been *l'intime du maison* ever since the Honourable Alethea Pierpoint had exchanged her name for that of Castletowers—just as he had been *l'intime du maison* at the house of her ladyship's father. He was one of the very few whom the countess really valued, and whom she condescended to call by the sacred name of friend. Perhaps he was the only person upon earth who could be said to enjoy her ladyship's confidence. It was to him that she had turned for help in her matrimonial troubles; for advice respecting the education of her son; for sympathy when any of

her ambitious projects failed of success. She had known him, indeed, from her girlhood. She admired his great and varied talents. She had perfect reliance on his probity and honour; and she respected his nobility of birth. To a certain extent, she respected his patriotic devotion as well; though, it is almost needless to add, she was wholly at issue with him on the subject of republicanism.

"It is a point," she used to observe, "upon which my good friend Signor Colonna is deaf, I grieve to say, alike to reason and good taste. He has so imbued himself with the classical history of his country, that he can no longer discriminate between the necessities of a semi-barbarous race and those of a highly civilised people. He cannot see that the monarchical form of government is precisely that which the age demands. I am very sorry for him. I have represented the matter to him, over and over again, from every conceivable point of view; but with unvarying ill success. I am weary of trying to convince a man who shuts his ears to conviction."

And when she had said this, or words to this effect, Lady Castletowers would sigh, and drop the subject with the air of one who had exhausted it utterly.

### TO SMOKE, OR NOT TO SMOKE?

THE universal habit of smoking tobacco—universal as to nations, if not with individuals—sometimes makes us ask ourselves how people managed when they had no tobacco to smoke. For the plant is quite a recent introduction.

*Nicotiana Tabacum* is a native of South America, which its Spanish discoverers found growing abundantly in the Antilles, and which found its way into Europe, generally, little more than three hundred years ago. It had been cultivated by the Spaniards in Cuba, and by the Portuguese in Brazil, when Jean Nicot, king's advocate, on a mission in Portugal, first sent seeds to Catherine de Médicis; whence its botanical name, which the plant retains, and its denomination of "*Herbe de la Reine*," by which it was known for a considerable time. But almost every one engaged in its early spread, endeavoured to immortalise themselves through its agency.

It is to tobacco's supposed medicinal virtues, and not to its employment as a pastime, that this flattering reception must be attributed. Fagon, Louis the Fourteenth's famous physician, wrote of it (in Latin) thus: "If tobacco be used with judgment and moderation, it may justly claim the precedence of all other remedies. . . . It appeases, likewise, by its sulphur, excruciating pain of the teeth. It has even the qualities of Homer's *nepenthes*; for it makes us forget the cares of life, renders us happy in extreme poverty, carries along with it, into our veins, the most flattering hope, eases our mind, and even supplies the want of victuals."



In Florida, tobacco was called "petun," whence the name of our pretty summer flowers, the petunias, who are cousins-german, if not half-brothers, to tobacco. But what did the Old World peoples do, when cigars and shag were alike unknown? Were our unsmoking ancestors weaker, duller, less robust than their posterity of unceasing smokers? Can a drug, an indulgence, a luxury, a sedative, with which Europe, Asia, and Africa uncomplainingly dispensed from the beginning of the world up to A.D. 1570, or thereabouts, be really necessary for our physical welfare?

The question is natural; but, if urged as an objection to tobacco, might be applied, with equal reason, to many other articles of daily consumption—to every medicinal or alimentary discovery. Wine is ancient; but alcohol and its modifications, brandy, whisky, rum, and gin, are modern. So, too, are tea and coffee. It might be argued that, if the great majority of existing nations have lived for ages, happily and healthily, without tea, coffee, toddy, or punch, therefore those beverages are so many unnecessary extras. We need, however, no learned professor to convince us that such is not the case. We feel that tea and coffee are great blessings—tea especially, as we use it, not mixing it, like the Russians, with spirit. We also, as a general rule, confine coffee to its proper use; not making one stimulant, as the French do, the vehicle of another, brandy. There are occasions, too (as after a thorough wetting, strong emotion, severe fatigue, or profuse loss of blood), when a small dose of spirit may avert disease or even death. Before tea and coffee were, some other drink had to be taken at the morning meal. But it is not every head (belonging to in-door workers) that could obey Cobbett's order to take beer for breakfast, without at least sacrificing an hour or two to let the fumes of the beer evaporate.

What makes smoking appear to non-smokers so utterly superfluous a waste of money, is, that the smoke inhaled has not the slightest pretence to be nutritious. Tea, coffee, and spirit, it is thought, may afford a little nourishment in their way; smoking is an indulgence, and nothing more. Are the other three never taken as indulgences? Tobacco, certainly, can be abused; and so can anything else. Balzac shortened his life by the immoderate use of coffee by night, which hastened and ripened heart disease. It is possible, then, that tobacco, properly used, may have its attendant advantages. The inclination for it, felt by multitudes, is a presumptive argument in its favour. The same instinct which has led men (short of salt) and animals to rush to salt springs; feverish invalids to suck in with delight bitter pond-water in which cinchona branches were steeped; and small-pox convalescents to beg for pots of

porter, may be also the influence which has sometimes caused tobacco to gravitate towards human lips. Take a case, which is authentic.

Z. had never smoked, except once or twice, as a boyish bravado, which made him sick. When about forty years of age, Z. had serious troubles and afflictions, followed by an illness which nearly cost him his life. During a slow recovery, with every needful comfort around him, Z. still felt in want of *something*, he knew not what. To hit upon an indefinite restorative "*something*," was really no easy feat. But one day the happy thought flashed on him that the *something* must be—a cigar. The experiment was tried with signal success, and a box of Havannahs completed the cure. Z. has since rejoiced that he was not tempted to try any "*nervous debility*" doctor's stuff. That, and the doctor together, might have finished him off, long ago. And he advises any one who may be so tempted, to try a mild Havannah first. Z. is now no slave to tobacco. He can either smoke, or refrain from smoking; which last, on the majority of days, he does. But, if the slightest touch of the old longing comes over him, he thinks it no sin to blow a small cloud.

The tobacco question is of sufficient importance to deserve calm and serious consideration. If tobacco have now intemperate devotees, at the outset it had as intemperate enemies. Our James the First's "*Counterblast*" is scarcely worth notice; because, had King Jamie been wise, he would not have thrown stones at tobacco, nor at anything else. Snuffing was the form of tobacco-taking which seems to have excited the greatest aversion. The Sultan Mahomet the Fourth, of all people in the world, prohibited it in his dominions under pain of death. The Grand-Duke of Muscovy (Russia was not then what it is now) pitilessly hung every wretch who was caught in the fact of snuffing. The King of Persia commuted that punishment to the milder penalty of cutting off snuffers' noses. James the First of England and Christian the Fourth of Denmark contented themselves with inflicting money fines, or simple whippings. Pope Urban the Eighth issued a bull excommunicating people who should indulge in snuff-taking in church. Deterrent stories are also told of people who had so dried up their brains by taking snuff, that, after death, a little black lump was all that was found remaining in their skull.

In those days, there were four ways of using tobacco, three only of which have survived to us: in powder, up the nose, as snuff; by smoking in a pipe; by chewing; and lastly, in long plugs (like miniature cigars) stuffed up the nostrils, and kept there, with, it was believed, very salutary effect. Some even slept with their nostrils so garnished, but it was found to produce nausea in the morning. The French "*chiquer*," to chew tobacco, and "*chique*," a quid, are evidently abbreviations from "*machica-toire*," a jaw-piece. From what root has our "*quid*" sprouted?

On either side of the Channel there has

\* Something was smoked even before that time. Pipes, which could have served no other purpose, have been found amongst the remains of early antiquity.



recently been made an almost simultaneous onslaught against tobacco-smoking, of which the English attack is likely to prove all the more deadly, from being calm, temperate, and judicial in its argumentation. M. Jolly, member of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, entertained his colleagues, last February, with papers which gave no quarter to the weed. He determined to make an impression; and he made it: for half measures and faint blame, in Paris, gain but few disciples. A plant at once stinking, acrid, and poisonous; which equally disgusts us by its taste and its smell; which causes giddiness, nausea, vomiting, and intoxication in persons who come in contact with it for the first time; a plant which eventually stupifies and paralyses those who have the sad courage to habituate themselves to its use; a plant which, on account of its venomous qualities, ought to be kept under lock and key in the druggist's shop; tobacco, in short, the legacy which a nation of savages bequeathed to their conquerors; tobacco—which the French of the nineteenth century have selected to occupy their leisure and charm away their ennui, to perfume their streets, their promenades, their drawing-rooms, nay, even their nuptial couch—such is the repulsive subject which M. Jolly devotes himself to elucidate.

This indictment is certainly heavy. In a well-known government school (the Polytechnic), there are annually as many "fruits sees," or failures, as there are pupils who have specially distinguished themselves in the exercises of the pipe or the cigar. But, we may ask, did they fail *because* they smoked so much; or did they smoke so much because they were idle and careless; the idleness, and not the smoke, being the real cause of their plucking? Also, amongst those who take high honours, is there never a single one who smokes? M. Jolly's statistics are frightful—and not conclusive. Cases of paralysis and insanity, he tells us, have increased in direct proportion to the produce of the tobacco tax. In 1832, it amounted to twenty-eight millions (of francs), a sum which had remained nearly stationary ever since 1792, and the asylums contained eight thousand patients. In 1862, the tax reached one hundred and eighty millions, and the number of insane and paralysed people had risen, in their special hospitals, to forty-four thousand.

But, we may be permitted to observe, if smoking be the guilty cause of certain disorders, they ought to be confined to the sex which smokes; otherwise, tobacco is no more responsible for them than are fried potatoes or *café au lait*. Now, there are *more* mad women than mad men in France. The mad women, however, live the longer, and have a slighter tendency to suicide than the men.

The greatest quantity of tobacco, per head, is consumed in the departments Nord and Pas-de-Calais. In the provinces of Brittany and Limousin, smoking is practised only in insignificant proportions. Taking the whole population of smokers, they consume, per head, some seventeen or eighteen pounds of tobacco annually,

which, according to chemical analysis, is equivalent to fifty or sixty grammes of nicotine per head; that is to say, more than would kill a squadron of mounted cavalry who should prefer to measure their strength with tobacco instead of the enemy. Moreover, M. Jolly insists, tobacco stunts the growth of its votaries, and will end by annihilating the whole French nation. But if France, for the last eighty years and more, has sent her finest men to the butchery, keeping the puniest at home to become fathers of families, is not that a sufficient reason why the average stature of Frenchmen should be lowered? And were the Zouaves, in the Crimean and Italian wars, worse soldiers than the First Napoleon's "grumblers"?

In Brittany and the Limousin, where they scarcely smoke at all, is the standard of intelligence higher than in the North and East, where they smoke outrageously? Everybody ought to know that exactly the contrary is the fact. As to paralysis, M. Moreau (de Tours) did not find a single case amongst all the smokers in all the East. "The reason is," says M. Jolly, "that Oriental tobacco contains no nicotine." And he adds, with great reason, "Drunkness is unknown; and the feverish excitements of ambition, and of the desire to make rapid fortunes, are much less strongly developed than in France." He accuses the cigar of separating the sexes; because one sex does not smoke. But, in the East, men and women are equally addicted to the *narguilhé*, and remain separated all the same. Finally, if tobacco be an infection, a nauseous thing, destructive of good manners and morality, equally poisonous for individuals and society in general, one of his colleagues recommends him to write an essay on "Why do people smoke?"

A formidable English broadside is fired at the weed in a very able treatise, *For and Against Tobacco*, by Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson; for the reader soon perceives that, however impartially the inquiry may be conducted, there is very much more "against" than "for." Thus: No confirmed smoker can ever be said, so long as he indulges in the habit, to be well; although it does not follow that he is becoming the subject of organic and fatal disease because he smokes. The functional disturbances to which the smoker is subjected, are presented in the blood, the stomach, the heart, the nervous system, and the glands of the throat and mouth. On the blood, the prolonged inhalation of tobacco produces changes which are very marked in character. The fluid is thinner than is natural, and in extreme cases paler. In such instances, the deficient colour of the blood is communicated to the body altogether, rendering the external surface yellowish-white and puffy. The blood, being thin, also exudes freely, and a cut surface bleeds for a long time, and may continue to bleed inconveniently, even in opposition to remedies. But the most important change is exerted on those little bodies which float in myriads in the blood, and are known as the red globules. They lose their round shape, become



oval and irregular at their edges, and instead of running together by mutual attraction, a good sign of their physical health, they lie loosely scattered before the eye, and indicate to the learned observer, as clearly as though they spoke to him, that the man from whom they were taken is physically depressed and deplorably deficient both in muscular and mental power. Think of that, ye insatiable smokers, who can never arrive at pipe or cigar the last!

Another of the doctor's propositions will be more readily accepted: that tobacco-smoking should never be indulged in until the body is fully developed. During the early periods of life, when the youth is approaching to his manhood, all the physical and mental energies are at their full stretch to attain a certain maximum of growth and power. To throw obstacles, therefore, in the way of this development, is necessarily to inflict on it a penalty which is life-enduring, and is never made up; and Dr. Richardson does not think the anti-tobaccoists are saying a word too much, when they urge that the increasing indulgence by our children and youths in the use of tobacco is stunting the national growth, deforming the national life, degrading the national intellect, and establishing a race which must necessarily possess a limited force, and transmit its own degradation to the next and the next generation. If, indeed, there be one point upon which parental authority should be specially exercised, it is, he believes, in forbidding the use of tobacco until the child has become a full-grown man, and is capable of exercising his own independent and manly judgment.

In order to reason from clear and precise data, Dr. Richardson informs us *what* tobacco-smoke is. The chemistry of tobacco had hitherto been mainly written on the basis of experiments made to determine the properties of tobacco-leaf, without reference to the peculiar mode by which the leaf is decomposed in a pipe or a cigar. He therefore constructed a small pair of bellows on a principle which made them act exactly as the lips and chest of a smoker do in the process of smoking. The bellows drew in air, in small whiffs. Part of the smoke produced by the combustion was allowed to escape from the mouth of the pipe or the lighted end of the cigar, as occurs in ordinary smoking, while the remaining portion of smoke, which in the man would be taken into the mouth or lungs, was drawn into the bellows, and subjected to analysis.

Although the widest differences prevail in respect to the products arising from differing cigars, differing kinds of tobacco, and differing pipes, it is to be observed that such differences are due to quantity rather than to quality, and that in every variety there are present certain bodies of which the smoke may be said to be composed.

First, there is in all tobacco-smoke a certain amount of *water vapour*, which may be considered as innocuous, unless it be the bearer of soluble substances which possess active properties.

Secondly, there is present a small portion of free *carbon*, whose existence may be proved by the mere act of driving the smoke through cotton wool. The carbon is deposited as a fine powder on the cotton fibre, rendering it dark and dusty. It is to the presence of this that the blue colour of the smoke is due. Those dense clouds which the energetic smoker blows forth, and those delicate eddies, ripples, and curves, which the artist in tobacco watches with so gratified an eye, are all due to an almost infinitesimal trace of free carbon. It is this carbon which, in confirmed smokers, settles on the back part of the throat, and on the lining membrane of the bronchial tubes, creating often a copious secretion, which it discolours almost to a sooty appearance. Thirdly, there is in the smoke a portion of *ammonia*, which plays a very important part. It is the ammonia that bites the tongue after long smoking; it is the ammonia that makes the smoker's tongue and throat dry, inducing him to drink as he smokes, and that partly excites the salivary glands to secrete so freely. The ammonia also asserts an influence on the blood. Fourthly; *carbonic acid* is always present. This may be shown by dipping the bowl of a pipe holding burning tobacco, for a few seconds, in a long bottle containing a little fresh lime-water. After the space in the bottle is charged with smoke, withdraw the bowl, insert the stopper of the bottle, and shake the lime-water briskly, so as to bring it into contact with the vapour. The lime-water will become of milky whiteness, owing to the formation of carbonate of lime. The tobacco-smoke must not be driven into the lime-water by the breath, as the breath contains carbonic acid. The sleepiness which follows on the prolonged inhalation of tobacco-fumes, as well as the headache and lassitude, may be fairly attributed to this agent, which, in so small a proportion as five per cent in air inspired, produces the symptoms specified. Fifthly; there is yielded from tobacco-smoke a *product having an oily appearance*, called by Vauquelin "*nicotine*." On examination, however, it is found to be a compound body, and the term nicotine is not now applied to it in the manner suggested by the above-named chemist. The "*oil*" derived from tobacco by condensation, possesses poisonous properties. Sufficient may be obtained from an Havannah cigar, weighing sixty-three grains, to excite poisonous, but not fatal symptoms in a rabbit. The "*oil*" yields, on further analysis, evidence of the presence of three bodies: a fluid alkaloid body, called nicotine; a volatile substance having an empyreumatic odour; and an extract, of a dark resinous character, having a bitter taste. Respecting these, it may be briefly stated that all symptoms of tremor, palpitation, and paralysis, after smoking, seem to depend on the nicotine; the peculiar smell of stale tobacco-smoke, which hangs so long on the breath of the smoker, and on articles of clothing, is derived from the volatile empyreumatic substance; and the nauseous sharp taste recognised by every unpractised smoker



when he takes a foul pipe into his mouth, is due to the bitter extract. It is this, Dr. Richardson believes, which creates vomiting in persons unaccustomed to tobacco, and of which the body becomes tolerant after a time.

It has been the custom, up to the present time, to consider the alkaloid nicotine as the author, one and indivisible, of all the smoker's pleasures and pains. The hypothesis, as we have seen, is utterly groundless. For the production of the effects caused by tobacco on the human body there are several and different substances. Nicotine, although the most potent, is the last, owing to its small amount, and its slight volatility, to exert effects upon the smoker. It is only after prolonged smoking that it reaches the blood at all; then truly it becomes the most active poison of the group, exciting symptoms which are at all times dangerous, sometimes fatal; and which, but for the rarity of their occurrence, would have excluded tobacco as a luxury at its first origin, without any aid from the moral crusaders against the weed.

In common conversation we speak of tobacco as a narcotic poison, and anti-tobaccoists are everlastingly dinging into our ears their statements respecting this terrible "stupifying" drug; but, in truth, the idea that tobacco is a narcotic is as false as it can be. Tobacco is no more a narcotic than strychnia is: if it were, it would be an infinitely more agreeable friend at first sight than it is. Your true narcotic is really a seducing body, that asks you to apply to it again, with a meaning that is pleasant at the time, and not unpleasant afterwards to the recollection; but tobacco raises its victim's whole soul into a fervour of abhorrence; witness the pleasant time of probation commonly known as "learning to smoke." It is so candid that it tells you at once, "I am a devil, and these are my tortures: try them again, if you dare." Tobacco, then, is *not* a narcotic; that is to say, it does not remove sensation, nor excite pleasurable emotion. If it be a friend, it is not very friendly at the first introduction. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it becomes milder as it grows more familiar. But for all that, if any person who was asking himself whether or not he should cultivate its acquaintance, had seen what Dr. Richardson has seen, he would surely decline the honour, and that even though he might know of certain after advantages to be derived from the friendship.

The body, after being subjected for a few times to the poisons of tobacco-smoke, becomes accustomed to their influence, and ceases to offer any of the immediate and active signs of opposition. There is set up what is technically called "a tolerance," and the direct mischief seems to be over. The fact is, the animal organism is formed to adapt itself to many impressions and influences which at first application are objectionable, by virtue of the power of quickly getting rid of the offending bodies. This occurs in respect to tobacco. After a short time, the products of the tobacco find a ready exit out of the system. They are thrown off by the three

great eliminatories—the lungs, the skin, and the kidneys. The volatile matters exhale by the lungs. We have evidence of that in the breath of every heavy smoker. In confirmed smokers, their every garment becomes impregnated with the smell of tobacco; and we say that the smoke hangs about their clothes, as though the smoke had simply fallen on them from without; but this is not quite the fact. The vapour has, in reality, largely exhaled from the skin and saturated the clothing. When, as will sometimes happen, the smoker carries about with him the odour of a single pipe, he has some defect in his breathing apparatus; he cannot eliminate by his lungs the volatile empyreumatic product and the ammonia with the needful rapidity: so the skin doing more work than is natural to it, in order to relieve the lungs, the tobacco products pass off by it, saturating the clothing and concentrating the perfume.

As to the question whether the habit of tobacco-smoking produces insanity, Dr. Richardson believes there is no evidence whatever of the production of any form of insanity by smoking. If such a source of insanity existed, as is supposed, it would show itself immediately and broadly in the differences of numbers between the insane of the different sexes; the proportion of insane male patients would naturally be increased in proportion to the excess of males who smoke, over both insane males and females who do not smoke. But no such a rule is even approached; no special asylum has shown such a rule; no country, through its asylums altogether, has shown such a rule.

Passing over several details for which the treatise itself may be consulted with advantage, we arrived at Dr. Richardson's admission that, of nearly every luxury, tobacco is the least injurious. It is innocuous as compared with alcohol; it does infinitely less harm than opium; *it is in no sense*, he says, *worse than tea and sugar*; (!) and by the side of high living altogether, it contrasts most favourably. A thorough smoker may or may not be a hard drinker; but there is one thing he never is, a glutton. And yet the doctor comes to the conclusion that, taking it all in all, stripping from the argument the puerilities and exaggerations of those who claim to be professed antagonists of the practice, it is fair to say that, in the main, smoking is a luxury which any nation, of natural habits, would be better without. The luxury is not directly fatal to life; but its use conveys to the mind of the man who looks upon it calmly, the unmistakable idea of physical degradation. At any rate, if tobacco-smoke be a poison, it is in some cases a very slow one.

Finally, the dangers of tobacco are not confined to smoke alone; for there is no smoke without fire. The destruction of property by the carelessness of smokers—the corn-stacks, hayricks, barns, and houses burnt—amount to a very heavy total loss, not to mention the suffering occasionally inflicted on innocent women and children by heedlessly tossed-away lucifers. Now and then, the author of the evil



is himself the principal victim, as exemplified by a recent instance.

A woodman, seventy-eight years of age, named Nicolas Merlet, was making fagots in the forest of Anjoutey, about the middle of last April. He had lighted his pipe with a lucifer-match, which he then threw away amongst the dead leaves, and continued his work without further thought. Suddenly, he found himself surrounded by flames; stifled by the smoke, he was unable to escape; his clothes caught fire, and burned until reduced to tinder. When the poor wretch's body was found, it was completely roasted from top to toe.

### ODD NOTIONS AND OLD ONES.

It is a curious process to trace back to their original sources many of the thoughts and customs current among ourselves; to study the savage germs of certain high-class social necessities; and to see what the arts and sciences which have revolutionised the world are like in their first faint unconscious beginnings. This is what Mr. Tylor\* has done in a work lately published, from which we will pick out a few plums; but by no means to the impoverishing of the dish; for of the three hundred and seventy pages, there is not one which does not contain some interesting fact or useful hint, so that though we mean to borrow much we shall leave more behind.

Would a Catholic telling his beads, or a forgetful housekeeper tying a knot in the corner of her handkerchief, imagine that they had anything in common with the South American quipus, or the Indian wampum string? Yet they have; for rosary, wampum-string, quipus, and the Exchequer tally, are all cousins-german. Darius made a quipu when he took a thong and tied sixty knots in it and gave it to the chief of the Ionians, that they might untie a knot each day, till, if the knots were all undone, and he had not returned, they might go back to their own land: Le Boo made a quipu when he tied a knot in a string for each ship he met on his voyage, by which to remember its name and country; and so did his father, Abba Thulle, when he tied, first thirty knots to remember that Captain Wilson was to come back in thirty moons, and then added six more, as his six moons' grace beyond. In Polynesia and the Eastern Archipelago quipus are still in use; and forty years ago the tax-gatherers of Hawaii kept their records in a manner rivalling the Peruvian intricacy of cord and knot. The herdsman of the Puna, the high mountain plateau of Peru, still register their farm stock on quipus. The first branch shows the number of their bulls; the second of their cows—divided into milch cows and dry; the next registers their calves according to age and sex; then come the sheep, in several subdivisions; then the number of foxes killed, and

the quantity of salt used; and lastly the particulars of the cattle that have died. On other quipus they knot down the produce of the herd in milk, cheese, wool, &c. Each heading is indicated by a special colour or a differently twined knot. In the old times the army registers were kept in the same manner. One cord knotted down the slingers, another the spear-men, another the clubmen, others the battles gained and lost; and in each town were special officers—quipus readers, or knotmen, as they were called—whose duty it was to attend to and read these public records. There are still some Indians in the southern provinces of Peru who are familiar with the historical quipus; but they keep their knowledge a profound secret, especially from the white men. It was a task of no small difficulty to read the quipus, even for the initiated; and, as Mr. Tylor says, the deciphering had generally to be accompanied with an oral explanation to start with, as to what special fact or record was referred to, and whether the strings meant cows or men, foes or foxes. This given, the rest was comparatively easy; though, indeed, each cord had its own meaning, and certain colours represented fixed circumstances—as red for soldiers, yellow for gold, white for silver, green for corn, and so on. Our Exchequer tallies continued down to the reign of George the Third (they were ordered to be discontinued in 1782), are only quipus in wood; and a chapelet, which we Protestants will erroneously persist in calling a rosary, is only a quipus in beads. The Peruvian quipus were very massive. Von Tschudi says he has dug up one weighing about eight pounds. Rather a heavy set of tablets to carry in one's pocket on a hot summer's day!

We all know the old stories of how certain arbitrary kings, loving knowledge and desirous of improving the linguistic acquirements of the time, shut up sundry infants with dumb nurses, then waited for the first intelligible word, to determine which was the original language of humanity. Psammetichus, king of Egypt, took two children whom he caused to be tended by a silent keeper and suckled by goats. Their first word was bekos, meaning in Phrygian "bread," but, by natural imitation, the bleat of the nanny-goat their long-time mother; however, the imitation was set aside, and the Phrygian language declared to be the oldest in the world. The Great Mogul, Akbar Khan, shut up twelve babies and twelve deaf and dumb nurses together; but when the children were twelve years old, and all the great and learned had assembled to hear their first utterances—a Jew to judge if they spoke Hebrew, an Arab Arabian, a Chaldee Chaldean, &c.—to the mortification of the conclave they would not speak at all, but expressed themselves in signs and gestures—which, after all, constitute the original language of man. This theory would not suit the prejudices of all, notably of that hot-headed Welshman who nearly murdered one of our ablest archaeologists because he doubted, and, doubting, disputed, that Adam and Eve spoke Welsh

\* *Researches into the Early History of Mankind, and the Development of Civilisation.* By Edward Burnet Tylor.



in Eden. The archaic human language is the gesture language; something the same, with special modifications varying according to special customs, as our deaf-mutes talk naturally (this is not the finger alphabet), and which is, in fact, so natural, that a deaf mute accustomed to express himself by signs can make himself more easily understood by savages than can another. A Lapland woman, ignorant of English and of all other intelligible language, told a deaf and dumb boy by signs all about her reindeers and elks, and "smiled much" at her young companion. The North American Indian code of signs and gestures very nearly resembles those taught in the deaf-mute schools. Gesture language is almost universal. The Cistercian monks lighten their vow of silence by it; and who has not seen and wondered at the strange antics performed by our omnibus conductors and our cabmen? A whole battery of telegraphic signs pass from each to each as they meet each other in the street; and the freemason's signs are varieties of the same growth.

Certain gestures are instinctive; as crouching or cowering in fear and to deprecate wrath, modified by us now into kneeling and bowing. As for salutations, these are as various as the races of men; but in almost all places is found some trace or use of the hand-grasp, as a symbol of union and affection. Shaking hands is not an universal original custom, but it is almost universally adopted when once introduced. The Fijians used to smell and sniff at their friends before the Europeans came among them to teach them better manners—now they shake hands like same and cleanly people; and the Wanika, near Mombaz, grasp hands, but with the Moslem speciality of pressing the thumbs as well; the Red Indians have adopted the habit of shaking hands from the white men, but the clasped hands, emblematic of friendship, had existed among them as a sign for centuries before; and the joined hands, forming part of so many different marriage ceremonies, may be taken as the almost instinctive emblem of union and affection. The Red Indians rub each other's arms, breasts, and stomachs, and then rub their own, to testify their joy at meeting; the men of Central Africa rub each other's arms up and down; the Polynesians stroke their own faces with their friend's hand or foot; the New Zealanders press noses with certain formalities; so do the Lapland Highlanders; the Andaman Islanders blow into each other's hands with a cooing murmur; an Indian tribe on the Gulf of Mexico blow into each other's ears—which must be a queer and unpleasant manner of saying "How 'ay do;" and the Tierra del Fuegians jump about like dogs or "the Cure." We kiss when we do not shake hands; but our kissing is only a variation of the New Zealander's pressing noses; and the "pump handle" is not so very far removed from the savage's rubbing his friend's arms as his most appropriate manner of expressing his esteem. Other less pleasant signs and gestures may be met with everywhere; such as lolling out the tongue, protruding the lips,

snapping the fingers, and "making faces" generally, as expressive of contempt. Biting the thumb is also used elsewhere than at Verona; while "taking a sight," which our vulgar little boys hold as such prime fun, was as common in Rabelais' time as our own.

Come now to the rich section of superstition—to the charms and counter-charms, the bewitchings, divinations, and all the rest of the mystic ignorance in vogue among the unenlightened—and we find the same arts practised, and the same follies committed, all the world over. The old Greeks and Romans had, as their sign of charm against the evil eye, a hand closed all but the forefinger and the little finger which are held out straight; and the modern Romans, with the rest of the Italians, wear the same sign as an unfailing amulet. When Ferdinand the First, king of Naples, used to appear in public, he might be seen often thrusting his hand into his pocket. Those who understood his ways knew that he was then clenching his fist with the thumb struck out between the first and second fingers, as his counter-charm against any evil eye that might have been thrown upon him. That, too, is a universal action—that clenching of the fist with the thumb struck out between the fingers; but it has different meanings according to its locality, and none of them pleasant. Half in jest and half in earnest, Robert Southey used always to make the sign of the cross with his left foot if he met one magpie. Who does not throw a pinch of the spilled salt over his left shoulder to avert the evil chance threatened by the catastrophe? and who would help his friend to salt, unless he wished for a quarrel?

To make a clay or waxen image of the thing or person wished to harm, and stick it full of pins or thorns, or slowly roast it before a fire in the belief that each pin prick will be a mortal pang, and that roasting before the fire will ensure gradual dwindling and pining to death, is a bit of witchcraft as old and as general as witchcraft itself. Never mind the material of which the thing is composed, the idea remains the same. The Australian makes a grass figure of a kangaroo which gives him power over all the kangaroos in the forest. Peruvian sorcerers make rag dolls and stick cactus thorns in them, or hide them in holes under or about houses, or in the wool of beds and cushions, that those they wish to harm may thereby be crippled, maddened, or suffocated. In Borneo a waxen image is made, and the body of the bewitched is bound to dwindle as the wax melts, and finally to die out as the last drop runs away. Hindús make little figures of hair, nail clippings, &c., mixed with unclean earth taken from sixty-four places, then write the victim's name across the breast, pronouncing magical words and incantations by which the planets seize the hated person and inflict on him a thousand ills; or they cripple, pierce, or distort these figures, hoping to cripple, kill, or distort the person designated. The South Sea Islanders collect some rubbish belonging to one they wish to spitefully bewitch—as the rind of a banana he has eaten, or the



broken calabash from which he has drunk, &c.—wrap it in a leaf like a cigar, then slowly burn it at one end. As the rubbish burns, the man decays and dies—or it is supposed he will do so. No one in the island of Tanna falls ill by natural means: all by the arts and practices of the disease-makers, who drive a roaring trade by the ignorance of their fellow-countrymen. As soon as any one is sick he knows that some sorcerer is burning his rubbish, and shell trumpets, which can be heard for miles round, are blown to tell the disease-makers to stop and wait for the presents which shall be sent next morning. "Night after night, Mr. Turner"—the authority quoted—"used to hear the melancholy too-too-ing of the shells, entreating the wizards to stop plaguing their victims. And when a disease-maker fell sick himself, he believed that some one was burning his rubbish, and had his shells too blown for mercy." An African carries his sorcery like his enmity beyond the grave; wherefore he fastens the jawbone of his slain enemy to a tabor or a horn, and his skull to a big drum, "that every crash and blast may send a thrill through the ghost of the dead owner."

Divination, from the time of the Sortes Virgilianæ and earlier, to the present moment of the key and the Bible and Monsieur Edmond and his velvet dressing-gown, has always been a favourite tampering with the future, and an universal. An Algonquin wizard makes a grass or cloth image of any animal he wishes to kill, hangs it up in his wigwam and shoots arrows at it, repeating an incantation; if his arrows stick he will kill his game, if they fall out he will miss. When a Maori war party is about to start, the priests set up sticks to represent the warriors; those whose sticks fall down are sure to be slain, those which stand steady signify those who will escape. When a Fijian child is sick, and they want to know if it will live or die, they shake a bunch of dry cocoa-nuts; if all fall off the little one will recover, if one remains it will die. The Fijians spin cocoa-nuts, too, and then prophesy of future events according to the direction in which the eye of the nut lies when it rests still; and they sit on the ground and prophesy by their legs—if the right leg trembles first it is a good sign, and if the left it is a bad one; which is not very unlike what even sane and educated people amongst ourselves think and do with more or less secrecy and belief—not to speak of the Scottish pleasantries on All Hallow E'en which will occur to the mind of every one naturally. For spoken or written charms—Abracadabra and the like—we have also much the same manner of acting everywhere. A Chinese physician writes his prescription on a piece of paper, and if he has not got the drug prescribed, he gives the patient the paper itself in ashes or an infusion; a Moslem washes an engraven or written verse of the Koran, and drinks the water in blissful belief of its efficacy as a healing power; and we charm away warts with a muttered spell and a stick of elder.

Indigestion, which is the most prolific of all

the causes of superstition, still retains some trace of the old belief in the name of "nightmare," that viewless hag which rides men's souls and bodies to illimitable distress and suffering. The Australians, too, believe that nightmare is an evil spirit sitting on the sufferer, and throw a lighted brand in the direction where they think he is, cursing him as they throw it. He came, they say, for a light, so now he has got it. They have another demon called Koin, who is like one of themselves, painted with pipeclay and carrying a fire stick; and he carries off sleeping men as an eagle carries off a lamb; but he drops them if their companions shout and scare him away, else he takes them to his fire in the bush. The poor victims try to cry out, but cannot—they are choked and strangled. Koin disappears at daylight, and the man finds himself safe back at his own fireside again. Other savages, who are black themselves, paint their devil as a white man. The Dyaks think that fainting and coma are caused by the soul leaving the body, and going forth on some distant expedition of its own. In sleep, too, they think the soul has gone out like an owl a-mousing, and dreams are what it sees when thus on its travels abroad, specially dreams of one's own country, if absent in the body. In Africa, people who dream of their dead relatives, sacrifice victims on their tombs to calm their disquietude; sure that something is not well with them, else they would not go wandering about the world, meeting thus with souls to whom their appearance in dreams is eloquent enough of their discontent. Is there much difference between this belief and that which makes the ghosts of the dead rap nightly on chairs and tables, and spell out very doubtful messages by means of a printed alphabet to their survivors?

What would our pretty little daughter, aged nine, dressing her wax doll and making believe that it is a real live baby wanting to be fed, or put to sleep, or washed, or whipped—if she were told that she was only a little savage, and doing just what the savage women do? Yet it is so. Among some North American Indian tribes, a mother who has lost her child makes a doll of its cradle, which she fills with black feathers and quills, and carries about with her for a year or more; when she stops anywhere she sets up the cradle and talks to it, just as she would have done had the child been alive. In Africa they have a nearer resemblance still, in a rude doll representing the lost child, and kept as a memorial. Almost all through Africa twins are regarded with abhorrence, and when born either one or both are killed. If one, as among the Wanyamwezi, the mother wraps a gourd or calabash in skins, and places it beside the survivor, talking to it, and making believe to feed it. The Bechuana married women carry a doll about with them until they have a child, when they discard the make-believe, which is only a long calabash wound round with beads, for the real bambino black and woolly. The Basuto women have clay dolls which they treat



as children, and to which they give the name of tutelary deities. The Ostyaks of the Eastern Archipelago set up a rude wooden image to the memory, or in representation of a man who dies; which image the widow embraces and caresses, and to which offerings are carried and honours are paid. This then is the beginning of idol worship, and the minor form of the same instinct, the reverence paid to holy images.

Strangest of all strange customs is that of the *couvade*—the custom which puts the husband carefully to bed when a child is born, sets the women to nurse him, the doctor to dose him, and the friends to visit him. Whether arising from the principle of vicarious punishment general among humanity, or from the natural inclination of the women to hustle, ill treat, snub, and despise husbands on such occasions, must be left to Mr. Tylor and his reviewers to decide; our business is only with the custom itself. Fasting, blood-letting with agouti teeth, the extreme of self-restraint in the matter of eating, as with the Caribs; fasting with the South American Indians; abstinence from all pleasure, occupation, or amusement, as with the Arawaks of Surinam; lying in bed huddled up in skins, not suffering a breath of fresh air to blow upon him; fasting and absolute privacy, as with the Abipones; and, nearer home, among the Biscayans, where “the women rise immediately after child-birth, and attend to the duties of the household, while the husband goes to bed, taking the baby with him, and thus receives the neighbours’ compliments;” these are a few of the instances and practices mentioned by Mr. Tylor, to set us wondering at the folly or laughing at the credulity of mankind.

### A DUBLIN MAY MORNING.

FROM a land that surely seems about as remote as—say—Spain, have been floating to us the strange cries of Tenant Right, Evictions, Distress, Established Church, Fenianism, and all the other “isms” which belong to an Orange and to a Ribbon. But, a day’s easy jaunting—eleven hours by train and “new and splendid packets”—will set us down in the very country with all these popular cries echoing about us; where we shall see indistinctly, as from the top of a mountain, the whole theatrical portion of the Irish play, the frieze coats, and the whirling shilleagh, and the Norahs and Larrys dancing under the shadow of a round tower, with Father Tom looking on; and the outside car skimming by, with Larry standing up as he drives, or the same Larry “coshering,” or emigrating, or firing at a landlord round a street corner, or drawing an opera-singer home by torchlight, like an Italian Larry. It is surprising to think that all this is not merely on the boards of a theatre or in the pages of a novel, but that four hours’ acquaintance with a “new and powerful steam-ship,” will set us down among real shilleaghs, and the true and original Irishman. When

it is thought, too, that, only eleven hours away from London, a sort of king rules, who has first ministers, and a chamberlain, and comptrollers, and masters of the horse, and gentlemen at large, and who reigns in a castle, where he receives his male subjects at levees, and his lady subjects—whom he has the feudal privilege of saluting—at drawing-rooms; who gives monster balls and “banquets,” and shows himself on all occasions of state; when we think that this little play is going on at a little theatre only next door, the mildest shape of human curiosity might prompt us to avail ourselves of the “new and powerful steam-ship,” and take a stall for the Irish drama.

And now, of all seasons in the world—when I look down on this gay May morning from a window into Great Sackville-street, where there is a huge column to Admiral Nelson, and a golden shop-front board dedicated to O’Connell, on the site for his statue, and which is by-and-by to be made into a French boulevard and planted with trees—I say, on this May morning it is easy to see that one of the many Great Days for Ireland has come round once more. For, the crowds in the great thoroughfares, and the “Boys” sitting on the bridges, and the flags and streamers, and the rolling carriages, and the general air of busy idleness, tell me that a great festival is toward; and placards in fiercely carbuncled letters proclaim in an angry fit of St. Antony’s fire, that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is to “OPEN” something: which something a still greater scorbutic operation of type tells us is THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION OF 1865.

Not without charms, and marked and special features of its own, is this Dublin city—to say nothing of the fresh and fair Irish faces and violet eyes which pass by in streams, or of the cheerful voices and the gay laughs heard at every turn; or of the giant policemen who wear moustaches and beards, and thus compete on more favourable terms with military rivals; or of the rollicking drivers, who stand up as they drive, very like the *cocchieri* of Rome, and who look out for “fares” in a debonnaire indifferent fashion. There is a gay, busy, foreign, parti-coloured look about the place, which reminds one of a foreign town. The background is composed of wide spacious streets, Grecian buildings wonderfully classic in tone and shape, fitted into corners with porticos that belong to the street, and under which the people walk—pretty breaks where the bridges come, and the masts of shipping seen in the sun half way down a long long thoroughfare. There are no warehouses or ugly business associations; but all is shops and shopping, and colour and liveliness, and carriages and walkers.

I think, as I look out on this May morning, that it is curious that a people popularly supposed to want “self-reliance” and “independence,” and who are utterly ignorant of the “self-help” principle, should, after all, have done some few self-reliant things in this very matter of exhibitions. Some one tells me that many decades of years before glass palaces were



thought of, and when the universal peace and brotherhood glass palaces were mysteriously supposed to bring with them were not quite believed in, this "un-self-reliant" people had their regular triennial exhibition of manufactures, on the French model. Farther, that close on the footsteps of the Hyde Park Exhibition came the great one of Cork, and closer again on the footsteps of Cork the really great Dublin Exhibition of 1853, the building of which cost nearly eighty thousand pounds, and which was remarkable for the first international collection of pictures, and for the first performance of Handel on a colossal scale. Not content with this, I am told that this people, who were not self-reliant, went further, had two more successful exhibitions on a smaller scale, and have now finally girded themselves up for this yet more complete effort of 1865. Not so bad, this, for our poor wobegone sister with the Harp, especially when we consider that our well-to-do Scotch sister has not "fashed" herself with such follies, justly considering the margin of profit too uncertain or too slight to repay the trouble. But this is a grim and statistical ungracious view, not at all suited to this Dublin May morning.

It is known then, on this gay Dublin May morning, that the young prince, who in this island has always been looked to with an affectionate interest, has been in the city since overnight, and out at the pretty lodge, which lies out in the "Phaynix." Hence the flags and the streamers. Hence, too, in front of the palace, the balconies fringed with scarlet, and the softened and melodious buzz of distant military music, with the staff officers flying north and south, and the regiments tramping by. But the flags grow thicker, and the balconies gayer, and the music more distinct, as I find myself at the corner of the great *place*, or square, dedicated to St. Stephen, which is a good mile's walking all round, and near which I see the great building, with the heavy porches and pillars, round which, and over which, run delicately, the light entrance of a Moorish-looking glass temple—a silver howdah on the back of a grey elephant. Such is the rather novel design for this last comer in the long series of exhibitions.

After all the miles of glass greenhouse, and the long protracted repetitions of gorgeous decorated pillars and girders, I cannot but think what a happy combination this is of solidity and lightness; and acknowledge that in these days when Paxton Palace succeeds Paxton Palace, with some monotony, there is something original in striking out the idea of fitting the glass-house to a great solid building, with huge halls, and long, cool passages, and spacious rooms, and surrounding the whole with a garden, and greenery, and cascades.

There has been the usual crush and pressure, the tremendous toiling against time, to get all done; the straining of every nerve, the sitting up all night, the hammering and sawing, the stitching of a hundred workmen and work-women, changing the utter disorder and the

naked deal boards and the rude planks of five o'clock last evening to perfect order—to the regularity of a drawing-room and acres of scarlet cloth. And in a crowd of light May morning dresses we drift into the huge Concert Hall, which is to hold thousands, and to echo to brass throats, and where there are the great organ, and the orchestra which holds the musical army a thousand strong: on the floor of which has grown up beds upon beds of human lilies that flutter and flutter again, whose flowers are white parasols and gossamer shawls. This hall, as a feature, is not so remarkable, for there are many great halls; but at its far end it is open, and crossed half way by a gallery; and through this opening we see far on into a Winter Garden and Crystal Palace, where are the light airy galleries, with the old familiar crimson labels, and the French trophies, and the bright objects, and the great apse like a glass cathedral, and Mr. Doyle's pale colouring, the faint lines of delicate green, chosen with rare good taste, which in itself is a novelty.

Looking out through the open end of the Concert Hall, and facing the organ, I see a grand maroon velvet Eastern canopy and dais, under which the Pasha of Egypt is to sit a few months hereafter and receive his tribes; and on this dais are the nobles and gentlemen gathering, in the fine rich theatrical suits which give a colour to a festival, and of which we have not half enough. Judges in scarlet and ermine, privy councillors with coats that seem "clotted" with gold, the never-failing lords-lieutenant and deputy-lieutenants, knights of St. Patrick, deans, doctors in scarlet, soldiers in scarlet, a lord chancellor all black and gold, Eastern dervishes (it may be, from the pillow-case look of their caps), a lord mayor of York, a lord provost of Edinburgh; in short, all shapes of particularised finery. Turning round for a second, I see that the black musical army has debouched and taken ground, and that the great orchestra has spread like a large dark fan from floor to ceiling. I can see "Ulster" in a gorgeous tabard, flitting to and fro, marshalling grandees, as none so well know how to marshal them, each according to his or her degree. That marvellous tabard is so stiff and gorgeous, that when it is laid by, it surely cannot be hung up or folded, or put to sleep on its back like other robes, but, I fancy, must stand up straight in a wardrobe on its end, like a steel cuirass.

We seem to riot in mayors. The eye can be feasted on mayors; they can become as the air we breathe, if we so choose it. They have flowed in from every town in the three kingdoms. And it does strike one, with having such a municipal gathering brought together, that there is a sort of corporate expression, a kind of municipal smirk or perk, a kind of smiling burgess air of complacency which makes the whole of this world akin. Every one, too, seems to be invested with the collar of the Golden Fleece.

Here, also, are many known faces, who wear no scarlet nor gold, nor collars. Faces like



that of the famous dog and animal painter whose four-footed friends look down at him from the walls: faces like that of the Sir David who invented the most popular toy in the world: faces from the Science and Art: from South Kensington, which, as we all know, is Science and Art: faces from France, from Canada, Rome, India, and a hundred other places.

As we look on the gay and golden spectacle, and turn towards that pasha's dais, and see the guests from all climes and countries, one idea comes to many minds; a recollection of a good and genial and amiable nobleman who, not many months back, was wearing this Irish viceregal crown, and would have looked forward with delight to this moment. How his heart would have been in the festival from the beginning to the end! What state, what magnificence, he would have thrown into it—what fêtes and banquetings he would have set on foot! What music and what dancing, when that heavy white hair, familiar to so many, would have been seen in the centre! How he would have shown off the attractions and done the honours of his little court! This is a thought that comes to the mind of many. For him should this occasion have been; for his heart was bound up in the country he ruled over; and we need only recal a golden sunset and a dismal embarkation, and a sad, almost despairing face, looking from the vessel which carried him away from the country he loved, and carried him away to die.

Now, I hear the hum of distant martial music, and the yet fainter but more inspiring sound of distant cheering. Then the scarlet and ermine, the privy council clotted gold, the May morning bonnets, glitter and rustle with excitement. The hum and chatter of voices full of expectation travels on softly down the glass aisles and into the great hall. There has been a grand plunging of military troopers outside, a violent arrest of fiery horses pulled up suddenly, and the prince and a royal duke and the vice-king and all their attendants have descended. From the outside, the shouting creeps in gradually, until at last, it comes to its fullest pitch, when the crimson and gold crowd parts a little, we see this prince standing modestly under the Egyptian pasha's canopy, with thirty thousand eyes upon him. At this moment a speck half way up the dark orchestra, but which is a very skilful and most musical speck, gives a signal with what seems a white pin, and the musical army advances with the fine Old Hundredth. The grand Old Hundredth travels out in rising waves through the open end of the hall into the glass cathedral, then loses itself up and down in the aisles. For two verses the voices do the battle by themselves; but, at the third, the trumpets and the grand brass and the rolling of monster drums burst out, and every syllable is emphasised with a stirring crash. It is like the deluge after a drought.

Then the sun gets up, and the gold and coloured figures cross, and crowd, and flit past; as some business is being transacted under that Egyp-

tian pasha's canopy; for there are addresses to be read and spoken, and there is much advancing and backing to be done. Now, the party under the pasha's canopy breaks up for a time, and the stiff gold and scarlet and privy council strait-waistcoats, and the corporate dressing-gowns, having formed themselves into a procession, take the prince round to look at the place.

And there is a great deal to see. There are many charming pictures, and among the choicest those of which the Queen of Spain has stripped her palaces, and sent here. Is there not a hint of many a Velasquez most exquisite, and of Mr. Stirling, which are worth a journey to the Escorial to worship! Here is many a rare Reynolds which Mr. Tom Taylor might find worth making a note of, and here are walls covered with noble cartoons of the severe Munich school. These, with the photographs and water-colours, and mediæval objects, are common to many an exhibition held before; but there is one feature unique—a noble sculpture gallery, artistic, charmingly lighted, sufficient to delight Mr. Gibson, and drive the Royal Academy to despair. A sculpture-hall, on which you can look down from a balustrade in a room over head, as if into a Pompeian court. A sculpture-hall, in which you can look up to an arching glass roof, and, half way down again, to the balustrade just mentioned, which is dotted with small statues. A sculpture-hall, where I can walk round and think myself in a Roman palace, to which these fine objects belong, and not in a temporary shed where some scattered objects that have been lent are shown. For here I see that the Roman studios have been emptied of their treasures; that Miss Hosmer has sent her Faun, in toned yellow marble; a marvellous—if the speech be not impolite—work for a woman. With Story's wonderful Judith, and a Baby Girl by Moggi—a pendant for the now famous Reading Girl. But it is easy to prophesy that this Baby Girl will be photographed, and stereoscoped, and binocularised in a hundred ways, and watched over by policemen specially, and visited by a steady crowd. This hall and its contents—the like of which it is no boast to say has not been yet seen in these kingdoms—is the feature of this exhibition.

Then, having seen all that is most curious and beautiful—in the fashion in which such things *must* be seen where there is only a quarter of an hour to see them—the stiff gold and crimson strands, which we call the procession, came back to the pasha's dais. And then, with a crash and a smash, and a thundering of monster drums, and the rattle and rolling of little drums, and the sharp brassy bark of trumpets, the true English national Old Hundredth, in which musical and unmusical—people with ears, and people without, even people with voices, and people without—can join, then God save the Queen is sung. Sung! Rather fired off! Discharged! Salvoed!

And then the glittering mass begins to dissolve and fade away. The stage, which has been



laid out under the pasha's canopy, gradually clears. At the door there is a struggle, and the scatter of new gravel, with the frantic leaping up behind carriages of many footmen, and the closing in of mounted soldiers. And then the pageant melts away, and the work of the day is done.

As I walk and wander from the light glass arcades to the darker courts, and from the courts to the open terraces, and hear the hum of Saxons' voices, and from at least every third mouth the sharp "burr" of some Saxon dialect, and when I meet burly shoulders and massive chests which are not of the country, some out-of-place speculations come into my mind, and I am tempted to make suppositions. First, I speculate—of course shrinking away from the dry bones of politics—whether there might not have been some mistake in the old and constant treatment of a people who seem cheerful and grateful for a kind word or a kinder act, and who are "willing" and even clever in their way—and think whether the "want of progress" and want of "capital" and of "self-reliance," and the want of a hundred other things which puzzle and dispirit the political physician, may not in some degree be laid to the account of old mistakes, old laws, old errors, old harsh treatment, old jealousies and restraints, the folly of which is now seen and admitted, but the fruits of which remain to this day?

Just as the fruits of a bad education linger in a grown man, and the marks of early hardship are stamped upon the face and constitution, it will take many years yet, in the life of a nation, before old faults are worked out of its constitution. And I think—still in the walks of the Winter Garden—that if my friendly Briton tell me that his experience of the lower orders of Irish is that "you can't depend upon a word they say," I cannot but recollect that half a century ago they were civilly slaves, without rights; and that a century ago they were a proscribed caste, against whom one-half the laws of the land were directed. If we have found them indolent, and disinclined to perseverance and the making of money, have we not dim recollections of seeing acts of parliament passed again and again to cripple their trade? A people must grow up, as a child must grow up; and it is hard to expect that a child whose body has suffered by an unkind or an injudicious nurse, should become at once strong under better treatment. Then I speculate on the mysterious relation of Irishmen to Irish land, through which the "bit" of land is as necessary as the "bit" of bread; where a tenant holds his tiny scrap, on which he pays his thirty-shilling rent; and during the whole year is struggling desperately to work out of this great estate a few potatoes, and fewer clothes for himself and family, besides the miserable thirty shillings margin for the landlord. I think how some estates have two, four, six, eight, thousand tenants of this valuable class—and think besides, in answer to a natural objection, how this miserable system was created for political ends, to multiply voters "to sup-

port government." If the Palace and Winter Garden were twice as long and twice as broad, I should not have half time or space enough for the speculations that come crowding on me with reference to this perplexing country.

And having made these speculations, and having gone quite round the garden, I begin—in addition to my speculations—to make some rather wild suppositions. As, suppose that, for a mere experiment, there were a greater spirit of charity of speech introduced into our dealings with this country. Suppose that we gave the people time and reasonable allowance—looked on with encouragement where there was any good attempt made, and with indulgence where there was failure. Suppose that some of our journals gave over writing "slashing" articles, and some men desisted from speeches and bitter epigrams on the "mere Irish," which, being copied in every cheap print, and brought to every cabin door, do incalculable mischief, fatally widening the breach, and causing England and Englishmen to be sometimes almost hated. Suppose that there were some little restraint on the traditional stock ridicule of Irish matters. Suppose that the Englishmen who visit the country carried themselves with a little less of William the Conqueror and Strongbow air, and suppose that—

But here are the umbrellas, and the sticks, and the gate.

### MINING FOR QUICKSILVER.

THE traveller in San Francisco, asking the question Englishmen invariably ask, What's to be seen? would be thus answered. The Big Trees, Eusamity Valley, Napa, and the Quicksilver Mines.

Having creditably *done* the three former lions, nothing remained for me but to *do* the mine.

There are two routes to the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines, one per stage the whole distance, fifty-four miles, the other per steamer to the head of the Bay of San Francisco, and thence per stage to San José. Past experience had taught me, whenever possible, scrupulously to avoid stage travelling. Being tossed in a blanket, or rolled down a steep hill headed into a cask, produces much the same bruised and general state of sprain and dislocation as a day's ride in a stage. Choosing the steamer lessened the chance of jolting by quite one half, at the same time affording a good opportunity of seeing the famed Bay of San Francisco.

On a summer morning in 'sixty-three I embarked from the wooden pier—early as it was, alive with the hum, buzz, and bustle of the awakening city—and steamed away over the unrippled waters of the bay. The temperature was delicious; a few fleecy clouds were swept rapidly over the clear blue sky by a light breeze blowing softly from the land, laden with the perfume of wild flowers and forest trees. A run of a few hours brought us to the landing at the head of the bay, where a stage soon *bumped* me



over the road, about four miles to the old town of San José. Pueblo, San José, stands at the entrance of a lovely valley. The town mainly consists of a collection of adobe houses, a few in the main street built of wood, painted white, with brilliant green jalousies. The old houses are scattered round an open plaza, double rows of trees of greenest foliage shade one from the burning sun, and everywhere spacious fruit and flower gardens testify to the fertility of the soil.

Having a note from a friend in San Francisco to the host of "The Amalden House," more than ordinary civility was accorded me. By some superhuman means a buggy could be got ready, in about two hours, to take me to the mines, during the preparation of which, a visit to the Santa Clara Mission was strongly advised. Crossing the Alameda, a grove of willows and oaks, planted by the padres, leads to the old crumbling walls of what was once a very spacious mission, now rapidly falling to decay. The Mission estate once boasted twenty-five thousand head of cattle, and a great many square leagues of land, but the padre in whose charge it was placed leased the land, and sold the stock, applying the proceeds to the sole benefit of the *church personal*. The interior of the old church is decorated with rude carvings and paintings of the crucifixion, and frescoed figures of saints and martyrs, clad in garments of dazzling colours, just as they were a century ago—one old shaven priest, with a particularly dirty cassock, and a face so begrimed with accumulated layers of filth as to be mosquito-proof, was the only ecclesiastic visible.

Found the buggy waiting, my coachman, a regular Yankee, puffing vigorously at an immense cigar, was seated in readiness, his legs resting on the splashboard. Without removing the cigar from his mouth, he drawled out, "Say cap'en, guess you'd better hurry up, if you mean making the ranch before sundown—bet your pants this child ain't gwine that road in the dark, nohow." "What's to happen?" I mildly inquired. "Happen, wal, maybe upset, maybe clawed up by a grizzly, maybe cleaned slick out by the greasers. You'd better believe, a man has to keep his eye skinned in the daytime, so hurry up, cap."

Without further parley I scrambled in, and away we went.

Our road lay over broad plains and through occasional belts of timber; deep gravelly arroyos, in and out of which we dashed with a plunging scramble, marked the course of the floods. Everything was steaming hot. The baked ground reflected back the scorching sun-rays, until the atmosphere quivered as one sees it over a lime-kiln; the mustangs in a fog of perspiration; the Jehu, denuded of coat and vest, continually yelled, "A git along," with a rein in each hand steered rather than drove, was red hot in body and temper. But this was nothing to my state of caloric. Exposed to a temperature that would have made one perspire sitting in the shade, to be kept in a state of bodily fear of instant upset, to undergo a continuous

exercise that would have been good training for an acrobat, to avoid being shot out of the buggy, like a shell from a mortar, would have set an Icelandier in a glow. The rapidity with which we whirled along, and the eccentric performances of the vehicle, destroyed, in a great measure, the enjoyment of a scene quite new to me.

As we wound through the splendid valley of Santa Clara, here and there a fertile ranch; on either side, the wooded slopes, like lawns of nature's own contriving; far on my left, the bay, glimmering like a line of silver light, the ground carpeted with flowers, brilliant escoltzia and blue nemophila growing conspicuously amidst a natural harvest of wild oats and grass; and on all sides from amongst the clumps of buck-eye and the oak, cheery whistle and chirp of birds rang pleasantly on the ear.

Reaching the half-way house (as a small wooden building is named, midway betwixt San José and the mine), we stopped to water the mustangs and refresh the inward man, a respite most acceptable.

A tall drink worked wonders on my hitherto taciturn coachman, who, as we jogged along the remaining half of the journey, related such wonderful stories, that it seemed to me we had hardly left the half-way house ere we rattled up under a grove of trees completely shutting out the fading light, and pulled up with a sudden jerk that well-nigh shot me over the mustangs.

"Guess we've made it, cap'en; this here's the manager's."

Giving my letters of introduction to Mr. Young, a hospitable invitation to be his guest was readily accepted. I cannot help devoting a line to the praise of a house most enjoyable in its minutest details, with a host and hostess that it refreshes one's heart to remember.

The lower village of Almaden consists of a long row of most tasteful cottages, the residences of the workmen employed in smelting the ore; each cottage completely buried with honeysuckle and creeping roses; the garden in front filled with flowers, and at the back with fruit and vegetables. A small stream of water, clear and cold, ripples past the frontage, brought from a mountain-burn that dashes swiftly behind, dividing the gardens from the surrounding hills. An avenue of trees leads to the spacious brick buildings used for smelting.

The discovery of these fabulously rich mines of quicksilver is briefly told. Long ere gold was known in California, the padres and early settlers knew of a cave in the hill-side, about a mile and a half from the village, deeming it a natural fissure or cleft in the rock. Explorations had been made by the more adventurous as to its extent, which was about one hundred feet, running into the mountain horizontally, no one ever dreaming that it was an artificial excavation of great antiquity. When the vaqueros and old dons of the neighbourhood were questioned by a new comer about the cave, a shrug of the shoulders, and the usual reply, "Quein sabe, sou cosus muy antiquos," was the sole information obtainable.



A gold-seeker, testing some of the rock, salivated himself, thus discovering it was rich in quicksilver. A grant with the land adjoining was procured, the original opening widened, but in clearing away the rubble and dirt at the end of the cave, several skeletons were discovered, together with rude mining tools and other curious relics, clearly showing that it was an old excavation made by the natives for the purpose of procuring vermilion, so much used by all savages to paint themselves. The position of the skeletons in the rubbish covering them left no doubt that, having followed the vein of cinnabar without exercising due precaution to prop the loose ground overhead, they had been literally buried alive in a grave of their own digging. Further research soon revealed the immense value of the deposit. Many years rolled away and very little was done, until it passed from the hand of an English company into that of an American firm, when ample capital was expended in its development.

The mine is about a mile and a half from the smelting-works, on the side of a mountain; an admirable road winds by a gentle ascent for the waggons drawn by mules to bring down the ore to be smelted. On reaching the summit you stand on a level plateau, on which the upper works are built, but as we are at the entrance of the mine, it will be as well to descend into its depths, and see for ourselves how the ore is deposited, and trace step by step the various processes it has to go through ere it is rendered marketable.

The main entrance is a tunnel ten feet high, and about an equal width, through which runs a tramway leading to the shaft. At the end of this tunnel a small steam-engine does the work of the poor "tanateros," or carriers, who, until very recently, brought the ore and rubbish from the bottom of the mine on their backs—a system still adopted in Spain and Peru—each man having to bring up a load of two hundred pounds, in a bag made of hide, fastened by two straps passing round the shoulders, and a broader one across the forehead, that mainly sustains the load. It was fatal work to the poor Mexicans who had to do it, the terrible muscular strain soon producing disease and death.

On reaching the engine, I was undressed and rigged as a miner, a costume far more loose and easy than becoming. Three dip candles, fastened to a button in my jacket by the wicks, and one enveloped in a knob of clay, completed my toilet. The next process was to be lowered down the mine. Squeezing myself into a huge kind of bucket, and assuming as near as practicable the shape and position of a frog, my candle lighted, "All right!" said somebody, and I found myself rapidly descending a damp, dismal hole, dripping with water like a mild shower. Of course I shuddered, and had horrible ideas of an abyss ending no one knows where; the candle hissed, sputtered, and went out; the bucket swang as the chain lengthened, and bumped unpleasantly against the rocks; when

a sudden stop, and a lively consciousness of being dragged bodily out like a bundle of clothes, disclosed the fact of my safe arrival at the bottom.

The swarthy Mexican miner, acting as guide, led the way along a narrow gully, and down an incline to the mouth of another hole, the descent of which had to be effected on a slanting pole, with notches cut in it—very like a bear-pole—called by the miner an escalera, requiring an acrobatic performance that would not have been so bad if one had only known where one could have landed in case of falling. After this scrambling down a flight of steps cut in the rock, we reached the lowest excavation, about one thousand feet from the surface.

The cinnabar is found in large pockets, or in veins, permeating a kind of trap rock, and as the miners dig it out, large pillars or columns are left to support the roof, and prevent the chance of its falling in.

A small charcoal fire burned slowly at the base of one of these massive columns, and as its flickering light fell dimly, illuminating with a ruddy glow the bronzed faces and nearly nude figures of the miners, the vermilion hue of the rugged walls and arched roof sparkling with glittering crystals, forcibly reminded one of the brigand's cave, such as Salvator Rosa loved to paint.

All the work is done by contract, each gang taking a piece of ground on speculation, being paid according to the amount of ore produced; the ore averaging about thirty-six per cent for quicksilver, although some pieces that I dug myself produced seventy-five per cent. Many mines in Europe have been profitably worked when the cinnabar has yielded only one per cent.

A shrill whistle ringing through the mine, the miners from all directions rushed towards the pillars. Thinking at least the entire concern was tumbling in, I was about to scamper off, when the guide, seizing me, dragged me behind a projecting mass of rock, simply saying, "A blast." For a while there was a death-like silence, not a sound save the hiss of the fuse, and the heavy breathing of the men; then the cave lighted up with a lurid flash, shedding a blinding glare over every object like tropic lightning; the dark galleries appeared and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, whilst the report, like countless cannon, was echoed and re-echoed through the cavernous chambers. Showers of fragments came rattling down in every direction, hurled up by the force of the powder. On the smoke clearing, the miners set to work to pick up the scattered fragments of cinnabar. If the blast has been successful, often many tons of rock are loosened and torn out, to be broken into pieces and conveyed to the bucket, and hauled by the engine to the surface. The mining operations are continued night and day, seventy-four pounds of candles being consumed in twenty-four hours.

Having finished the survey of this singular mine, that was perfectly free from foul air or fire-damp, I ascended as I came down, and by



vigorous rubbing with soap and water, was slowly restored from bright vermilion to my normal shade of colour.

On reaching the surface, the ore is conveyed by the tram-cart to the sorting-shed; here it is broken and carefully picked over by skilful hands, great care being needed in selection, as much valuable ore might be thrown away, or a large quantity of useless rock taken to the smelting furnaces. The picked ore is placed in large bags made of sheepskin, and weighed; the bags are then hauled by the mules to the lower works.

Near this plateau is a primitive kind of village, the abode of the miners, sorters, and ore-carriers, who are principally Mexicans; dirty senoritas in ragged finery, dirtier children guiltless of garments, together with dogs, pigs, poultry, and idlers playing monte on the door-steps, contrasts sadly with the exquisite little village at the works.

Descending from the mine to the hacienda by a short track down the hill-side, through scenery indescribably picturesque, we reach the smelting furnaces; these occupy about four acres of land, built of brick, admirably neat and well contrived. As quicksilver is found in several forms—namely, native quicksilver, in small drops, in the pores or on the ledges of other rocks, as argental mercury, a native silver amalgam, and sulphide of mercury or cinnabar—different processes are requisite for its reduction. Here it is found solely in form of cinnabar, and for its reduction a kind of reverberatory furnace is used, three feet by five, placed at the end of a series of chambers, each chamber seven feet long, four wide, and five high. About ten of these chambers are arranged in a line, built of brick, plastered inside, and secured by transverse rods of iron, fitted at the ends with screws and nuts to allow for expansion. The top is of boiler iron, securely luted.

The first chamber is the furnace for the fire, the second for ore, separated from the first by a grated partition, allowing the flame to pass through and play over the ore. This ore chamber, when filled, contains ten thousand pounds of cinnabar. The remaining chambers are for condensing the metal, communicating by square holes at the opposite corners—for instance—the right upper corner and lower left, and vice versa, so that the vapour has to perform a spiral course in its transit through the condensers. Leaving the chambers, the vapour is conducted through a large wooden cistern, into which a shower of water continually falls, and thence through a long flue and tall chimney carried far away up the hill-side. The mercury is collected as condensed, in gutters running into a long conduit outside the building, from which it drops into an iron pot sunk in the ground. As the pot fills, the mercury is conveyed to a store tank that holds twenty tons. So great is its density, that a man sitting on a flat board floats about in the tank on a lake of mercury without its flowing over the edges of his raft. From this tank the metal is ladled out, and poured into iron flasks

containing each seventy pounds (these flasks are made in England and sent to New Almaden); in this state it is shipped for the various markets. Although every possible care has been taken to prevent the mercurial fumes from injuring the smelters, still a great deal of it is necessarily inhaled, most injurious to health. Clearing out the furnace is the most hurtful process, the men employed working short spells, and resting a day or two between. A furnace charged with ore takes about eight days to sublime and cool.

It is difficult to obtain a correct statement of the absolute yield of this mine,—proprietors, for many reasons, deeming it inexpedient to let the world know the extent of their riches. If we take the export of quicksilver from San Francisco a few years back as averaging one million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum, valued at six hundred and eighty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-nine dollars, all this, together with the large amount consumed in California, was the sole produce of the New Almaden mines. There are fourteen furnaces arranged with passages ten feet wide between them, the whole covered with a roof sufficiently high to allow a current of air to circulate freely.

Between the furnaces, and on all the open spaces, were innumerable bricks, just as we see them in a brick-yard to harden before baking. On inquiring what these were made for, I discovered that all the finer particles and dust cinnabar is pounded, mixed with water, and made into bricks; in this form the ore can be built into the furnace, securing intervening spaces for the flame and heat to act on, thus more perfect sublimation is secured, and a great saving of metal effected.

There are blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, and a saw-mill, adjoining the furnaces.

Until recently all the ore was brought down from the mine *packed* on the backs of mules, a most costly system of transport as compared to the one now in use. The vegetation only suffers immediately round the chimney, and even there not to any alarming degree. The flue being of great length, carried at a moderate slope up the hill, and terminating in a very tall chimney, completely condenses all mercurial and arsenical fumes. Before this flue and stack were constructed, even the mules and cattle grazing in the pastures died from the poisonous effects of the mercurial vapour; and its deadly action on vegetation was like that of the fabled upas-tree. The workmen now, as a rule, enjoy very good health, and are admirably cared for; the village boasts a capital hotel, and stages run daily to San José and San Francisco.

A spring of native soda-water bubbling up in the centre of the village, carefully protected and fitted like a drinking fountain, is said to work wonders as a curative agent in all maladies arising from the effects of mercury. This spring is supposed to be under the especial care of a "Saint Somebody," a lady, whose image, attired in very dirty finery, figures in niches cut in the rocks at the mine; no miner ever leaves



or enters the mine without prostrating himself before this dirty effigy.

This singular metal is of paramount importance to science: its density and regular rate of expansion in accordance with change of temperature, gives it preference over all other fluids for filling barometer and thermometric tubes; alloyed with tinfoil it forms the reflective surface of looking-glasses; a most powerful solvent of gold and silver, and readily diffused by moderate heat, it is useful in the arts as an agent in gilding and silvering other metals, and perfectly invaluable to the gold miner, enabling him to collect fine dust gold, that, but for this power of amalgamation, must inevitably be lost. To the chemist also it is all-important in the pneumatic trough; to the anatomist to fill and permeate the minutest tissues of the animal frame; to the physician as being the basis of most powerful medicines; to the manufacturer, giving hare and rabbit fur the property of felting not naturally possessed; to the painter in the valuable pigment known as vermilion; to the zoologist as Goadby's solution for preserving soft animal preparations; and lastly to the builder and railway contractor, as Kyan's patent for preventing dry rot in timber. The richest quicksilver mines known, are those of Almaden in Spain, Idria in Carniola, Guancavilco in Peru, and the mines of the Palatinate on the left bank of the Rhine.

Pliny tells us the Greeks imported cinnabar from Almaden in Spain seven hundred years before the Christian era, and that Rome in his time annually received seven hundred thousand pounds from the same mine.

Did space permit, it would be interesting to trace the history of quicksilver mining, and glance at the different systems adopted in other countries to raise and reduce the ores of this indispensable metal, comparing their returns with those of New Almaden. I must content myself by saying, I eventually reached San Francisco with many pleasant remembrances of my quicksilver mining excursion.

### GOING INTO BUSINESS.

#### IN THREE PARTS. PART THE THIRD.

WE had stopped payment\*—"suspended" is the more refined word used in these latter times—but did not call ourselves bankrupt. No merchant who respects himself, at the present day thinks of taking refuge in the Court of Basinghall-street, if he can possibly avoid doing so. What the old Insolvent Court in Portugal-street was to the then Bankruptcy Court, the latter institution is to the correct and proper way of wiping out the liabilities of a commercial man. In former years, the Insolvent Court was the refuge of broken-down military officers, ruined country gentlemen, clergymen who had written their names unadvisedly across stamped paper, publicans who had lived too fast, and all the

mass of pecuniary misfortune that surges up to sight throughout this land. In those days the Bankruptcy Court was reserved for merchants, bankers, tradesmen, and others, who had failed for their thousands, like respectable men. But since the Insolvent Court has been done away with, the great Bohemia of impecuniosity has immigrated eastward to Basinghall-street, and respectable men "compound with their creditors," or make other arrangements, satisfactory, it is to be hoped, to all parties concerned.

This we intended to do. Our first act was to place all our affairs in the hands of an accountant, to whom they were, of course, utterly incomprehensible unless he was assisted by one of the firm. This task at first fell to my lot; but I, too, found myself quite incapable of solving many of the difficulties which arose in endeavouring to trace out intricate transactions which had passed through our books. For instance: suppose our London firm—Messrs. Velardi, Watson, and Co.—had drawn upon the Odessa house which went by the name of Velardi Brothers, and the latter had accepted the bill, but had, on the other hand, drawn upon us for money to pay the draft: we having been unable to meet the bill they had drawn when it fell due. In such a transaction—and the example I give is exceedingly simple when compared with very many others in which we were concerned—who was the debtor and who the creditor? Was the money due to our estate by the Odessa firm? No, for that house was proved to be merely a branch of our own house, and such partners in it as had any existence were mere men of straw—clerks who had been put up like dolls or dummies on which to hang out a little sham respectability. It was, however, certain that some person or persons had been the victim or victims in the transaction. When we had drawn on the Odessa house for a certain sum, say one thousand pounds, the bill had been sold, say, in Hamburg, and hard coin given for it. Those who had purchased it had indorsed it, and passed it as cash, or sold it, to others who had done the same. In due time—the Odessa firm not being able to meet its engagements, owing to the head firm in London having failed—the bill was returned from one indorser to another, until at last it was sent to us for repayment. We also had stopped payment, and were unable to take up the dishonoured draft which we had drawn some three months previously. And when these transactions came to be multiplied by the hundred and by the thousand, was it to be wondered at if no little difficulty had to be experienced in unravelling our affairs, and if not a few of our creditors were exasperated with us for having built up so large a commercial concern, with no firmer foundation than three hundred pounds in cash, and a mass of paper floating all over the mercantile world, for which divers people had paid in one way and another no less a sum than three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

This, in round numbers, was the amount of our liabilities; what was the total of our assets?

\* See Going into Business, page 404 of the present volume.



We had put them down as follows: Cash in banker's hands, one hundred and sixty-five pounds; good debts, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; doubtful ditto, six thousand pounds; bad ditto, one hundred and ten thousand pounds. At first this statement appeared plausible enough, but upon a little investigation it was shown to be utterly rotten: so much so that our real available assets were reduced to the hundred and sixty-five pounds we had had the decency to leave at our banker's when we stopped payment. If our good and doubtful debts had been such as we described them, we should have been able to pay something like eight or ten shillings in the pound; but the former consisted almost entirely of bills which various shaky Greek firms had accepted on our account, and the latter were composed of money owed us by firms which had already failed.

As a matter of course, a meeting of our creditors was called, and—equally as a matter of course—anger was displayed on this occasion by those who held our dishonoured bills. We tried hard to throw the blame of the whole affair upon our Odessa house, which, we said, had engaged in certain rash speculations without our consent, and, by stopping payment during a mercantile crisis, had obliged us to follow suit. Odessa was a convenient place in which to call our scapegoat into existence. It is a town very far off, and one in which to make inquiries would take up more time and cost more money than London business men cared to expend. Moreover, we had been wise in our generation, and had distributed our favours—that is our bills—very impartially over the commercial world. With the exception of the Onyx Bank, of which Mr. Velardi was a director, and of the Discount Company, at whose board I had a seat, no single firm lost more than from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds by our failure. Our creditors were many, but none of them were very heavy losers; and, of those that belonged to London, nearly all could fall back upon some foreign indorser of the bills they held. Moreover, we had been true to our nationality—that is, to the nationality of our head partner—and had not “let in” any Greek firm, except such as, being already on the verge of insolvency, were rather pleased than otherwise at an excuse for having a good whitewash, and of throwing the blame on us.

The Onyx Bank and the Discount Company had been hit very hard indeed, but we knew full well that they would never appear in judgment against us. Establishments of the kind find it much more judicious, and quite as profitable, not to throw good money after bad, and never publish to the world the losses they have had in business. Directors, managers, and secretaries of public companies, have a very firmly established creed about making known all their gains, but hiding as much as possible any mistakes they may make. In our case, it was, so to speak, doubly politic that what they had lost through our suspension should not be too widely published, inasmuch as in both com-

panies members of our firm had sat at the board, and must have sanctioned, if not advocated, loans or discounts which, though they helped our house to tide over affairs for a time, in the end only entailed much greater losses upon the shareholders of both concerns. When we stopped payment it was said upon the Stock Exchange that the Onyx Bank had lost somewhere about thirty thousand pounds by us, and the Discount Company a still larger sum. These were of course exaggerations, and so soon as they were discovered to be so, a reaction took place, and it was reported that the losses we had occasioned had been a mere nothing. The directors of the two establishments knew this to be false, but did not contradict it, and the value of shares in both concerns—having first fallen much more than they ought to have done on account of our failure—now rose to a higher price than was at all reasonable. But it is almost always thus in business London. Whenever it is known at first that any joint-stock company has lost money, the amount is greatly exaggerated, and the shares of the concern fall. Then the untruth of the tale becomes known, and a reaction more absurd than the previous fall in prices takes place. It is wonderful how very like children in some respects the keenest and most knowing men of business are.

Our chief object was, of course, to gain time. The first anger of creditors always passes away, and the more violent the whirlwind the sooner it is ended. We had to meet a torrent of abuse from some few English creditors, but we soon smoothed matters by saying that we hoped to make an offer to compound our debts by paying so much in the pound, on condition of our not being gazetted as bankrupts; and that we required a little time in order to gather together what money we could, and see what there was to divide among those to whom we were indebted. In the mean time we proposed that a committee of three should be named by the general body of our creditors, these three gentlemen being themselves creditors, and that two months' time be given us: in order that—under the inspection of this committee—fuller accounts might be prepared, and a more detailed statement of our affairs drawn up.

To a proposition so fair and aboveboard no objection could be made, and at the first meeting of our creditors the terms and conditions we had proposed were agreed to. In the mean time we took great care to hint more than to promise, that we hoped to pay at least ten shillings in the pound. This put our creditors in good humour, and those who were present at the meeting at once proceeded to name three of their number to investigate our affairs. Few were willing, and none anxious, to be troubled with the business, and so the first three gentlemen whose names were—by previous arrangement with ourselves—proposed, were at once named members. One of these was a man whose name stood very high in the commercial world, but who had so very much to attend to in his own affairs that we felt sure



he would not look much into ours: the rather, as he was only a creditor to the tune of some five hundred pounds. His name would not only serve to make the acts of the committee accepted by the general body of creditors, but behind him the other members could hide anything which they did not wish to be seen. The second member of the committee was a director of the Onyx Bank. The third was a Greek merchant, who, not only because ours was a Greek firm, but also because he was a personal friend of Mr. Velardi, would be sure to make matters as pleasant as possible.

We ourselves—that is, my partner and myself—did not fare ill in private life while our affairs were being investigated. I had been able to withdraw my share of the profits every half year, until I had got nearer six than five thousand pounds snugly invested in Consols and securely settled upon my wife, in the name of two trustees. Moreover, I had a house full of good furniture tied up in the same way. Thus, even if our affairs were thrown into bankruptcy, I should be able to get through my troubles without much personal inconvenience. My partner, Mr. Velardi, was much better off than I. Like me, all he had—house, furniture, carriage, and plate, together with from twenty thousand to thirty-five thousand pounds—were securely settled upon his wife, and so, although in the City he had stopped payment, he was able to keep up his snug villa at Roehampton, and I don't think that his daily dinner was reduced either in the quantity or quality of viands or wine.

The investigation of our affairs proceeded very slowly, and when the committee did meet, it was merely to give an official confirmation to such statements as Mr. Velardi had prepared for their investigation. In London every man of business is always running a never-ending race with time, and as often losing it. Nine merchants or bankers out of ten have so many irons in the fire, live at so great a distance from the City, and are so anxious to get away early in the afternoon either to the country or the West-end, that they have very few hours in which they can work; for extra duties, like that of our committee, they really find no time, and are obliged to accept the statements of others as truths. Our committee of creditors met nominally three times a week, at half-past one for two o'clock. It invariably happened that one or other of the members was late, and the other two had to wait for him. Thus, anything like the work of investigation never began until a quarter or half-past two, and what with desultory conversation, and a general dislike of the whole business, the clock always pointed to three before the members knew where they were. At from a quarter to half-past three they broke up, being under the delusion that they had done a good day's work of at least two hours. Then, as the London season came on, our committee became more and more irregular. One member would want to take his wife to the Horticultural Gardens,

another wished to go with his daughter to the Crystal Palace. Thus the two months' delay we had asked for came to an end, and we were as far off from the settlement of our affairs as ever.

This just suited Mr. Velardi and myself. We wanted delay, and we obtained it by the doings of others as if it were the last thing on earth that we desired. At the end of the two months, the committee agreed to draw up a paper asking the creditors for another delay of two months, on account of the intricacy of our affairs, and because further time was required to obtain a thorough knowledge of how our firm really stood with respect to certain foreign houses. This statement was drafted by Mr. Velardi, who acted as secretary to the committee, and, coming as it did from the men they had themselves named, it was impossible for the creditors to refuse the request. The committee determined to work harder, and to try and obtain some reliable account of our affairs before the two months were out, but, like most good resolutions, these were made only to be broken. Just as they had begun to get something like an insight into our affairs—that is, as much of an insight as they could ever get of dealings which were far too complicated to be understood—one of their number, the director of the Onyx Bank, was taken ill, and another creditor had to take his place on the committee, so the whole of the work had to be done over again.

As good luck would have it, at about this time a foreign house whose acceptances we happened to hold for the amount of about five hundred pounds, took up the bill when due, and this—although it was a mere drop in the ocean towards paying our creditors—we made the most of to the committee, showing how, if time were only given us, we should be able to recover more money for our estate, and asking for a further delay. This was granted. Of the many Greek and other foreign firms on whom we had bills, nearly all had failed or suspended payment, so that of the great mass of bills we held, nearly the whole were useless. On this fact Mr. Velardi enlarged very much, and prepared for the committee a statement by which he showed that our failure was brought about chiefly, if not entirely, by the failure of other firms, and not by any rash, or over-speculation of our own. The figures were cleverly put together, and, though the committee could not believe the whole statement, they were more than half inclined to believe half of it. If any good could be done to such a desperate case of reckless insolvency as ours, Mr. Velardi certainly did that good; for, partly by management among his Greek commercial friends, partly on account of good turns he had done his fellow-countrymen when himself in prosperity, he managed to get a number of the foreign accommodation bills withdrawn, and so reduced the claims against us considerably. No doubt this was effected chiefly through many of our creditors



knowing that we should never pay more than a shilling in the pound. The committee praised both Mr. Velardi and myself for the very efficient aid we had afforded them in the investigation of our affairs, and, at my partner's request—which came before the creditors as the request of the committee—he obtained three more months' delay, and also in the mean time we the partners in the concern were to have leave to recommence business in our own names: only our accounts in what may be termed the new firm were to be kept perfectly distinct from those of our former trading. This was what Mr. Velardi had been driving at all along. Within a week we were in full work again.

We did not even change our offices; but commenced business once more, though on a very much smaller scale, as if nothing more than a temporary holiday had occurred to interrupt our trading. Mr. Velardi's Greek friends all rallied round him, and among many English and other merchants who were not creditors, it was supposed that, as we had recommenced business, we must have paid off the old scores. The secret of my partner's plans was, in fact, to work off our former debts by the profits of our new business, or rather to make the latter a sort of guarantee that we would pay the former. So, shortly after we were started again, he made, through the committee, a proposition to the creditors. To pay them five shillings in the pound; one shilling in cash; one in six months; one in twelve months; and the remainder in a year and a half.

This proposition was at first scouted by all, save and except our Greek friends, who stood by their fellow-countryman upon all occasions; but were wise enough not to appear as too urgent advocates of our cause. In public these gentlemen denounced our proposed settlement as vehemently as any of the rest, but in private they assured us that when the proper time came they would be the first to sign. Some of our creditors talked largely of taking us into the Bankruptcy Court, and even of attacking us by criminal information before a magistrate. What all this meant we knew very well, and were fully aware that the fiercer the storm now, the sooner it would calm down. Through our accountant and solicitor we demonstrated clearly—to our own satisfaction—that by taking us into the Bankruptcy Court, the assets we now had at our disposal would be swallowed up, and instead of five shillings in the pound our creditors would not get five pence, while, if any extra expenses were incurred they would fall upon such of our creditors as had forced us to become bankrupts. We likewise managed, through our friends, to spread the report that the composition we offered came really, though not nominally, from wealthy supporters, who were willing to go so far, but no further, to help us; and that if our affairs should be more thoroughly investigated it would be found that we could not offer even two shillings in the pound.

As time wore on, our creditors began to get

more careless. Many of them regarded the money we owed them as lost for ever, and became quite indifferent. Others said they would be glad to sell the claims they had upon us for half-a-crown in the pound, down. Of these we managed through friends to buy up several for small sums, and thus put many of our most bitter opponents out of our list.

In the mean time our firm continued to work on, and as the commercial world was now fast recovering from the effects of a late crisis, we were able to obtain a certain amount of credit, and made money, although not so much or so fast as formerly. We did not seek to re-establish any of our foreign firms. That at Alexandria, indeed, had never stopped payment, as, in consequence of Mr. White being a partner in it, the branch house there had never gone largely into the bill-accepting business. Of the money Mr. Velardi had made by our former dealings, he withdrew a thousand pounds from what had been settled upon his wife, and, placing it in a bank on current account, gave out that the sum had been advanced by a wealthy Greek firm abroad, in order that he might start fresh. Moreover, we now worked more legitimately than before, or at any rate not so wildly. What we professed to do almost exclusively, was to ship Manchester goods abroad upon commission, and to receive produce from the Levant upon the same terms. This kind of business involved no drawing or accepting of bills, except such as were against goods sent from or brought to England in the legitimate way of trade. We were careful to keep a balance of never less than a thousand pounds at our banker's, and always provided for our bills two or three days before they became due. In the City it was reported that we were not working solely upon our own account, but that some wealthy foreign firms were behind us, and would help us in case of necessity. This tale, though utterly groundless, we neither denied nor affirmed, and as it very soon came to be universally believed, our credit increased in proportion.

"To him that hath shall be given, but to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath," is a text of which the full practical meaning and bearing upon every-day life, is only understood in the commercial world. So long as our creditors believed us to have nothing, and to be struggling into a business which would afford us a bare subsistence, they bullied and badgered us beyond belief. We were "mere Greek adventurers;" "swindlers;" "scoundrels;" men who had "over-traded;" who had "obtained money on false pretences;" who had "commenced without any capital." But no sooner did we get our heads a little above water, than some of those who had been our bitterest enemies and most vehement denouncers, began by degrees to cultivate a sort of business-like friendship for us. Little by little, some even of our gruffest English creditors began to speak to us when we met in the City, and some of those who had formerly abused us in no measured terms, were heard to say that



they believed us to be more sinned against than sinning.

Some of those who thus reversed their judgment against us, were our creditors to a large, others only to a small, amount. It was with the latter that we first attempted to carry our point of getting the paper signed, which would release us from the debts and liabilities of our former trading. The difficulty was to get any one who would sign first, for in business matters the true City man always follows with the crowd. He will always object to be the first to take any decided step, but, the moment others take it he will rush to copy the example. Some of our Greek friends—apparently unknown to us, but in reality at our suggestion—called a private meeting of our creditors, and put forward that it was a pity a firm like ours, now struggling into new existence, should be hampered by former liabilities, and offered there and then to pay down three shillings in the pound, provided not less than three-fourths of our creditors signed. To this proposition the meeting gave no decided answer, but required a fortnight for consideration. The gentlemen who had called our creditors together, gave them to understand that the needful money had been chiefly subscribed by personal friends of ours, and that although for all future transactions we had more than one wealthy firm to back us, no further help than what was now offered would be forthcoming, and that if the offer were not closed with at once, even this would be withdrawn.

That the statement was altogether untrue I need hardly say. The three shillings in the pound which was offered for our debts came from ourselves. We had gained by our latter trading some little money, which, together with a little more withdrawn from what we had put by before stopping payment, made up the sum.

That the result of the required consideration would be favourable, we had not the slightest doubt. When a debt is of long standing, the creditors in nine cases out of ten will take almost anything down to be rid of the matter. This is the reason why, in a case like ours, it is of immense importance to gain time, and to tire out the creditors' patience.

At the second meeting of creditors, our proposition was formally accepted, two of our Greek friends present giving an undertaking that the money should be forthcoming within thirty days, and thus we were once more free men, and perhaps more honoured and respected than if we had never suspended our payments. Our creditors appeared delighted with their share in the transaction, and seemed to look

upon the small dividend they got, after waiting nearly a year for it, as so much treasure-trove. Not being accustomed to bankruptcy nor compounding with creditors, I felt as if a load had been removed from my back, or a chain from my leg. But not so my partner. Mr. Velardi seemed to think we had paid too much for our release, and grumbled accordingly. "If we had only worked on a little longer, and had tired them out a little more," he kept repeating, "they would have taken eighteenpence, have given a receipt in full of all demands, have been much more thankful than they are, and have thought all the better of us."

The firm of Velardi, Watson, and Co. now flourishes, and does a larger business than ever. We have correspondents in all parts of Europe as well as in the chief towns of the Levant. In London, at Amsterdam, Hamburg, Marseilles, Constantinople, Salonica, Alexandria, Smyrna, and Beyrout, bills drawn upon us, or bearing our indorsement, are easily negotiable, and are always met at maturity. Our credit is good everywhere. It would be difficult to say what kind of business we *do not* do, although we confine ourselves chiefly to that which goes by the name of the Levant Trade. I have a handsome well-furnished country-house, standing in five acres of my own ground, on the London and Brighton line. I allow my eldest son, who is a cornet in a crack hussar regiment, six hundred a year besides his pay; and my daughter, who is to be married next month, will have five thousand pounds on her wedding-day. My partner has larger ideas as well as more money than I, and owns one of the handsomest mansions in Westbourne-terrace. In every sense of the word we are most respectable men, and we shall continue to be most respectable men, unless another commercial crisis takes place, when we shall find it rather difficult not to stop payment; for, at a rough calculation, I take our liabilities to be about one thousand times greater than our assets could ever become.

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XIV. MOTHER AND SON.

"LATE, and alone, Gervase?" said Lady Castletowers, with cold displeasure. "The breakfast-bell rang ten minutes ago. Where are our guests?"

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, mother," replied the Earl, "and you will be sorry for the cause. Sardanapalus had bitten Miss Colonna in the hand, and Vaughan has gone round with her to Mrs. Walker's room to get it dressed. I always said that confounded bird would do mischief some day. Where's Colonna?"

"In his room, I suppose, and deaf, as usual, to the bell. Is Olimpia much hurt?"

"Painfully; but, of course, not dangerously."

"There is no necessity for my presence?"

"No absolute necessity," rejoined the young Earl, with some hesitation, and a little emphasis. The Countess seated herself at the breakfast-table, and dismissed the servant in attendance.

"I am glad," said she, "of a few moments alone with you, Gervase. How long does Major Vaughan propose to remain with us?"

"I really do not know. He has said nothing about it, and I fancy his time just now is at his own disposal."

"I think we ought to do something to make Castletowers pleasant to him while he is here."

"I was intending to make the same remark to you, my dear mother," replied the young man. "I have, indeed, asked some men from town, and I rather think Charley Burgoyne and Laurence Greatorex may be down next week, but that is not enough. Shall we give a ball?"

"Or a fête—but perhaps the summer is hardly sufficiently advanced for a fête at present."

"And then a fête is so confoundingly expensive!" groaned the Earl. "It won't be so bad after the half-yearly rents have come in; but I assure you, mother, I was shocked when I looked into my banker's book yesterday. We have barely a couple of hundreds to carry us through up to Midsummer!"

The Countess sighed, and tapped impatiently on the edge of the table with her delicate jewelled fingers.

"It's a miserable thing to be poor!" ejaculated the Earl.

"My poor boy, it is indeed!"

"If it hadn't been for paying off that mortgage of Oliver Behren's . . ."

"Which your father's extravagance entailed upon us!" interrupted Lady Castletowers, bitterly.

"If it hadn't been for paying that off," he continued, "our means would now have been so comfortable. That two thousand five hundred a year, mother, would have made us rich."

"Comparatively rich," replied the Countess.

"Well, it's of no use to be always moaning, like the harbour bar in Kingsley's poem," said the young man, with an air of forced gaiety.

"We *are* poor, dearest mother, and we must make the best of it. In the mean while, let us, by all means, give some kind of entertainment. You can think the matter over, and whatever you decide upon is sure to be best and wisest. I must find the money, somehow. Perhaps Trefalden could advance me a hundred or two."

"Has he not lately come into an enormous fortune?" asked the Countess, abstractedly.

"No, not our Trefalden; but some member, I believe, of his family. I don't know the story, but I have heard it is something very romantic. However, Trefalden himself is a rich man—he's too quiet and clever not to be rich. At all events, I can but ask him."

"I don't like you to borrow money, Gervase," said Lady Castletowers.

"I abhor it in the ordinary sense of the word," replied her son. "But a gentleman may draw upon his lawyer for a small sum without scruple. It is not at all the same thing."

"If I could but see you well married!" sighed the Countess.

Lord Castletowers shrugged his shoulders.

"And occupying that position in the country to which your birth and talents entitle you! I was talking about you the other day to the Duke of Dorchester. He seems to think there must be a change in the ministry before long; and then, if he, and one or two others of our acquaintance, get into office—*nous verrons!*"

"There are always so many ifs," said Lord Castletowers, with a smile.

"By the way, Miss Hatherton—the rich Miss Hatherton—is staying at Aylsham Park. Of course, if we give a fête, the Walkingshaws will bring her with them. It is said, Gervase, that she has a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."



"Indeed!" said Lord Castletowers, indifferently.

"And she is handsome."

"Yes—she is handsome."

The Countess looked at her son. The Earl looked out of the window.

"I fancy," said the Countess, "that Major Vaughan is paying a good deal of attention to Olympia."

"To—to Miss Colonna?" said the Earl, with an involuntary catching of his breath. "Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Because—Well, perhaps I scarcely know why; but it seems so unlikely."

"Why unlikely?" pursued the Countess, coldly and steadily.

"Well—Vaughan is not a marrying man—and he has no private means, or next to none, besides his pay—and—and then, they are so utterly unsuited—unsuited in every way—in tastes, ages, dispositions, everything!"

The young man spoke hastily, and with a perceptibly heightened colour. His mother, still coldly observing him, went on.

"I do not agree with you, Gervase," said she, "in any one of your objections. I believe that Major Vaughan would quite willingly marry, if Olympia were the lady. He is not forty; and if he has only a few hundreds a year besides his pay, he is, at all events, richer than Olympia's father. Besides, he is a gallant officer; and if all that Colonna anticipates should come to pass, a gallant officer would be worth more than a mere fortune, just now, to the Italian cause."

The Earl still stood by the window, looking out at the park and the blue hills far away; but made no reply.

"He has said nothing to you upon the subject?" said Lady Castletowers.

"Nothing."

"Perhaps, however, it is hardly likely that he would do so."

"Most unlikely, I should say. But here's the letter-bag—and here come surgeon and patient."

Lady Castletowers became at once condolent and sympathetic; Mademoiselle Colonna laughed off the accident with impatient indifference; Major Vaughan bowed over his hostess's fair hand; and all took their places at table.

"A budget, as usual, for Colonna," said Lord Castletowers, sorting the pile of letters just tumbled out of the bag. "One, two, three billets, redolent of what might be called the *parfum du boudoir*, for Vaughan—also, as usual! Two letters, my dearest mother, for you; and only one (a square-shouldered, round-listed, blue-complexioned, obstinate-looking business document) for myself. A pretty thing to lie at the bottom of one's letter-bag, like hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket!"

"It hath a Bond-street aspect, Castletowers, that affects me unpleasantly," said Major Vaughan, from whose brow the angry flush with which he had received his three letters and swept

them carelessly on one side, had not yet quite faded.

"Say, rather, a Chancery-lane aspect," replied the young Earl, breaking the seal as he spoke; "and that's as much worse than Bond-street as Newgate is worse than the Queen's Bench."

"Bond-street and Chancery lane, Newgate and the Queen's Bench!" repeated Mademoiselle Colonna. "The conversation sounds very awful. What does it all mean?"

"I presume," said Lady Castletowers, "that Major Vaughan supposed the letter to be written by a—a tailor, or some person of that description; while it really comes from my son's lawyer, Mr. Trefalden."

"I met Mr. Trefalden a few weeks ago," said Mademoiselle Colonna, "in Switzerland."

"In Switzerland?" echoed Lord Castletowers.

"And he authorised me to add his name to our general committee list."

"A miracle! a miracle!"

"And why a miracle?" asked Lady Castletowers. "Does Mr. Trefalden disapprove the Italian cause?"

"Mr. Trefalden, my dear mother, never approves or disapproves of any public movement whatever. Nature seems to have created him without opinions."

"Then he is either a very superficial, or a very ambitious man," said Lady Castletowers.

"The latter, depend on it. He's a remarkably clever fellow, and has good interest, no doubt. He will set his politics to the tune of his interest some day, and make his way to the woolstack 'in a galliard.'"

"I am glad this is but a conjectural estimate of Mr. Trefalden's character," said Olympia.

"You like him, then?" said Major Vaughan, hastily.

"I neither like him nor dislike him; but if these were proven facts, I would never speak to him again."

Signor Colonna came in and made his morning salutations, his eyes wandering eagerly towards his letters all the time.

"Good morning—good morning. Late, did you say? Peccavi! So I am. I lost myself in the library. Bell! I heard no bell. Pray forgive me, dear Lady Castletowers. Any news to-day? You were early this morning, Major Vaughan. Saw you in the saddle soon after six. Plenty of letters this morning, I see—plenty of letters!"

And with this he slipped into his seat, and became at once immersed in the contents of the documents before him.

"Trefalden writes from town, mother," said Lord Castletowers. "He excuses his delay on the plea of much business. He has been settling his cousin's affairs—the said cousin having come in for between four and five millions sterling."

"A man who comes in for four or five millions sterling has no right to live," said Major Vaughan. "His very being is an insult to his offended species."



"But if this cousin should prove to be a lady?" suggested Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I would condemn her, of course—to matrimony."

"I should think Trefalden would take care of that!" laughed the Earl.

"But is the cousin a lady?" asked Lady Castletowers, with seeming indifference.

"Alas! no, my dear mother, too surely he belongeth to the genus homo. Trefalden's words are—"I have been assisting my cousin in the arrangement of his affairs, he having lately inherited a fortune of between four and five millions sterling."

"I have no doubt that he is fat, ugly, and disagreeable," said Major Vaughan.

"And plebeian," added Lady Castletowers, with a smile.

"And illiberal," said Olimpia.

"And, in short, so rich," said the Earl, "that were he hideous and ignorant as Caliban, society would receive him with open arms, and the beauty of the season would gladly wear orange-blossoms for him at St. George's! What says this honourable company—shall I invite him down to Castletowers for a week or two, and shall we all fall to worshipping the golden calf?"

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Olimpia, scornfully; but she was the only one who replied.

The breakfast-party then broke up. The Earl went to his stables, Olimpia to her apartments, and Major Vaughan to the billiard-room. Signor Colonna and Lady Castletowers strolled to and fro in the sunshine, outside the breakfast-room windows.

"But who is this millionaire?" asked the Italian, eagerly.

"Caro amico, you know as much as I know," replied Lady Castletowers. "He is a cousin of our solicitor, Mr. Trefalden, who is a very well-bred gentlemanly person. As for this fortune, I think I have heard that it has been accumulating for one or two centuries—but that is probably a mere rumour."

"Between four and five millions!" ejaculated Colonna. "With such a fortune, what might not be done by a friend to the cause!"

Lady Castletowers smiled.

"Sempre Italia!" she said.

"Sempre Italia," replied he, lifting his hat reverently as he pronounced the words. "While I live, Lady Castletowers. While I live."

They had come now to the end of the path, and were about to return, when he laid his hand on hers, and said, very earnestly:

"I wish I could see this man. I wish I knew him. I have won over thousands of recruits in my time, Alethea—thousands, who had only their blood to give, and gave it. Money is as precious as blood in a cause like ours. If we had had but *one* million, eighteen months ago, Italy would now have been free."

"Ah, you want me to help you—you want Gervase to bring him here? Is that so?"

"Precisely."

"Well, I suppose it can be done—somehow."

"I think it can," replied Colonna. "I am sure it can."

"And it might lead to great results?"

"It might—indeed it might."

"Your personal influence, I know, is almost magical," mused Lady Castletowers; "and if our millionaire should prove to be young and impressionable . . ."

She hesitated. He looked up, and their eyes met.

"Olimpia is very lovely," she said, smiling; "and very fascinating."

"I have thought of that," he replied. "I have thought of that; and Olimpia would never marry any man who did not devote himself to Italy, body and soul!"

"And purse," added Lady Castletowers, quietly.

"And purse—of course," said he, with a somewhat heightened colour.

"Then I will do what I can, dear old friend, for your sake," said Lady Castletowers, affectionately.

"And I," he replied, "will do what I can, for the sake of the cause. God knows, Alethea, that I do it for the cause alone—God knows how pure my soul is of any other aim or end!"

"I am sure of it," she replied, abstractedly.

"Had I but the half of four or five millions at command, the stake upon which I have set my whole life, and my child's life, would be won. Do you hear me, Alethea? would be, *must* be won!"

"And shall be won, amico, if any help of mine can avail you," said Lady Castletowers. "I will speak to Gervase about it at once. He shall ask both the cousins down."

"Best friend," murmured the Italian, taking the hand which she extended to him, and pressing it gratefully in both his own.

"But beware!—not a word to him of all this. He has his English notions of hospitality—you understand?"

"Yes—it is true."

"Adieu, then, till luncheon."

"Addio."

And the Countess, with a look of unusual pre-occupation on her fair brow, went slowly back to the house, thinking of many things:—chiefly of how her son should some day marry an heiress, and how Olimpia Colonna should be disposed of to Saxon Trefalden:

#### CHAPTER XV. SAXON DRAWS HIS FIRST CHEQUE.

A TALL young man stood at the first floor window of a fashionable hotel in Piccadilly, drumming upon the plate-glass panes, and staring listlessly down upon the crowded street below. It was about two o'clock in the day, and the brilliant thoroughfare was all alive with colour and sunshine; but his face took no joyousness from the busy scene. It wore, on the contrary, as gloomy and discontented an ex-



pression as such a bright young face could well put on. The ceaseless ebb and flow of gorgeous equipages; the fair pedestrians in their fashionable toilettes, even the little band of household troops riding by in helm and cuirass, failed, apparently, to interest that weary spectator. He yawned, looked at his watch, took an impatient turn or two about the room, and then went back to the window, and drummed again upon the panes. Some books, an opera-glass, and one or two newspapers, lay on the table; but the leaves of the books were uncut, and only one of the newspapers had been unfolded. Too ennuyé to read, and too restless to sit still, this young man evidently found his time hang heavily upon his hands.

Presently a cab drove up to the hotel, and two gentlemen jumped out. The first of these was William Trefalden; the second, Lord Castletowers. William Trefalden looked up and nodded, as he came up the broad stone steps, and the watcher at the window ran joyously to meet him on the stairs.

"I'm so glad you're come!" was his eager exclamation. "I've been watching for you, and the time has seemed so long!"

"I am only twenty minutes late," replied Mr. Trefalden, smiling.

"But it's so dreary here!"

"And I bring you a visitor," continued the other. "Lord Castletowers, allow me to present my cousin, Mr. Saxon Trefalden. Saxon, Lord Castletowers is so kind as to desire your acquaintance."

Saxon put out his hand, and gave the Earl's a hearty shake. He would as soon have thought of greeting his guest with a bow as of flinging him over the balcony into the street below.

"Thank you," said he. "I'm very much obliged to you."

"I am surprised that you find this situation 'dreary,' Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, with a glance towards the window.

"I find all London dreary," replied Saxon, bluntly.

"May I ask how long you have been here?"

"Five days."

"Then you have really had no time to form an opinion."

"I have had time to be very miserable," said Saxon. "I never was so miserable in my life. The noise and hurry of London bewilder me. I can settle to nothing. I can think of nothing. I can do nothing. I find it impossible to read; and if I go out alone in the streets, I lose myself. Then there seems to be no air. I have inhaled smoke and dust; but I have not *breathed* since I came into the place."

"Your first impressions of our Babel are certainly not *couleur de rose*," said the Earl, laughingly.

"They are *couleur de Lothbury*, and *couleur de Chancery-lane*," interposed William Trefalden. "My cousin, Lord Castletowers, has for these last four days been the victim of the law.

We have been putting him in possession of his property, and he has seen nothing of town save the gold regions east of Temple Bar."

"An excellent beginning," said the Earl. "The finest pass into Belgravia is through Threadneedle-street."

"And the noblest prospect in London is the Bank of England," added the lawyer.

"I thought it very ugly and dirty," said Saxon, innocently.

"I hope this law business is all over now," said Lord Castletowers.

"Yes, for the present; and Saxon has nothing to do but to amuse himself."

"Amuse myself!" echoed Saxon. "I must go home to do that."

"Because Reichenau is so gay, or because you find London so uninviting?" asked the Earl, with a smile.

"Because I am a born mountaineer, and because to me this place is a prison. I must have air to breathe, hills to climb, and a gun on my shoulder. *That* is what I call amusement."

"That is what I call amusement also," said Lord Castletowers; "and if you will come down to Surrey, I can give you plenty of it—a fishing-rod, and a hunter included. But in the mean while, you must let us prove to you that London is not so barren of entertainment as you seem to think."

"Let this help to prove it," said Mr. Trefalden, taking from his pocket a little oblong book in a green paper cover. "There's magic in these pages, my dear fellow. They contain all the wit, wisdom, and beauty of the world we live in. While you have this in your pocket, you will never want for amusement—or friends; and when you have come to the end of the present volume, the publishers will furnish you with another."

"What is it?" said Saxon, turning it over somewhat doubtfully.

"A cheque-book."

"Pshaw! money again. Always money!"

"Don't speak of it disrespectfully. You have more than you can count, and as yet you neither know what it is worth, nor what to do with it."

"Pray enlighten me, then," said Saxon, with a touch of impatience in his voice. "Tell me, in the first place, what it *is* worth?"

"That is a matter of individual opinion," replied Mr. Trefalden, with one of his quiet smiles. "If you ask Lord Castletowers, he will probably tell you that it is worth less than noble blood, bright eyes, or Italian liberty. If you ask a plodding fellow like myself, he will probably value it above all three."

"Well then, in the second place, what am I to do with it?"

"Spend it."

Saxon shrugged his shoulders; and Lord Castletowers, who had coloured up somewhat angrily the minute before, laughed, and said that it was good advice.

"Spend it," repeated the lawyer. "You never will know how to employ your money till you ac-



quire the art of getting rid of it. You have yet to learn that instead of turning everything into gold, like Midas, you can turn gold into everything. It is the true secret of the transmutation of metal."

"Shall I be any the wiser or happier for this knowledge?" asked Saxon, with a sigh.

"You cannot help being the wiser," laughed his cousin; "nor, I should think, the happier. You will cease to be 'dreary,' in the first place. He who has plenty of money and knows how to spend it, is never in want of entertainment."

"Ay, *and knows how to spend it!*" There is my difficulty."

"If you had read Molière," replied Mr. Trefalden, "you would be aware that a rich man has discernment in his purse."

"Cousin, you are laughing at me."

It was said with perfect good humour, but with such directness that even Mr. Trefalden's practised self-possession was momentarily troubled.

"But I suppose you think a rich fellow can afford to be laughed at," added Saxon, "and I am quite of your opinion. It will help to civilise me; and that, you know, is your mission. And now for a lesson in alchemy. What shall I transmute my gold into first?"

"Nay, into whatever seems to you to be best worth the trouble," replied Mr. Trefalden. "First of all, I should say, into a certain amount of superfine Saxony and other cloths; into a large stock of French kid and French cambric—and a valet. After that—well, after that, suppose you ask Lord Castletowers' opinion."

"I vote for a tall horse, a short tiger, and a cab," said the young Earl.

"And chambers in St. James's-street," suggested the lawyer.

"And a stall at Gye's."

"And all the flowers, pictures, Baskerville editions, Delphin classics, organs, and Etruscan antiquities you take it into your head to desire! That's the way to transmute your metal, you happy fellow! Taken as a philosophical experiment, I know nothing more beautiful, simple, and satisfactory."

"You bewilder me," said poor Saxon. "You speak a language which is partly jest and partly earnest, and I know not where the earnestness ends, nor where the jest begins. What is it that you really mean? I am quite willing to do what you conceive a man in my position should do; but you must show me how to set about it."

"I am here to-day for no other purpose."

"And more than this, you must give me leave to reject your system, if I dislike, or grow weary of it."

"What! return to roots and woad after Kühn and Stultz?"

"Certainly, if I find the roots more palatable, and the woad more becoming."

"Agreed. Then we begin at once. You shall put yourself under my guidance, and that of Lord Castletowers. You shall obey us implicitly for the next six or eight hours; and you shall

begin by writing a cheque for five hundred, which we can cash at Drummond's as we go along."

"With all my heart," said Saxon; and so, aided by his cousin's instructions, sat down and wrote his first cheque.

"He's a capital fellow," said Lord Castletowers to Mr. Trefalden, as they went down the hotel stairs; "a splendid fellow, and I like him thoroughly. Shall I propose him at the Eretheum? He ought to belong to a club; and I know some men there who would be delighted to do what they could for any member of my introduction."

"By all means. It is the very thing for him," replied Mr. Trefalden. "He must have acquaintances, you know; and it is out of the question that a busy man like myself should do the honours of town to him, or any one. Were he my own brother, I would not undertake it."

"And I am never here myself for many days at a time," said the Earl. "London is an expensive luxury, and I am obliged to make a little of it go a long way. However, while I am here, and whenever I am here, it will give me a great deal of pleasure to show Mr. Saxon Trefalden any attention in my power."

"You are very kind. Saxon, my dear fellow, Lord Castletowers is so good as to offer to get you into the Eretheum."

"The Eretheum of Athens?" exclaimed Saxon, opening his blue eyes in laughing astonishment.

"Nonsense—of Pall Mall. It is a fashionable club."

"I am much obliged to Lord Castletowers," replied Saxon, vaguely. But he had no more notion of the nature, objects, or aims of a fashionable club than a Bedouin Arab.

## INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

ABOUT five years ago I returned from India, with my pension of a thousand a year, as a retired civilian. During the thirty-five years I had lived in that land of the sun, I had managed to save ten thousand pounds, which, being invested at ten per cent, gave me another thousand a year. With an income of two thousand pounds, and all our children provided for, my wife and I not unreasonably hoped and expected to live comfortably, the more so as neither of us was given to extravagance, and we both cared little for the fashionable conventionalities of life. When we came home from the East, I was fifty-five years of age, and my better half ten years my junior: ages at which people look forward rather to quiet enjoyment of life than to making a show, or cutting a dash, in the world. We took a small house in Kensington, laid out a few hundred pounds in furnishing it, jobbed a neat one-horse brougham by the month, engaged a cook, a housemaid, and a parlour-maid, and set ourselves to work to renew old friendships and re-make old acquaintances, which in our long long exile had



dropped in arrear. Being a member of the Oriental and the Conservative Clubs, I managed to pass my forenoons pretty quickly. By the time I had breakfasted, smoked my cheroot as I walked through the Park to Hanover-square or St. James's-street, it was always past twelve o'clock. Once at the club, I made a great show of writing a letter or two, read the papers, had some lunch, talked over the villanies of Sir Charles Wood, and the financial reforms of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Laing, with some old Bengal chum, and, before I knew where I was, the clock pointed to four, at which hour my wife always called for me in the brougham, and we went for a drive. A seven o'clock dinner, a couple of stalls at the theatre or Opera twice a week, and so to bed, like a moderate-minded steady-going middle-aged couple, as we were.

My wife was a capital manager and house-keeper. Although we lived well, I found at the end of my first year in England a balance of a few hundreds remaining in my banker's hands, over and above my expenditure. Then it was that my misfortunes really commenced, for nothing would satisfy me but that this money should be profitably invested, and I began to look about for something better than Consols.

Among my oldest Indian friends there was a certain Colonel Jones, who had retired from the service some years before I returned to England. The colonel had—chiefly for want of something to do—turned his sword into a business-like-looking umbrella; and, instead of squadrons, drill, and soldiering, his talk was of shares, the price of stocks, and rates of discount. The gallant officer had become a complete City man, and was, moreover, a successful speculator. A more honourable or a more truthful man never breathed. He was a careful calculator, a long-headed financier, and could see his way ahead, more clearly than most men who had passed their whole lives in the atmosphere of business. More than one old-established bank and railway connected with India, were glad to have Colonel Jones upon their respective boards; and as one good thing in the City generally leads to another, he could pick, choose, and refuse.

This gentleman recommended me to look out for some good concern in which I might purchase shares, and of which I might, perhaps, in time, become one of the directors. At the same time he strongly recommended me not to mix myself up with any schemes which were untried, or of which the directors were not of acknowledged respectability. I wish I had taken his advice!

To a man like Colonel Jones, it is an easy matter to get upon the board of a really good and sound company. And if in request with old, he is doubly so with new companies. He has but to say the word, and not only will any new concern be glad to have him, but will also pay him money, besides qualifying him with shares, for joining the direction. The difficulty with a gentleman so situated is to know what companies to avoid. With me, the desire to invest

my money was accompanied with an almost stronger wish to be a director of some company. Like the famous Colonel Newcome, I believed myself to be a thorough man of business—by intuition, as it were—and that I had only to "go to the City" every day, sit at a board, and adopt the jargon of mercantile men, in order to make money. To do him justice, Colonel Jones endeavoured to induce me to look more to safety than to a large per-centage in purchasing shares. With his warnings I ought to have walked safely, but I fell into the very first trap that was laid for me.

The Honourable John Fenceman was the younger brother of a late, and the uncle of an actual, peer. He was a man of about fifty years of age; had been, many years ago, in the Guards; and knew everybody and everything in London as well as a detective policeman. In his manners he was gentlemanly, affable, and never by any chance pushed into notice his noble birth, nor the handle he had to his name. He did not affect the manners of a young man, had a family of grown-up daughters, a home in one of the best second-rate Tyburnian squares, dressed as became a paterfamilias, was a sound Conservative, an exceeding loud Protestant, and altogether embodied the English definition of "a most respectable man." I had known this gentleman some considerable time, when I discovered that he was in some respects "a City man;" that is to say, he was member of more than one board of directors, and daily walked into the City "on business" of various kinds.

To the Honourable John Fenceman, then, I made known my desire to invest what spare money I had, and of becoming a director upon any respectable board of a respectable company. He promised to think the matter over, and to let me know in a day or two how he could forward my views. We met at the club almost every day, and I asked him as often whether he had yet found what I wanted; but his answer was invariably in the negative for at least five or six weeks.

At last I received a note from my friend, requesting me to meet him at a certain Indian bank in the City, on important business, at a certain hour. I did so, and found that he had at last discovered an affair in which I could gain honour, emolument, and a commercial good name, without the slightest risk. The concern he advised me to join, was, the Benevolent Insurance Company, of which, as he said, he himself was about to become a director.

The conditions on which I was to join this company were as follows: I was to take a hundred shares—no director was allowed to take fewer, or the public would have no confidence in the concern—of twenty pounds each, upon which ten pounds a share was to be paid. "You can't possibly lose by it," said the Honourable John to me; "and to show you in what estimation I hold the company, I have myself paid a like amount, and am about to take my seat at the board."



The Benevolent Insurance Company, although not old, was by no means of entirely new creation. It had been born some years ago, but, for want of vitality, had never yet given forth any signs of flourishing. It had started with a weak board, which had gradually got weaker, and of business it had, as yet, never had sufficient to pay its current office expenses. Of the original directors there now remained but three or four; and, although the neat office, the mahogany-furnished board-room, the brass rails in the office, the handsome bound ledgers, the spruce secretary, and one or two trim clerks remained, it was easy to see that of real business there was little or none done at its head-quarters. Now and again—this I learned afterwards—some of the outside “outers” for the company would induce some stray, and probably insane individual who wished to insure his life, to send in a proposal to our office; but these were rare, and more rarely still did such propositions come to anything. But of this more presently.

My friend of noble family explained to me, that what was wanted was—so to speak—the regeneration of this Insurance Company. Besides the Honourable John and myself, four or five gentlemen had been induced to join the board, and each of these was to pay down a thousand pounds for his shares. In obtaining shares there was no difficulty whatever, for, of the original ten thousand shares, not more than one thousand had been applied for by the public. But it was supposed that when the direction was known to be entirely reconstructed, and that seven new directors had each subscribed, and each paid for a hundred shares, the affair would look up, and the unappropriated shares be in great demand.

Of the seven new directors, one was a baronet—a poor man, without an acre or a hundred pounds he could call his own, but still a baronet; and with untadying John Bull, even this much of a title goes a very long way. Another was a member of parliament, and when I have said that, I have said everything; for, beyond his top-coat, scarf-pin, watch and chain, umbrella and hat, he had no property, portable or otherwise, that I or anybody else could discover. Next in the list followed two medical men, both of whom were individuals with more leisure than money, and more assurance than learning. The fifth was a retired brewer, who, having for thirty years worked hard to make a fortune, now worked as hard to spend it. Every man has his particular hobby, and this individual's mania was that of being in company with men who had handles to their names, or were, as he termed them, “real gentlemen, and no mistake, sir.” The Honourable John Fence-man and myself completed the number of seven new Directors for the Benevolent Insurance Company.

After giving the subject some few days' consideration, I consented—notwithstanding the arguments of my friend, Colonel Jones, who advised me to have nothing to say to the concern—to join this board, being induced to do so

partly by the promised dignity of a seat at the board, but chiefly by the immense profits which would accrue to me according to the figures shown me by the secretary of the company. According to this gentleman, as proved by statistics of the last ten years, taken from the annual report of various London offices, the thousand pounds I was about to invest in shares must bring me in at the very least a yearly return of five hundred pounds. My seat at the board would alone give me an income of one hundred and four pounds a year—two pounds each week—and this would be interest at the rate of ten per cent. Thus it was clearly shown that, look at the matter in what light I would, I must be an immense gainer in money, as well as in dignity, by joining the direction of the Benevolent Insurance Company.

The first day we met in the board-room of the company, we voted the baronet into the chair, and then passed resolutions respecting the qualification of each director. Determined not to fail in paying up on the hundred shares I had put my name down for, I at once handed to the secretary a cheque for one thousand pounds; my brother director, the retired brewer, did the same; but from the others there were merely paid in comparatively small sums “on account,” or else shares of various companies were given as security that the amount due would be paid. I ventured to hint that, in qualifying for shares, the amount ought to be at once paid down in cash, but was overruled by nearly the whole board declaring that there was plenty of time, that it would “all be right,” and so on. I felt rather sorry that I had been in such a hurry to part with my thousand pounds, but as the cheque had been already passed to the secretary there was nothing to be done but to grin and bear. The Honourable John paid in one hundred pounds in cash as his qualification, and placed shares in a tenth-rate bank, valued altogether at about two hundred pounds, with the secretary. The baronet paid in nothing, nor did he give any security; the member of parliament also declared himself unable to book up at the moment, but promised to do so at our next board meeting. It was proposed by one of the medical men, seconded by my honourable friend, and carried unanimously, that each director should give his promissory note at three months, bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum, for the amount of his shares, and that each such note, being made payable at a bank, should be passed to the secretary, and by him credited as so much cash. In vain I ventured to expostulate, and to say that, however solvent the giver of a note-of-hand might be, promises to pay were not cash, and ought not to be considered cash. But I was overruled, as it was declared that, where all were honourable men, and quite certain to meet their engagements, it would only be creating useless difficulties did we make any distinction between money and engagements. I saw that further objection was useless, but after having expressed myself so strongly on the



subject, I did not like to ask for my cheque back again, nor, had I done so, would it have been of much use, for I am very sure I should not have had it returned.

Having got so far in our first meeting, the chairman and secretary—who was also general manager—proceeded to distribute the shares to the directors, previously affixing thereunto the seal of the company. Each member of the board received scrip certificates of one hundred shares, on which it was stated that each share was worth twenty pounds, and that ten pounds had been paid up on each. This little business over, we sat down to an excellent luncheon, and the secretary then handed to each director two sovereigns and two shillings, neatly folded up in paper, so that I began to feel as if I were already handling the wealth which was to flow in upon me, and, in spite of the note-of-hand business, I left the office fully convinced that I had invested my thousand pounds well.

Our board met every week. On the second board day some of our outside touters brought us in proposals for life insurances, which of course we had to refer to our medical officer, after due inquiry as to the life and habits of those who wished to effect insurances. These propositions for insurances are obtained, in most cases, through "agents," or "touts," of whom every insurance company employs more or less, according to its means of doing business, and the capital it has at command. These gentlemen are not engaged at any fixed salary, but merely get a per-centage upon insurances which are effected by their means or introduction. If one of these agents have the gift of persuasion, and can make himself agreeable to the particular class of persons to whom he addresses his eloquence, he may easily earn his three or four pounds a week, or even more. A good insurance agent is invaluable to a new company, and when he once makes a name for himself he is in demand by other and larger companies, and generally gets promoted to be a travelling agent, with travelling allowances, so that he has a roving commission over large portions of the kingdom, and fares always of the best, at the expense of the company.

In addition to these travelling touts or agents, every company has fixed agents, each of whom does his best to obtain business for the company in the district or town where he lives. Like the travelling agents, these gentlemen receive no salaries, but are paid a commission upon the business they do. They have generally—I may say invariably—some other occupation, such as house agents, builders, plumbers and glaziers, or shopkeepers of the better sort. Such agents do not, generally, do much in the way of obtaining life insurances, but are very useful in getting insurances against fire. The propositions they procure are forwarded to the chief office, and from them submitted to inspectors, who report upon the nature of the insurance, and the probable amount of risk to be incurred. If the offer be accepted, the risk is divided between one or

more other offices, so that in the event of a fire the loss may not all fall upon the one establishment.

In most young insurance companies, the directors do their utmost to obtain business for the company. This was the case in our company. Each member of our board did his best among his friends to obtain business, so that at even our second meeting the propositions we had before us were not few, and of these a considerable proportion were accepted.

At this meeting a resolution was proposed, seconded, and passed, that three members of the board should be selected by ballot, and that those three should form what is termed a financial committee: all matters connected with the monetary arrangements of the company being in their hands, and the other members of the board not being allowed to interfere in any way with what they did, until they reported progress to the board at the end of the first six months. I objected strongly to this measure, but found myself in a minority consisting of myself and the brewer: the latter, moreover, being very faint, indeed, in his protest against the action of an honourable, a baronet, and a member of parliament. And so the ballot was taken, and the whole board—with the exception of myself, who voted for the brewer, and the brewer, who voted for me—was found to have voted for the same persons, namely, my honourable friend the peer's brother, the member of parliament, and one of the medical men. To me this looked uncommonly like a previously arranged "plant," but I determined to watch matters, and to keep my own counsel for the present.

Besides life and fire insurances, we received propositions for loans. The way in which we lent money was as follows. Suppose A wanted to borrow, say, a hundred pounds from us. The first thing he must do would be to give us the names of two friends as his sureties. If these proved on inquiry to be householders, free from debt, fully able to pay the amount for which they were sureties if called upon to do so, and not under liabilities to any other office, they were considered good sureties. The borrower and his two sureties were then made to insure their lives for double the amount to be lent to A. So that A, B, and C insured their lives for two hundred pounds, or, in all, life insurances to the amount of six hundred pounds were brought into the company by the loan of one hundred pounds being granted.

It is possible that, whatever little amount of business knowledge I had, was of an old-fashioned fidgety kind; but about this time, when the new direction had fairly got the affairs of the new company in their hands, I did not like the idea of more than one of our directors making use of our office in order to obtain a loan for themselves or their friends. Proposals of this kind were certain to be passed. The board had little or nothing to say in the matter, which was invariably referred to the financial committee, who as certainly passed the proposition and made the loan payable at once. I



begin to feel very uneasy about our proceedings, and at last requested to see our banker's book, but was put off by being told that it was in the hands of the committee, who were alone responsible for the working of our balance at the bank, and could not have the books overhauled until the six months for which they held office were expired. I began to suspect my colleagues as not over and above straight in their walk, and to have serious thoughts of shaking myself clear of the whole affair as soon as I possibly could.

Our weekly board meetings continued, and new propositions for life or fire insurances, or loans, were brought forward. I observed, however, with increasing distrust, that, whereas all life or fire insurances that could be obtained were accepted almost without inquiry, no loans were entertained unless the proposed borrower was either a member of the board, or a friend of some director.

By degrees my eyes became still more and more opened to the snare into which I had allowed myself to be entrapped. Thus one day I received a note from an individual whose name I had never heard of, asking leave to call upon me at my private residence, on business connected with the Benevolent Insurance Company. Thinking it was some person who wanted a situation as clerk, or an appointment as agent, I answered that if he would call the following day at ten o'clock I would see him. He came as appointed, and a more villanous, sinister-looking specimen of humanity I never set eyes on. I asked him his business, and he replied, that, being in want of a loan, he was about to send in a proposition to the Benevolent office, and now wanted to "square the business"—as he expressed it—with me before it came before the board. Being at a loss to know what he meant, I asked him to speak in plainer terms, when he gave me to understand in very clear Anglo-Saxon, that for every "fiver" I got him in the way of a loan, there would be "five bob" at my service. At first I thought the fellow was mad, but after a time got out of him that he was merely doing what he and others had done before at our office, in "squaring" one of the directors.

Being anxious to see how the directors who had given notes-of-hand in payment of their shares would meet their engagements, I waited with no little impatience for the expiration of the three months when the drafts would fall due. As no notice was taken of the circumstance at the first meeting after the notes were payable, nor yet on the following board day, I ventured to ask the question whether or not they had been met. The reply I got was, that this was an affair in the hands of the financial committee, who were alone responsible for the monetary arrangements of the company. This, however, I would not stand, and, being determined to carry my point, I wrote an official letter to the chairman, telling him that unless I was permitted at the next meeting to examine into the matter, I would write a letter to the City editors of the Times and

Daily News, exposing the whole concern as it deserved.

To this letter I received no answer, except a simple acknowledgment of its due receipt from the secretary; but at the next meeting of the directors, the "bills payable" book was laid upon the board-room table, and I observed, with as much surprise as pleasure, that each of the notes-of-hand had been met, and I therefore made certain that we had—after deducting for loans advanced to various people—a balance at our banker's of at least six or seven thousand pounds. Not being enough of a business man, I did not examine further, but took for granted that things in general with us were not so bad as they seemed.

Matters went smoothly enough for a few weeks, until at a board meeting we received legal notice that a certain old lady, whose life was insured in our office for five hundred pounds, had been gathered to her fathers, and that payment of the policy upon her life would be demanded within the usual term of fifteen days. When the matter was mentioned before the directors, I could not help observing that the secretary and one or two members of the board looked exceedingly blank. I did not, however, think much of the circumstance until next board day, when it was proposed by one of the medical men present, that the policy for which we were liable should be disputed; for he believed the old lady to have been some four or five years older than she had told us she was.

This proposition I most earnestly protested against. I contended that, even if we could, by proving the old lady to be older than she was, save the whole five hundred pounds due on the policy, it would be most suicidal in us to do so, for it would surely prove the last insurance we should ever obtain. To this I was answered, that, if we could save five hundred pounds by it, it would be worth while to run the risk. The board broke up without coming to any resolution.

On our next board day, to my great surprise none of the directors, except the ex-brewer, the secretary, and myself, were present. This was the more surprising, as the money (five hundred pounds) for the policy which had fallen due, ought to have been paid at this meeting. But as by our articles of association every cheque had to be signed by at least three directors, and countersigned by the secretary, it became impossible for us to move in the matter: so we simply requested the secretary to write to the parties concerned, and tell them that their claim should be settled on the next board day. In the mean time, in order to prevent there not being enough directors present on the following board day, I took the trouble to write to them all in my own name, begging them, as they valued the good name of the company, to attend on the next board day and settle the first claim ever brought against the office. The ex-brewer countersigned this letter.

But, so far from my appeal being of any



avail, at the following board day even the secretary was not forthcoming. He had left the keys and his compliments with one of the clerks, as well as a message, saying that, being far from well, he would not be able to attend to business for some days. The absence of all the directors, except the ex-brewer and I, for two successive board days, now fully roused my suspicions. After a little search I found out and laid hands upon our banker's pass-book, but only to discover that, beyond two or three hundred pounds, we had nothing standing to our credit. The only real *bonâ fide* payments that had been made by directors for their shares were those few hundreds on the day of our first board meeting, and the thousand pounds cash which the ex-brewer and myself had paid. It was clearly shown, now that we got access to all the books, that, as fast as payments had been made, they had been drawn out again; but to whom these moneys had been paid, or what had become of what little capital was paid up, we could not find out. The proofs of the payment of the directors' notes-of-hand were simply false entries in the books made in the handwriting of the secretary. The bank balance now standing to our credit was simply the result of some few payments made on account of premiums, since our last meeting. For two weeks none of the directors had been near the office, otherwise it is more than doubtful whether there would have been a single shilling left.

The ex-brewer—who proved himself a capital man of business, as well as a most sensible, kind-hearted fellow—and I held a long consultation together. The first thing to do, was, to meet the claim of five hundred pounds due upon the old lady's policy. This we did at once, each of us giving a cheque on his own banker for two hundred and fifty pounds. The next thing was to prepare and present a petition for the winding-up in Chancery of the "Benevolent Life and Fire Insurance Company." The third step was to keep out of the way, so as to prevent ourselves being turned into machines upon which the solicitors of the different shareholders could serve writs. For this purpose we betook ourselves to France until the storm had blown over, and as we—the ex-brewer and myself—had each lost one thousand pounds, besides the two hundred and fifty paid for the claim upon the policy which fell due, we both felt that we had suffered more than enough in our pockets, and both took care to keep dark for two or three years until the shareholders and other creditors had been settled with.

As regards our worthy brother directors, I have only met two of them since. The Honourable John I saw about three months ago driving a Hansom cab in Oxford-street. The M.P.—who a few years ago accepted the Chiltern Hundreds—is a billiard-marker at a fourth-rate table in an establishment near Drury-lane. Where the rest are, I neither know nor care, but of one fact I am very certain: which is, that nothing in the world would ever tempt

me again to become a director of a joint-stock concern, above all, of a Life and Fire Insurance Company, whether "limited" or not.

### EAVESDROPPING.

It was all very well for that excellent person, Caliph Haroun Alraschid, to wander about Bagdad in disguise, seeing, as we are told, that "all was quiet," redressing judicial and other misdoings, and hearing a vast deal of incidental chit-chat; instructive, no doubt, though of a character more miscellaneous than usually awoke the august echoes of the Divan. It was also very much to the credit of that prince, that, for the immense amount of personality he must have had to put up with, nothing provoked him to demand other satisfaction than such as could be derived from listening to stories of inordinate length and more than doubtful authenticity.

How must the grand vizier, Giagar, have enjoyed those little excursions! How must honest Mesrour have snuggled in his ample sleeve as the cool criticism, or the grave yet pungent jest, smote on the imperial ear, and the eyes of the commander of the Faithful, turning unconsciously towards his followers, seemed to inquire how they relished the fun!

Admitting the advantages that might occasionally arise from such a system of imperial eavesdropping—as, for instance, from the establishment of a Caliphate of the Keyhole, for the inspection of the Patent and other offices, studiously unprotected by act of parliament—one cannot altogether dismiss from the mind a sense of unfairness in thus taking your seat invisibly at a council to which you have not been duly elected. Conversation, like dress, has its moments of negligence and dishabille. No man particularly wishes his most esteemed acquaintance to walk in at the moment when, half shaved and a quarter dressed, he is envying the "noble savage" who had the advantage of us in economy of time by at least an hour a day.

So, in conference, it would cast a certain restraint over the most loyal company in the world, were it possible that our most gracious sovereign—whom the gods preserve!—were stationed on the landing-place, attended by a discreet lady in waiting and a trusty maid of honour, all with ears on the strain for what they might receive.

No, it was a decided mistake of Caliph Haroun Alraschid's; and, but for the strict adherence to fact which characterises those Arabian annals in which he figures, we should be disposed to question if so truly wise a man ever acted in the manner described.

Duplicity of any kind is, to use a commercial phrase, an unsound investment. It may return, for the time, an unhealthily large dividend, but the end is usually collapse. As if the powers that love and wait on truth look coldly upon all that is disingenuous, whatever be its motive; little indeed is the amount of actual advantage



ultimately seen to be derived from round-the-corner practice of any kind. There is nothing in war's strategy so unsatisfactory as an ambuscade, no matter to which side you belong. It must require something of a beast's heart—at the least, of a savage's—to draw the concealed trigger on a laughing and unconscious face.

Even the fact that a detective system is almost a necessity cannot annul its innate detestability. Say and do as we will, everything that is opposed to open dealing, to that fair play that has no second visage wherewith to mock and play the spy, jars against the better man, and too often engenders sympathy where it is little enough deserved. Few, perhaps, for example, who condemned the crime of the assassin Booth, can have read without a certain disgust the bragging details of his being hunted down; his pursuit by an entire army; the penning of the disabled wretch into a blazing barn; the safe shot through a crevice (though, strange to say, the man that fired it was no dastard); the imbecile lie that described a man, pierced through the organs of speech, as "cursing for three hours" (since modified into a faltering message to his mother); the foul and objectless mutilation of his corpse.

There is a species of eavesdropping at this especial season of the year, so prevalent as to be, like other epidemic diseases, worth a word of sanitary caution. It has been a subject of much subtle casuistry whether intelligence you may have accidentally, and therefore legitimately, overheard, may be utilised by you to the disadvantage of your friend, who knows it not. Your stud-groom, say, informs you that his brother, Bob Wisp, employed in a certain training-stable, witnessed a private trial spin, in which the Derby favourite, Flashy, was beaten by an inferior animal. Your friend, Jack Squareall, sweet upon Flashy, implores you to bet him temptingly short odds. You are a high-minded man, and you hesitate. Ought you to suppress Robert Wisp? The point is doubtful. You do so. Flashy is beaten at the Corner, and you receive at the hand of honourable Jack Squareall, five thousand pounds.

It is a perfect marvel how men who would, like Banquo, keep their bosom franchised, and allegiance clear, can hold their ground at all upon the turf. If such men do so—and we must not challenge the possibility—it must be by a combination of wonderful good fortune with a power of resisting temptation worthy of the purest age. Mark the fortune absolutely thrust into their hands. A horse, heavily backed by his owner, and high in the betting, sustains some stable injury, slight in itself, but sufficient to diminish his chances of winning such a race as the Derby, almost to nothing. His owner has backed him at eight to one—thousands. Is he content to lose that thousand, when he can, through friends and agents, before the change in his horse's condition is known, reverse his bet, increase it tenfold, and pocket, on the whole transaction, seven thousand pounds?

But the ear of Dionysius itself would be too small a conduit for the turf-secrets that are at this moment being whispered in every direction, the main part destined to be tried in the three-minute crucible of the Great Derby, and to be proved of one uniform disvalue. We quit the course.

There is yet another description of eavesdropping—if it may be so called—worthy of notice, and to this we may turn with consciences perfectly clear.

Has anybody calculated the vast amount of information, both private and general, that may be picked up in a walk of twenty minutes through a crowded thoroughfare at any busy hour of the day? Let us say the Strand—for the vague and sickly twitter of the Parks has little kindred with the healthy realities of life, and a promenade at the Horticultural is like dining on caraway-comfits. The Strand, too, has this additional advantage, that the interruptions occasioned by the continual passage of coal and other carts to and from the river stores, enable you to give undivided attention to what is, for the time, being poured into your ear. Not to listen. Goodness forbid! Listening to what is not intended for one's behoof, is forbidden under penalties so repugnant to one's self-esteem, that it is surely needless to remark that nothing of the sort is intended. Yet, if the garrulous public will persist in telling you all about it, have you a right to reject the confidence?

It is singular to what unlikely-looking people one is sometimes indebted for striking and important information.

It was to an elderly lady in a battered green bonnet, and a dress which displayed almost as much crinoline as gown, and carrying a stew-pan, that the writer owed his knowledge of the evacuation of Richmond. It is true that, unless "cut 'is lucky" is a term used in military tactics, his informant described General Lee's manoeuvre in language not usually employed in despatches. But the end was the same.

A couple of very dubious-looking gentlemen indeed united in the intelligence that Counsellor Ballantine had obtained a verdict for Pelizzioni, and that the universal sentiment in Saffron-hill circles was, that had the Prince of Darkness occupied Pelizzioni's place, the gifted counsellor before mentioned would have whitewashed *him* as effectually.

A costermonger was herald of the fact that the lord mayor's 'op last night was the werry best of the season—a tip-top swell affair—key' up till five, it wos.

In the way of domestic gossip, it was ascertained from two young ladies who respectively fulfilled the office of kitchen-maid, that the missis of one of them sternly forbade ringlets and crinoline, regarded every follower in the light of a professional burglar (with violence), and gave no Sundays out. That the other's missis weighed the cheese, counted the lump-sugar, locked up the coals, and, melting down the candle-ends,



with the aid of ends of cotton picked up about the house, made wicks—and burned them again!

There are stories which fascinate and fix the accidental hearer against his will, sometimes for their intrinsic interest, sometimes from an enigmatical charm that leads one on, curious to find out what they can possibly mean.

As an example of the latter sort, and also in what widely-differing ways the same story may be told, take the following:

A Frenchman and an Englishman are smoking in a balcony, close to the writer's window, each, with fitting courtesy, using the other's native tongue.

The Frenchman: "Hem! By Chove! A curious thing, sir, at the Sheep—Doverre—last night. A Monsieur de Simpsonne took him down, king's messenger—ran with his friend, Colonel Wobbles—Thirty-fourth of ze line, and I saw him myself on board. I say, 'What you do here, my colonel—eh?' For Monsieur de Simpsonne never thought that they couldn't catch him at the Sheep. But all right, for—ha, ha!—he went altogether with the colonel alone, and laughed quite hearty, and the ozer two said, 'Yes—good nights—he will.'"

The Englishman: "Savez-vous, mosshure, vous avez somehow got the wrong bout du bâton. Ceci est le manière comment il tomba dehors. Ecoutez, maintenant, marquez-me. Colonel Wobbles—qui est, sur mon honneur, le meilleur fellow dans ce monde, quitta le Rag and Fam—c'est à dire, le Lambeau et—in short, le club—à six heures—allant à France pour un alouette."

Frenchman: "Mon pardon. Un——"

Englishman: "Alouette—lark, vous savez—frolique! Madame sa femme, pensant qu'il allait to fight a duel—persuada son frère—the king's messenger, Simpson—pour le prendre after him—et ils le caughtaient abord le steamer!"

Frenchman: "Ha! By chingo, zis is good!"

Pretty are the secrets sometimes confided to greybeards dozing in the shade, by little men and women at play around them, and interesting the miniature dramas which may be followed out on the stage of green sward or gravel terrace. Here is one, stored, somehow, in the writer's memory. The scene is the beautiful garden at Kreuznach, that paradise of children. Two small boys and a girl, at play. Two nurses sitting by, discussing dresses and the disposition and general behaviour of their several charges. Sickly mamma reclining on a shady bench.

Small boy: "Now, Coralie, we'll play at 'Emperor.' I'm emperor! When I sound the trumpet—so—you must say, 'Yes, sir.'"

(The small pretender, who had grasped the purple, and evidently imagined it an imperial habit to summon domestics by sound of trumpet, retires to a neighbouring thicket, and sounds. No reply.)

Emperor: "Why don't you answer?"

Coralie whines dissent.

Emperor (persuasively): "Why *won't* you answer?"

"Coralie: 'I—I'm shy.' (Bursts into tears.)

Hereupon, his majesty issues from the thicket, and there ensues a grand and earnest consultation, in which two newly-arrived children take part. President, the emperor; subject—the precise signification of "shy."

Suddenly, the council breaks up in great disorder, with a whistle from the emperor, and rush, in a cloud of dust, to the nurses—Coralie, who has apparently been unable to explain her own meaning, accompanying them, curious as any.

Emperor: "I say, nurse, what's 'shy'?"

First nurse: "Ashamed—modest—my dear."

Second nurse (annoyed at the interruption): "Not so bragian as *you*, Master Harry."

Emperor (disregarding the personality) to the other nurse: "But what else is it, you?"

Mamma (faintly): "Come Harry, time to go home."

Harry (for no reason on earth, except the delight of resisting constituted authority): "Just one minute, mamma."

Weak mother: "Well—one minute."

Harry, ex-emperor, rushes to the water, as though suddenly resolved on self-destruction.

Second nurse: "Here, Harry! Master Harry! Drat the child! It's no more use a-calling to *him*, than I-do-know-what!" And exit in pursuit.

Ten minutes elapse, at the expiration of which, a faint cry is heard in the distance, and the ex-emperor reappears in strict and far from respectful custody—soaked, above the knees, in mud and water. His former courtiers assemble round him. Etiquette appears to require that one finger should be kept in the mouth. An awe-stricken silence prevails. At last:

First courtier: "O! O! E's been in the mud!"

And the court disperses in every direction.

Moral—let emperors beware of the mud.

## SUMMER AND ABSENCE.

### 1.

In the sunshine there's a humming.

'Tis the heavy honey-bee.

What says he?

"Spring is come, and summer's coming  
After me!"

Says the bee.

He goes humming "Coming, coming,  
Are all sweet things. List and see,  
Over lawn and over lea,  
Where they lightly follow me!"

And I listen, and I look,

In the meadow, by the brook,  
And still hear not, see not coming,

My Sweet One. Where is she?

Will ye break my heart with humming,  
You too-happy humming-bee?



## 2.

Burst the buds in green desire :  
 Flames the primrose, all pale fire :  
 Hang the scents on the sweetbrier :  
 Flit the birds about the tree :  
 Calls the cuckoo from the lorn-land :  
 Waves, clear emerald, the new-born land,  
 Winks with poppies the wan corn-land,  
 Glow the violets round the elms :  
 Flute the blackbirds, pipe the starlings,  
 Sounds each glad voice, save my darling's,  
 And thro' green moss-paven realms,  
 Still the bee

In a drowsy dream, goes humming  
 "Summer's coming, coming, coming  
 Only list, and only see,  
 All sweet faces, all sweet singers,  
 All love-makers, all joy-bringers !"  
 Thro' the gleaming, thro' the gloaming,  
 A gay comer, a gay comer,  
 So he hums.  
 Ah, too soon is Summer coming,  
 Coming soon ! My darling lingers.  
 Linger summer, linger Summer,  
 Till she comes !

## 3.

Roses, roses, many a one, dance  
 In the breeze—mere waste of brightness !  
 Lilies, lilies, in abundance,  
 —Where's the worth of all their whiteness ?  
 Starry evens in warm heavens,  
 —What's the joy of looking up ?  
 Cowslips, come by fives and sevens,  
 Stragglers faint with half-filled cup,  
 For whose quaffing, if the Spirit  
 Of all Beauty and Enjoyment  
 Be away ?  
 Joy and Beauty miss their merit  
 If they lack Love's least employment.  
 And these singers do but say  
 To each other silly words,—  
 All these buds and all these birds,  
 That untimely sport and play.  
 For the tone that turns to tune,  
 The mid-music of the noon  
 Being silent, what can they ?  
 All the more they sing together,  
 Jangling minstrels of the weather,  
 All the more do they betray  
 Their unskilfulnesses, weak,  
 Thus to win the praise they seek,  
 Whose so long desired lay  
 Is but discord all the day !

## 4.

Stop, O Summer, that strong hummer  
 That is merely mocking thee !  
 Wait yet, Summer, early comer,  
 Then shalt three times richer be,  
 And thrice summer-sweet to me !  
 Redder red of riper roses,  
 Greener green of greater powers,  
 Lovelier leaf on lustier tree,  
 Balmier breath of brighter flowers,  
 In the murmurous meadow closes,  
 Sweeter sunlight, softer hours,  
 Mellow music, goodlier glee,  
 In the cavesome lonelinesses  
 And delicious wildernesses  
 Of full-hearted woods shall be,  
 For the sake of a sweet comer  
 Sweeter than thyself, O Summer,

Tho' of sweetest summers, thee  
 Summer sweet, the sweetest we  
 Will proclaim and prove to be,  
 If awhile, by lawn and lea  
 Following neither bird nor bee  
 Far as yonder smoothed sea  
 Whence, while fragrant breezes free  
 Lightly waft her, cometh she,  
 Thou wilt linger yet with me.

## PANTALOOON ENCORE !

AH ! great changes have taken place in the world since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, sir. Maybe you will remember. It was in the jug and bottle department of Joey's public-house—Joey, the clown, you know—nigh three years ago, though it seems but last week.\* I dare say to you it seems a long time, for you are young yet ; but with us elderly folks Time hurries so, as if he thought we were growing tired of it, and wanted to get home. It's a mistake on Time's part, though. Old people are like young people as far as that goes. They have a strong objection to be sent to bed while there is a single companion left to sit up with.

You remember my telling you how Joey and I tossed up for our line when we were first coming to London to play at the Bower, and how I won pantaloons, worse luck. It *did* hurt me a bit that night, when I thought of Joey coming home from Hornsey Wood House, where he had been pigeon-shooting with the swells, to his pheasant supper in that fine parlour of his, while I was sitting down to a bit of cheese and an onion, with missus and the kids behind the shop. Madame Pollonio, too, Joey's better half, in her black satin gown, and gold watch and chain, drawing the beer with those white fingers of hers all over diamonds and pearls ! What a contrast to my poor missus in her old lindsey woolsey, toiling and slaving for me and the children, with never a bit of jewelry to show but the plain ring I put upon her finger the day we were married. I could not help thinking how different it might have been if that halfpenny had turned up tails, and I had won clown. I would have been in Joey's place, and Joey would have been in mine, though for the matter of that I didn't wish Joey any harm. They were right, sir, in making Fortune out to be a woman. When she takes a thing in her head, she goes the whole hog with it. If she gives you butter to your bread at all, she lays it on thick, sometimes on both sides ; but if you are no favourite with her, she won't allow you so much as a scrape.

What set me thinking in this way was the very large family party I had, that evening, to partake of about a quarter of a pound of Dutch cheese—the Dutch have no great talent for cheese, I think, sir—and half of a stale half-quartern loaf. There were six of them round the table, all my own, with no particular views in life, but with appetites which I would describe as raging. The three eldest were out

\* See vol. viii., p. 10.



doing something for themselves; but here were six of the youngest all at home, doing nothing and demanding food at every meal with no consideration for the ridiculous inadequacy of sweetstuff as an article of commerce. I have heard of the philosopher's stone, that turns any kind of rubbish into gold; but it's my opinion that sweetstuff beats it all to nothing. Think of turning hardbake, jumbles, and peppermint stick into a joint of meat! It requires a sanguine temperament to see a clean slate as to rent, in Noah's arks; and you will allow, I think, that there is not much suggestion of credit with the baker in farthing kites. When I took to the business there was nothing in all the stock, considering the times and breech-loaders for the volunteers, that looked so unpromising as bows and arrows.

But you never know, sir. Bows and arrows turned out better than sweetstuff. It was what I call a fundamental mistake for a man with a young family to go into the sweetstuff line. The friend who recommended me to it was in it himself, and he couldn't make a do of it, though he had neither chick nor child. In winter he did pretty well, but in summer the flies ate all the profits. But in my case, sir, what with the flies and the kids, it was a dead loss. I gave up the sweetstuff department shortly after I saw you last, and substituted the periodicals, and found it to answer better. Now, sir, it had never struck me before, but on this evening that I am alluding to, when I had to entertain so large a party to supper, it came across me all at once to question the justice of my being burdened with so large a family, while Joey had never a chick. He could afford to keep them, and bring them up to something useful, and I couldn't. I knew very well how *his* supper-party would be conducted. There would be Joey at one side of the table and madame at the other, and they'd divide the pheasant between them, and, when they had done, give the bones to madame's lapdog on a china plate. And here am I and the missus, with six two-legged dogs round us, all snarling and snapping at the heel of a Dutch cheese! It's unequal, I thought to myself. It is highly necessary, I know, that the population should be kept up; but why should so much of that important duty be thrown upon those who can scarcely keep themselves? Children are hostages to Fortune, I've heard say; but it's rather a shabby proceeding to take hostages, and make the enemy pay for their keep. I said that night, in the bitterness of my heart, "These children are a curse to us."

"Oh, don't say that, Alf," my wife said; and she looked so hurt that I was sorry immediately. "Think what it would be to lose one of them!" she said.

"My love," I said, "I wouldn't lose one of those dear little wolves for the world."

"I know you wouldn't," she said; "and you won't talk like that again, will you?"

I promised I wouldn't, and went and kissed them all round as they lay in their beds, sleeping with their mouths open, like hungry young chaffinches in a nest, dreaming of worms.

Our family, sir, was a good deal like one of those long tales in the periodicals—rather spun out, like. I got tired of it about the sixth number, and thought it might just as well wind up there; but it didn't. It was still "to be continued," and somehow, when the new characters were introduced, I got to like them, and so the interest was sustained to the end.

But the problem now was, what to do with them all? What to put them to? My own career in the theatrical profession had not been so brilliant that I should wish to put them to that. No, sir, I wouldn't wish a dog of mine to be a pantaloone, and the clown's position is a prize in that lottery that you must have luck to draw. I know by experience that talent won't do it without luck. So I said to myself, "I won't let any of them go a-nigh the theatre; but I'll give them a bit of schooling, and do my best to fit them for business, or something of that sort."

Sam being the eldest boy—he was turned twelve then—I took him in hand first. I had paid sixpence a week for him at a day school in the neighbourhood, but he had not made the progress I could have wished. He could read and write a little, and that was all. But nothing had been done to bring out his genius like; so I tackled him myself. "What's this boy cut out for?" I said to myself; and being a bit of a phrenologist, I took opportunities while he was eating—which was the only time he ever was still—to study his intellectual development. But it would have puzzled What's-his-name himself, sir, to make out Sam's intellectual development. He was such a boy for tumbling about and bumping himself all over the head, that you couldn't tell which was the natural bumps and which was the accidental. I think it was *casualty*, sir, that Sam was strongest in. Well, sir, I tried him with arithmetic, with an ultimate view to mensuration and surveying, which I have heard they get a guinea a day at, but he stuck fast at the beginning of the multiplication-table. Five times licked him. Give him three times five, and in a few minutes, when he had counted it up on his fingers, he could answer you quite correct; but ask him five times three, and he was all abroad. I soon discovered that figures wasn't his line. Then I tried him with geography, in case he should have a genius for navigation and discovering places, like Columbus and Captain Cook. I bought an old map of Europe at a rag and bottle shop, and hung it up for Sam's benefit in the parlour; but though I only paid ninepence for it—on account of Spain and Portugal being mildewed—it was a waste of money. I was in hopes that I might be able to rouse Sam's interest by the familiar example dodge; and I tried to make him know Italy by its being like a boot.

But Sam couldn't see it. Of course, in our days, sir, we wore Wellingtons, and then Italy, was like a boot, but now with Balmorals and spring sides the likeness ain't so striking. After that I tried him with astronomy, and the use of the globes, and all sorts of things, hammering



away at him day after day to no more purpose than if I had been trying to drive a nail through a brick. Sir, I found I had made the mistake that is often made in education. I hadn't sufficiently studied the direction of the lad's talent. I found it out at last quite by accident. You must know, sir, there is a beer-shop two or three doors from us; and one afternoon, when I was sitting in the shop, I hears a stamping of feet to the tune of a tin whistle, and people laughing and crying "Bravo." I goes to the door, and what do you think is the sight that meets my eyes? Why, Sam dancing an Irish jig on the cellar-flap outside the beer-shop, and a regular crowd round him applauding.

"Come here, my dear, and see this," I says to my wife; and when she sees Sam performing, she looks at me and I looks at her, and from that moment I know that I have been making a grand mistake about Sam, and hammering at the wrong end of him.

So I myself to let Sam's head alone, and devote myself to the cultivation of his heels. It's astonishing what a flow of aptitude a boy discovers when you once tap him in the right place. I showed Sam all the first steps, which, as you know, are the necessary foundation of all good dancing, and he picked them up in no time. I was thinking of him for a harlequin, when my old friend, Jemmy Jorum, who at that time took the chair at the Polyhopticon Music Hall, came in one afternoon and saw Sam dance a jig.

"Jemmy," I said, "I was thinking of the boy for a harlequin."

"Harlequin be hanged," he said; "*you* ought to know better, having been in the line yourself, and knowing what it is to be out for nine months out of the twelve, unless you have an academy and a connexion. You've been out of the world, Alf, since you gave up the profession."

"Since the profession gave me up, Jemmy," I said.

"Well, it's all the same thing. What I mean is, that since your connexion with the stage terminated, you've been out of the theatrical world, and don't know what's going on. Why, there's a score of music halls sprung up since then, where talent like that your boy possesses is in constant request. It's becoming a better game than the stage, I can tell you. Four turns a night, thirty pound a week if you're tip-top, and a brougham to drive you from one hall to the other. Lor' bless you, there's many a walking gentleman who, a few years ago, couldn't earn two pound a week at the theatres, who's now getting his ten and fifteen at the music halls, and driving his own trap. You bring that boy of yours down to the Polyhopticon some night, and I'll see what I can do for him."

I took Jemmy at his word, and walked down with Sam one evening before the performance commenced. The proprietor saw him dance, and said he would do with a little practice, but thought it would be better if he had a girl with him, to make a duet of it.

"Have you a girl to match?" he said.

Had he asked me if I had one shilling to clink against another, I should have been obliged to answer in the negative; but as to girls to match Sam, I had plenty, and to spare.

"I have four of them, sir," I said.

"Very good," he said. "If there is one as good as this boy, teach them to do a song and a dance together, and I'll give them a turn."

I had never thought of Jemima for anything of the sort, until this put it in my head; and when I went home, and spoke about the matter, the girl was mad for it. Well, sir, I paid a popular author half-a-crown to write a duet for them, and I took a great deal of pains to teach it them, along with an Irish jig, and Sam and Jemima came out at the Polyhopticon as "Patrick and Shelah, the Jocular Juveniles of the Green Isle," and made a tremendous hit. It wasn't long before they got other engagements, and had three turns a night, and it took all my time of an evening to go round with them and look after their wardrobe.

Ah! that wardrobe! what a job it was to get it together! The missus, with her clever managing ways, dodged up a very pretty dress for Jemima out of her own old bits of finery that were no use for anything else; but Sam's frieze bob-tailed coat and corduroy smalls, which fell to my share, were only to be got for money, and I can tell you, the tailor's bill came a good deal heavier than the author's. Sam's dancing-shoes I managed myself, by nailing two or three bits of hard wood on to the soles of an old pair of his mother's. The bits of wood, you know, were to make the klippety-klop noise, without which a jig or a break-down goes for nothing. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, now, but the old caved-in hat without a crown or a brim was a difficulty. I cut off the brim and knocked out the crown of an old one of my own, but the thing was to get it into that limp state which the correct Irish costume requires. If you had seen us all taking turns in dancing upon that hat you would have thought we were mad. It's easy, I know, to make old port and old pictures; but it's not so easy to give the requisite degree of age to a characteristic Irish hat.

The first week, sir, Sam and Jemima came home with thirty shillings between them. They came straight home with it, and never spent a penny, and the first thing they did when they entered the little parlour was to run up to their mother, put their arms round her neck and kiss her, and pour the money into her lap all in shillings. Providence is kind that way, sir, as in many other ways. If He doesn't give a creature much of a head, He makes up for it in heart. Sam is not bright except in his heels, but he is good to his father and mother, and so is Jemima. And that's what stings me when I think of those harsh words that I said to their mother about them when they were a burden to us. I thought them a curse then, but they are a blessing now. Two of the other girls have grown up and taken to the business, and no



doubt, if you are in the habit of visiting the first class music halls, you have noticed the talented Devanti family. Those are my curses, sir, all turned into blessings, earning good salaries, keeping themselves respectable, and honouring their father and their mother so like Christians that you wouldn't know the difference, though they are only performers at a music hall, and their father is a broken-down Pantaloon.

### IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

I HAD spent the summer on the banks of the Tana river, the other side the North Cape, salmon fishing; and having nothing particular to do, determined on trying what an Arctic winter resembled; so I took up my abode at a worthy pastor's house in lat.  $68^{\circ} 54'$ . It was a pretty log-built house, the interstices both on the inside and out being stuffed with moss, as is general, and thus effectually excluding the cold in winter, and the intense heat of perpetual day in the summer; but affording unlimited refuge to all sorts of disagreeable creatures. Still, it was a comfortable residence enough; and if only the worthy pastor and his amiable family had not had such a decided aversion to fresh air, and if they had not kept up the temperature of the "keeping room" to an "orchidaceous" heat, I should have liked it much better than I did. Often and often have I been obliged to rush out into the night air and bathe my face in the snow, or I do believe the skin on my forehead would have burst, or my eyes have started out from their sockets.

When the reader is told that the province of Nordland boasts of no roads (except some of a few miles long, maybe, from the sea-coast into the interior), and that only those parts in the immediate neighbourhood of the Fjords or the open sea are inhabited by permanent residents, he will be prepared to learn that civilisation in this part of the Arctic Circle has not attained to any high degree of development, and that life up there must be of a somewhat rude and primitive nature. But let me hasten to tone down this assertion by adding that, if simplicity of manners, if the proffer of genuine hospitality can cover a multitude of other deficiencies, a man must be pitied indeed who could not make himself very comfortable for a few months at least in the north of Norway.

One thing that especially struck me was the contempt for danger, and the daring recklessness which the Nordland peasant evinces. Peasant I feel to be a misnomer, for more than half their time is spent on the sea, and yet they are not entirely fishermen, but a sort of amphibious race between the two. But the sea is their proper home, and they never look so happy, nor so animated, as when scudding before a gale of wind. Ashore I am afraid they are lazy; consequently agricultural pursuits are at a very low ebb amongst them. They are a peaceable race. Fights and quarrels are rare, and drunkenness,

that besetting sin of northern countries, is not nearly so prevalent as in the south of Norway.

I never saw such fellows to dance—I include the gentle sex. Their powers of endurance exceed all belief. They think nothing of dancing the whole afternoon, and a great part of the night, with an energy that seems never once to flag. No christening ever took place without a dance. At a marriage it follows as a matter of course, and I would not venture to assert positively that it does not accompany a funeral. Whenever a fishing-boat is detained by stress of weather the nearest fiddler is in immediate request.

I went one night to a dance with my young friend Fritz, the pastor's son, as a passive participator. I was certainly amused. The great event of the evening was a wager between a lad and his betrothed and the musician, to see which would tire first—they of dancing or he of fiddling. He was a lanky fisherman, and the way in which he whirled about his partner, a blooming, flax-haired, strong-built lass, surpasses description. I have seen a Highland fling danced, and have read graphic descriptions of the dancing der-vishes; but I would back a genuine Nordlander to tire out any dervish or Highlander going.

Education, of course, is at rather a low ebb, though not nearly so low as in the generality of agricultural villages in England. For it is an exceptional thing to find man or woman who cannot read, and at least make an attempt at writing their names. Owing to the little esteem in which agriculture is held, and to the absence of large forest tracts, one never meets with a really wealthy peasant in Nordland. All here are pretty much on the same level; and if ever it does happen that a man, either by greater diligence, or by some freak of fortune, becomes possessed of some few hundred dollars (no mean fortune there), it makes not the slightest difference in his habits, or in his manner of living.

The merchants (*handelsmænd*) are shrewd business men, and from their periodical visits to Bergen, acquire a good deal of worldly tact, and of general information, to which the genuine Nordlander is a stranger. Some of them manage to scrape together a good sum of money. But with all this they are neither stuck up, nor do they ever forget to be hospitable. Nowhere have I ever experienced such unbounded hospitality as in Nordland. They seem to consider that the obligation lies on their side, and that a gentlemanly and educated guest confers a great favour on the house by putting up at it. Nearly all of them can speak German readily. It is not, however, difficult to detect the same peculiarities of character in them, as in the common Nordland peasant. There is the same shy manner, the same retiring disposition. And this I do not hesitate to lay to the charge of external nature. In Nordland the landscape is of a very depressing and sombre character. There is nothing lively about it; rugged mountains and a rocky coast, and an absence of vegetable growth, are ingredients, I take it, which will stamp any



country with dulness. Still, here and there I came across charming spots, oases in the midst of this rocky wilderness, where I could have lingered long; spots where the dreamy Fjords were spread out like a sea of gold beneath the rays of a midnight sun, and where a homestead or fisher's hut, nestling in some cranny or nook of the Fjeld, safely guarded from the fierce Atlantic storm, lent a charm and a feeling of peaceful contentment to the scene which I have failed to experience amidst grander and more picturesque landscapes.

But this is the bright, the summer side of the picture. Quite true! But how about the long dreary winter, the eternal snow, and the sunless days? Here, too, I can speak from experience. A Nordland winter is by no means unendurable.

I do not suppose it is much, if any, colder than in the north of Scotland. The sea never freezes, and in the neighbourhood of the coast, thanks to the Gulf Stream, the temperature is bearable. Indeed, the average winter temperature is estimated at about minus five degrees Centigrade, or twenty-three degrees Fahrenheit. And though one does not see anything of the sun for six weeks, and though the storms that come raging from the sea are fearful indeed, yet, on the whole, I think I would almost as soon winter in Nordland as in England.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that even at mid-winter darkness reigns supreme. In cloudy weather, of course, or when a sea-fog comes on, it is a darkness that rivals that of Egypt in intensity; still on most days, as a rule, it is quite light enough to read or work for three or four hours at noon. Perhaps the novelty of the thing prevented my feeling dull; for we were not overburdened with society, the doctor, and two or three of the neighbouring Handelsmænd forming our whole circle. Each of them, however, had a large family, so that there was never any difficulty in getting up a dance after dinner, and two or three rubber parties. What with this, and with singing and music, the evenings passed away pleasantly enough.

There was one thing I never did get used to, and, indeed, it would have taken a long time to acclimatise me thereto. I refer to the irregularity of the post during the winter. In summer it was punctual, but in winter-time it all depended on the weather. By the way, I do not believe it blows anywhere as on the north-west coast of Norway. I solemnly aver, though I do not expect to be believed, that on one occasion I saw Fritz, the pastor's twelve-year-old son, lifted several feet off the ground, to the intense alarm of his parents, who, as they happened to be looking out of the window at the instant, saw their young hopeful going aloft.

The letters, on the last post-day I spent in Nordland, were looked for with more than ordinary interest by every one. The pastor was looking for intelligence from his son-in-law, who lived somewhere in the south of Norway, that he was a grandpapa—an excitement in which his Frue, and two blooming daughters,

Johanne and Ingeleiv, fully participated. He had another reason, too, for anxiety, for he had recently sent in an application to government for a cure which was vacant in the immediate neighbourhood of his married daughter. Poor old man! He had spent twenty years in the extreme north, preaching and praying amongst those "unwashed, unkempt," dirty little specimens of humanity the Lapps, and he longed now to end his days more within the ken of civilised beings.

Fritz was standing at his usual post in the window with his sisters, with his eyes intently fixed on the extreme tip of a neck of land that jutted out into the Fjord, and round which the postman's boat always came.

We were almost beginning to give up the post again for the twelfth time, when all at once Fritz cried out, "Here comes Niels! here comes Niels! He has drunk half a pot;" and dashed out of the room, down to the quay. Every one of course rushed to the window. True enough, there was the well-known boat, with its little flag at the masthead, dashing through the water at a prodigious rate. And equally certain was it to every initiated spectator that Niels had "drunk half a pot."

Niels was one of those hardy, reckless sailors, who, perhaps, are peculiar to the Norwegian coast. The weather must indeed be bad to have prevented Niels going out to sea. He was pilot in addition to his other business as postman in these parts. His wife was almost as good a sailor as her husband. The rougher the weather, the more likely were Niels and wife to be out on the look-out for any Russian vessel that stood in need of a pilot. If the sea was so high that he could not come alongside, they would throw a rope to him, which he would make fast round his waist, and then jump overboard, and be hauled up on deck, while his better half would make the best of her way home. But if there was one thing Niels disliked, it was to take a reef in when not quite sober. On one occasion, his boat had been capsized in one of the narrow Fjords, where the gusts swoop down from the heights above like an eagle on to the waters, and he had been picked up in a half-drowned, three-quarters drunken state, riding on his boat's keel. From that time, whenever it blew very hard, Niels was more careful; but only when he was quite sober would he take two reefs in. But if he had had a little drop of "aquavit," nothing would ever induce him to take in more than one. So that on the present occasion it was, as I said, quite clear that Niels "had drunk half a pot," as we could see that while all the other boats had taken in two reefs he had only taken in one.

It was not long before Fritz was scampering back with the bag, and in five minutes its contents lay scattered on the table. One letter for me, from my bankers, so that would keep; and I sat down to watch my companions. The old pastor, his wife and daughters, had withdrawn to the further corner of the room. It was an exciting moment for them, as he



hurriedly broke open the seal, and scanned the first few lines. Was it good news, or bad? I believe I was as excited about it as they were. Yes! thank God! Mechanically he answered the question by reading aloud that "his Gracious Majesty had been pleased to appoint Pastor — to the cure of T—, in the south of Norway."

Such an evening as we passed! How we sung, and laughed, and smoked, and drank punch! Indeed, I never shall forget that day in the Arctic Circle.

### ANOTHER FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

THE learned gentleman who made time fly for me like a swallow during a short walk this spring, is a reverend gentleman, irreverently known to me as Jackdaw. We were great chums at Rugby, where I was an idler, he a studious fellow, really fond of his books. His erudition got me out of many a scrape in school hours; and then, out of doors, he was great. For he knew the sacred Latin names of all the butterflies that flitted across us in our holiday ways; and most of the flowers seemed to be his familiar acquaintances, for he would talk of them (when I was in the humour to listen), and tell me all manner of strange stories about them, which were really interesting and amusing. But it was upon birds that my learned young friend was most profound, and then, when it came to practical researches, I could better enter into his spirit, for it really was grand fun when we went bird-nesting, though he beat me at that too. However high the tree, or however thick the bush, he was pretty sure to be the first to find signs of a nest, so that, however eager I was for the sport, I had to play second fiddle to him, and act under his directions. He had a splendid cabinet of eggs, for a schoolboy, though he was very particular about robbing the birds, and I believe he would rather have stamped all his eggs and his own head too, if that were possible, to powder, than have taken a whole sitting at once, leaving none "for the birds to go on with."

Jackdaw was so named among us because of his partiality for birds. His real name being Dawe, we christened him Jack, and at Rugby, all efforts of his godfathers and godmothers to the contrary notwithstanding, Jackdaw he was; we were all ready to make affidavit that he was Jackdaw born, and a fine fellow of a Jackdaw too. His care about birds was immense, and we took for granted that he understood what they said, for the moment a bird opened its mouth he knew its name, if not its address; and even knowledge of its address was not improbable, for he knew all the nests in the season within a radius of some miles, and sometimes an uncommon bird would have but one or two places of residence within that distance. Jackdaw was indeed a walking directory for birds. Sometimes, especially in spring, I used to catch some of his enthusiasm, and greatly was the pleasure of that season enhanced thereby.

Well, all things must have an end, and so our pleasant school-days ended, and we separated, for our paths in life thenceforth diverged. Jackdaw, destined for the Church, entered the university, where he took a good degree, and I mounted a high stool in my father's office.

It was some ten years after we thus separated, that, out for a stroll away from London smoke, I found myself on a fine spring morning in a Surrey market town. Just as I was about to leave the town, I saw hopping along in front of me a clerical-looking gentleman, like a black bird with a white neck, whose appearance was oddly familiar to me. Hurrying till I came abreast of him, a glance at his face made sure.

"What! Old Jackdaw! Is it really you?"

A hearty grasp of the hand on either side assured us that school memories were fresh and strong in us both, although we had heard nothing of each other since we left Rugby.

Jackdaw, finding me to have no other business in hand than a holiday stroll, told me that his rectory was only about five miles off, and he must insist upon my going with him. "I see you are in full walking canonicals, and I was going home on foot. We shall get there by dinner-time."

So we went onward together, and had soon put one another in possession of the leading events of our lives during the last ten years. Then, by degrees, falling into conversation upon general topics. "Well, Jackdaw," I said, at last, "do you take as much interest as ever in the birds?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, that I do; and here, my lot is cast in a very paradise of birds. I never can be too thankful that my tastes were directed that way."

"Well, but surely," said I, "you must pretty well have exhausted the subject by this time."

"Exhausted it! Why, if I were to live a hundred years, I believe I could not walk four or five miles without seeing or hearing something new."

"So people talk," said I; "but it seems to me that the birds are pretty much alike; at all events, thanks to you, I know all the common ones, and I seldom see anything remarkable, almost never anything new. As for their songs, pleasant as they are in a vague way, they seem to me a jumble; and if two or three are singing together, I can't for the life of me make out which is which."

"Ah, that's because your eyes and ears are not trained to observation; and you can no more expect them to educate themselves than you could have expected reading and writing to come by nature."

"Well," said I, "I can understand a plough-boy making them out; he can't well help it, living among them all his life; but surely a plough-boy's education is not the kind you have given yourself?"

"It is, indeed, the kind," returned my friend, "but the degree differs, I trust, vastly. What is beaten into his ears and eyes in spite of himself, by mere constant repetition, I seek for and



receive intelligently, and there's the difference. His information goes no further than his unaided experience, and therefore it is slight and primitive, and is, moreover, liable to be largely mixed with error from bad education and defect of intellect."

"But," said I, "there is much of the plough-boy's ignorance among those who have the accumulated knowledge of the centuries within their reach. People who ought to be sensible have superstitions about birds. Only the other day I took up the *Popular Antiquities*, and met with a strange story of a certain young gentleman, a Mr. Draper, an intimate friend of the author's, who, it was stated, about five or six years previously, in the flower of his age, observed, on a sudden, one or two ravens in his chamber, which had been quarrelling upon his chimney, and had tumbled down into his apartment. Such an awful visitation was at once regarded by him as an omen of his death—and the account goes on to add, so it was, for he died shortly after."

"Yes," said the Reverend Jackdaw, putting his head on one side thoughtfully, "it is very remarkable how great a power the so-called ominous birds have exercised over the superstitions of mankind. Probably the very blind belief in such an omen brought about its accomplishment. But the story is exactly paralleled by what is said to have occurred in the last days of Cicero. For when flying from the *Triumviri* and the emissaries of his arch-enemy, *Marc Antony*, he was warned by ravens that his end was near, and so indeed it was. In this case, however, the orator was in no little danger already from the malignity of his pursuers. But when Alexander the Great left *Ecbatana* for *Babylon*, it does not appear that there was any overt danger in the proceeding; but the ravens seemed to know better, and portended his death, which I think most probably followed an attack of *delirium tremens*, shortly after."

"Certainly," I said, "ravens are black and portentous-looking birds, and I hardly wonder that they should have given rise to superstitious fears."

"Ah! but did you ever hear one croak? It was that which chiefly caused them to be so dreaded. The ancients thought that the worst omens were given by them, and that they understood their own predictions. *Allian* calls them the companions of *Apollo*, and *Aristotle* tells a story to the effect that when the hired soldiers of *Medias* perished in *Pharsalia*, *Athens* and the *Peloponnesus* were deserted by ravens, as if (he adds) they had some means of communicating with each other. *Pliny* expressly states that their ominousness arose from the horrible character of their croak, which sounded like the agony of a man choking."

At this moment we were brought to a stand in the green lane by the well-known cry of the cuckoo, sounding very near to us. It was the first time that either of us had heard it that spring, and my friend was evidently pleased.

"Ah," said he, "Shakespeare says in *Love's Labour Lost*,

Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear!

but I must say I have not heard a more agreeable note this spring. Not, however, that he was the only person who made cuckoo a bad word."

"Indeed, who else has done so then?"

"Well, *Plautus*, for example, used it for simpleton, or blockhead, and when he said 'cuckoo!' it was pretty nearly equivalent to 'you lazy lubbers.'"

"I wonder why the poor cuckoo should have got such a bad character; I thought he was a favourite with most people as a harbinger of spring?"

"Very true, but I dare say you know how his domestic concerns are conducted. In the first place, he is a vagabond without any settled place of abode. That he makes no nest, but leaves his wife to deposit her egg in some other nursery, was as well known to the ancients as to us, and the reasons they gave for this behaviour did not compliment the cuckoo. Thus *Aristotle* observes that the cuckoo acts prudently in so depositing her eggs, for it is conscious of its own timidity, and that it cannot defend its young, and therefore places them under the protection of another bird, in order that they may be preserved. He goes on to say that the bird is very cowardly, and when it is pecked at by smaller birds, it flies away from them."

"I have heard," I said, "of hawks being so treated, and mobbed by small birds, but had not heard it of the cuckoo."

"Yes," said Jackdaw, "and if you ask yonder bumpkin, he will tell you that the cuckoo changes into a hawk. Not that there is anything new or even modern in this notion either, for *Aristotle* tells us, that in his day the cuckoo was said by some persons to be changed into a hawk, because the hawk, which it resembles, disappears when the cuckoo comes—a reason, by the way, which would rather make one suppose that the hawk was changed into the cuckoo. Indeed, he adds, very few hawks of any sort can be seen at the time of year when the cuckoo is singing. Then, after pointing out the distinctions in appearance between a hawk and a cuckoo, he explains that the error came of the fact that the size and manner of flight of the cuckoo is like that of the smallest kind of hawk, which generally disappears during the season in which cuckoos are seen. Indeed, to an untrained eye, the cuckoo is very much like the female sparrow-hawk."

"Perhaps, then," I observed, "the small birds also mistake the cuckoo for a hawk, and mob it accordingly. You recollect the owl we saw followed in that way one afternoon. The bird seemed to be driven wild by them."

"Yes I do," replied my friend; "and *Aristotle* had noticed that too, for he says that during the day, other birds fly round the owl, which is called 'astonishing it,' and as they fly round it, they pluck off its feathers. It



is rather curious, however, that while he combated the notion of cuckoos turning into hawks, he fell into an error of the same sort, and supposed that other birds which succeed one another in alternate seasons, are transformed one into the other. Thus he supposed the redstart to be changed into the redbreast, and the beccafico into the blackcap. The first, he says, is a summer bird, and the second a winter bird, and they differ in nothing but their colour. The beccafico is an autumn bird, and the blackcap is found immediately after the end of autumn. They also differ from each other only in colour and voice. Still, the error or otherwise of his statement will all depend upon the exact birds which were referred to under his Greek names, and which cannot now be identified."

"You were saying just now that Plautus used the word cuckoo as a term of abuse, but I don't see why laziness should be especially laid to its charge."

"No," returned Jackdaw, "not exactly so, but you see the return of the cuckoo, as Hesiod tells us, happened just when the husbandmen had finished ploughing, and when, in fact, the pruning and dressing of the vines, which took place in early spring, ought to be finished. Hence we gather from Horace, that if a vine-dresser was caught at this business late in the season, after the cuckoo had arrived, he was sure of encountering the railery of the passers-by for his indolence and loss of time, and it was customary with them to call out to him 'Cuckoo! cuckoo!' as much as to say, 'Lazybones! lazybones!' This, of course, aroused a contest of abuse, and it seems that the vine-dressers had the foulest mouths, and usually won the day. In Greek, the cry of 'Cuckoo!' simply meant 'Hallo there!'"

While we were thus chattering together, we came in sight of a barn door, upon which some unfortunate birds had been nailed by the game-keeper. There were the remains of several, some little more than bare skeletons, but among them was conspicuous the bright metallic blue of a recently-killed jay, pinned to the door with a tenpenny nail. I remembered Jackdaw in old times referring to this kind of collection as the countryman's museum, and I reminded him of the expression.

"You have not forgotten that, then," said he, "but it was old Gilbert White who gave it that name. He once picked up a good thing from off a barn door—a variety of the peregrine falcon it turned out to be, which was quite new to him, and pleased Pennant vastly."

"But look here," I exclaimed, "this is not a bird at all; why, it is a weasel, or some such animal."

"Very likely," replied Jackdaw; "anything is varmin which the keeper catches. But he only does what others have done for thousands of years before him. This method of disposing of evil creatures is probably only a remnant of an ancient superstition."

"Indeed! how so?"

"Well, Apuleius, in his funny story of the

Golden Ass, gives us a clue to it when he makes some such remark as this: Don't we see, says he, that the ominous birds, or night-birds, when they have got into any house, are straightway seized and nailed to the doors, in order that they may atone by their torments for the evil destiny which they portend to the family by their inauspicious flight? So the keeper makes them now-a-days atone for the mischief they have done, or might do, to his pheasants."

"Who would have thought the custom was so ancient? By the way, have you seen any of your favourite swallows yet?"

"Yes, one, but only one; I am on the look-out for them now."

"Only one," I said, seeing my way to a masterstroke of modern satire. "Please to remember one swallow does not make a summer."

"Thank you for your new observation," Jackdaw answered. "Is there anything that is not ancient about any common saying or opinion? In the case of the birds, I think not. Are you aware that the Greeks and Romans had precisely that same proverb about the one swallow?"

"No! had they, though?" exclaimed I, taken somewhat aback.

"That they had," pursued my friend, "with a slight variation which showed their wisdom. They said, one swallow does not make a spring, which, after all, is more to the point. You will find it in Aristotle's *Ethics*, and in Horace. Aristophanes, in his jocular way, paraphrases the proverb, and says of some poor devil with scarce a coat to his back, that it was so threadbare he had need of not a few swallows—as much as to say he would want a good many swallows to keep him at summer heat. And as for the moderns, why the French, the Germans, the Dutch, the Swedes, the Spaniards, the Italians, and I can't tell you how many more nations, have exactly the same proverb, so you may fancy that it is pretty well hackneyed."

"Indeed it must be," I observed, "and it shows how great and general favourites the swallows must be."

"Yes, among the Romans, swallow was used as a term of endearment, just as cuckoo was a term of reproach. And Sir Humphry Davy's rhapsody in praise of the swallow, in his delightful *Salmonia*, appears to me so like the old Greek swallow-song preserved by Athenæus, that one might almost think it had been suggested by it."

"You mean the song of the Rhodian boys, I suppose?"

"Yes; they called it *Chelidonisma*, and sang it from door to door, carrying with them a swallow in a cage. The song is very pretty, for although I fear the young rascals made the return of the swallow a mere excuse for wholesale begging, the pretended threats which the song contained against those who are stingy, are evidently all poured out in fun. It began something in this way: 'The swallow has come! yes, she has come, bringing with her sunny hours, and bright seasons on her snowy bosom and her jet-black wings!'"



"Very pretty, indeed, and except that I think it was cruel to cage such birds as swallows, I should like to see such a custom still."

"Well, go to Greece, and you may have your wish, for Faurel, in his *Chants de la Grèce Moderne*, tells us that a similar song is still popular there. But perhaps the romance will wear off somewhat when I tell you that not only swallows, but almost anything, when first in season, was used by the Greeks of various classes as excuse for begging. Thus, the boys carried about, at certain feasts of Apollo, harvest-wreaths of olive or laurel wound round with wool, and the song they sang with them became a generic title for all begging songs. And while the Rhodian boys carried swallows about, the Greek strollers were in the habit of singing what was called the Crow-song—gathering for the crow, as they called it, which they also carried with them in a cage. One of these crow-songs is also preserved by Athenæus, and curiously enough a modern Greek crow-song may be found in Faurel's song-book, which I mentioned just now."

"Have you found out yet where the swallows go to in winter?" I asked.

"I can't say that I have made much progress in that inquiry, I am sorry to confess," returned Jackdaw. "There are plenty of vague guesses, but as for facts, very few have ventured upon positive statements, and even then they are not trustworthy. Nor, indeed, are they anything new. Suppose a modern traveller asserts that he has seen European swallows at Senegal in winter——"

"Well, come—surely that is a step in advance," I broke in.

"Or rather a stride backward," retorted my friend. "It is nothing more than saying that they go to Africa in winter, which we might have been pretty sure of. But Herodotus announced the same thing twenty-three centuries ago, when he said that swallows are found about the springs of the Nile all the year; and if that is vague, ask Anacreon, and he tells you distinctly, in one of his pretty odes, that the swallow which builds a nest here in the summer, disappears in winter, and flies either to the Nile or to Memphis. But talking of migration, look there!"

And, as he spoke, he pointed to the sky, where I observed what looked at first like a great black V moving along in the air.

"What is it?" I exclaimed.

"Geese, probably, though it is late for them; but see, they are going north. Watch them."

I did watch them, for my eyes were riveted upon the unbroken figure, which consisted of a score or two of birds floating away in the upper regions of the atmosphere, as though impelled by a single will, to their mysterious destination. The uninterrupted lines maintained a marvellous regularity, and gradually faded away in the distant horizon, till they appeared like spider's threads, never losing their wonderful symmetry and definiteness of outline, till my

failing eyesight could follow their track no longer.

When they had disappeared, I could not help expressing my gratification at the sight, and I asked Jackdaw why and how they flew in that curious form.

"Various reasons have been suggested," he replied. "Buffon imagines that the strongest naturally keeps the front, and the others, with less power of flight, must needs follow behind, but that would not account for the perfect regularity of the figure. In fact, I think, after all, Cicero's explanation is the best."

"Cicero!" I cried, with surprise, "why, what did he know about birds? I thought he was an orator. I know how his Tusculan questions bored my life at Rugby."

"Ah," Jackdaw answered, smiling, "but then, you see, he was an augur, and it was his business to know something, or pretend to know something, about birds. He wrote books, you know, about Divination and Fate, and about the nature of the gods, and in the latter he remarks that cranes, when they migrate, fly in the form of a triangle, point foremost, so as to present as little resistance as possible to the air, and with the base behind, upon which the wind, which was usually with them, might act, and impel them along. He further supposed that the leader had the hardest work to do, and that when he was fatigued, he dropped back, and another took his place while he rested, and thus they took it in turns to pilot the company."

"Upon my word, Jackdaw," I exclaimed, admiringly, "you are a regular classical bird dictionary, and ought to get yourself bound up with Lemprière. I should think in our school-days none of the fellows would have thought of sending you for pigeon's milk."

"Ah, there again," he said, "that joke is as old as the hills, though probably most boys would be ready to swear it was their own discovery."

"Do you really, then, mean to say that 'pigeon's milk' is another Grecian antiquity?"

"In a sense it is. The Greeks, it is true, did not talk particularly of pigeon's milk, but the term 'bird's milk' was often used. It was used anciently to imply some extraordinary good fortune, or some marvellous and unheard-of dainty, and occurs several times in Aristophanes, as in his comedies of the Wasps and the Birds. He implies the same thing in the Frogs by the term 'ass's wool,' just as any improbability was incredulously called a 'white crow,' or a 'black swan.' The connexion in which the expression 'bird's milk' is used by Aristophanes you may best judge of from a passage in the Birds, which also shows the esteem in which the feathered race used to be held. Cary translates it thus:

And all gifts we bring to you—  
Wealth, and peace, and flowing treasure;  
Health, and joy, and youth, and pleasure;  
Love and laughter, smiles and silk,  
Song, feast, dance, and pigeon's milk."

"Well, but surely," observed I, "there must



be some ground for the expression. We have black swans now, they are no longer rare aves, and even white crows are, I believe, not very uncommon freaks of nature. Pray, do birds ever suckle their young?"

"You are not far out in your guess," returned Jackdaw; "the fact is, that modern science has to a certain degree converted the ancient joke into a solemn truth, and while 'bird's milk' was a poetic license, the restricted form of 'pigeon's milk' which we use is a physiological fact. The celebrated John Hunter, experimenting upon the crop of a pigeon, discovered that during the breeding season it takes on a secreting function for the purpose of supplying the young pigeons, in the callow state, with a diet suitable to their tender condition. An abundant secretion of a milky fluid, of an ash-grey colour, which coagulates with acid and forms curd, is poured out into the crop, and mixed with the macerating grains. This curious phenomena is recognised by Professor Owen as the nearest approach, in the class of birds, to the great characteristic function which has given the name of mammalia to the highest class of warm-blooded animals."

"Well, that is certainly very remarkable; I could have fancied birds robbing the cows to feed their young with their milk, but could never have imagined they were true wet-nurses. What bird is it they say sucks the goats?"

"You mean the fern owl. Never was bird more maligned than it has been for at least three thousand years. The ordinary name is goatsucker, the Latins call it *Caprimulgus*, and the Greeks *Algothelas*, all of which mean precisely the same thing. In Italy more particularly it is still charged with sucking goats; and Gilbert White says that the country people call it a *puckeridge*, believing it is very injurious to weanling calves, by inflicting, 'as it strikes at them,' the fatal distemper known to cow-leeches by the name of puckeridge. The disease is really produced by the maggots of the gadfly. But just compare this with Aristotle's account. The fern owl, he says, flies against the goats, and milks them, whence its name *Egothelas*; they say (he continues), that when the udder has been sucked it gives no more milk, and that the goat becomes blind."

"These effects," I remarked, "may perhaps follow the sores produced by the attacks of gadflies, but surely there must be some ground for the so long current opinion of its sucking goats."

"There is just this ground and no more," returned my friend, "that the species are insect feeders, and some have been observed hunting for their prey under the bellies of cattle and goats, perhaps seizing those very gadflies for whose sins they are called upon to answer for in so atrocious a manner. It is the way of this world, if pitch is thrown some will stick. These high crimes and misdemeanors have stuck to the poor fern owls for some thousands of years, and probably will to the

end of the chapter. And we are at the end of our chapter, for here's my garden gate, and our next thought must be of dinner."

### BLACK JOHN.

A PICTURE hangs in my library: and it is one of my most treasured and valued reliques of old Cornwall: the full-length and "counterfeit presentment," in oil, of a quaint and singular dwarf. It exhibits a squat figure, uncouth and original, just such an one as Frederick Taylor would delight to introduce in one of his out-of-door pieces of Elizabethan days, as an appendage to the rural lady's state when she rode afield with her hawk on her wrist. His height is under four feet, hump-backed and misshapen; his head, with tangled elfy hair falling wildly on his shoulders, droops upon his chest. Negro features and a dark skin surround a loose and flabby mouth, which teeth have long ceased to harmonise and fill out. He is clad in a loose antique russet gaberline, the fashion of a past century: one hand leans on a gnarled staff, and the other holds a wide-brimmed felt hat, with humble gesture and look, as though his master stood by.

The traditionary name of this well-remembered character on the Tamar-side is, Black John. He lived from the commencement to the middle of the eighteenth century in the household of an honoured name, Arscott of Tetcott, an ancestor of one of the distinguished families of Cornwall, and as his master was well-nigh the last of the jovial open-housed squires of the West of England, so was Black John the last of the jesters or makers of mirth. When the feast was over, and the "wrath of hunger" had been assuaged, while the hare's or fox's head, the festive drinking-cup of silver, went round with the nectar of the Georgian era, "strong punch for strong heads," the jester was called in to contribute by merry antic and jocose saying, to the loud enjoyment of the guests. Such were the functions sustained by my pictured and storied dwarf, and many an anecdote still survives around us in hearth and hall of the feats and stories of the "Tetcott Merry-man." Two of his usual after-dinner achievements were better suited to the rude jollity and coarse mirth of our forefathers than to the refinements of our own time; although they are said to exist here and there, among the "underground men" and miners of Western Cornwall, even to this day. These were "sparrow-mumbling" and swallowing living mice, which were tethered to a string to ensure their safe return to light and life. In the first of these accomplishments, a sparrow, alive, was fastened to the teeth of the artist with a cord, and he was expected to mumble off the feathers from the fluttering and astonished bird, with his lips alone, until he was plucked quite bare without the assistance or touch of finger or hand. A couple of projecting tusks or fangs, such as are called by the Italians Bourbon teeth, were of singular value as



sparrow-holders to Black John, but these were one day drawn by violence from his mouth by an exasperated blacksmith, whose kitten had been slain; and who had been persuaded by a wretch who was himself the actual assassin, that it was the jester who had guillotined the poor creature with his formidable jaws. The passage of the mouse was accomplished very often, amid roars of rude applause, down and up the gullet of the dwarf.

A tale is told of him, that one day, after he had for some time amused the guests, and had drank his full share of the ale, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. On a sudden he started up with a loud and terrified cry. Questioned as to the cause of his alarm, he answered, "O, sir," to his master, "I was in a sog (sleep), and I had such a dreadful dream. I thought I was dead, and I went where the wicked people go!"

"Ha, John," said Arscott of Tetcott, in his grim voice, wide awake for a jest or a tale, "then tell us all about what you heard and saw."

"Well, master, nothing particular."

"Indeed, John!"

"No, sir; things was going on just as they do upon airth—here in Tetcott Hall—the gentlefolks nearest the fire."

His master's house was surrounded with all kinds of tame animals and birds so bold and confiding, from long safety and intercourse, that the rooks would come down at a call, and pick up food like pigeons, at the very feet of a man. Among the familiar creatures of the Hall were two enormous toads; these were especial favourites with Mr. Arscott, who was a very Chinese in his fondness for the bat and the toad, and who used to feed them very often with his own hands. One morning the family were aroused by sounds near the porch of battle and fight. A guest from a distant town who had arrived the night before on a visit, was discovered prone upon the grass, and over him stood as conqueror Black John, belabouring him with his staff. His story was, when rescued and set upon his feet, that on going out to breathe the morning air he had encountered and slain a fierce and venomous reptile—a big bloated creature, that came towards him with open mouth. It turned out to be one of the enormous toads, an old and especial pet of master and man, who had heard a sound of feet, and came as usual to be fed, and was ruthlessly put to death; not, however, unavenged, for a wild man of the woods (so the townsman averred) had rushed upon him and knocked him down. When Mr. Arscott had heard the story, he turned on his heel, and never greeted his guest with one farewell word. Black John sobbed and muttered vengeance in his den for many a day for the death of "Old Dawty"—the household name of the toad.

Black John's lair was a rude hut, which he had waddled for a snug abode, close to the kennel. He loved to retire to it, and sleep near his chosen companions, the hounds. When they were unkennelled, he accompanied and ran with them afoot, and so sinewy and swift was his stunted form, that he was very often in their

midst at the death. Then, with the brush of the fox elaborately displayed as the crest of his felt hat, John would make his appearance on the following Sunday at church, where it was displayed, and pompously hung up above his accustomed seat, to his own great delight and the envy of many among the congregation. When the pack found the fox, and the huntsman's ear was gladdened by their shrill and sudden burst into full cry, Black John's shout would be heard in the field, with his standing jest, "There they go! there they go! like our missus at home in one of her storms!" As he grew older, and less equal to the exertion of his strong and youthful days, John took to wandering, gipsy fashion, about the country-side; and he found food and welcome at every cottage and farm-house. His usual couch was among the reeds or fern of some sheltering brake or wood, and he slept, as he himself used to express it, "rolled up, as warm as a hedgeboar, round his own nose." One day, in bitter snowy weather, he was found wanting from his accustomed haunts—"one morn they missed him on the usual hill"—and after long search he was discovered shrouded in snow, cold, stiffened, and to all outward appearance dead. He was carried home, and in due course was coffined and borne towards the grave. But there, just as the clergyman who read the service had reached the solemn words which commit the body to the ground, a loud thumping noise was heard within the coffin. The bystanders rent open the lid in hot haste, and up started Black John alive, in amazement, and in furious wrath. He had been in a long deliquium, or death-trance, from cold, and had been restored to life by the motion and warmth of his own funeral ride. As he told the astonished mourners, "He heard the words 'dust to dust,' and then," said he, "I thought it was high time to bumpy." His words passed into a proverb, and to this very day, when Cornish men in these parts are placed in some sudden extremity, and it becomes necessary to take strong and immediate measures for extrication, the saying is, "It is time to bumpy, as Black John said." In his anger and mental confusion, Black John ever after attributed his attempted burial to the conspiracy and ill will of the clergyman, whose words he had interrupted by his sudden resurrection. More than once the reverend gentleman was suddenly assaulted in his walks by a stone hurled at him from a hedge, followed by an angry outcry, in a well-known voice, of "Ha! old Dust-to-dust! here I be, alive and kicking!"

It may be easily believed that Black John was a very refractory subject for clerical interference and admonition. The result of frequent clerical attempts to reform his habits, was a rooted dislike on his part of the black coat and white neckcloth in all its shades and denominations. The visit of the first field-preacher to the precincts of the Hall was signalled by an exhibition of this feeling. John waylaid the poor unsuspecting man, and offered to guide him on his road by a short cut across the park,



which, John alleged, would save him a "considerable bit of way." The treacherous guide led him along a narrow path into a paddock, wherein was shut up for safety Mr. Arscott's perilous favourite bull. This animal had grown up from calfhood the wanton but docile companion of Black John, whose wonderful skill in taming all manner of wild animals had made the "sire of the herd" so familiar with his strange warden, that he would follow him and obey his signals and voice like a dog. What took place between the bull and the preacher could only be guessed at. A rush was heard by a passer-by, and a yell; then the rustling branches of a tree, and finally a dull thud upon the grass. From the paddock gate, some little time after, emerged Black John, with a fragment of a white cravat in his hand, and this was all, so he steadfastly averred, that ever he could find of "the preacher's body." Actually, it was the sole relic of his arrival and existence that survived in those wild parts. He was never heard of more in that region. And although there were rural sceptics who doubted that the bull could have made such quick work of a full-grown man, the story was fearful enough to scare away all wandering preachers from that district while the dwarf lived. On the Sunday following the terrific interview between the preacher and the bull, John took his usual place in church, but, to the astonishment of those who were not in the secret, instead of the usual fox's brush, a jaunty pennon of white rag floated as the crest of the well-known felt hat.

Black John was long and fondly cherished by his generous master. Mr. Arscott lived like Adam in the garden, surrounded by his animals and pets, each with its familiar and household name; and no man ever more fully realised the truth of the saying that "Love makes love," and that the surest way to kindle kindness is to be kind. Accurately has it been said of him:

O! for the Squire! that shook at break of morn,  
Dew from the trees with echo of his horn!  
The gathering scene, where Arscott's lightest word  
Went, like a trumpet, to the hearts that heard;  
The dogs, that knew the meaning of his voice,  
From the grim foxhound to my lady's choice:  
The steed that waited till his hand caress'd;  
And old Black John that gave and bare the jest!

None, high or low, during the lifetime of the squire, were allowed with impunity to injure or harass his cross-grained jester, and many a mischievous escapade was hushed up, and the sufferer soothed or pacified by money or influence. When gout and old age had imprisoned Mr. Arscott in his easy-chair, Black John nuzzled among the ashes of the vast wood fires of the hearth, or lay coiled upon his rug like some faithful mastiff, watching every look and gesture

of his master; starting up to fill the pipe or tankard of old ale, and then crouching again.

This lasted long: it fain would last  
Till Autumn rustled on the blast.

And the good old squire, in the language of the Tamar-side, "passed out of it." At his death and funeral, the agony of his misshapen retainer was unappeasable. He had to be removed by force from the door of the vault, and then he utterly refused to depart from the neighbourhood of the grave. He made himself another lair, near the churchyard wall, and there he sobbed away the brief remnant of his days, in honest and unavailing grief for the protector whom he had so loved in life, and from whom in death he would not be divided. Thus and there, not long after, he died, as the old men of the parish used to relate, for the "second and last time." He had what is called in those parts a decent funeral, for his master had bequeathed to him an ample allowance for life and death, in his last will. The mourners ate of the fat and drank of the strong, as their Celtic impulses would suggest, and, although some among them, who remembered John's former funeral, may have listened again for a token or sign, poor Black John, alas for him! had no master to come back to now, and declined "to bumpy" any more.

A singular and striking circumstance attended the final funeral of Black John. An aged crone, bent and tottering, "worn Nature's mournful monument," was observed following the bier, and the people heard her muttering ever and anon, "O, is he really dead? He came to life again once you know, and lived long after." When assured that all indeed was over, even her wild hope, she cried with a great sob, "O poor dear Johnny! he was so good looking and so steady till they spoilt him up at the Hall!" Her words recalled her to the memory of some old men who were there, and they knew her as a certain Aunt Bridget, who had been teased and worried, long years ago, at markets and fairs, as "Black John's sweetheart." Yes indeed, the mighty enchanter had raised his rod, and touched the tender heart of this poor woman in her youth, and now waved it gently, and with some little air of Grace and Romance, even over the grotesque and lowly grave of poor Black John.

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XVI. THE ERECTHEUM.

"No, by Jove, Brandon, not a bit of a snob! As green as an Arcadian, but no more of a snob than . . ."

Sir Charles Burgoyne was going to say, "than you are;" but he changed his mind, and said, instead:

"—than Castletowers himself."

"I call any man a snob who quotes Bion and Moschus in his familiar talk," replied the other, all unconscious of his friend's hesitation. "How the deuce is one to remember anything about Bion and Moschus? and what right has he to make a fellow look like a fool?"

"Unfeeling, I admit," replied Sir Charles, languidly.

"I hate your learned people," said Brandon, irritably. "And I hate parvenus. Ignorant parvenus are bad enough; but learned parvenus are the worst of all. He's both—hang him!"

"Hang him, by all means!" said another young man, approaching the window at which the two were standing. "May I ask who he is, and what he has done?"

It was in one of the princely reading-rooms of the Eretheum Club, Pall-Mall. The two first speakers were the Honourable Edward Brandon, third and youngest son of Hardicanute, fourteenth Earl of Ipswich, and Sir Charles Burgoyne, Baronet, of the Second Life Guards.

There are men whom nature seems to have run up by contract, and the Honourable Edward Brandon was one of them. He was just like one of those slight, unsubstantial, fashionable houses that spring up every day like mushrooms about Bayswater and South Kensington, and are hired under the express condition of never being danced in. He was very young, very tall, and as economically supplied with brain and muscle as a man could well be. The very smallest appreciable weight of knowledge would have broken down his understanding at any moment; and his little ornaments of manner were all in the flimsiest modern taste, and of the merest stucco. He "dipped" occasionally into Bell's Life and the Court Circular. He had read half of the first

volume of Mr. Soapey Sponge's Sporting Tour. He played croquet pretty well, and billiards very badly, and was saturated through and through with smoke, like a Finnan haddock.

Sir Charles Burgoyne was a man of a very different stamp. He was essentially one of a class; but then, ethnologically speaking, his class was many degrees higher than that of Mr. Brandon. He was better built, and better furnished. He rode well; was a good shot; played a first rate game at billiards; was gifted with a certain lazy impertinence of speech and manner that passed for wit, and was so effeminately fair of complexion and regular of feature, that he was popularly known among his brother-officers as the Beauty.

The last comer—short, sallow, keen-eyed, somewhat flippant in his address, and showy in his attire—was Laurence Greatorex, Esquire, only son, heir, and partner of Sir Samuel Greatorex, Knight, the well known banker and alderman of Lombard-street, City.

"Hang him, by all means!" said this gentleman, with charming impartiality. "Who is he? and what has he done?"

"We were speaking of the new member," replied Brandon.

"What, Cressus Trefalden? Pshaw! the man's an outer barbarian. What social enormity has he been committing now?"

"He's been offending Brandon's delicate sense of propriety by quoting Greek," said the Beauty.

"Greek! Unpardonable offence. What shall we do to him? Muzzle him?"

"Condemn him to feed on Greek roots for the term of his natural life, like Timon of Athens," suggested the Beauty, lazily.

"He's little better than a savage, as it is," said Mr. Greatorex, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "He knows nothing of life, and cares nothing for it either. Last Tuesday, when all the fellows were wild about the great fight down at Barney's Croft, he sat and read Homer, as if it were the news of the day. He's an animated anachronism—that's what he is, Sir Charles."

"Who the deuce is he?" ejaculated Brandon. "Where does he come from?"

"Heaven knows. His father was a black-letter folio, I believe, and his mother a palimpsest."



"You're too witty to-day, Mr. Greateorex," sneered Burgoyne.

"Then he's so offensively rich! Why, he put down a thousand yesterday for Willis's subscription. There's his name at the head of the list. Makes us look rather small—eh?"

"Confound his assurance!" broke out Brandon. "He's not been here much more than a week. What's Willis to him, that he should give more than the oldest members of the club?"

"Well, it's a munificent donation," said the Guardsman, good naturedly.

"Munificent? Hang his munificence! I suppose the members of the Eretheum can pension off a secretary, who has served them for fifteen years, without the help of a thousand pounds from a puppy like that!"

"Your virtuous indignation, Brandon, is quite refreshing," said Burgoyne. "How long have you been here, for instance? Half a year?"

"It was in bad taste, anyhow," said Greateorex; "deuced bad taste. It's always the way with your nouveaux riches. A man who had been wealthy all his life would have known better."

"Yourself, par exemple," retorted the Guardsman, insolently.

"Just so, Sir Charles; but then I'm to the money-market born, so hardly a case in point."

"Where did this Trefalden get his fortune?" asked Brandon. "I've heard that some fellow left it to him a hundred years ago, and that it has been accumulating ever since; but that's nonsense, of course."

"Sounds like a pecuniary version of the Sleeping Beauty," observed the baronet, parenthetically.

"I know no more than you do, Mr. Brandon," replied Greateorex. "I have heard only the common story of how this money has been lying at compound interest for a century or more, and has devolved to our pre-Adamite friend at last, bringing him as many millions as he has fingers. Some say double that sum; but ten are enough for my credulity."

"Does he bank with Sir Samuel?" asked Brandon.

"No. Our shop lies too far east for him, I suspect. He has taken his millions to Drummond's. By the way, Sir Charles, what have you decided upon doing with that brown mare of yours? You seemed half-inclined to part from her a few days ago."

"You mean the Lady of Lyons?"

"I do."

"Sold her, Mr. Greateorex."

"Sold her, Sir Charles?"

"Yes—cab and all."

The banker turned very red, and bit his lip.

"Would it be a liberty to ask the name of the purchaser?" said he.

"Perhaps it would," replied the Guardsman.

"But I don't mind telling you. It's Mr. Trefalden."

"Trefalden! Then, upon my soul, Sir Charles, it's too bad! I'm sorry to hear it. I am

indeed. I had hoped—in fact, I had expected—upon my soul, I had expected, Sir Charles, that you would have given me the opportunity. Money would have been no object. I would have given a fancy price for that mare with pleasure."

"Thank you, I did not want a fancy price," replied the Guardsman, haughtily.

"Besides, if you'll excuse me, Sir Charles, I must say I don't think it was quite fair either."

"Fair?" echoed Burgoyne. "Really, Mr. Greateorex, I do not apprehend your meaning."

"Well, you know, Sir Charles, I spoke first; and as for Cæsus Trefalden, who scarcely knows a horse from a buffalo . . ."

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden is the friend of Lord Castletowers," interrupted Burgoyne, still more haughtily, "and I was very happy to oblige him."

If Sir Charles Burgoyne had not been a baronet, a guardsman, and a member of the Eretheum Club, it is possible that Mr. Greateorex of Lombard-street would have given him the retort uncourteous; but as matters stood, he only grew a little redder; looked at his watch in some confusion; and prudently swallowed his annoyance.

"Oh, of course—in that case," stammered he—"Lord Castletowers being your friend, I have nothing more to say. Do you go down to his place in Surrey next week, by-the-by?"

"Do you?" said Burgoyne, smoothing his flaxen moustache, and looking down at the small City man with half-closed eyes.

"I hope so, since his lordship has been kind enough to invite me; but we are so deucedly busy in Lombard-street just now that . . . pshaw! twelve o'clock already, and I am due in the City at twenty minutes past. Not a moment to lose. 'I know a bank,' &c. &c.—but there's no wild time there for anybody between twelve and three! Good morning, Mr. Brandon. Good morning, Sir Charles."

The baronet bent his head about a quarter of an inch, and almost before the other was out of hearing, said:

"That man is bourgeois to the tips of his fingers, and insufferably familiar. Why do you tolerate him, Brandon?"

"Oh, he's not a bad fellow," replied Brandon.

"He's a snob, pur et simple—a snob, with the wardrobe of a tailor's assistant, and the manners of a valet. You called young Trefalden a snob just now, and I told you it was a mistake. Apply the title to this little money-jobber, and I won't contradict you. The fact is, Brandon, I abominate him. I wish it was possible to blackball him out of the club. If I'd been in town when he was proposed, I'll be hanged if he should have ever got in. I can't think what you fellows were about, to admit him!"

Charley Burgoyne was a lazy man; for him this was a very long and energetic speech. But the Honourable Edward Brandon only shook his head in a helpless, irritable way, and repeated his former assertion.



"I tell you, Burgoyne," he said, "Greatorex isn't a bad fellow."

Sir Charles Burgoyne shrugged his shoulders, and yawned.

"Oh, very well," he replied. "Have it your own way. I hate argument."

"Castletowers likes him," said the young man. "Castletowers asks him down to Surrey, you see."

"Castletowers is too good natured by half."

"And Vaughan . . ."

"Vaughan owes him money, and just endures him."

The Honourable Edward Brandon rubbed his head all over, looking more helpless and more irritable than before. It was a very small head, and there was very little in it.

"Confound him!" groaned he. "He has taken up paper of mine, too. I *must* be civil to him."

Sir Charles Burgoyne gave utterance to a dismal whistle; thrust his hands deep down into his pockets; and said nothing.

"What else can I do?" said Brandon.

"Pay him."

"You might as well tell me to eat him!"

"Nonsense. Borrow the money from somebody else."

"I wish I could. I wish I knew whom to ask. I should be so very grateful, you know. It's only two hundred and fifty."

And the young fellow stared hard at the Guardsman, who stared just as hard at the Duke of York's column over the way.

"You can't suggest any one?" he continued, after a moment.

"I, my dear fellow? Diable! I haven't an idea."

"You—couldn't manage it for me yourself, I suppose?"

Sir Charles Burgoyne took his hands from his pockets, and his hat from a neighbouring peg.

"Edward Brandon," he said, impressively, "I'm as poor as Saint Simeon Stylites."

"Never heard of the fellow in my life," said Brandon, peevishly. "Who is he?"

"My dear boy, your religious education has been neglected. Look for him in your catechism, and, 'when found, make a note of.'"

"I'll tell you what it is, Burgoyne," said Brandon, suspicious of "chaff," and, like all weak people when they are out of temper, slightly spiteful—"poor, or not poor, you're a clever fellow at a bargain. Talk of your not wanting a fancy price, indeed! What's five hundred guineas if it's not a fancy price, I should like to know?"

"Mon enfant, you know nothing about it," said the Guardsman, placidly.

"I know it was an awful lot too much for that mare and cab."

"The mare and cab were dirt cheap at the money."

"Cheap! cheap—when to my certain knowledge you only gave a hundred and twenty for

the Lady of Lyons, and have had the best part of two seasons out of her since!"

The Beauty listened with an imperturbable smile, drew on his gloves, buttoned them, adjusted his hat, and, having done all these things with studied deliberation, replied:

"My dear Brandon, I really envy your memory. Cultivate it, my good fellow, and it will be a credit to you. Au revoir."

With this he went over to the nearest glass, corrected the tie of his cravat, and sauntered towards the door. He had not reached it, however, when he paused, turned, and came back again.

"By-the-by," said he, "if you're in any present difficulty, and actually want that two hundred and fifty—do you want it?"

"Oh, by Jove, don't I! Never wanted it so much in my life."

"Well, then, there's Trefalden. He's as rich as the Bank of England, and flings his money about like water. Ask him, Brandon. He'll be sure to lend it to you. Vale."

And the baronet once more turned on his heel, leaving his irritable young friend to swear off his indignation as best he could. Whereupon the Honourable Edward Brandon, addressing himself apparently to the Duke of York upon his column, did swear with "bated breath" and remarkable fluency; rubbed his head frantically, till he looked like an electrical doll; and finally betook himself to the billiard-room.

When they were both gone, a gentleman who had been sitting in the adjoining window, entrenched behind, and apparently absorbed in, the Times of the day, laid his paper aside; entered a couple of names in his pocket-book, smiling quietly the while; and then left the room. He paused on his way out, to speak to the hall porter.

"I have waited for Mr. Trefalden," he said, "till I can wait no longer. You are sure he has not gone up-stairs?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Be so good, then, as to give him this card, and say, if you please, that I will call upon him at his chambers to-morrow."

The porter laid the card aside with the new member's letters, of which there were several. It bore the name of William Trefalden.

#### CHAPTER XVII. SAXON AT HOME.

"MR. TREFALDEN."

Thus announced by a stately valet, who received him with marked condescension in the ante-chamber, and even deigned to open the door of the reception-room beyond, Mr. Trefalden passed into his cousin's presence. He was not alone. Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne were there; Lord Castletowers leaning familiarly over the back of Saxon's chair, dictating the words of a letter which Saxon was writing; Sir Charles Burgoyne extended at full length on a sofa, smoking a cigarette with his eyes closed. Both visitors were obviously as much at home as if in their own chambers. They



had been breakfasting with Saxon, and the table was yet loaded with pâtés, coffee, liqueurs, and all the luxurious et ceteras of a second déjeuner.

Saxon flung away his pen, sprang forward, seized his cousin by both hands, and poured forth a torrent of greetings.

"How good of you to come," he exclaimed, "after having taken the trouble to go yesterday to the club! I was so sorry to miss you! I meant to hunt you up this very afternoon in Chancery-lane. I have been an ungrateful fellow not to do so a week ago, and I'm sure I don't know how to excuse myself. I've thought of you, cousin William, every day."

"I should have been sorry to bring you into the dingy atmosphere of the City," said Mr. Trefalden, pleasantly. "I had far rather see you thus, enjoying the good things which the gods have provided for you."

And with this, Mr. Trefalden shook hands with Lord Castletowers, hoped Lady Castletowers was well, bowed to Sir Charles Burgoyne, and dropped into an easy-chair.

"You were writing," he said, "when I came in. Pray go on."

Saxon blushed scarlet.

"Oh no," he said, shyly, "the letters can wait."

"So can I—and smoke a cigar in the mean while."

"They—that is, Lord Castletowers was helping me to write them—telling me what to say, in fact. He calls me the 'Impolite Letter Writer,' and says I must learn to turn fine phrases, and say the elegant things that nobody means."

"The things that nobody means are the things that everybody likes," said the Earl.

"I have often wished," said Burgoyne, from the sofa, "that some clever person would write a handbook of civil speeches—a sort of 'Ready Liar,' you know, or 'Perjurer's Companion.' It would save a fellow so much trouble!"

"I wish there were such a book, if only to teach *you* better manners," retorted Castletowers.

"I don't pretend to have the manners of a lord," said the Beauty, languidly.

"If you were the lord of my manors, you wouldn't have many to boast of," replied Castletowers, with a light-hearted laugh.

Burgoyne opened his eyes, and took the cigarette from his mouth.

"Listen to this fellow!" said he, "this bloated capitalist, who talks like a Diogenes turned out of his tub! Castletowers, I am ashamed of you."

"Compare me to Diogenes, if you like," replied the Earl; "but to a Diogenes who has a dear old Elizabethan tub still left, thank Heaven! and a few old oaks to shelter it. Few enough, and old enough, more's the pity!"

"And I," said Burgoyne, with a yawn, "haven't a stick of timber left, barring my genealogical tree. My last oaks vanished in the last Derby."

The Earl looked at his watch.

"If this note is to be delivered by two o'clock," said he, "it must be finished at once; and since Mr. Trefalden gives us leave . . ."

"I do not only give leave," said Mr. Trefalden, "I entreat."

Saxon took up his pen, and, pointing to a heap of notes on the mantelshelf, said:

"You will find one there for yourself, cousin William; and you must be sure to come."

"Invitations, young man?"

"Yes, to a dinner at Richmond, next Saturday."

Mr. Trefalden put the note in his pocket unopened; smoked away with a quiet, meditative smile; and took a leisurely survey of the room as the dictation proceeded. Not one of its multitudinous details escaped him—not one but told him some anecdote of the last ten days of Saxon's new life. There were several pictures standing about on chairs, or leaning against the walls. Some were painted in oils and some in water-colours, and nearly all were views in Switzerland. There were piles of new music; stacks of costly books in rich bindings; boxes of cigars and gloves; a bust of Shakespeare in marble; a harmonium; a cabinet of Florentine mosaic-work; a marvellous Etruscan vase on a pedestal of verde antico; a couple of silver-mounted rifles; a sideboard loaded with knick-knacks in carved ivory, crystal, silver filigree, and egg-shell china; and a sofa-table heaped with notes, visiting cards, loose silver, and tradesmen's bills. On the chimney-piece stood a pair of bronze tazzas, a silver inkstand with a little Cupid perched upon the lid, and a giallo model of the Parthenon. A gold-headed riding-whip and a pair of foils lay on the top of the harmonium; and a faded bouquet in a tumbler occupied a bracket, from which a French pendule had been ignominiously displaced. William Trefalden was an observant man, and drew his inferences from these trifles. He found out that his young Arcadian was learning to ride, fence, make acquaintances, and spend his money royally. Above all, he took note of the bouquet on the bracket. There was nothing remarkable about it. It was just like five hundred other bouquets that one sees in the course of a season; and yet Mr. Trefalden looked at it more than once, and smiled under cover of a cloud of smoke each time that he did so.

"—and that you will permit me to have the great pleasure of driving you down in the afternoon," said Lord Castletowers, dictating over Saxon's shoulder.

"Drive her down!" echoed the scribe, in dismay. "I drive her from London to Richmond?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"I can't. I don't drive well enough. I have never driven anything but an old blind mare in a rickety Swiss charette, in my life. I should break her neck, and my own too!"

"Oh, never mind. You can give the reins to Burgoyne or to me. It doesn't matter."



"Then how shall I put it? Shall I say 'and that you will permit Lord Castletowers to have the pleasure of. . . ?'"

"Nonsense! Write what I told you at first, and leave me to arrange it, when it comes to the point."

Saxon shook his head.

"No, no," said he. "I must not ask to be allowed the pleasure of driving her down, when I know all the time I am not going to do anything of the sort. It wouldn't be true."

A faint blush mounted to the Earl's honest brow; but Sir Charles Burgoyne smiled compassionately.

"Suppose, now," said Saxon, "that I tell her I've bought a new mail phaeton, and hope she will accept a seat in it on Saturday—will that do?"

"Famously. She'll of course conclude that you drive, and the rest is easily managed when the time comes. Let's see how it reads . . . hum . . . 'which I trust you will honour with your presence; also that you will permit me to offer you a seat in my mail phaeton, if the day be fine enough for my friends to drive down in open carriages.'"

"Open carriages," repeated Saxon, as his pen travelled to the end of the sentence. "Anything more?"

"No; I think that is enough."

"Then I only add—*yours very truly, Saxon Trefalden*," I suppose?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Isn't it polite enough?" asked Saxon, laughing.

"Polite enough? Didn't I tell you half an hour ago that to be commonly polite is nothing in a case like this? You must approach her on your knees, my dear fellow, and offer up your little Richmond dinner as if it were a burnt sacrifice to the immortal gods! Say—'*Condescend, madam, to accept my respectful homage, and allow me to subscribe myself, with the profoundest admiration, your obedient and faithful servant, Saxon Trefalden.*' That's the way to put it, Burgoyne?"

"Oh, unquestionably," yawned that gentleman. "You can't crowd too much sail."

"May I inquire to which Princess of the Blood Royal this letter is addressed?" asked Mr. Trefalden.

"To a far greater She than any princess," replied Castletowers. "To the prima donna of the season—to the Graziana herself!"

Mr. Trefalden slightly elevated his eyebrows on receiving this tremendous information, but said nothing.

"And she's the grandest creature!" ejaculated Saxon, now folding and sealing his note. "Burgoyne introduced me to her last night, behind the scenes. You can't think what a gracious manner she has, cousin William!"

"Really?"

"She gave me that bouquet up there—it had just been thrown to her."

"How condescending!"

"Wasn't it?—and I such an utter stranger—a nobody, you know! I felt, I assure you, as if I were in the presence of Juno herself. There, the note's quite ready."

And Saxon, all unconscious of the faint touch of sarcasm in his cousin's voice, lifted up his bright young face with a smile of boyish exultation, and rang the bell.

"Gillingwater, send Curtis at once with this note, and tell him to wait for an answer. Anybody here?"

"Young man from Facet and Carat's, sir, with case of jules. Young man from Cartridge and Trigger's, with harms. Passle from Colnaggy's; passle from Breidenback's; passle from Fortnum and Mason's; passle from Crammer and Beale's," replied Saxon's magnificent valet.

"The parcels can wait. The messengers may come in."

Mr. Gillingwater retired, and the "young men" were immediately ushered in; one with a small mahogany box under his arm; the other carrying a still smaller morocco case. The first contained a brace of costly inlaid pistols; the second, three bracelets of different designs.

"By Jove, what pistols!" exclaimed Castletowers. "Look here, Burgoyne, did you ever see such finish?"

"Never. They might be worn by the Sultan."

"They are exact fac-similes of those made for his Highness the Maharajah of Jubblepore," observed the messenger.

Sir Charles examined the weapons with the interest of a connoisseur.

"What a Bashaw you are, Trefalden!" he said. "We shall have you cantering down Rotten-row on a white elephant before long. These are really the most gorgeous pistols I have seen. Who are the bangles for? The Graziana?"

"One of them, if . . ."

"If what?"

"If you think she would not be offended?"

"Offended, my dear fellow! Is pussy offended if you offer her a cup of milk? or Carlo, if you present him with a bone?"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, quite shocked at the levity of these comparisons.

"I mean, that every woman would sell her soul for a handful of diamonds and an ounce of wrought gold, and that our fair friend is no exception to the rule. What put it into your head, Trefalden, to give her a bracelet?"

"It was Mr. Greatorex's idea."

"Humph! Just like him. Greatorex has such generous impulses—at other people's expense!"

"I was very much obliged to him for thinking of it," said Saxon, somewhat warmly. "As I am to any friend who is kind enough to tell me what the customs of society are," he added, more gently.

"They are very beautiful bracelets, all three of them," said Lord Castletowers.



"That's right. Which shall I take?"

"The garter set with rubies," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"The snake with the diamond head," said the Earl.

"The opals and diamonds," said William Trefalden.

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"If you each give me different advice," said he, "what am I to do?"

"Choose for yourself," replied his cousin.

And so Saxon, very diffidently and hesitatingly, chose for himself, and took the one his cousin had preferred.

"And pray what may be the cost of this magnificent trifle?" asked Mr. Trefalden, when the choice was made, and the messengers had made their bows and vanished.

"I have no idea," replied Saxon.

"Do you mean that you have bought it without having made any inquiry as to its price?"

"Of course."

"Pray do you never inquire before you purchase?"

"Never. Why do you smile?"

"Because I fear your tradesmen will charge you at any fabulous rate they please."

"Why, so they could in any case! What do I know, for instance, of opals and diamonds, except that the opal is a hydrate of silica, and the diamond a compound of charcoal and oxygen? They might ask me what price they pleased for this bracelet, and I, in my ignorance of its value, should buy it, just the same."

"It is well for you, Trefalden, that you have the purse of Fortunatus to dip your hand into," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"But even Fortunatus must take care that his purse has no hole in the bottom of it," added Mr. Trefalden. "You are a bad financier, my dear Saxon; and you and I must have a little practical conversation some day on these matters. By the way, I have really some business points to discuss with you. When can you give up an hour or two to pure and unmixed boredom?"

"When you please, cousin William."

"Well—this evening?"

"This evening, unfortunately, I have promised to dine at the club with Greatorex, and two or three others, and we are going afterwards to the opera."

"To-morrow evening, then?"

"And to-morrow my new phaeton is coming home, and we are going in it to Blackwall—Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne, I mean."

"Then, on Saturday . . ."

"On Saturday, I hope you will join us at Richmond. Don't forget it, cousin William. You have the note, you know, in your pocket."

Mr. Trefalden smiled somewhat gravely.

"Are you already such an epicurean that you want the traditional skeleton at your feast?" said he. "No, no, Saxon. I am a man of business, and have no leisure for such symposia.

You must dispense with my grim presence—and I, apparently, must dispense with yours. I had no notion that you were such a man of fashion as to have all your evenings engaged in this manner."

"I can't think how it is," replied Saxon, in some confusion. "I certainly have made more appointments than I was aware of. My friends are so kind to me, and plan so many things to give me pleasure, that—will Sunday do, cousin William? You might come up here and dine with me; or we might . . ."

"I am always engaged on Sundays," said Mr. Trefalden, drily.

"Then on Monday?"

"Yes, I can see you on Monday, if you will really be at leisure."

"Of course I will be at leisure."

"But you must come to me. I shall be very busy, and can only see you after office hours."

"I will come to you, cousin, at any time you please," said Saxon, earnestly.

"At eight in the evening?"

"At eight."

Mr. Trefalden entered the hour and date in his pocket-book, and rose to take his leave.

"I had hoped that you would spare me a day or two next week, Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, as they shook hands at parting. "Your cousin has promised to come down, and we have a meet, and some evening parties coming off; and a breath of country air would do you good before the summer sets in."

But Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I thank you, Lord Castletowers," he replied; "but it is impossible. I am as firmly chained to Chancery-lane for the next five months as any galley-slave to his oar."

"But, my dear sir, is it worth any man's while to be a galley-slave, if he can help it?" asked the Earl.

"Perhaps. It depends on the motive; and self-imposed chains are never very heavy to the wearer."

And with this, Mr. Trefalden bowed to both gentlemen, and left the room, followed by his cousin.

"That's a quiet, deep fellow," said Burgoyne.

"He is a very gentlemanly, pleasant, clever man," replied the Earl, "and has been our solicitor for years."

"I don't like him."

"You don't know him."

"True—do you?"

Lord Castletowers hesitated.

"Well, upon my soul," laughed he, "I cannot say that I do, personally. But, as I tell you, he is my solicitor, and I like him. I only speak from my impressions."

"And I from mine. He is not my solicitor, and I don't like him. He thinks too much, and says too little."

In the mean while, Saxon was warmly wringing his cousin's hand at the door of the ante-room, and saying, in a low, earnest tone,



"Indeed you must not suppose I have become a man of fashion, or an epicurean, cousin William; or that I would not rather—far rather—spend an evening with you than at any of these fine places. I am so very sorry I cannot come to you before Monday."

"Monday will be quite soon enough, my dear Saxon," replied Mr. Trefalden, kindly; "and I am glad to see you so well amused. At eight o'clock, then?"

"Yes, at eight. You will see how punctual I shall be—and you must give me some good advice, cousin William, and always tell me of my faults—won't you?"

"Humph! That will depend on circumstances, and yourself. In the mean while, don't buy any more diamond bracelets without first inquiring the price."

### MODERN TORTURE.

THE history of the last revolutionary movement in Germany, of which the year 1848 is the type, may be given in few words. When Louis Philippe's throne was tottering under him, the excitement prevalent in France rapidly spread beyond the Rhine, and the German nations raised their voices for "Liberty of the Press," "Trial by Jury," "Regulation of the Suffrage Laws," &c. &c., all of which were at first haughtily refused, and afterwards, when demanded at the point of the sword, most abjectly granted by the rulers. For a time the German leaders had it all their own way; the people stood by them with their lives and their possessions, and the kings were either powerless or altogether dethroned; but instead of acting with energy and promptitude, the leaders talked and theorised, wrote pamphlets and made speeches, as has been the way of Germans from time immemorial. Meanwhile, the kings and their adherents promised, lied—lied and promised again—above all, took their measures according to a well-laid plan, and in the end were completely victorious "by the grace of God." A reaction took—or seemed to take—place; the best among the patriots, as honest and true men as the world ever saw, were beheaded or imprisoned, and the nation went once more to sleep in its chains, apparently not to be roused again but by some strong outward impulse, having gained nothing but bitter experience, in spite of all the bloodshed and all the noble devotion and self-sacrifice.

Mr. Röckel's book, *Sachsen's Erhebung und das Zuchthaus zu Waldheim*, which is creating a sensation in the "Fatherland," treats of the revolution in Saxony and of the author's prison life at "Schloss Waldheim." He left Aix-la-Chapelle, where he had been implicated in the quarrels between Roman Catholics and Protestants, when a mere student, and in 1830 arrived in Paris in time to be a witness of the July Revolution, and to become personally acquainted with Lafayette, Lafitte, and

other leaders of the Revolution. In 1832 he came to England, where he learned from the grand Reform movement how the mightiest state changes can be easily and peacefully effected if the government will only understand its position as the *servant* of the state, and honestly endeavour to do its duty in that capacity.

But the pain he felt at the contempt with which his nation was looked upon in these foreign countries, combined with his ardent love for his own country, made him return to Germany in the year 1838; and ten years later, in 1848, we find him in the capacity of sub-conductor at the Royal Opera at Dresden, and amongst the defenders of the barricades. He had previously, when the question of arming the people was first raised, written a pamphlet on the subject, which brought him into very bad odour with the government, and even procured him a short imprisonment, from which he had only been released upon a bail of ten thousand thalers being paid by an unknown friend. When fighting on the barricades, which appeared too low and inefficient against the advance of the king's troops, he had suggested the use of pitch-rings, which should be placed on the top of the barricades and set fire to, in case the soldiers came too near—a proposal that was first adopted by the provisional government, and then, when Mr. Röckel and his assistants had just commenced the manufacture of the pitch-rings, countermanded by it, and abandoned by them. But the possible mischief those pitch-rings might have done—for it was afterwards asserted that they were to have set fire to the king's palace, and had done so to the Opera House—which had been burnt down three days before the pitch-rings had ever been thought of—these pitch-rings, that had been nipped in the bud, and the above-mentioned pamphlet, formed the principal accusations at his trial.

On the 7th of May, 1849, intelligence was received by the provisional government at Dresden that considerable reinforcements had arrived at a neighbouring village, who demanded to be safely conducted into the town. Mr. Röckel undertook to be their guide, but fell into the hands of the enemy's outposts, and was made prisoner in the attempt.

"Although unarmed," writes Mr. Röckel, "and perfectly unknown, and therefore not even to be considered as an enemy, but only as a simple wanderer, I was, on the way to the powder-magazine, in the presence of the officers, and without their making any effort to protect me, struck in the face by some of the soldiers, and pushed and knocked about with the butt-ends of their muskets by others. Arrived at the magazine, I was pushed into a large room, where I found already about fifty prisoners assembled. They emptied my pockets, and in consequence of some papers they had found in them, I was taken to the commanding colonel. Here, where none but officers were present, and under the very eyes of their superiors, the younger ones emulated the example of the soldiers by trying



their physical powers on my body, until the colonel blandly requested them to keep quiet. As, however, they had by this time become acquainted with my name, the young gentlemen possibly only chose this proceeding as a method for expressing their loyalty. One young officer particularly showed his zeal and valour by tying my hands on my back with such force that the cords cut deep into the flesh, and the veins were swollen unto bursting."

He was then taken from one place of confinement to another, maltreated by officers and soldiers in the most barbarous manner—indeed, it appears that his captors were in two minds whether they might not as well rid themselves of the trouble of looking after him, or any other prisoner, by throwing him into the Elbe, or shooting him down, as they had *actually done* in the case of a certain young physician, Dr. Haussmann. (By the way, it was about the services of such soldiers that the King of Prussia, Frederick William the Fourth, wrote to Count Waldersee: "The reports about the excellent conduct of the officers and grenadiers fill my heart with joy and my eyes with tears. You command a splendid regiment, and I would kiss all your people. Oh, that I could be amongst you!") One day and night the narrator spent amongst a numerous transport of prisoners in one of the Dresden churches, where they were made a sort of exhibition of—people walking in and freely abusing them, hitting them and spitting in their faces. Towards the end of August he was suddenly called up in the middle of the night, and, in company with Heubner and Bakunin, two of the heads of the provisional government, put in chains, and, under a strong military escort, conducted to the fortress Königstein. Here he was taken to a room, not otherwise uncomfortable than that the authorities had deemed it expedient to have a great wooden box put up outside the window of a fortress situated on the very edge of a precipice one thousand one hundred feet high, evidently with no other purpose than to give the prisoner the smallest possible allowance of the light of heaven. The treatment in this stronghold does not seem to have given cause for great complaint, and the prisoner's existence was on the whole as endurable as it could be in solitary confinement and perfect exclusion from all that went on in the world outside. This latter hardship was felt most keenly by men of public and political character, and although they enjoyed many indulgences, such as books—which were even furnished from the Royal Library at Dresden—writing materials, and every physical comfort, they gladly entered into a plan of flight, proposed to them by some sympathising soldiers; the project was, however, discovered, and their escape prevented.

Meanwhile, the trial of the prisoner dragged slowly on. It lasted until the 14th of January, 1850; the indictment was *Treason*, and the sentence *Death*.

The sentence was communicated to the prisoners on the 16th of April, but the honourable

character of the King of Saxony—honourable in spite of all his errors—was sufficient guarantee that it would never be executed. But what, then, was to be done with the prisoners? The very fact that the government had, in order to secure the sentence to itself, trespassed upon the law by eluding a jury and accepting the judgment of its own paid functionaries, justified the assumption that it would be satisfied with this not very enviable triumph, and finally offer an atonement to the offended majesty of the law, and crown itself with the honour of clemency, by exiling them perhaps to America, or some such punishment. This seems to have been generally expected, and the amazement of the prisoners, and even of their keepers, was great when the sentence was commuted into "imprisonment for life in the house of correction." The place chosen for their imprisonment was Schloss Waldheim, an ancient hunting-place of the Electors of Meissen, of the sixteenth century.

On his arrival at Waldheim, the prisoner was searched, and every article of value taken from him. Then he was conducted to the "solitary cells," which were situated on the ground floor, one of which was opened for his reception. It was a dark narrow place, very scantily furnished, and with only one small strongly-barred window, at a considerable height from the floor. After awhile a surgeon made his appearance, before whom he had to undress; then, a barber who cut his beard off; and after him, one of the keepers, to crop his hair, which latter performance concluded the prison toilette. The meals consisted of a basin of thin brownish gruel for breakfast, one ditto of pea-soup for dinner, a repetition of the morning's gruel for supper, and a pound and a half of bread for the day. Although the prisoner was alone, yet was he not undisturbed. At about man's height in the door there was an aperture of the size of a playing-card, through which he was being surveyed all day long. On the morning after his arrival, he was taken to the bath-room, where, after his ablutions, he had to put on the prison dress. The governor, "Captain" Christ, as he loved to style himself, received him kindly, although he enjoyed the reputation of a most unmitigated ruffian; and indeed not without cause, for though naturally not of an unkind disposition, he was occasionally given to attacks of ungovernable rage, and at such times subjected the prisoners to the most barbarous punishments. These consisted in a variety of thirteen different kinds, and were written up on a large board in the entrance-hall of the "solitary cells," situated on the ground floor. The list began with "reduction of rations," and continued then with simple arrest, close arrest, dark arrest, hard bed, sick diet of the third class, "jumpers," short fetters, the log, the lath-room, flogging with rods, flogging with a stick, flogging with the knout. This list requires some explanation. The reduction of rations simply consisted in giving the culprit nothing but one pound of bread with some water per day, instead of any warm food. This



lightest of all the corrections invariably accompanied any other kind of punishment, "sick diet of the third class" alone excepted, which consisted of twelve ounces of white bread soaked in warm water, on the surface of which floated a few grease-spots; this dish was served up to the culprit three times a day, and resulted in a craving greedy hunger which lasted for years, and often ended in death. Simple arrest—a very rare punishment—consisted only in isolation and reduction of rations; close arrest, in placing the culprit in a narrow cage, which allowed him only to stand upright; dark arrest added to all this the complete exclusion of light. The "lath-room" was a very ingenious contrivance: the floor as well as the walls of this chamber were covered with laths of this shape AAA, made of a very hard wood. In order further to aggravate this punishment, the prisoner had to put on a very thin costume, without leather soles to his feet, so that, wherever he might stand or lean, the sharp edges should cut the better into his flesh. A young and zealous curate, soon after assuming the chaplaincy of the prison, made a short trial of this punishment, and assured Mr. Röckel that he could not have borne it for a quarter of an hour. Mr. Röckel asserts that some prisoners were condemned to *ten days* in this chamber, and that even *women* were not excepted from the punishment. "Short fetters" obliged the culprit to sit with his right hand fastened to his left foot in a very low cage, that allowed him no room whatever to move. The "log" was a log of wood of various weights, which was fastened by a long chain to the foot of the prisoner, who, when he walked, had to carry it in his arms. The "jumper" consisted in a short chain fastened to both feet, which enabled the culprit to take only very short steps. The various kinds of flogging explain themselves, and the first-named kind, that with rods, was even applied to women; as the execution was, however, entrusted to one of the male keepers, the order was that the female culprit should wear a thin pair of trousers: an order that was frequently overlooked, for "what was the use of flogging the trousers?" The inordinate extent to which this punishment was applied may be estimated if we mention that, whilst for instance in the year 1857 only two hundred and thirty-seven men of nineteen thousand one hundred prisoners in the English prisons were chastised with flogging—but, since time out of mind, nobody ever had dreamt of flogging a *woman*—in this one single house of correction in Saxony, with an average number of from eight hundred to a thousand prisoners, the number of stripes in one year amounted to twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand, and that among from one hundred to one hundred and fifty women there were always from sixty to eighty to whom this correction was applied. A good deal of this brutality was, however, owing to the punishment laws of King Johann, according to which every convict brought back to prison had to be received with sixty stripes. The governor was absolute judge in regard to these

punishments, which he might distribute according to his pleasure upon the slightest misdemeanour. There was no appeal; but when, later, Governor Heink too greatly abused this power, an order was issued that he should not exceed sixty stripes without special application to the higher authorities. Such an order was, however, easily eluded by flogging the same man the oftener. All this was accompanied by the coarsest and roughest treatment from all the officials, from the governor downwards, and the effect of it perfectly corresponded with its excellence. Wonderful if a prisoner did not leave the place a much worse man than he had been on entering it!

As to the influence of religion in such a place, it was, if anything, a degrading one. The clergyman considered his chaplaincy merely in the light of a living, and went through his duties in the most reluctant manner. He never thought of obtaining alleviation of punishment. By being a functionary of the prison, he was in a manner forced to uphold the authorities in their iniquitous deeds, the evident injustice and cruelty of which naturally reflected its ugly light on him, from whom the wretched culprit expected protection and comfort. Not finding this, the latter soon learned to loathe and despise the "blackcoats," and, through them, their holy calling.

The governor, Captain Christ, who received Mr. Röckel so kindly, and continued to treat him so, was for a long time suspected of mental derangement, signs of which certainly showed themselves in the uncontrollable violence he often used towards his prisoners; to whom, at other times, he was so considerate, that they were, on the whole, not dissatisfied under him. He took a great interest in Mr. Röckel, and frequently visited him, and chatted with him in a friendly manner. But he had the misfortune, one day, to declare his intention of liberating all the political prisoners, because, he said, he had come to the conclusion that they were really very estimable people. One may easily imagine what consternation such an idea created among the other functionaries. They immediately despatched a messenger to Dresden, and that which had not been obtained by an exposition of his barbarous abuse of authority, was immediately effected. Captain Christ was instantly dismissed, and sought cure at a Silesian spa, where he was soon after found dead in a wood.

With his successor, Captain von Bünan, a new spirit entered the place. He severely reprimanded the keepers and other officials for their undue oppression and useless tyranny towards the prisoners; almost completely banished all flogging instruments, and the other severer chastisements; and introduced many little improvements in the treatment of those confided to his charge. Towards the political prisoners he simply conducted himself as a gentleman. Without in the least compromising his own position, he recognised honourable antagonists in them, whose opinion might not be his own, but he took them to be at least perfectly sincere.



He therefore treated them more like prisoners of war, and took care to let them have every alleviation in his power.

Nevertheless, liberty is dear to every man, and in the summer of 1851 the prisoners made an attempt at escape. A young soldier on guard in Mr. Röckel's corridor one day knocked at his door, and whispered that he had formed the resolution, with several of his comrades, to liberate him; when Mr. Röckel found that he alone was to be set free, he refused, and declared that he would only accept their assistance if they would include all the political prisoners confined in the solitary cells; for to include those who spent the night with the regular inhabitants of the place in the large sleeping halls, was not to be thought of. The young soldier consulted his comrades, and a few hours later informed him of their readiness to comply with his condition. The soldiers undertook to ascertain which of the political prisoners would be willing to enter into the proposal. Heubner, member of the provisional government, and Colonel Heintze, refused; the former would not leave the prison as long as any of his companions in misfortune remained behind. Colonel Heintze thought the project unfeasible, and some others even preferred the house of correction to the possible dangers of such an undertaking. About fourteen or sixteen were willing. Communication was effected with friends at liberty, who assisted the plan with the greatest eagerness. All that was wanted for the mere escape from Waldheim, was a short rope, a ladder, and three keys.

These had been obtained, and all was in readiness. The preparations had, however, occupied several months, and the flight was finally arranged for the first of October. At midnight, immediately after the guard had been relieved, the soldiers in the corridors were to open the cells of those prisoners who had agreed to join the flight. The guard in the courts was at the same time to open the garden gate, and join the fugitives. In the large garden there were only two sentinels, whose knowledge of the flight, in case they did not wish to take part in it, could not easily be brought home to them. At a certain part of the low garden wall, a ladder was to be placed from the outside; a rope ladder fastened to it and thrown over into the interior of the garden was to serve the fugitives as a means of climbing the wall. A carriage was to be in waiting at a short distance, and to take them to a farm of a political partisan, where their friends would be ready with clothes, money, and passports to further their flight. So far everything was arranged: only the locksmith at Leipsic, who had been entrusted with the manufacture of the key to the garden gate, had delayed his task, and this delay led to the discovery of the whole plan.

One morning the prisoners observed an unusual movement in the court-yard. The keepers ran hither and thither; the officers of the garrison, who were but seldom seen, stood in eagerly talking groups, and pointed repeatedly towards the prison windows. When the prison

guard was relieved at about ten o'clock, five of the soldiers were called out of the ranks, and were, after having given up their arms, led away prisoners. No doubt remained, after this, that the whole affair had been discovered.

The day passed very quietly. But late in the evening there was a considerable stir in Mr. Röckel's corridor, doors were opened and shut, and lively discussions heard. About ten o'clock a keeper opened Mr. Röckel's door, lighted his lamp, and ordered him to leave his bed. Soon afterwards the inspector, Mr. Heink, entered and sank exhausted on the solitary chair of the room. Inspector Heink acted in the absence of Captain Bünau, who was also governor of Hubertsburg, and had lately been seldom seen at Waldheim. He pretended a sincere sympathy with the cause for which Mr. Röckel suffered imprisonment, and under this cloak endeavoured to obtain a list of the participants in, and whole particulars of this project of escape, of which, however, he was already completely master. His blandishments were thrown away upon the man who perfectly appreciated him, and his conduct towards the latter soon underwent a total change. He appeared a few days later with a keeper, and ordered all books, papers, knives, scissors, and so forth, to be taken away. The walks in the garden, which had been permitted by Captain Bünau, had to be discontinued, and were for the next six years confined to the paved prison-yard. Soon Mr. Röckel was removed to one of the gloomy solitary cells in another wing of the building, where he spent two years in perfect solitude, without any kind of visitor, and any kind of book but the Bible; his only occupation being *spinning*.

Inspector Heink's zeal on the occasion of the prisoners' attempted flight, brought him promotion. Captain Bünau remained altogether at Hubertsburg, and Mr. Heink became governor of Waldheim. This opened a new era in the prison life. The beginning was made with the "reports." Until this time, the prisoners who had any kind of communication to make to the governor had themselves announced in the morning by one of the keepers, and were admitted in the course of the forenoon. Mr. Heink knew how to alter this in manifold ways. At first, he received the prisoners only twice a week, and then only once; the interval was then gradually protracted to a fortnight, a month, and at last even three months. The disadvantages of this inaccessibility of the governor soon made themselves keenly felt; perceiving which, he conceived a brilliant thought: he had a number of letter-boxes made, and orders were given to the prisoners, in urgent cases, to write to the governor, but only on Sundays. For this purpose the keepers were to bring them writing materials on Sunday mornings, and they themselves were to put their letters into the boxes, the keys of which were in the hands of the governor only. When we consider that the greater number of the prisoners consisted of the lowest refuse of the people, who never learned to read or write, this number was



completely excluded from every possibility of making their wishes known. Nevertheless, letters accumulated to a vast number, and when Mr. Röckel, after having himself tried this way of communicating with the prison authorities, asked, after a lapse of three months, what had become of his application, he received the answer that the letter-boxes had not yet been opened! Finally, the whole of the boxes were put out of the way without being opened at all.

Mr. Röckel had repeatedly endeavoured to obtain some alleviation of the silent system as applied to political prisoners, and in 1856 permission was received from the minister that they might, at their particular request, be allowed some conversation in the presence of one of the higher officials; but this order, which was communicated to the prisoners, had apparently been accompanied by an injunction never to let it take effect, for, in spite of Mr. Röckel's urgent requests for an interview with a certain friend of his, whom he wished to consult on a literary work of his own, this opportunity was persistently denied him. He was therefore greatly delighted when, one day on the way to church, a political fellow-prisoner secretly put a small packet in his hand, in which, upon opening it in his cell, he found a pencil, a pen, some paper, and some ink-powder, besides a few lines explaining a well-devised plan of correspondence between the friends, to whom every other exchange of thought was denied. For some months their clandestine communications remained undiscovered, but supposed safety made them incautious. One of the keepers one night crept along the passage in his stockings, and overheard the conversation of the occupants of two neighbouring cells, in which they mentioned the correspondence, and the names of some that took part in it. He reported what he had heard to the governor, and that same night all the cells and prisoners were thoroughly searched. The affair was turned into a serious misdemeanor against the state, and Mr. Röckel and others were condemned to four weeks' sick diet of the third class, accompanied by the "log."

A second punishment he received for incautiously speaking to a sentinel, who, seeing him stand still in his walk, ordered him to move on. Mr. Röckel's reply, "But I am not in your way!" had been overheard by one of the keepers, who reported him for speaking; whereupon Mr. Heink condemned him to a week's "dark arrest" and deprivation of supper for four weeks, as well as of the so-called "extra victuals" for several months.

In March, 1859, Minister von Behr paid a visit to the prison, and the prisoners were ordered to appear before him and "state their wishes." They of course knew what this meant, but Mr. Röckel sent his compliments and thanks, and informed the minister that he had no wishes. The others received permission to address a petition for pardon to the king, and were gradually one after the other liberated. Mr. Röckel remained behind as the only "Prisoner of the May days." But in 1861 the affairs and

urgent prayers of his family induced him to address a letter to the king, asking, not for pardon, but for liberation for the sake of his family. The tone of his application offended the king, who therefore refused, but, in consideration of a petition from Mr. Röckel's wife, granted him permission to emigrate to America.

This the prisoner positively refused to do, and only accepted his freedom when the governor of the prison, as well as the attorney and other superior officers, assured him that the condition was a mere form, and that no promise was expected from him which would force him to leave the country. He therefore occupied himself with the preparations for his departure, and in the evening had a last interview with the governor, who implored him not to expose his conduct. This he would not and did not promise. Next morning, before sunrise, he had left the walls within the precincts of which he had been a prisoner for close upon thirteen years. The book under our notice is the first step he takes to call public attention to the abuses of which he was one of the victims.

#### THE LAMENT OF KEPHALOS.

##### 1.

HASTE, Father Helios, haste!  
Finish my days disgraced,  
Emptied, and meaningless.  
Quench, with thine unloved light,  
My longing, and let Night  
Make a great darkness of my deep distress!  
Sandal thy feet with fire  
Fed from my fierce desire,  
And in the reddened inmost of the West  
(Like stems of broken flowers)  
Burn up these blemisht hours  
Whose roots are eaten from them by the canker in  
the breast.  
Ah me, that I might rest  
From this heart-eating grief  
That feeds what it devours;  
Annul'd, abolisht quite, and disposses't  
Of being, like a last year's fallen leaf,  
Lost to sunbeams and showers  
Among forgotten bowers!

##### 2.

The morn to me is dewless,  
And like a sick man's waking  
Out of weary dreams.  
I seek a form long viewless  
Which evermore is making,  
Among the woods and streams,  
A sound that doth my inmost heart  
Sunder, as with a rankling dart,  
And evermore the sullen smart  
Sorer and sorer seems.  
My days are sick with sunlight  
That hath no sweetness in it;  
The pulsing pang of one light  
That, every maddening minute,  
Flashes and fades again,  
Flashes and fades in vain,  
About the dizzy brain,  
Urges the wandering pain  
Of love's most wild endeavour



With never-ending strain  
Of anguish, to recapture  
That light which is for ever  
Lost with its living train  
Of glories robed in rapture!  
The twilight time encroaches  
About the lonesome air,  
Laden with long reproaches  
And faint with old despair.  
The starlight droppeth o'er me  
All night, like chilly tears.  
The night-wind talketh to me,  
With noises in my ears.  
The moonlight searcheth through me  
Like memories of lost years.  
The great midnight before me  
Gapeth with vast fears.

## 3.

In the pure, the early time,  
In the morning whiteness,  
Ere the bee in the budded thyme  
Felt the flowing brightness  
On his golden-girded back,  
When the crystal sky hung clear  
Against the upland track  
Of the startled mountain deer,  
O the dews divine that wet us,  
Frolic fancies to beget us  
And courageous-hearted cheer,  
Mid the dells of high Hymettus  
In the summer-sweeten'd year!  
Up the love lawns amber-lighted,  
Down the placid meadow places,  
Roaming, hand in hand united,  
With the sunrise on our faces!  
And the blue Eubœan bay  
Murmur'd to us in his sleep,  
And Cephissus far away,  
Winding softly to the deep,  
Like a glad thought thro' the dream  
Of a happy man, did seem  
To glance ever,  
Gleam, and quiver  
With a radiant meaning under many a meadow-  
creek,  
While the blithe wind from the water  
Heaved the hair of Herse's daughter  
Into brightness round the rosy-bloomed beauty of  
her cheek.

## 4.

Surely, in that sweet time  
It never was the lark  
That with dewy wing,  
Out o' the dappled dark  
Did delight to spring  
Like a bounding dart  
Up the blue air, and run  
Around the rising sun,  
And in the high light sing  
His love-song sublime  
Loudly echoing.  
Nay, it was no bird,  
'Twas the strong joy of my heart  
That mounted in the morn  
To make his music heard  
Before the day was born.  
And in that sweet time, surely  
'Twas not the nightingale,  
When silver moonlight purely

Search'd all the purple vale,  
That, lock'd in leaves, securely  
Made his wild note prevail  
All the warm night long.  
No! no! no nightingale  
Sung ever joy so strong!  
'Twas the bliss within my breast  
That all night would not rest  
From its own throbbing springs of self-inspired  
song.  
It was thy presence Procris: the inexpressible  
sweetness  
Of the consciousness of thee,  
In that sweet time,  
That did at morn and even  
Trance both earth and heaven  
With music never given  
To any mortal rhyme;  
Flooding to completeness  
All sweet things that be  
Within the spirit's witness:  
Earth and sky, and sea  
Filling with rich fitness  
To the restless joy on me,  
And pouring perfect gladness in perpetual melody.

## 5.

But O the sudden, strange,  
And unendurable change!  
O days on days that range  
From sorrow down to sorrow with an ever-growing  
grief,  
The bleak burthen of the Past!  
O fixedness of fate  
In yet ever fleeting state!  
O falsehood known too late!  
And O remorse that bringest tears which cannot  
bring relief  
To the wretchedness thou hast!  
In the violet-eyed green  
Let not any dews be seen  
Among the vales Ætolian,  
Save of my deep weeping!  
Nor any other sound  
Than of my grief around  
The high night's æolian  
Along the lone Leucadian headlands sweeping,  
And moaning evermore  
About the western shore  
To that bright land beyond the west, where Procris  
sweet is sleeping!  
Haste, Father Helios, haste!  
Finish these days disgraced,  
• Emptied, and meaningless.  
Quench, with yon quivering light,  
This too-long questioning sight  
That nothing answers save endured distress!  
Delay no longer, Father, from thy rest,  
Thou goëst grandly, with a greating zest,  
And gravely, down where heaven is silentest  
Across the waters! Take me with thee, me  
Thy son. For somewhere in the wondrous west,  
Mid realms of gold remember'd half, half  
guest,  
To me 'twas prophesied that I should be  
Free'd from a form my spirit spurns. The  
crest  
Of yon tall peak now flares purpureal,  
And even now methinks that I hear fall  
From far, a music, faint, funeral.  
To me, to me, my long lost kindred call.  
Where slowly ope the solemn porches all,



Slowly the golden gates majestic!  
 O august faces in my Father's hall!  
 O, Procris, perfect wife! O lean—at last  
 —One plunge—I clasp thee,—earth being over-  
 past!

### AT THE GREAT REFORMATORY EXHIBITION.

THE huge Agricultural Hall, erected a year or two ago in the northern district of London, to relieve Baker-street from the overgrown proportions of the Cattle Show, has done much to dispel an idea long prevalent in the fashionable regions of the west, that Islington was a far country which only the most adventurous would care to explore, and to which no one ever set out without making his will and settling his family affairs. Indeed, I myself, who make no pretension to be considered a denizen of the genteel west, and who have long been familiar with the stages of the City-road, until very lately shared in this fashionable idea. I conceived it on my first visit to Sadler's Wells Theatre. Being a new arrival in London, I was bent upon seeing all the sights, and at the same time making myself acquainted with the topographical bearings of the great wilderness which was henceforth to be my home. For this reason, and another of an economical nature, which I need not further particularise than to mention that it was a half-price-to-the-pit-expedition—Mr. Phelps in Henry the Fourth for intellectual, and a bun and a bottle of ginger-beer for physical refreshment—for these two good and sufficient reasons, I *walked*. I started immediately after tea, which, being partaken of in Somers-town, I need not say indicates the fashionable hour of five P.M. I was young then, and conceited, as it is in the nature of most young persons to be, and I disdained to ask my way. If I were to say that I was a Scotch young man, you would not perhaps think it surprising that I had sedulously devoted myself to the study of the map of London. I *had* devoted myself to that branch of knowledge, and flattered myself that London, topographically considered, lay at my feet, a conquered place. I fondly believed that, with Mogg for my pioneer, I had conquered even before I came and saw.

A little practical application of my knowledge, however, convinced me that I was mistaken. Too confident of my acquaintance with short cuts, I lost myself in Bagnigge-wells, only to find myself, after an hour's walking, in Upper Holloway. King's-cross was a sort of loadstone rock in my trackless path. Sail which way I would, east, west, north, or south, I was always drawn back to King's-cross.

Richard was not more bothered by his Richmond than I was by that lamp-post in the middle of four converging ways. When at last I reached the Moated Grange of Thalia and Melpomene, it was nigh upon half-price hour, and I was weary and footsore. Again, on returning, I lost myself in Smithfield, floundered

into the heart of the City, floundered back again, and did not reach Somers-town until the small hours of the morning. From that time forward, I regarded a journey to Islington as a very serious affair, not to be undertaken lightly, nor without due preparation.

When the Cattle Show was removed to Islington, I bade farewell to it. W. and W.C. generally, I think, bade farewell to it. Never more would fashionable eyes rest upon the prize ox, the honourably mentioned sheep, and the meritorious pig. They were gone from our gaze, far out of reach, into distant Islington. This impression of a remote country still weighed upon my mind when the call of duty recently required me to visit the Reformatory Exhibition. It was held in the Agricultural Hall, which was situated, as I understood, some distance beyond the Angel. I was in the Strand when duty called upon me, rather peremptorily, to go at once, as the Exhibition would be opened at four o'clock by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Now, I am never indifferent to the call of duty; but it occurred to me to pause for a little, and inquire, if I were prepared for this arduous expedition. Had I money enough to defray the expenses? One pound four and sixpence. Would that be sufficient? My boots were rather thin; I had left my great-coat at home; I had no card about me for the purpose of identification in case of accident; I had not had my dinner. I was determined to fortify my inner man at least, and I dined as substantially as I could, without encroaching too far upon my limited stock of cash. I further took in coals for the journey in the shape of bottled beer and full-bodied wines, and then, having filled my cigar-case, I hailed a Hansom and started. The horse looked a good one to go; I had a full hour before me—possibly I should get there in time.

I was calculating how much the man would charge me, and whether three and sixpence would be received with thanks or with oburgations, when a sudden jerk of the cab caused me to look up. I was actually in Clerkenwell! I had scarcely taken three puffs at my cigar before there flashed upon my vision the word "Boxes," inscribed upon the door of a white building on the left. Sadler's Wells! I am still wondering if it can be the same moated grange of the drama to which I once journeyed so painfully, when another flash reveals to me the word "Angel." Away through a crowd of 'busses, sharply to the left, and immediately I find myself in a road lined with expectant spectators. A tightening of the right rein, a crunching clattering pull up close to the kerbstone, and here I am at the grand entrance of the Agricultural Hall, far away in Islington! It is little more than half a cigar since I left the Strand. What conjuration and mighty magic have done this? Shall I try the driver with a shilling? I do, with some misgiving; but he accepts it cheerfully, and thanks me as if he meant it, by which I know that it is less than two miles to the



Strand. So does human progress, promoted by Exhibition Halls, dissipate prejudice and dispel the mists of delusion. When the Prince proclaimed the Reformatory Exhibition open, he at the same time intimated to many there present in the reserved seats, that Islington was within the reach of even the most fashionable and westerly residents of the metropolis.

Instead of being behind time, I was before time, and considering it bad manners to go round and inspect the treasures before the Prince, I awaited his Royal Highness's arrival at the northern entrance. I was sorry to observe a very very sparse attendance of the public in general. The public in particular was pretty numerously represented in the reserved seats; but the great body of the hall was almost deserted. It could not be said that there was a want of attraction. The exhibition was the first of its kind, and the Prince of Wales was coming to open it. But "five shillings," I suspect, was a little too much to the body of the hall. Had it been one shilling, the thousands who were contenting themselves with a sight of the outside of the show would have walked up and paid their money; and it would not have happened that the Prince entered the hall without encountering a sufficient number of his mother's loyal subjects to raise anything like a cheer in his honour. None seemed more disgusted with this state of things than the police, who were of the A division, and accustomed to the more fervid loyalty of the west. There were just forty of us at the royal entrance, including shoe-black boys, stall attendants, the Lord Mayor, a sheriff, the civic old gentleman in the fur hat and his inseparable companion the other civic old gentleman with the sword; and we stood quietly in two rows, and were so well behaved and orderly, that I am sure the four policemen in charge hated us from the bottom of their hearts. I saw it written in their faces: "Why don't you shove about and give us an opportunity of exercising our authority? Pretty thing for officers of the A division to have to come up all the way from Whitehall to take charge of a set of milksops like you, who haven't the courage even to step upon that old rag of a carpet that they have laid down for the Prince to walk upon." I am sure that particular officer who had charge of me and the shoe-black boy (who, by the way, had decorated his box with counterfeit coins for the occasion) would have given anything if I had stepped upon the carpet. He stepped upon it himself, as if to tempt me on—trailed it like the tail of his coat (he was Irish) to challenge me to a collision with the authorities. When I obstinately declined the challenge, and persisted in being provokingly peaceable and orderly to the last, the officer went off duty in disgust, evidently satisfied that I hadn't the spirit to molest a fly, much less his Royal Highness.

I never witnessed so tame a royal procession. The two civic old gentlemen advanced, the one doddering under his muff, the other staggering

under his sword; there was a glitter of preposterous gold cable, signifying Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and then without a sound, and before we knew what it all meant, there strolled past us a very gentlemanly-looking young man, in company with a very venerable old man, chatting together pleasantly, and apparently asking after each other's health, and the healths of those who belonged to them at Marlborough House and Lambeth Palace. Now this quiet proceeding was very disappointing to me and my friend of the shoe-black brigade, but no doubt to the Prince it was highly agreeable; and possibly he would go home and report that he had spent a most delightful day without being run after, and shouted at, and otherwise treated as if he were a wild animal let loose to be baited.

My policeman returned at this point, evidently expecting to catch me out in following the royal procession through the sacred avenue towards the dais; but I disappointed him again by turning on my heel and ascending to the gallery, where a juvenile brand rescued from the burning immediately invited me to have my card printed in large German text, suitable for the ironmongery line. Feeling the active operations of the printing press to be unseemly—though otherwise honourable—while the archbishop was reading prayers, I declined, but with regret, and sauntered along to a point where I could obtain a good view of the opening ceremony.

Opening ceremonies are all very much alike, and even when they have the advantage of novelty, they are not interesting. All I will say of this one is, that the Prince read his reply to the address with much aplomb, with good emphasis, and in a singularly clear and distinct voice. It did, however, appear a little absurd that the Earl of Shaftesbury should read an address to him, and then hand him the reply he was to make to it.

It is time, I think, to enter some protest against certain forms and ceremonies which are observed in dealing with royal personages—futile nonsense which only tends to make them look ridiculous. Why could not this young Prince, who spoke better than any one there, and generally conducted himself naturally and with good sense, be entrusted with the custody of his own speech? Taking that speech from the hands of the nobleman who addressed him, was the only unnatural thing he did. It was making a schoolboy of him—teaching him to say his A B C, as if he were one of those reformatory lads who could not be trusted with the custody of the spelling-book out of which they learned their lessons. I would also suggest to the chroniclers of courtly doings, that it does not tend to exalt the importance of royal personages to say of them that they are "graciously pleased to approve" this, that, and the other. I read once that the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to express his approval of Niagara. I wonder the reporter did not go on to say that the compliment was ap-



preciated in the proper quarter. These remarks were forcibly suggested to me on the present occasion, when I had a good opportunity of being assured that the Prince of Wales is a sensible, hearty, unaffected young man, whose genial nature and good taste do not require him to condescend to anything that becomes a rational being and an English gentleman.

The Exhibition was an International one; indeed, it might be said that it contained specimens of the reformatory art and industry of all nations. There were, in addition to those of London and the English provinces, contributions from France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Portugal, Hanover, Italy, Dresden, Saxony, Malta, Egypt, and America. Few, perhaps, had any idea that the reformatory movement had penetrated to some of the countries here mentioned. Egypt, for example. Who would have thought that Cairo had a ragged school, where Moslem girls are taught to do embroidery and read the Bible! A curious difficulty besets the efforts of the patrons of this Egyptian school. The girls are most irregular in their attendance, being often taken away when mere children to be married.

The trophy which stood at the main entrance of this Exhibition may be said to have been the key to the general nature of its contents. In the great International unreformed Exhibition of 1862, the trophy which challenged attention on entrance was a pyramid, representing the bulk of all the gold dug up in Australia. Here, it was a pyramid composed of halfpenny bundles of firewood, chopped and tied up by the boys in a reformatory. The art and industry generally were of this humble order, manifesting themselves most commonly in brushes, mats, clothes-pegs, baskets, woollen socks, and blacking; soaring upwards, here and there, to mahogany cabinet work, patent leather boots, and gentlemen's dress suits. The British reformatories had sent not only specimens of their manufactures, but also specimens of the manufacturers. Along the outer sides of the great hall, boys from various reformatories were conducting the ordinary occupations of their workshops; making mats, chopping firewood, printing bills, &c. You would scarcely think that there was much art in chopping firewood, or that the operation was in any degree an interesting one. Yet I found myself more fascinated, so to speak, by the wood-chopping, than by any other process I witnessed. It is one of the things in the list with driving a gig and writing a leading article, that we all think we can do. But after witnessing the magical chopper performance of these boys, I am ready to confess that I could not earn my salt at wood-chopping. It is almost as wonderful as Colonel (I wish he wasn't a colonel, but I don't quite know why) Stodare's basket trick. The colonel stabs a basket through and through with a sword, without hurting the well-grown young lady inside it; and these boys bring down a chopper with steam power rapidly upon three or four slices of wood without chopping their fingers. Every time, the chopper misses

the forefinger and thumb by a hair's breadth, and the little sticks fall on either side like rain. The domestic maxim, that you should not trust children with edged tools, is laughed to scorn. Yes, there is art even in chopping.

Here are four-and-twenty little tailors all of a row, sitting cross-legged on a bench, stitching away at coats, and waistcoats, and trousers—such very little mites of tailors that it would require a thorough acquaintance with decimal fractions to say how many of them would be required to make a man. Below them are ranged a row of little shoemakers, with little lapstones on their little knees, and little awls in their little hands, making full-grown boots—Lilliput cobbling for Brobdingnag, Hop-o'-my-Thumb making seven-leagued boots for Goliath. And then we come upon lads of ten or twelve years making bristles to grow out of bald pieces of wood, and giving them complete heads of hair with a rapidity that might well excite the envy of the proprietor of the "patent regenerator." Boys conjuring with loose pieces of oakum, and magically producing mats interwoven with permanent injunctions to "Wipe your Feet," and "Beware of the Dog," the latter in what might be called dog Latin; girls clear-starching and ironing elaborately-stitched shirt-fronts, the M.A. examination of laundry; others making lace, twirling about countless bobbins, all as like each other as peas, with as much familiarity as if they were marked and numbered; blind young women working the sewing-machine, and, with their quickened sense of touch, guiding the strips of leather or cloth with the greatest accuracy and precision; boys and girls folding and pasting paper bags, others printing labels or bill-heads—on every side busy hands finding some useful work to do, and doing it earnestly and well.

Little pamphlets that are handed to me as I pass along furnish some interesting particulars of the results of reformatory work. Here is a small slip of paper which informs me that when all the homes in connexion with the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution are full, three thousand meals a week have to be provided for the support of the inmates. During the past seven years the Islington Reformatory has admitted 186 boys, 46 of whom are still under its care, and 115 are known to be doing well. The London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, in the Euston-road, has, since 1857, admitted 1765 women and girls. Of these, 863 were provided with situations, 846 were restored to their friends, 70 were married, 12 emigrated, 5 died, 46 were dismissed, and 381 left the homes, before the expiration of their term, to seek employment. As showing the destitute, friendless, and cast-away condition of these unfortunate creatures, it is stated that only 636 of them had fathers living; only 688 had mothers; 470 had neither parents living, and 89 never knew or heard of their parents. Some of the causes assigned as leading to the fall of the inmates are stated as follows: "Breach of promise of marriage,



62; bad company and inebriety, 53; destitution, 39; gaiety, love of dress and liberty, 24; depravity of employers, 19; various causes, 29.<sup>22</sup> The Industrial School in Mansell-street, White-chapel, established for the purpose of affording employment to homeless and destitute poor boys, has provided for no less than three thousand street Arabs. One home for the training and maintenance of destitute boys not convicted of crimes, has a farm at East Barnet, where the boys are profitably employed in the operations of husbandry. I saw specimens of their butter, pork, and home-made bread. Altogether there were represented in this Exhibition about one hundred and seventy (British and Foreign) of these benevolent institutions, entirely supported by voluntary contributions of the public.

Moving about among the stalls—mostly attended by Phillis of the neat hand, and her sisters—I pass in review a great variety of articles of use and ornament contributed by charitable and humane institutions, whose objects are almost as various as the products they exhibit. It is an epitome of the all-embracing charity of the Christian world. There is no calamity either of the mind or body, no misfortune or disadvantage to which humanity is subject, which has not found a Good Samaritan to extend the helping hand, to bind up the wounds, to cheer with words of comfort and hope. It is most affecting to witness these results, and no less so to think how many large-hearted, good, kind, devoted people there are in the world, for ever going about imitating the example of Him who forgave the fallen, who was patient with little children, who made the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk—who was the Exemplar to mankind of all that is merciful and good. And there are people who say that this is a wicked world!

#### A FAT LITTLE BOOK.

AMONG the friends I have picked up in the world is a fat little book five inches high, and two inches broad, which carries about in its body the social soul of an old German professor and doctor in both faculties, whose name, unknown to biographical dictionaries, was, I suppose, Otto Schwartzmann, or, as we should say, Blackman, for he translated himself into Greek literary style as Otho Melander. Perhaps my fat little friend cannot be said to carry about Melander's soul, for I found him neglected and in rags, one of the last of his race, reduced to a shopboard in a dirty lane, gave him a new coat and a home in a little colony of well-to-do books where he soon took up a respectable position, from which he has no present thought of setting out upon a fresh course of knocking up and down the world, as he had done for the last two hundred and sixty years. For the fat little book was born at Frankfurt in the year of the death of Queen Elizabeth, and the Melander whose soul then went into it was dead. But he had not long been dead. Four years before

that date he had been seeing a strong little Scotchman, who exhibited at Marburg feats of astonishing agility after three blacksmiths had made horse-shoes on an anvil laid upon his stomach. The fat little book's printer had been an old chum of the doctor's at the university of Marburg in Hesse Cassel, a university that had numbered among its students Patrick Hamilton, the first of the Scotch Reformers, and our Bible translator, William Tyndale. Moreover, the collection printed by a genial friend is heartily dedicated to another chum of the same printer, a learned citizen of Antwerp, with whom he had talked often of the pleasant stories yielded by their common studies. So there is a comfortable little glow of friendship among learned gossips, warming us as we cross the threshold of Melander's book. As for the work itself, what we find in it is the life of a dead and forgotten German professor, who some two hundred and seventy years ago fastened with special relish upon touches of life and humour that flashed on him from the books he read, often books that are now read no more, or upon touches of the life about him, or the current stories of his day that gave home truth to dramas then being acted, or that had been lately acted in the playhouse of the world.

I choose to think that the Herr Doctor, with no sourness in him, was short, and fat, and cheery as his book, a ripe scholar, grown on the sunny side of the wall of knowledge. He put some of the warmth at his heart, no doubt, into his teaching of the students. He relieved certainly the dullness of discourse among his brother doctors over the thin wine and the dear tobacco—tobacco had only found its way to Europe in Melander's lifetime—he relieved their solid talk with frequent chirp of pleasant stories derived from his intercourse with books and men. Pleasant walks and talk by the banks of the Lahn, the well-read professor's well-timed anecdote in common hall, studies enjoyed and a life enjoyed are the essences that make the perfume of Melander's commonplace book of the jest and earnest he had read or heard. Bond-street can bottle nothing so delicious and so lasting as the perfumery of those books into which have been poured any of the better essences of life. Their living fragrance is as of the flowers, and a well-stocked library is sweeter than the richest garden to those who have paid for the key of the gate, and are free to gather for themselves among its blossoms. That garden has its roses, and queen lilies, and its stately trees, its sunny walks with fruit on either hand, its fountains, and cool glades. The little Melander, though a scarce plant in it, is but of the family of its weeds, but a weed whereof, if we rub a little at its leaves, we shall soon find the fragrance.

It exhales in stories of all sorts. From one book that he had been reading, Simler's account of the death of Bullinger (and nearly all his authorities are as remote as that from modern use), our merry little friend picked up



an odd story of laughter. When Erasmus first read the Letters of Obscure Men, satirising ignorance and misdeeds of the clergy, he laughed so much as to produce an abscess in the cheek. And the doctors caused it to be opened, lest he should burst it by continued laughter. A truer story of Erasmus is also quoted; the Marburg professor being, of course, a good Protestant. George, Duke of Saxony, once inquired of Erasmus concerning the religious questions of the day, and receiving cautious answers, by which the scholar would not commit himself, said to him, "My Erasmus, wash me this dress, but take care that you do not wet it." Another of Melander's notes is of a Bishop at Zurich, who consecrated a cemetery, and being asked by some poor countryfolks where, since the whole of the cemetery had been consecrated, the unbaptised infants were to lie, charged an additional fee for unconsecrating or profaning part of it. Melander repeats also a story that had been told by Luther, of a shoemaker, whose wife vexed him by paying a round sum of money for one of Pope Leo's plenary indulgences, whereby she was to be cleansed of all sins, exempt from purgatory, and get, in short, a free passage to paradise. When his wife died, the shoemaker paid nothing for church services and masses for her soul. Being questioned as a contemner of religion, and as one who had dealt impiously by his late wife, he averred that, as to her body, he had buried it, and as to her soul, there were no masses for it wanted, because he knew that it had gone immediately to heaven. Being asked how he could know that, he produced the Pope's warrant to that effect. As it was not thought decent to decree that the Pope had cheated the shoemaker's wife, the shoemaker was allowed to keep the money claimed of him for masses. Melander tells another story of a priest preaching in praise of masses to the people of a German town. "These masses," he said, "may be of no advantage to the dead, but they are great profit to us," meaning us their survivors, but the people took him to mean us the priests, and overwhelmed him with their laughter. But the cunning usually was with the pardoners and relic-mongers. One went to Tübingen with old bones, and said that whoever kissed those relics should for a twelvemonth be untouched by plague. Prince Eberhard, resentful of his impudence, accused the man of lying. Men kissed and yet died of the plague. "That may be," said the cheat, "because nobody does kiss the relics. They only kiss the glass that covers them."

Of course there are many tales of whimsical overreaching. Two men, both cowards, met in a narrow way, neither disposed to turn out of the road. "Give me the road," said one, in braggart voice, "Or, if you don't, I'll do for you what I did for the man who refused it to me yesterday." The other scrambled aside in terror, and when he of the braggart voice had gone by, asked him, timidly, "What did you do, sir, to the man who refused you the road yesterday, and would not get out of your way?"

"Why," said the other, "I let him keep the road, and got out of *his* way."

A Spaniard and a German held debate over the relative smartness of the different nations of the world. "I," said the Spaniard, "can take an egg from under a sitting bird without disturbing her." "Do that," said the German, "and I will let you see what I can do." So they went into the wood and searched till they had found a tree with a bird's-nest near the top of it. The Spaniard took off his sword, and belt, and spurs, his rustling silk mantle, and his cap and plumes, laid them at the foot of the tree, and began noiselessly to mount. While he was intent on getting at the nest, the German walked off with the Spaniard's arms and cap, and cloak and feathers. It was decreed, therefore, that the German was the smarter fellow.

A certain abbot was asked why, in the hearing of causes, he always continued to make difficulties, though he was so often wrong. "Why," he said, "I am like the boys who cannot pass a walnut-tree without throwing stones into it, in hope that nuts may fall."

An ignorant pardoner was boasting that he had been through fifty cities, staying a year and a half in each. When somebody asked how old he was, he answered "not yet forty," so that he had been wandering through cities for five-and-thirty years before he was born.

Another boaster said, he had been in a country where bees were as large as sheep. "Then," somebody asked, "how big are the beehives?" "Not bigger than ours." "But how do the bees as big as sheep get into them?" "That's their affair."

Fleas as well as abbots and pardoners were more troublesome three hundred years ago than they are now. Melander quotes a charm against fleas:

Manstula, Correbp, Budigosma, Tarantula, Calpe,  
Thymrula, Dinari, Golba, Cadura, Prepon.

Say this nine times before getting into bed, and after each time of saying drink three tankards of wine.

But our Melander has his serious and half-serious moods in the way of story-telling. Here is an odd tale of murder and calf's head. A man diligent, courteous, and gentle, loved the daughter of the house in which he served, but might not marry her because he was a foreigner, poor, and a servant. One day he met on a lonely road a merchant with his wealth about him, killed him, and took possession of his wealth. He kept it secretly, and presently, producing a small part of it, said to his master that a relative abroad, whose heir he would be, was dying, and had sent that as travelling money, with request that he would go to him. He went away, returned, and produced as his inheritance the money of the murdered merchant. His master then received him as a son-in-law, and in due time he inherited with his wife the property of her father. Because he was still diligent, courteous, and gentle, he became a



magistrate, and was respected greatly by his fellow-citizens. One day there was a case of homicide to be tried, and he told his wife that he should like something specially nice for dinner, because there was a case of homicide to be tried, and he should be tired and need comfort. He went to church, and coming home again, before going to take his seat among the judges, looked into the pantry to see what had been got for dinner. Now his wife had been getting a calf's head, because that was a favourite dish of his. But the head seemed to him to be the bloodless head of a dead man. He turned away with horror. His wife showed him his error, but he went into court strongly moved, and when, in opening the proceedings, the law against homicide and the doom of murder had been read out, he rose and said, "By that doom I must die." Then he told from his seat as a magistrate the story of the murder he had himself long since committed. All declared that his self-accusation was a freak of insanity, for what man in the town was kinder and more honoured than he, what man less likely to be a murderer? He replied urgently that it was not insanity but conscience, that his future life was lost if he did not make in this world full atonement for his crime. He told on what spot he had not only slain the merchant, but had also buried him, and he asked that the scaffold for his own execution might be built over his victim's grave. The place was searched, the body found, and over the place of its burial they struck off the head of the man whom a white calf's head, seen in the gloom of his pantry, had thus sent to confession.

Men will be gentle, generous, in love and honour with the world, while they have great crimes on their souls; and they will quarrel also about nothing. Two disputants, one drunk, one sober, were brought before Martin Luther. "Are you a Lutheran?" asked the drunken man of the other. "I am a Martinist," he answered. Upon which both drew their swords, and they could hardly be restrained from killing one another because, zealous both for Martin Luther, one called himself Martinist, the other Lutheran. So men will often quarrel about mere words, said Melander.

But there are names and names, and stones and stones. The same names and the same stones do not meet always the same fate. Happy the stones, said Protarchus, of which images are made. They are set up on the altars, and we kneel to them. While other stone of the same rock is trodden under foot and spat upon.

Melander tells ghost stories from Pliny, of the miserable old man in heavy chains who beckoned to the place where his body had been left dead, chained and unburied; and of the hair-cutting ghosts whose hair-cutting was only a vague sign of danger. Also of the image of a friend recently dead that got into a man's bed and crept close to him, and had feet colder than ice. And this reminds one of another unpleasant story, which our friend quotes from Erasmus, of a toad

that came and sat on a monk's mouth after he had gone to bed. It fixed its claws in the monk's upper and lower lips. To pull it away was poison, and to let it sit was suffocation. The monk's friends decided to carry him as he lay to the window, where there was a great spider, and place his head under the spider's web. The spider attacked the toad, and his first attack made the toad swell, but did not make it loose its hold; the second attack made it swell yet more, but did not kill it. After the third attack the toad unfixed its claws and died. So the spider paid the clergy for its lodging.

### PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER.

THIS old saying would appear to imply that there is a perpetual contest between Devil and Baker. The poor Baker gets the worst of the struggle, to the best of our making out, even down to this hour.

The bakers, poor fellows! do indeed lead an unnatural life. Donald Mackenzie (for the bakehouses are strong in Scotchmen) is at work when we are asleep, and when he *ought* to be asleep. Like many other men employed in monotonous labour, his pay is rather small; but the worst of it is that his working hours are filtered through the whole of the twenty-four in each day, in such a way as to forbid a good, sound, honest sleep of several hours' duration. His sleep is brief, broken, hot, stuffy, unwholesome. He is trying whether parliament can help him; but it is only some of the minor parts of the evil that can be reached in this way. Raw young men cross the Tweed southward, and keep the market always supplied with persons willing to enter a bakehouse at low wages. The journeymen bakers are many thousand strong (or weak?) in the metropolis alone; and they certainly ought to get into a decent mode of life.

It is not at all probable that London bread was baked during the night in old times. Families baked bread at home much more than they do now, and the establishment of bakers' shops was consequently exceptional. When people had faith in the paternal relation between the governors and the governed, and in the fitness and power of the governors to determine prices, the bakers were under regular supervision as to their charges. The price of bread was determined by that of wheat, and the weight of the loaf was made to vary as the price of wheat varied; this rule, called the assize of bread, remained in force during many centuries. In the time of Henry the Seventh, when a penny was a mighty coin in value, the size or weight of a penny loaf was authoritatively determined at Michaelmas, according to the price of wheat, in a way that settled exactly what amount of profit the bakers should obtain; and that weight remained in force for twelve months. From the time of Queen Anne until that of George the Fourth, the municipal authorities of any town had the power of determining the price of bread, not according



to that of wheat but to that of flour; they might settle what should be the weight of the loaves, and the price charged for each, according as it was white, wheaten, or household bread. The usual allowance to the baker varied from a shilling to eighteen-pence on the price of a bushel of flour; and the magistrates had at all times the power to enter his shop and bakehouse, to see whether the baker was a good man and true in his mixings and bakings. It was assumed by law that twenty peck loaves of seventeen pounds six ounces each, or eighty quarter loaves of one-fourth that weight each, can be made from a sack or two hundred and eighty pounds of flour (that is, about five pounds of bread from four pounds of flour); but a skilful baker was able to produce eighty-five quarter loaves to the sack, and this surplus augmented his profits, giving him one loaf to himself out of every sixteen. Out of these circumstances arose cheap bread, small masters, and dirty bakehouses. A sliding scale having been established by the authorities, which fixed the price of a quarter loaf at eightpence when flour was forty shillings per sack, seventeen-pence when flour was a hundred shillings per sack, and proportionately between these two extremes, any one who went below these assize prices was ranked as a cheap baker. As is usual in matters of commercial protection, neither buyers nor sellers were quite satisfied; the assize laws were abolished, and now any baker may sell his bread for what prices he pleases.

At the present time, about one-fourth of the bakers in the metropolis are known as high-priced bakers, living in or serving the well-to-do neighbourhoods; the other three-fourths, the cheap bakers, serve chiefly the middle and humble classes. But any man, so far as the law is concerned, may sell dear or cheap, and may make his bread good or bad—provided he looks to his weights and scales, and does not venture too far into the slough of adulteration.

There is no clear evidence that bread was made at night until the present century. Sometimes to get more batches in a given time, sometimes to make a batch larger than usual, the introducers of the cheap-bread system coaxed, or bribed, or encouraged their helpers to work long hours. These cheap masters themselves would in many cases labour away half through the night, and would insist upon their journeymen and apprentices doing the same. And so the system spread from one cheap baker to another, and from the cheap baker to the full-priced baker, until it became a regular thing for bread-makers to work very long days indeed.

What, then, is a baker's life? In what is called the London season, and at the high-priced shops, the men begin work at about eleven o'clock at night, when other folks are thinking about going to bed. They are engaged in bread-making, with a few short intervals (during which they try to catch forty winks), until seven or eight o'clock in the morning: baking the plain loaves, the fancy bread, the rolls, &c., in certain routine. They are then

engaged several hours in carrying out bread, with an occasional dose of biscuit-baking in the afternoon. If they get six hours' freedom from the shop in the evening for their main supply of sleep, it is about as much as they can reckon upon. Their work during the day, although in the open air, is by no means light, for they have to carry heavy baskets and to wheel heavy trucks or barrows. Friday is a harder day than the rest, because they have to provide nearly for two days' consumption; they enter the bakehouse an hour or so earlier than on other evenings, and make a longer night's work of it. Saturday night is the only one on which the poor baker feels himself at liberty to tuck himself comfortably into bed for a good long sleep, like a Christian; he has no batch to attend to on that night. His Sunday is not much of a Sunday to him, seeing that he must attend two or three times during the day to prepare the "ferment" and "sponge" for the night's baking—else, as things are now managed, we should have no hot rolls on Monday morning, and no bread at all by Monday evening or so. Bad as this is, the workmen employed by the cheap bakers lead a still harder life. As most of the bread is sold over the counter, there is very little out-door work to do; the poor drudge hasn't even the pleasure of taking out the basket, which would give him an opportunity to have a little chat with Mary the nursemaid round at Number Four. From Thursday evening till Saturday evening these men almost live in the bakehouse, so great is the work done to supply an ample stock of bread by the time when working men and their families begin to spend the Saturday night's wages. Then, again, working people have baked dinners on Sunday to an extent quite beyond the experience of families in a better station in life; these dinners are baked mostly by the cheap bakers, and add to the Sunday labours of the journeymen and apprentices. In autumn, when genteel folks go out of town, the West-end bakers are more at leisure, and the delivery of bread is ended by two or three o'clock in the afternoon; this gives the men an evening of eight or nine hours' duration for amusement and bed. But poor families have no out-of-town season; the cheap bakers who supply them make about as much bread at one time of the year as another, and the fags in the bakehouse know of no change—except additional heat in summer. The details differ at different times and in different localities; but it is admitted that, in a general way, this is not an over-coloured picture of a baker's life. As matters were until a recent change was made (of which we shall speak presently), two other evils were added to these of nightwork and long hours. Young lads, coming from the country, from Scotland, or from Germany, to seek their fortune in the great world of London, were willing to enter the service of bakers; because, as the trade is easy to learn, they became useful at once, and received money wages instead of having to pay an apprenticeship premium. Hence the proportion of boys and youths in



bakehouses was large. And these youngsters worked, in most cases, just as many hours as the men, stagnating their young blood at hours when they ought to have enjoyed open-air recreation. Worse than this, the bakehouses were in very many instances disgracefully dirty and unwholesome places, in which drains and vermin had matters pretty much their own way, and in which the weary men and boys threw themselves down to sleep on the very kneading-boards which had contained, and would again contain, the dough for making into bread. Happily for our tranquillity of mind, we did not know all the circumstances, sudorific and atmospheric, that accompanied the fabrication of the loaves which were to grace our tables.

This state of things has been complained of by the men for a very long period. They petitioned parliament sixteen or eighteen years ago. They formed unions and associations for mutual protection and benefit. They obtained the aid of Dr. Guy, who prepared a valuable medical report on the manifold evils resulting from the way in which bakehouses were managed. They ascertained that the master bakers of Edinburgh manage so to conduct their operations as to render nightwork scarcely necessary; and they were the means of inducing those masters to make a friendly communication on the subject to the London masters. They pointed out how much advantage had followed the adoption of improved processes in the Carlisle bakeries, in the Nevill bakeries, and in those employing the dough-mixing machines of Mr. Stevens and Dr. Daughlish. They showed that the joint-stock co-operative bakeries of the north have nothing to do with long hours, nightwork, or dirty bakehouses. And they adduced only too much reason for believing that, under the London system of bread-making, the moral and social improvement of working bakers is almost an impossibility. Moved by this accumulated testimony, the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, when Home Secretary, about four years ago, requested Mr. Seymour Tremenheere, an experienced factory inspector, to investigate the whole affair, and to report upon it. Mr. Tremenheere did so; and in his report of three hundred pages, he showed that nearly all the statements were fully borne out by facts. He concluded that legislation was desirable. He felt that statute law cannot interfere with long hours or nightwork for adults, but that we could properly insist on a limitation in the hours of labour for young persons, and on a sanitary police to be observed in bakehouses. And so an act was passed to carry out these recommendations.

This statute, then, which declares under what regulations bakehouses shall be placed, came into force in eighteen hundred and sixty-three. In any town containing a population of five thousand persons or more, all bakehouses, with the passages and staircases leading to them, are to be washed, limewashed, or painted periodically. All, whether in large or in small towns, are to be kept clean, ventilated, and free from effluvia. No place on the same level as the bakehouse is to be used as

a sleeping-room unless separated from it by a partition, and provided with a glazed window susceptible of being open and closed. No person under the age of eighteen, whether receiving wages or not, is to be employed in any bakehouse between the hours of nine in the evening and five in the morning. The local authority in any town, municipal or of whatever other kind, is to appoint inspectors, who are empowered to enforce the provisions of the act; and the enforcement is mostly by means of fine, varying in amount from one pound to twenty pounds. This is all: clean bakehouses, and a prohibition against employing boys and youths in nightwork. Nothing concerning the hours of labour for adults, or the wages paid to journeymen.

There has just been made public a return tending to show how bakers are getting on under the protection of the new act. As in many other cases of exceptional legislation, those whom it was intended to benefit are not exactly satisfied with the result. Last summer Mr. Tremenheere made inquiries of the various officers of health concerning the extent to which the act had been put in operation. About two thousand bakehouses in the metropolis were reported on by the medical officers of the various District Health Boards. It is curious to look over the list of things which had *not* been done, and which required the health officers to stir up the master bakers a little. Not cleaned nor whitewashed; drains out of repair; no water supply to closets; closet separated from bakehouse only by a thin partition, or by nothing at all; no ventilation; "floor more than one foot deep in rotten refuse;" drains without traps; rabbits kept in the bakehouse; ceilings and walls crumbling away; very dirty in all respects; an uncovered dust-heap in a bakehouse; open cesspools; too little light; covered with cobwebs; fowls, ducks, and pigs kept close to the bakehouse; no dust-bin; the drying of dyed hair and the baking of bread carried on alternately in the same bakehouse; stable and stable refuse close to the bakehouse, &c. Now, these are not very pleasant accompaniments to "best wheaten bread," its making and baking; but it must be remembered that the instances were spread over an aggregate of two thousand, that the act had not been long in operation, and that the bakers promised to be very good people indeed when the medical officers pointed out to them what was necessary to be done. Mr. Tremenheere gathered from these several reports that the evils above named were calculated to injure both the health of the persons employed and the purity of the bread made, but that they were in a fair way to be gradually removed. As to the maintenance of sleeping-places within the bakehouse, or to the employment of youths and boys during the night, the reports spoke of very few instances indeed in the metropolis. In connexion with the same inquiry, about fourteen hundred bakehouses were reported upon in Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, York, Nottingham, and Plymouth; and the general tenor of the whole was, that the bakers were polishing up as fast as



could reasonably be expected. At Bristol it was found that there were exactly half as many bakehouses as persons employed in them, or two men and youths to each bakehouse—a proportion which shows that the establishments are mostly very small. All seemed going on pretty well in a course of gradual improvement.

Last autumn, however, the Operative Bakers' Vigilance Association hit out right and left, giving their masters a heavy blow and severe discouragement. They memorialised the Home Secretary, asserting that the act was nearly in abeyance; that in the majority of parishes in the metropolis its provisions had been totally unheeded; that in hundreds of bakehouses in the metropolis youths under eighteen years of age were still employed by night; that in all parts of London and its environs sleeping in the bakehouses continued to be a common practice; and that "a vast number of bakehouses are still in that filthy condition as to be totally unfit places in which to manufacture the staple food of the public." The authorities were taken aback at this; they did not know whether black is white, or white black, or either, or neither, or both. Sir George Grey, who had succeeded Sir George Lewis at the Home Office, could not examine two thousand bakehouses and ascertain for himself; he therefore requested Mr. Tremeneere to dive into the matter, and to get at the truth. Quite recently (in the month of March), Mr. Tremeneere reported that he had caused the parish officers and the health officers to inquire into every one of these cases in detail. Some were found not to be in any wise correct, some exaggerated, and others in course of amendment; so that the balance on the whole of the evidence tends to the probability that the Bakehouses Regulation Act bids fair to be honestly carried out by degrees. The other facts, however, remain pretty nearly unaltered. The journeyman bakers still work very long hours, still work at night, still lead a strange undomesticated life. And many of them feel it sensitively.

When Lord Palmerston was Home Secretary, a few years ago, a journeyman baker sent him a MS. poem of considerable length, called *A Voice from the Oven*; his lordship transmitted it to Mr. Tremeneere, and some of the stanzas now have the honour of living in a parliamentary blue book. The poet thinks that, if councils of conciliation were appointed, to regulate all matters between masters and men, it might happily come to pass that

Truth, Reason, and Justice conducting the trade,  
Which all would rejoice in, no one could evade  
Fair prices, fair hours; fair treatment as men  
We may rest assured we all should have then;  
When every master his own time should choose,  
Confined to fair hours; and none will refuse,  
On needful occasions, just a little over,  
So it's not systematic—

After adding

—In truth I must own I am  
Averse to live longer in this Pandemonium—  
he breaks forth into a glow of hope:

So far as I can see,  
Such a glorious thing 'twill be  
When bakers shall no longer work like slaves,  
But enjoy their fair rest then,  
Like other working men,  
Nor sink into their early pauper graves.

The poetry may not be such as would earn the crown of the laureate; but it expresses a real thought, and a real feeling.

## RED JIM.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago it was such a summer, here in Victoria, as it now is in the end of February, 1865; that is to say, the bush grass lay long and dead amid moveless trees, or upon the level tiresome plains; the heated air quivered against the low horizon, and danced above the withered verdure like the surroundings of a furnace. There had been a long season of drought. Nothing but dry water-beds, distressed flocks, and wandering cattle, were to be seen anywhere; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and cloud the glaring sun to crimson. Sometimes in the close night a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached us were sweeping many an acre of brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright dazzling sky, the scorched hills and plains, the weary irritating sense of prostration. I watched the poor half-maddened sheep, weeks upon weeks, with a painful sense of duty which is present to me even now. There was little feed they could eat, and still less of filthy stagnant water in the sole muddy pool on which they depended as their last resource. Listlessly they coiled in the shade, and listlessly I watched them, until I began to experience a fierce irritable longing for rain that haunted me day and night like a coming mania. Some nights, I threw myself down outside the hut and tried to sleep, but could find no rest; the still hot atmosphere kept up the fever that was coming upon me, and my slumber was ever broken. I used to envy the old station horse they had left for my use, when I heard him nibbling among the grass in the darkness of the night, and snorting satisfaction that the sun had passed the hazy hills. After a time I began to loathe the weary walk home, and, taking with me an extra supply of tea and damper, made a practice of camping where the sheep camped: visiting my hut only as the vagaries of the flock led me to its vicinity; then I replenished my stock, and left with the sheep again. I am sure I had fever, and would soon have become delirious, for I had nothing to relieve the frightful monotony—always the same brazen sky, the dead sweltering heat, the motionless forest, the strange murmurings of the wilderness, like the faint whisperings of a sea-shell.

One night I was lying tossing about in the long grass of a box-swamp, not a mile from my hut. I chose the place, because the ground was cooler there than on the unsheltered plain; and



as I looked up to the dull starlight, I thought of many of my boyish remembrances, and soon felt that I was weeping what time they surged up dimly and tenderly. How I longed for the bleak sky, the cold bracing wind, and the sleety rain of home! How I longed for the pattering fall of rain on the windows, and the winter comfort of the bright hearthstone. Somehow these longings wove in with my thoughts, and in a partial dream I heard winter sounds again, and loud words, and laughter.

I awoke with a sudden start to see, not twenty yards from me, three men hobbling their horses, and speaking to each other about some bush fire. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not still dreaming.

One of the men was soon engaged in lighting a fire on a bare patch of ground, and I was about rising to join them and taste of companionship once more, when a column of flame started up suddenly and displayed a face that caused me to shrink back again, with a muttered thanksgiving that I was not discovered. The face that the fire revealed, was known to me at once, though I had never seen it before. The one eye and hair lip of "Red Jim" had been freely spoken about in every shepherd's hut on the surrounding stations. There was no mistaking him. The bull-dog forehead, the heavy jaw, and the thick neck, were features that in themselves would have sufficiently pointed out the identity of this escaped convict. Recalling the man now, as I saw him then, I think I never beheld so perfect an impersonation of a bad criminal. It was well known that Red Jim had escaped from penal servitude, accompanied by three others, but had arrived in this colony *alone*. It was equally well known that he could only have survived the incredible journey by cannibalism. Red Jim had ruthlessly murdered one or two settlers against whom he entertained a grudge, and every effort was being at that time made to capture him. There was nothing remarkable in the faces of his companions. They simply showed by word and feature all the evidences of ruffianism usual in men of their class. They had coarse long limbs and heavy reckless faces, seared into revolting harshness by a long series of crimes. Two of them were armed with guns.

These thoughts and observations passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to write them. I was speedily recalled from speculation by hearing the word "Hallelujah" used. Hallelujah was the sobriquet given to my master because of his strictly adhering to the habit of reading prayers in the family, morning and evening. Mr. Christmas was a kind benevolent man, respected by every "hand" on the station; and by none more than by myself. He had been very considerate to me in a late illness, and often sought by many subsequent attentions to cheer the loneliness of my employment. One of Red Jim's companions, in answer to something Red Jim said, replied with an oath:

"Yes, we'll see if his psalm-singing will save him now."

Then the other said: "There are a couple of women there, and we shall have time to give them a taste of bush life before morning."

"Look ye 'ere," growled the ruffian, "we'll roast Hallelujah first. That's our look-out. We'll see if the old prayer-patterer has nothing else to do but help to run us down. Give him a taste of fire before the devil gets him."

I had no fever, no lassitude, now; the prostration of the last few weeks left me as by magic, and in its stead I felt a fierce delightful energy tingling along every nerve. Down close amongst the dry tinder grass, away with suppressed breath, and a wild feeling closing round my heart, I crept from the vicinity of the fire. I pursued my way, on my hands and knees, with a slow determined care that has since surprised me, avoiding every branch or twig that might crackle in my path. I hurried on past the flock without so much as disturbing a sheep.

Not till a long safe distance intervened did I stand erect, and fresh for the events of the night. Whatever they might be, God in his mercy alone knew.

I turned and saw the black forms of the bushrangers moving about the blaze, and with a run I started for the hut. Before a quarter of an hour passed, I saw it dimly against the sky, and almost at the same instant a frightened snort told me that the horse was within a few yards of my course. Uttering a hurried thanksgiving that I had found him so providentially near, I unfastened the hobbles with quick steady hands, and led him to the threshold.

I put on the patched saddle and bridle, and in another five minutes the fine old cob was stretching himself to a swift free gallop. My mind was too full for thought; but I can remember uttering repeatedly the words "Thank God!"

What a contrast to the still hot monotonous days, and the enervated frame! What a testimony to the power of mental excitement over bodily lassitude! The horse felt my determination too, and sped along without pause or stumble. It was seven miles to the station, and the black belts of timber rose, and passed, and came again, as I hurried on for dear life, over crabbed ground and abrupt hillocks. The brave old cob had as little thought of rest as I had. Once, indeed, he paused at a rocky crossing-place, but immediately resumed the swift pace at which we had started. Have horses intuition, or presentiment? I don't know; but I have often wondered at the long unurged gallop of that brave old gelding.

There away beyond in the black darkness, I see something that is not a star. Is it moving, or is it the pace of the horse? It seems extinguished now. No, there it is again. Hurrah, it is a candle. It is the homestead, calm and peaceful. Again, thank God.

Strange to say, I never felt such a sense of pleasure as I did when I learned that I had found the house so quickly—the most familiar point is not easily gained in the trackless bush at night. A minute more, and I had dismounted



to take down the slip panels of the station fence; another minute, and I had galloped up to the front entrance at a pace that dashed the gravel from the trim-kept paths.

The door opened, and a gush of light streamed upon the darkness, glinting on the sides of the reeking horse. Mr. Christmas himself—old, but hale and vigorous as many a younger man—peered out into the night with an expression of surprise. In beyond, were the evidences of calm and refinement. A quiet comfort dwelt in the little glimpse I had of the room, that settled upon me even then, rough bushman as I was, with a pleasing sense. I can recal myself, bending below the withers of the panting horse, to peer under the rather low verandah, my dress wet with perspiration from his heavy sides, and my hand pressing the moisture from his shoulder till I heard it fall pattering on the gravel.

Mr. Christmas thought it was the working overseer, for he said, "Is that you, Curran?" and without waiting for a reply, he turned to place the light upon the table, and then stepped out to where I was.

"Well, Curran, what is it? I thought you were at the fire."

"It is not Curran, sir," I replied, "but Ned, the shepherd. I have come to tell you——"

"Better have your supper first, Ned. You've had a hard ride, I see. Are the sheep all right?"

"There is no time for supper. Red Jim!"

I hurriedly told him all I knew. He heard me to the end without once interrupting, and then said quickly, "Come in. There is indeed no time to lose."

I stepped after him across the pleasant room, where there were seated two ladies reading.

"Ladies," said Mr. Christmas, as gracefully as though I held the position of a gentleman rather than that of a servant: "this is Ned Graham, the shepherd, to whom you remember sending medicine and comforts during his illness." The ladies bowed pleasantly as Mr. Christmas continued, "He is now come to return your kindness with interest."

They looked at me with some surprise: principally, I think, because of the emphatic, distinct way in which the last few words were spoken. After a pause, the master said, "Amelia, Emily—I wish to speak to you both for a moment."

They all three left the room, while I, curious in such matters, looked at the open books that were lying on the table. One was *Ivanhoe*; a second some French work; and that opposite the old gentleman's chair, a large family Bible.

In a few minutes I heard Mr. Christmas's step as he returned with two double-barrelled guns. There was a rigid expression on his face, very different to what I had ever seen there before: not the slightest evidence of faltering or fear.

"Are you cool, and a good shot?" were the first words he uttered.

"I am, sir," I replied, confidently. "Are the guns loaded, and the ladies safe?"

"They are in as safe a position as I can find for them, Ned, and the guns are loaded with coarse shot and ball. You had better see if the powder is well up into the nipples. I am sorry to say my caps are none of the best. A shot missed, may be death to us, and to those I value more than myself. However, we are in the hands of God."

"What plan do you purpose, Mr. Christmas?" I asked, earnestly.

"Take half a glass of brandy, and I will tell you."

He signed to the sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, "Stay! Don't pass between the light and the window. Go round the table. Everything must wear the appearance of peace. We cannot tell where they are now, and it would not do to arouse their suspicions."

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quietly out on the little parterre in front.

"Now," said my master, slowly, "there are only our two selves to defend my home and my children. My servants are all absent at a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and everything will depend upon our coolness and determination. We cannot do otherwise than shoot to kill. The gang will, of course, enter by the slip panels, for they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the faintest noise can be heard on such a night as this, they will not hazard the pulling down of the fence. We will each take up a position behind the large posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll fire first."

As silently as spectres, we walked across to the paddock entrance, and stood opposite each other at the place indicated. With straining eyes and beating heart, I peered into the obscurity. Afar, I thought I could see a faint tint on the sky, like the reflexion of the ruffian's camp-fire. The night was terribly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses but a kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim hazy curtain across the sky, and the night was of a black darkness. I should have thought oftentimes that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient motionless figure opposite, and the faint stars. Inaction under such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black ragged patch of cloud, and then I would look before me and see it dancing on the darkness. Then the face of Red Jim would grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood. Still, no sound broke on the dark shrouding night. Sometimes I thought, with a chilly start, that the bushrangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind me all was quiet.

At last there came a thin faint murmur that barely caught the ear, and as I listened to know if it were real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be the foot-



falls of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come again, but each time more clearly than before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually I heard a muffled sound, distinct and defined enough to proclaim the approach of a horse, or horses.

Mr. Christmas heard it also, for I dimly saw him move.

My hands felt along the cool barrels, and toyed with the hammers and triggers anxiously enough, and I put the gun to my shoulder against the sky, but failed to see the "view." Just as I had taken the weapon down again, Mr. Christmas said, in a clear low whisper, "Be sure you aim low, and don't be in a hurry."

As the sounds of the horses' hoofs, and of voices mingled, I detected the double click from the opposite gun. I followed the example, and, with both guns cocked, we waited the enemy's nearer approach. Gradually, I recognised the outlines of the men against the sky, cloudy as it was; they were approaching in single file, and as they became blacker and better defined, I heard a stifled laugh and an oath. In a short time they were within twenty yards of where we stood, and they pulled up to consult. Although they spoke in whispers, I heard much that passed, for my sense of hearing had become extremely acute, as that of all shepherds does. It was impossible to distinguish by the tones who the speakers were, but I heard one of them inquire:

"Are you sure the hands ain't above?"

"Sartain—when Leary spun his yarn about the fire, the cove sent 'em all away to it."

"Hallelujah fast. If we fire the box, it'll bring 'em back."

"And no grabbing the molls," whispered one of them, authoritatively, and whom I fancied was Red Jim, "till I make the cursed old psalm-singer a back log for the bonfire. Then we'll make love if you choose."

"Come on!" said an impatient voice; "don't hold a prayer meeting over it."

They then tied their horses to a fence that ran at right angles to the post against which I stood, and approached the entrance still in single file. I determined to adhere strictly to the orders I had received, and waited for the opposite fire. I knew that my companion would allow the men to advance a little, so that he might not endanger me; and it was with a throbbing heart that I saw the black form of the first bushranger pass between us.

I heard him stumble with an oath over a cart-rut. Then a line of flame cut its abrupt short track on the darkness, and the sound had not passed to echoes before a shrill cry followed it, as the villain staggered on a few paces and fell, ploughing up the dust. The light of the discharge had just died out, when I heard another snap, as a sportsman shoots when firing right and left. I knew that the master's gun was now useless.

"Come on, Nix! It's the cove himself. I saw him by the light of the shot; his sting's gone now." And one of the men rushed to where my master stood, followed by his comrade.

I had one of them covered, but if I fired (I heard the noise of struggling) I might kill my master. Thus I stood with the gun at aim, undecided and half mad. The voice of one of the men saying "Damn you, knife him!" resolved me, and I fired amongst them. I saw some one sink down, but I could not tell who it was, and, as he appeared to let go his hold, and rush to the horses, I took a second hurried aim and fired; then I bounded across the entrance, just in time to see the wounded wretch bending over Mr. Christmas and trying to strangle him. In a moment the gun was poised and smashed to fragments on his skull. But we had exposed our strength, and the remaining bushranger, who believed he had stabbed my companion, seized one of the guns left standing at the fence, and fired. The ball was unpleasantly close, and I had scarce time to know that I was uninjured, when Red Jim himself was upon me with the weapon clubbed. I made a rapid spring at him before the blow could fall, and, grappled with him. We rolled on the ground together. With all the force of my strength I resisted his efforts to grasp me by the throat, but at last his hideous face sunk close to mine, and his teeth met beneath my chin. I experienced a suffocating giddy feeling, and then I heard hurried voices and running feet just as I felt my grip relax powerless. But the frightful gripe relaxed too, and Red Jim rose to his feet, and jumped on my chest with all his force.

When I came to consciousness, I found myself in the cheerful parlour, and the ladies' hands were tenderly washing away the traces of the fight. Mr. Christmas had fainted from loss of blood, but was not dangerously wounded.

Red Jim escaped, but his two companions, neither of whom was killed, were given into the safe keeping of the authorities, and afterwards hanged. Three years after the affray, Mr. Christmas made me his overseer, and finally his manager. A long time has passed since then, but yet a closer relationship exists between us. I am writing the tale of my early experiences at the same table whereon I saw the Bible on that memorable night. There is a lady who sits opposite to me. She was the reader of *Ivanhoe*, the daughter of Mr. Christmas, and she is my wife.

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XVIII. TIMON.

"It is good to be merry and wise," saith an old song; but every man cannot be a laughing philosopher, and though it is comparatively easy to be either merry or wise "upon occasion," it is supremely difficult to be both at the same time. The two conditions mix almost as reluctantly as oil and water, and youth seldom makes even an effort to combine them. Happy youth, whose best wisdom it is, after all, to be merry while it may! Which of us would not gladly barter this bitter wisdom of later years for but a single season—nay, a single day—of that happy thoughtless time when the simplest jest provoked a laugh, and the commonest wayside flower had a beauty long since faded, and all life was a pleasant carnival? What would we not give to believe once more in the eternity of college friendships, and the immortality of prize poems?—to feel our hearts beat high over the pages of Plutarch and Livy?—to weep delicious tears for the woes of Mrs. Haller, and to devour the old romances with the old omnivorous relish?

Alas! the college friend and the prize poem are alike forgotten; Sir George Cornwall Lewis has laid his ruthless hand upon our favourite heroes; our souls abhor the very name of Kotzebue; and we could no more revive our interest in those two mounted cavaliers who might have been seen spurring by twilight across a lonely heath in the west of England some two hundred and odd years ago, than we could undertake to enjoy the thirteen thousand pages of Mademoiselle Scudéry's Grand Cyrus. Ay, that pleasant dream is indeed over; but its joys are "lodg'd beyond the reach of fate," and of the remembrance of them no man can disinherit us. Have we not all lived in Arcadia?

Wisdom apart, however, what more commendable merriment may there be than a dinner at Richmond when the year and the guests are young, and the broad landscape lies steeped in sunshine, and the afternoon air is sweet with new-mown hay, and the laugh follows the jest as quickly and gaily as the frothing champagne follows the popping of the corks? Now and

then, a tiny skiff with one white sail skims down the molten gold of the broad river. The plummy islands and the wooded flats look hazy in the tender mist of sunset. A pleasant sound of gay voices and chinking glasses finds its way now and then from the open window below, or the adjoining balcony; and, perhaps, the music of a brass band comes to us from the lower town, harmonised by distance.

Thus bright and propitious was it on the eventful day of Saxon's "little dinner;" and care had been taken by his friends that every detail of the entertainment should be as faultless as the weather itself. The guests had all been driven down in open carriages; the costliest dinner that money could ensure, or taste devise, was placed before them; and the best room in the famous hotel was pre-engaged for the occasion. It had seldom held a more joyous party.

Lord Castletowers and Major Vaughan were there of course, having run up from Surrey for the day; Sir Charles Burgoyne, serenely insolent; the Hon. Edward Brandon, with his hair standing up like the wig of an electrified doll, from inward excitement and outward rubbing; Mr. Laurence Greatorex, looking, perhaps, somewhat abstracted from time to time, but talking fluently; two other Eretheum men, both very young and prone to laughter, and both highly creditable to their tailors and bootmakers; and last, though not least, the Graziana and her party. For actresses, like misfortunes, never come alone. Like Scottish chieftains, they travel with a "tail," and have an embarrassing aptitude for bringing their uninvited "tail" on all kinds of inconvenient occasions. In the present instance, the heroine of the day had contented herself with only two sisters and a brother; and her young host not only welcomed them with all his honest heart, but thought it very kind and condescending on her part to bring them at all. The brother was a gloomy youth, who said little, ate a great deal, and watched the company in a furtive manner over the rim of his wine-glass. The sisters were fat, black-eyed little souls, who chattered, flirted, and drank champagne incessantly. As for the prima donna herself, she was a fine, buxom, laughter-loving creature of about twenty years of age, as little like a Juno, and as much like a grown-up child as it is only possible for a Neapolitan woman to be. She could be majestic



enough upon the stage, or in the green-room; but she never carried her dignity beyond the precincts of the Opera House. She put it on with her rouge, and left it in her dressing-room with the rest of her theatrical wardrobe; when the evening's work was over. She laughed at everything that was said, whether she understood it or not; and she was delighted with everything—with the drive, with the horses, with the mail phaeton, with the weather, with the dinner, with the guests, and with her host; and when the ice was brought to table—a magnificent, many-coloured triumph of art—she clapped her hands, like a child at sight of a twelfth-cake.

"Now's the time for the bracelet, Saxon," whispered Lord Castletowers, when the wreck of this triumph was removed, and the side-cloths were rolled away for dessert.

Saxon looked aghast.

"What shall I say?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know—something graceful, and not too long."

"But I can't. I haven't an idea."

"Never mind; she wouldn't understand it if you had. Say anything."

"Can't you say it for me?"

"Impossible, my dear fellow! You might as well ask me to kiss her for you."

Which was such a tremendous supposition, that Saxon blushed scarlet, and had not a word to say in reply.

"Ah, traditor! Why do you speak secrets?" said the prima donna, with a pout.

"Because he is a conspirator," replied the Earl.

"A conspirator? Cielo!"

"It is quite true," said Burgoyne, promptly. "There's a deadly mine of cracker bonbons in the room below, and Trefalden's presently going to say something so sparkling that it will fire the train, and we shall all be blown into the middle of the next century."

The prima donna sang a roulade expressive of terror.

"The worst is yet to come. This plot, signora, is entirely against yourself," said Castletowers. Then, dropping his voice, "Out with it, man," he added. "You couldn't have a better opening."

Saxon pulled the morocco-case out of his pocket, and presented it with as much confusion and incoherence as if it had been a warrant.

The signora screamed with rapture, invoked her brother and sisters, flew to the window with her treasure, flashed it to and fro in every possible light, and for the first five minutes could talk nothing but her native patois.

"But, signore, you must be a great prince!" she exclaimed, when, at length, she returned to her place at the dinner-table.

"Indeed I am nothing of the sort," replied Saxon, laughing.

"E bellissimo, questo braccioletto! But why do you give him to me?"

"From no other reason than my desire to please you, bella donna," replied Saxon. "The

Greeks believed that the opal had power to confer popularity on its wearer; but I do not offer you these opals with any such motive. Your talisman is your voice."

"Bravo, Trefalden!" laughed the Earl. "That was well said. Comme l'esprit vient aux fils!"

"A neat thing spoilt," muttered Greatorex, to his next neighbour. "He should have praised her eyes. She knows all about her voice."

"And do you suppose she doesn't know all about her eyes, too?" asked his neighbour, who chanced to be Major Vaughan.

"No doubt; but then a woman is never tired of being admired for her beauty. The smallest pastille of praise is as acceptable to her, in its way, as a holocaust of incense. But as to her voice, c'est autre chose. What is one compliment more or less after the nightly applauses of the finest audience in Europe?"

In the mean while, the two young Erectheum men, oppressed, apparently, by the consciousness of how much they owed to their boots and waistcoats, took refuge in each other's society, and talked about a horse. Neither of them kept a horse, nor hoped to keep a horse; yet the subject seemed bound up, in some occult way, with the inner consciousness of both. They discussed this mysterious animal in solemn whispers all the way down from London to Richmond; alluded to him despondingly during dinner; and exchanged bets upon him in a moody and portentous manner at dessert. Apart from this overwhelming topic, they were light-hearted young fellows enough; but the horse was their Nemesis, and rode them down continually.

As for the "tail," it went to work as vigorously upon the dessert as upon the twelve preceding courses. The plump sisters evidently looked upon Moët as pure Pierian, and had taken Pope's advice to heart; while the gloomy brother, inaccessible as Fort Gibraltar, seemed only intent on provisioning himself against a long blockade. But even the best of dinners must end, and coffee came at last. Then one of the Erectheum young men, emboldened by sparkling drinks, asked the prima donna for a song. She laughed, and shook her head; but the assembled company looked aghast.

"I cannot," said she. "My voice is a bird in one little cage, and my impressario guards the key."

Sir Charles Burgoyne darted a dreadful glance at the offender.

"My dear lady," he said, "pray do not say a word. We all ought to know that your operatic contract forbids anything of the kind; and even if it were not so, we should not presume to ask so great a favour. It is a great mistake on the part of this young gentleman."

"I—I am very sorry," stammered the unlucky neophyte.

"And I am sorry," said the songstress, good naturedly. "I should sing for you if I dared."

"Thou must not think of it, sorellina," interrupted her brother, in his rapid Neapolitan. "Remember the penalty."



"The Signora Graziana must do nothing to offend the manager," said Lord Castletowers, who was familiar with every dialect of the Italian.

"Certainly not," exclaimed Saxon. "Not for the world."

Then, turning to Burgoyne, he whispered, "What is it all about? Why should he be offended because she sang for us?"

"He would have me pay him one hundred pounds," said the prima donna, whose ears were quick.

"A hundred pounds fine, you know," explained Burgoyne. "'Tis in his bond, and the man's a very Shylock with his ducats."

Saxon laughed aloud.

"Is that all?" said he. "Oh, never mind, bella donna—I'll pay him his hundred pounds, and welcome."

And so a piano was brought in from another room, and the Graziana sang to them divinely, not one song but a dozen.

"Perhaps our friend the impressario may not hear of it, after all," said Mr. Grestorex, when the music was over, and they were preparing to return to town.

"Let us all take a solemn oath of secrecy," suggested Sir Charles Burgoyne.

But Saxon would not hear of it.

"No, no," said he. "The fine has been fairly forfeited, and shall be fairly paid. Let no man's soul be burthened with a secret on my account. I will send Shylock his cheque to-morrow morning. Ladies, the carriages are at the door."

"I had heard that our Amphitryon did not know the value of money," said Mr. Grestorex, as they went down stairs, "and now I believe it. Why, this little affair, my lord, must have been set to the tune of at least five hundred pounds!"

"Well, I suppose it has," replied Castletowers, "including the bracelet."

"A modern Timon—eh?"

"Nay, I hope not. A modern Mæcenas, if you like. It is a name of better augury."

"I fear he dispenses his gold more after the fashion of Timon than of Mæcenas," replied the banker, dryly.

"He is a splendid fellow," said the Earl, with enthusiasm; "and his lavish generosity is by no means the noblest part of his character."

"But he behaved like a fool about that hundred pounds. Of course, we should all have kept the secret, and . . ."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Grestorex," interrupted the Earl, stiffly. "In my opinion, Mr. Trefalden simply behaved like a man of honour."

#### CHAPTER XIX. MR. TREFALDEN ON THE DOMESTIC MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF LAWYERS.

"So, my young cousin, you have not yet lost all your primitive virtues," said Mr. Trefalden, as Saxon, heralded by Mr. Keckwitich, made his appearance on the threshold of the lawyer's private room at eight o'clock precisely on Monday evening.

"I hope I have parted from none that I

ever possessed," replied Saxon; "but to what particular virtue do you allude?"

"To your punctuality, young man. You are as true to time as on that memorable morning when we breakfasted together at Reichenau, and you tasted Lafitte for the first time. You have become tolerably familiar with the flavour since then."

"Indeed I have," replied Saxon, with a smile and a sigh.

"And with a good many other flavours as well, I imagine. Why, let me see, that was on the seventh of March, and here is the end of the third week in April—scarcely eight weeks ago, Saxon!"

"It seems like eight centuries."

"I dare say it does. You have crowded a vast number of impressions into a very short space of time. But then you are rich in the happy adaptability of youth, and can bear the shock of revolution."

"I try to bear it as well as I can," replied Saxon, laughingly. "It isn't very difficult."

"No—the lessons of pleasure and power are soon learnt; and, by the way, the art of dress also. You are quite a swell, Saxon."

The young fellow's face crimsoned. He could not get over that awkward habit of blushing.

"I hope not," he said. "I am what fate and my tailor have made me. Castletowers took me to his own man, and he has done as he liked with me."

"So that, to paraphrase the kingly state, your virtues are your own, and your short-comings are your tailor's? Nay, don't look uncomfortable. You are well dressed; but not too well dressed—which, to my thinking, is precisely as a gentleman should be."

"I don't wish to be a 'swell,'" said Saxon.

"Nor are you one. Now tell me something about yourself. How do you like this new life?"

"It bewilders me," said Saxon. "It dazzles me. It takes my breath away. I feel as if London were a huge circus, all dust, and roar, and glitter, and I being carried round it, in a great chariot race. It frightens me sometimes—and yet I enjoy it. There is so much to enjoy!"

"But you thought it a 'dreary' place at first," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet smile.

"Because I was a stranger, and knew no one—because the very roar and flow of life along the streets only made my solitude the heavier. But that's all changed now, thanks to you."

"Thanks to me, Saxon?"

"Of course. Don't I owe that dear fellow Castletowers's acquaintance to you? And if I hadn't known him, how should I have got into the Erechtheum? How should I have known Burgoyne, and Grestorex, and Brandon, and Fitz-Hugh, and Dalton, and all the other fellows? And they are so kind to me—it's perfectly incredible how kind they are, and what trouble they take to oblige and please me!"

"Indeed?" said the lawyer, dryly.

"Yes, that they do; and I should be worse



than ungrateful if I did not like a place where I have so many friends. Then, again, I have so much to do—so much to think of—so much to learn. Why, it would take half a lifetime only to see all the picture-galleries in London, and study the Etruscan vases in the British Museum!"

Mr. Trefalden could not help laughing.

"You droll boy!" said he. "Do you mean to tell me that you divide your attentions between pretty prima donnas and cinerary urns?"

"I mean that I was in the Etruscan room for three hours this morning, and that we have a tazza at Rotzberg of a kind of which you have not a single specimen in the collection—red, with red bassi relievi. What do you say to that?"

"That I would not give five farthings for all the old pottery in Europe."

"Yes you would, if you once learned to look upon it as history. Now the pottery of Etruria . . ."

"My dear Saxon," interposed Mr. Trefalden, "as you are great, be merciful. Spare me the pottery of Etruria, and tell me a little more about yourself. You are learning to ride, are you not?"

"Yes, I can ride pretty well already; and I have a fencing lesson every other morning, and am learning to drive. But I don't get on quite so well with the whip as with the foils. I have an awkward habit of locking my wheels with other people's, and getting to the wrong side of the road."

"Awkward habits, indeed," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And—and I am learning to dance, also," said Saxon, with a shy laugh.

"In short, what with finishing your education, giving suburban dinners, and cultivating the fine arts, your time is tolerably well occupied."

"It is, indeed. I never seem to have a moment to spare."

"Humph! And pray may I ask how much money you have spent during these last three weeks?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"I suspected as much. Kept no accounts, I suppose?"

"None whatever."

Mr. Trefalden smiled significantly, but said nothing.

"I suppose it's very wrong?" said Saxon. "I suppose I ought to have put it all down in a book?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But then I know nothing of book-keeping; indeed, I scarcely yet know the real value of money. But if you will tell me what I ought to do, I will try. Gillingwater can help me, too. He knows."

"Gillingwater is your valet, is he not? Where did you hear of him?"

"Greatorex recommended him to me. He is a most invaluable fellow. I don't know what I should do without him."

"And you have a groom, I suppose?"

"I have two grooms."

"Two? My dear boy, what can you want with more than one?"

"I don't know. Burgoyne said I couldn't do with less—but then, you know, I keep five horses."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; one for the cab, two for riding, and two for the mail phaeton."

"And you keep them at livery, of course?"

"Yes; Burgoyne said it was the best way; and that the beasts were sure to be ill-fed if I hired stabling and left it to the men. He knows so much about horses."

"Evidently. It was he who sold you that mare and cab, was it not?"

"To be sure it was; and then I have bought all the rest under his advice. I assure you, cousin William, I don't believe any fellow ever had such friends!"

Mr. Trefalden coughed, and looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "we must not forget that I have brought you down here to-night, Saxon, for a serious conference. Shall we have some coffee first, to filter the dust from our brains?"

Whereupon, Saxon assenting, the lawyer rang the bell, and coffee was brought. In the mean while, the young man had made the tour of the room, inspected the law books on the shelves, examined the door of the safe, peeped out of the window, and ascertained the date of the map hanging over the fireplace. This done, he resumed his chair, and said, with more frankness than politeness:

"I'd as soon live in a family vault as in this dismal place! Is it possible, cousin William, that you have no other home?"

"The greater part of my life is passed here," replied Mr. Trefalden, sipping his coffee. "I admit that the decorations are not in the highest style of art; but they answer the purpose well enough."

"And you actually live here, day and night, summer and winter?"

"Why no—not altogether. I have a den—a mere den—a few miles from town, in which I hide myself at night, like a beast of prey."

"It is a relief to my mind to know that," said Saxon. "I should like to see your den. Why didn't you let me come to you there to-night?"

"Because you are not fat enough."

"Not fat enough?" repeated Saxon, laughing.

"I admit no man, unless to devour him. Lawyers are ogres, my dear young man—and that den of mine is paved with the bones of slaughtered clients."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden put an end to the subject by ringing the bell, and sending for Mr. Keekwitch.

"You may close the office and go, Keekwitch," said he. "I do not want you any more this evening."

Mr. Keekwitch looked at his employer with eyes that had no more speculation in them than if they had been boiled.



"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, with husky placidity, "but you forget Rogers's case. I am bound to go through the papers to-night."

"Then you can take them home with you. I have private business with this gentleman, and wish to be alone—you understand? Alone."

A pale light flashed into Mr. Keckwith's eyes—flashed and vanished. But it did not impart an agreeable expression to his countenance.

"And when you have put all straight, and turned off the gas, please to let me know, that I may lock the office door on the inside."

The head clerk retired without a word, followed by the keen eye of his employer.

"If I were to become a rich man to-morrow," said he, with a bitter smile, "the first elegant superfluity in which I should indulge, would be the kicking of that fellow all the way along Chancery-lane. It is a luxury that would be cheap at any price the court might award."

"If you have so bad an opinion of him, why do you keep him?" asked Saxon.

"For the reason that one often keeps an aching tooth. He is a useful grinder, and helps me to polish off the bones that I was telling you about just now."

Mr. Trefalden then saw his head clerk off the premises, locked the outer door, made up the fire, put the shade on the lamp (he always liked, he said, to spare his eyes), and drew his chair to the table.

### "THE BANK OF PATAGONIA" (LIMITED).

SOMETHING had to be done. As secretary of the GRAND FINANCIAL AND CREDIT BANK,\* I had brought my wits to a very bad market, and the latter days of that celebrated establishment had given me considerable distaste for anything in the shape of what is called "a position" in a joint-stock company. To work for five or six months in the hopes of bringing out a new concern, and then, if it succeeds, obtaining as reward a mere clerkship with the more sounding name of secretary, did not suit me at all. Moreover, having seen how large were the profits of those who "promoted," or started in life new companies, I determined to have my finger in a pie of that kind. Why should I not be a promoter?

To promote a company successfully, three things are absolutely necessary: The promoter must have a solicitor for a friend and confederate; he must be able to start a new idea; and be competent to write a "taking" prospectus. All these three elements of ultimate prosperity in the business I was possessed of. Among the several thousand gentlemen who are enrolled as attorneys-at-law, there was one whom I counted amongst my intimates. It is true that

his general character would not, perhaps, bear the strictest investigation. He had been twice insolvent and once bankrupt, and had long laboured under a slight suspicion of having appropriated to his own use certain sums entrusted to his care by an old lady client. All this, however, only made him a fitter instrument for the work which I required, and from which a practitioner with some character to lose, would have shrank in disgust. Mr. Scott had no scruples, and was, therefore, the very man I required. As for writing a "taking" prospectus, I knew myself to be up to that work, and therefore the only difficulty that remained was to find a new idea, which would tell in procuring subscribers to shares which I might throw upon the market.

My previous experience with starting the Grand Financial scheme, led me to believe that if there be one financial fable more likely than another to be believed in by the British public, it is that of a bank. Every man with any claim to monetary respectability employs a banker, and therefore thinks himself thoroughly conversant with banking in all its various branches. And, as it was to the respectable (in money matters) part of the community that I wished to address myself, I determined that my scheme should be connected with a bank, and with no other undertaking.

The "Grand Financial and Credit Bank" had been practically much too exclusively a home affair. It is true that we had intended to extend our operations all over the known world; but the child that we expected would have grown into so very large a man, had died in his infancy. My present plan was to fix upon some country, or town, or nation, or state, or empire that was not yet blessed with a banking institution, and give its name to the company I was going to start. The only difficulty was to find any part of the known world which had not as yet stood godfather to some one or other of the many banking concerns set on foot in London during the past three or four years. To take any European name was out of the question. The Stock Exchange had showed me at a glance how every nation and city, from Paris to Constantinople, had already been pressed into the service of giving a name to some banking scheme, whose head-quarters was in London. Asia, too, was not to be thought of. There were "Indian," and "Hindustan," and "Bombay," and "Calcutta," and "Scinde," and "Delhi," and "Simla," and "North-West," and "South-East," and, for aught I knew, "West-and-by-South," banks by the score; to say nothing of "Chinese," "Japanese," "Hong-Kong," "Yokahama," "Borneo," and "Yellow Sea," Banking Corporations. Nor was there more to select from upon looking over the map of Africa. In and about Cape of Good Hope Colony, the name of every town or district of any note had been appropriated. To name a bank after the Kingdom of Dahomey would hardly do, nor did the Cape Coast establishment promise to be regarded favourably as a centre of financial operations. In the United

\* See "How we Floated the Bank," page 493, vol. xii.; and "How the Bank came to Grief," page 102 of the present volume.



States there was civil war raging, and, moreover, the Yankees don't like any commercial trespassing upon their own preserves. Mexico is more than fully represented already by the joint-stock banking interest, and so is Canada. Besides, I wanted something new, something which had not yet come before the share-taking portion of the British public, and which would excite curiosity as well as interest. The Republics of Southern America were better known than trusted in London, and the people of those countries had an unpleasant way of wiping out debts with the knife: a mode of settlement which no City-educated general manager we should send out, was likely to approve of. Where, then, to turn for a name to my new bank? Strange to say, the selection of a distinctive denomination for my as yet imaginary establishment, gave me much more anxiety than the probability of its ultimate success. I knew full well that if I could once set the concern on foot, it would pay me, even if its existence terminated in three months. I was to be the promoter of the bank, and as such would be entitled to my promotion-money the day the shares were allotted to the public. I neither hoped nor wished for any appointment in the establishment. So soon as my fee for the promotion was paid me, the whole affair might collapse immediately for aught my interests were concerned. And once I got the machinery at work, I felt quite sure that I should succeed in bringing the shares out to the public. As it was, I was stopped for want of a name with which to head my prospectus.

In common with all men who read their daily paper, the reports of different missionary societies came under my notice from time to time. At the period I was about to start my new bank, there was a story going round the religious periodicals respecting half a dozen or more gentlemen who, having gone out to Patagonia for the purpose of civilising the natives, had been killed and eaten by that ungrateful population. The tale was true, and was circumstantially told, giving a detailed account of the natural productions of the country, and its great adaptability for commercial enterprise. As I read the paper, it struck me that the name of this savage land could be turned to account, and I therefore determined to call my proposed establishment the "BANK OF PATAGONIA" (LIMITED).

Before writing out the prospectus, it was only prudent to put myself in funds with which I should be able to print the paper when it was ready. Here my former experience did me good turn. I remembered well the day when I had been in want of a situation, and had been so nearly entrapped into paying for what was a purely imaginary appointment.\* If other promoters had got me to nibble at the bait on their hook, might I not be able to catch a fish of some value for myself? I therefore at once proceeded to advertise to the following effect:

**WANTED FOR A FOREIGN BANK,** a Gentleman fully competent to conduct the duties of Secretary at the Head Office in London. Salary liberal. Applications (by letter only), with copies of testimonials, to be sent to A. F., care of Mr. Scott, Solicitor, 28, West-street, E.C.

Having at the present time of writing given up the profession of promoter, I don't mind telling gentlemen just starting in that business a secret or two in the little-understood science of successful advertising. It will be seen by the foregoing notice, which I sent to all the most respectable weekly and daily papers, that I gave no hint that any payment was so much as expected from the gentleman who would obtain the situation of secretary. Yet I knew full well that without a good round sum down, no man should obtain the appointment. The words "fully competent to conduct the duties," made those who read the advertisement believe that it was by no means every sort of person who would find acceptance with "A. F.," whose address was "care of Mr. Scott." This, moreover, made us certain to have numerous applications from men imperfectly educated, for such men always believe themselves to be fit for any situation under the sun. I had always observed that the less a man of this kind, who has got any money, knows, the more willing he is to pay. We did not—at least I did not, for once the concern was started I should make it over to the directors, who might please themselves—want a man for secretary who was too well educated, nor one who was possessed of too much worldly knowledge. What I required was a gentleman with good address, and who, by his very simplicity of manner, would persuade intending shareholders that the promoters of the concern could not be very "deep" men, or they would have had a more knowing secretary. Then there was also the question of money. Of that most needful commodity I had none, and my friend, Mr. Scott, solicitor, had very little more. It was absolutely necessary that some one should have the sinews of war at his command, otherwise we ran a very ugly chance of failure at the outset.

But we were not long without applications in reply to our advertisement. The latter appeared in two or three of the daily papers one Monday morning, and before noon the postman had delivered at Mr. Scott's office between forty and fifty letters addressed to "A. F.," all of which contained copies of testimonials, and were from gentlemen who declared themselves "fully competent to conduct the duties of secretary" to any "Foreign Bank" upon the face of the globe. These letters I looked carefully over, and collected them in batches of half a dozen, replying to each of the writers by stating an hour at which I could see them the next day, or the day after. Thus I hoped to see all the applicants myself, and be able to judge of their respective qualifications, without having too many of them together at one time in the office of my friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Scott. But by the time I was about to leave the City in the afternoon, there were as many

\* See "Promoters of Companies," page 110, vol. xi.



more applications sent in, and, before the next day was over, the number of letters amounted to something over a hundred and twenty. To all of these I replied, naming a day and an hour to see each individual, and, as I said before, giving six applicants at a time appointments together. Thus the work I cut out for myself was by no means trifling, but in doing it well there was a great object to be gained, no less than that of being furnished with funds which would enable me to carry out my scheme of setting the BANK OF PATAGONIA (LIMITED) on foot.

The first half dozen batches of applicants for the secretaryship consisted of men who would not answer my purpose in the very least. There were young, middle-aged, and old individuals amongst them, and not a few whose testimonials were of the highest order. But upon my putting to each one the question as to his private means, they one and all declared that of money they had none whatever. Of course I only saw one applicant at a time in the private office, the others remaining outside; and I was, moreover, obliged to touch upon the question of money with the greatest possible delicacy. In fact, it was more by a series of hints than by actual questions that I obtained the knowledge I wanted. At last, however, I managed to fall in with one individual who declared himself able to help the "promotion" of the company with some ready money, of which he had a few hundreds at his disposal. This gentleman was by no means equal in manners or education to most of the others who were trying to get the situation; nor were his testimonials as good. He had served some years in a government office, but had quarrelled with his superiors, and had been obliged to leave in consequence. He had a sheepish, and, at the same time, a vulgar manner; nor could he write English particularly well. However, he had money, and it was money, above all things, that I wanted. My bargain with this gentleman—Mr. Edwin Smart—was as follows: I was to secure to him, by a stamped undertaking, that he was to have the post of secretary to the "BANK OF PATAGONIA," at a salary of five hundred pounds a year, which was to increase a hundred a year for seven years, until it reached the respectable sum of twelve hundred pounds a year. When the "Articles of Association" of the bank were drawn out, Mr. Smart's name was to be inserted in them as secretary to the bank, and it was to be expressly stipulated that he was not to be turned out of his situation (unless, of course, for fraud or very gross misconduct) except by a meeting, at which not less than three-fourths of the directors were to be present, and of which meeting due notice was to be given at least a clear month before it took place. In the mean time, until the shares were allotted, Mr. Smart bound himself to do duty as my secretary whilst I was engaged in getting up the company, and not to ask for any remuneration until the bank was fairly afloat. He was, moreover, to advance me five

hundred pounds in order to help the promotion of the concern, and to "oblige" me by putting his name to bills to the amount of one thousand pounds more, for the same object. If the concern went on, and if the directors proceeded to allot the shares, the money which Mr. Smart had advanced would be repaid to him out of the very first deposits paid upon the shares. But if not—if the company died a natural death, and was never strong enough to induce the public to part with their money—then would Mr. Edwin Smart have no post of secretary, nor could he hope to be reimbursed what he had advanced. "I look on the matter in this light," said Mr. Smart to me one day; "if the company goes all right, I shall have a situation of five hundred pounds a year, which is to increase every twelve months a hundred pounds. If it does not go on to an allotment, it is true I shall lose the five hundred pounds I have advanced, but I think it is well worth while to risk five hundred pounds cash for a salary of five hundred pounds per annum." "But what of the bills for one thousand pounds which you have put your name to for me?" asked I. "Oh, as to them," was the reply, "I will bolt before they become due." I thought that whatever other indifferent qualities Mr. Edwin Smart had, he was at any rate plain-spoken enough, and made no secret of his intentions.

The bills our future secretary had accepted for my use were soon discounted, and thus with nearly fifteen hundred pounds at our command, we were able to set to work in earnest. Our company being formed for the purpose of banking, and such establishments not having fallen into such disrepute as they are at present, we found not much difficulty in filling up the list of directors. It is true that we were not able to get either very first-class men, nor perhaps the best of the second-class City men. But of second-rate second-class, and first-rate third-class names, we had as many as we liked, and many more than we ever intended to have had on our board. Before a week was over, we had selected a dozen or so good men, had chosen one amongst them to be chairman, and I was busy at work getting the articles of association and the prospectus drawn out.

The work of a promoter ceases so soon as he makes over the company to the gentlemen who are named on the prospectus as its future directors; therefore it is entirely his own fault if that individual does not take good care of his own interests. I had put down in the articles of association that the day upon which the bank proceeded to allot the shares, I was to receive the sum of five thousand pounds for the trouble, the expense, and the difficulty I had gone through in getting up the company. But unless there were applications enough for shares to induce the directors to allot them, the company would die still-born, and my five thousand pound fee would not be forthcoming. It was, therefore, plainly my interest to do all I could to induce the public to apply for shares. As a



matter of course, one of the first things which induces the public at large to write for shares in any new concern, is a good prospectus.

To draw out a prospectus for our bank, it was necessary both to study the commercial statistics of Patagonia, and to quote largely from papers and other documents relating to its produce and trade, or else to trust to chance, and write, as it were, a pleasantly coloured picture respecting our prospects of successful banking in that country. The former I was afraid would take up too much time, and therefore I chose the latter. At first I attempted to get our secretary to draw up such a document as I required, but found him quite incapable of doing even so much in the way of helping me. Beyond the writing of mere official routine letters, he was unable to put pen to paper effectually, and therefore I took the task upon myself.

It was necessary to show, first, that the company it is intended to bring out is very much wanted; secondly, that to supply that want there are certain specialities in the proposed company which no other combination could, by any possibility, meet. I commenced the document by stating that "This company has been formed for the purpose of extending the advantages of banking to the country of Patagonia, which was well known to be overwhelmingly rich in all kinds of natural produce." I then took a philanthropic view of the subject, and endeavoured to prove, that, in order to make men happy and prosperous, a banking establishment was of all things the most necessary in every country. After this I looked at the question from a missionary point of view, and showed that without banks there could be no Christian teaching. Lastly, I quoted extracts from letters—imaginary of course—written by Europeans resident in Patagonia, proving that with proper management a clear profit of not less than twenty per cent must be made out of any amount of capital employed in banking operations between London and that country. I then enlarged greatly upon the fact of ours being the first bank ever started to do business with that part of the world, and ended by assuring the readers of the prospectus that we had promises of support from all the most influential native chiefs in the land, and that, in a word, our success and triumph in the matter was certain.

Our capital was a million sterling, divided into fifty thousand shares of twenty pounds each, upon which only ten pounds were to be paid up by easy instalments: one pound on application, two pounds on the allotment of the shares, and two pounds twice at intervals of three months; the last instalment (not likely to be ever called up), three pounds. All this told well on the prospectus, and had the effect, when that document was published, of causing the public at large to apply for shares to a very considerable extent.

In due time we "came out," as the phrase is; that means, our prospectus was put before the world in the advertising columns of all the chief

London papers, and applications for shares poured in upon us in every direction. After the first week it was quite evident that we should be fully justified in allotting the shares, and therefore, after due notice that no more applications could be received after a certain day and hour, we—that is, the directors, for I had handed over the company to the board—proceeded to allot the shares. As I said before, there were fifty thousand shares, and we had applications for at least double the number, so that the directors could afford to pick and choose who they would, and who they would not, apportion shares to in the concern. In due time the letters of allotment and letters of regret (as those which inform applicants that the directors regret they cannot give them any shares, are called) were posted, the one pound per share on each application was paid into our bankers, the allotment took place, I obtained a cheque for my five thousand pounds, and Mr. Edwin Smart, our respected secretary, got back all the money he had advanced, besides having his appointment as secretary confirmed by the board of directors, with the amount of salary that had been previously determined upon.

For a short time I felt content with the promotion-money to the amount of five thousand pounds, which I had earned. But, after a time, the demon of avarice whispered in my ear a query as to whether I could not make still more than I had done by this bank. The company did not flourish so well when it got fairly out to sea, as it had when being built. The directors soon found out that banking operations in Patagonia were utterly impossible, and that it would be better and safer for the bank to employ its capital in England than abroad in so savage a country. This was done, but not with much success. A new bank has always to make business for itself, and, in doing so, it must, to a certain measure, make not a few bad debts. In fact, there are certain misfortunes which invariably happen to a banking establishment of the kind, just as teeth-cutting, measles, and whooping-cough, come to young children; the one, like the other, has to get over these troubles, and is very fortunate if in so doing its very existence is not endangered.

The Bank of Patagonia had some of its misfortunes a little too soon after starting, and its troubles were a good deal talked about in the City, although there was nothing very serious in them—nothing but what might easily have been got over with a little care and management. But slight as were its difficulties, they were sufficient to tempt me, when a demon, in the shape of a needy solicitor, whispered in my ear that I might make much more money out of the concern than I had done hitherto, by filing a petition for the winding-up of the bank, and dividing the costs that were incurred with the lawyer, who prompted me thus to kill, as it were, my own offspring.

The offer that was made me was as follows: A petition for the winding-up of the bank was



to be presented in my name—for I had retained some few shares in the company—and if successful, an accountant, a friend of Mr. Scott, my solicitor, was, by certain means, to be named official liquidator. This done, the newly named official liquidator was to nominate the same legal gentleman solicitor for the winding-up, and from that time forward all the costs, and other profits, which would in any way be derived from the said winding-up, were to be divided amongst the three of us, share and share alike. If the petition failed, and the Vice-Chancellor did not see cause to order the company to be wound up, I was to be held harmless; my friend Mr. Scott giving me an undertaking that he would not look to me for the expenses in the event of the petition not being granted.

Every one knows that a mere whisper against the credit of a bank is sufficient to injure it very greatly. When we three—for I agreed to join the unholy compact—first arranged to petition the court to wind up the bank, there was really no cause why such should be done. But no sooner was it known that such a document was being prepared, than the affair got talked about in the City, and, once talked about, the credit of the bank was virtually gone. This was not only caused by people thinking no one would dream of presenting such a petition without a good reason, but also by there being other shareholders amongst us who were quite as greedy of gain as I was. When these heard that a petition was about to be presented by me for the winding-up of the bank, there were half a dozen or more of these gentlemen who thought that they had quite as much right as me to any possible profits in the legal fight. Moreover, each of them had his solicitor, and each solicitor had his accountant, all most anxious to win a prize which was so well worth having. We calculated that what with litigation of one sort and another, costs of meetings, summonses, writs issued against shareholders that would not pay up, there would have been a matter of three thousand pounds clear profit to be divided between the accountant, the solicitor, and myself.

If this unfortunate establishment had only been given fair play, it would have got on quite as well as seven banks out of ten do for the first year or two after they are set on foot. But the very fact of there being first one petition, and then four or five more presented to wind it up, made people believe that there was something radically wrong about it. The shares that had been quoted a fraction above par, soon went down to fifty per cent discount. On each of our shares there was at this time five pounds paid up, and these could now be purchased in the market for two pounds ten. Thus the petitions being presented, helped to bring down the value of the shares, and the fall of the latter was of great service to us in obtaining a hearing for our petitions—the one telling upon and influencing the other. And yet the management of the bank had not been bad. The directors were honourable men, and were all more or less worth

money. The list of shareholders was good, and fully equal to pay any calls that could have been made upon them. But what cannot be effected by a panic and by credit run down? In our case, then, it had such an effect that, although the bank was, in sober truth, as sound as ever, not a single shareholder could be found bold enough to resist the application for winding-up; even the directors, having been bitten with the prevalent fear, became as anxious as any one else to wash their hands of the whole affair. Thus the position of the concern was, that by a sort of tacit consent, the great body of shareholders looked on in silence, whilst six or seven of us were striving to have such a sentence passed upon the company as would ruin it but enrich us.

I have mentioned that there were six or seven of us—each with his solicitor and accountant, ready to be slipped at the enemy—each trying to have the winding-up order granted. A day was named by the Vice-Chancellor, and we competitors—it was very like a horse-race—went before that functionary to prove, first, that the bank ought to be wound up, and, secondly, to see which of us would gain the prize of having the winding-up in his own hands. To hear us all on the one day was impossible, and therefore the Vice-Chancellor had to name a second day for another hearing. At the end of the first day it was very evident that his Honour had decided that the concern should be wound up, and also that my party was the favourite for obtaining the desired prize. So much so was this latter the case, that before leaving the court on that day, I had offers from no less than three of my enemies to amalgamate their forces with mine, on condition that they should receive an equal share of the profits. To my great surprise, I found that the moving spirit of one of these parties was no less a person than Mr. Edwin Smart, the secretary of the company, who, seeing that there was a panic abroad respecting the bank, determined that if there was anything to be had out of the spoil, he might as well have his share of what was going. With this view he selected a shareholder—an individual who owned but five shares—and, putting him forward as the petitioner, was himself provided with solicitor and accountant, to assist him in opening and eating the oyster. He was a wise man in his generation, Mr. Edwin Smart, and the notion of the secretary of a bank being one of the most eager—although behind the scenes—to wind up the concern, certainly surprised me not a little. Since then, however, I have ceased to be astonished at anything done in London, either for the promoting or the destruction of joint-stock companies.

As a matter of policy, I thought it wise to ask Mr. Edwin Smart to join us. Being secretary of the bank, he had all the board minutes, letters, and other records under his charge, and might be of great use to us if we wanted to prove anything concerning the establishment. I therefore, after consulting with my two friends, the solicitor and accountant, told Mr. Smart that he might



join and receive twenty per cent of the whole net profits of the winding-up business, but that we could not make any offer, or promise anything to the solicitor and accountant which he had with him. To this he readily agreed, and made terms of his own with his partners, consenting to give them a third of all he earned by our mutual arrangement.

The day at last came when the Vice-Chancellor had to deliver judgment in this matter. His Honour was very decided that the bank should be wound-up under inspection, and also appointed my friend the accountant to be official manager and liquidator of the winding-up. No sooner was this done, than the accountant named his friend the attorney to become solicitor for the winding-up. The same evening the official liquidator took charge of everything in the bank. The clerks of the establishment were at once sent about their business, one or two only being kept to show the accountants how the books were kept, and to explain any difficulties they might find in the correspondence connected with the business of the bank.

Thus the Bank of Patagonia, which had cost me so much trouble to bring into existence, and which I had received five thousand pounds to launch upon the world, was already dead, and I, amongst others, was paid for having killed it. When too late, some of the shareholders began to see how they had been victimised, and how much better off they would have been receiving even a small dividend from the bank at work, than in having to pay up on their respective shares pretty large sums for the liquidation of the concern. But the fiat had gone forth. The bank was ordered to be wound-up, and no power in England could prevent that order being carried out. In the mean time, we, who were partners in the little speculation, had a pleasant as well as a profitable time of it. The solicitor's costs, to say nothing of the official liquidator's fees, came to a nice round sum, and this we divided every week. Short accounts make long friends. My share of the profits amounted to more than fifteen hundred pounds, besides having a nice warm office in which I could do any business I had in the City, could write all my letters, and receive friends.

For me the speculation has been a good one. To get five thousand pounds for bringing a company into the world, and a year later netting a cool fifteen hundred for helping to kill off the same concern, is what does not fall to the lot of every man. I am quite contented with what the Bank of Patagonia has done for me, but I often wonder whether the shareholders are equally pleased with the way their money has been spent. They were first induced to take shares in the bank, and then so frightened that they consented to those shares being wound-up, which led to their having to pay much more for giving up business than they would have had to do in order to carry it on. But, after all, must not promoters, solicitors, and accountants, live; and, if share-

holders were wise enough to trust their own money to their own management, where would then these professions be?

#### A WISH AND A WARNING.

WHEN thou think'st of days gone by,

Lady fair,

May thy bosom heave no sigh,

Lady fair,

May no bitter thought reproach thee

As the fading days approach thee,

Free from tear-drop be thine eye,

Lady fair.

If such blessing thou would'st gain,

Lady fair,

Give no bosom present pain,

Lady fair.

With no honest heart dissemble;

If thou dost—oh, lady, tremble:

Thou wilt drag a heavy chain,

Lady fair!

If a wedded fate thou meetest,

Lady fair,

(Fate the bitterest or the sweetest,

Lady fair),

Faith and truth must have a place there

If without—there is no grace there;

But *with* these, joy is complete,

Lady fair.

#### MY TWO DERBIES.

I HAVE been twice to the Derby. On the first occasion I went as a snob, in a greengrocer's van, with an eighteen-gallon cask of stout hanging over the tail-board; on the second occasion—two Wednesdays ago—I went as a swell, in a barouche and pair, with a champagne hamper under the coachman's box. I believe I am justified, from the barouche point of view, in regarding the occupant of a greengrocer's van as a snob; and equally, from the van point of view, in regarding the occupant of the barouche as a swell. I will not say which character I assumed for the occasion—whether, being a swell, I pretended to be a snob, or, being a snob, I pretended to be a swell. Suffice it, that on both occasions the part I undertook, at very short notice, was “adequately sustained.”

I cannot, by mentioning the name of the winner, indicate to my sporting readers the exact year when I travelled to Epsom Downs in a greengrocer's van; but it was a good many Derbies ago. The greengrocer's pretty daughter, who was courted all the way down by a young man (of whom I did not approve), is now a matronly person with a considerable family, all the hideous image of that young man, who is veterinary, of a morose disposition, and subject to spasms of drink. I sigh when I think of that pretty girl, so fair, so gay, and light-hearted then; so careworn, so toil-burdened now. She married that young man for happiness—as if she had not been happy then—and now she



"never sees any pleasure." *Her* Derby days are over long ago.

The company began to assemble in Little Green-street at six o'clock in the morning. The vans—there were two of them—were ready to start, and Mr. Povey, the proprietor, resplendent in a red plush velvet waistcoat—whose lustre, by the way, was considerably dimmed by a very dingy white hat—was pacing up and down on the pavement opposite the shop all anxiety to mount the box and be off. The excursionists arrived; generally in the order observed by the animals on entering the ark; that is to say, two and two, male and female, and this arrangement ensured so much natural discipline, that there would have been no difficulty whatever in making an immediate start, had it not been for the eighteen-gallon cask of stout, subscribed for by a section of the party, which, relying upon our utter ignorance of the principle of the inclined plane, gave itself up to inert obstinacy, and, for some time, resisted all our efforts to lift it on to the tail-board of the front van. It was got there at length; but some further delay was occasioned in consequence of an energetic young man, exhibiting a large expanse of shirt front, rashly volunteering to knock in the tap with half of a paving-stone. Here again the want of scientific knowledge was keenly felt, particularly by the energetic young man with the shirt front, and his sweetheart in a new white muslin with blue spots, who, owing to the tap not having been previously turned off, received the first pint of the stout all over their finery, a mishap which established a cause of quarrel between the pair for the rest of the day, and may, for all I know, have led to the final cutting of their loves in two. In such small incidents doth lurk our human fate—which sounds like a poetical quotation, but it isn't, at least not that I know of.

Well, we got into the vans two and two, as if we had been pairing off for wholesale matrimony, stowed away our nose-bags and stone bottles under the seats, lighted our pipes, put our arms round our sweethearts' waists, and away we went rattling up Little Green-street, with a crowd of boys round us hurrahing like mad. It was a very fine start; but unhappily for the éclat of tearing by the opposition greengrocer's in a manner to make the opposition envious, a halt was suddenly called. There were eighteen gallons of beer in the advance-guard van, but there was nothing to drink it out of. Our groom in waiting, who was the greengrocer's boy, went back for a vessel, and returned presently with the gooseberry measure, which, at a more brilliant period of its career, had been what is publicly known as a pint pot. It had not been scoured lately, and it was rather battered, but a young man of the company, who appeared to be familiar with the operation, deftly gave it a rubbing up with a handful of straw gathered from the floor of the van, and off we go again; a young man on the box with Mr. Povey signalling our triumphant departure to the early risers of Tottenham-court-road, by unfurling a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief in the breeze.

I don't know on what pretence of necessity or convenience it was that we called at so many places between Tottenham-court-road and Charing-Cross; but certain it is that we did pull up at a great many places (mostly public), and were a very long time on the way. Possibly Mr. Povey was anxious to show his acquaintances that he, his family, and the nobility, gentry, and public in general, his patrons, were going to the Derby in style. I was getting rather uneasy at Charing-Cross. It was drawing very near the time when staid business men, with whom we all have some acquaintance, are in the habit of making their way towards the City, and here am I in a greengrocer's open van, the driver smoking a short pipe, each young man with his arm round his young woman's waist, all joining in a popular chorus, and the groom in attendance running behind the front van, and drawing stout from the eighteen-gallon cask into the gooseberry measure! What if the respectable Mr. Jones, of the respectable firm of Jones Jones and Co., should see me! I think it was my suspicious attempts to get very close to Matilda, and so hide myself from the public view, that first aroused the jealousy of Matilda's young man, and eventually, as the sequel will show, nearly led to blood.

The festivities began early. It was, if I remember rightly, when we hove in sight of St. Giles's church, and marked the flight of time by the clock of that unfashionable fane, that we began to pull the nose-bags from under the seats. Generally, the refectation was brisket of beef, with a good proportion of fat, mortar'd in between two substantial slices of bread with a lick of mustard. At a point nearer St. George's, it would have been *à la fourchette*; here, under the shadow of St. Giles's, it was *à la clasp-knife*. Our Ganymede, on account of the heat and his onerous duties in running backwards and forwards to the tail-board of the leading van for beer, here asked permission to divest himself of his shoes and stockings. Permission is granted by Mr. Povey, who draws up at the Houses of Parliament to have a drop of "that beer" that's going so liberally behind. Mr. Povey recognising his own measure, looks suspiciously into the depths of the stout for tops and tails of gooseberries, but not being able to detect them, owing to the great body of the liquor, "chances it," and empties the pewter at one swig, never before having realised how very far short of a pint it was. Mr. Povey being lighted up with a Pickwick, as being more respectable than a short pipe to smoke through Clapham, our caravan starts off again and we are much cheered by the populace, in respect particularly of our eighteen-gallon cask, which bespeaks large means and boundless hospitality. At Clapham we all feel that we have done a very long stage of the journey, and get out in a body to vary the private provision with a few public-house biscuits and just a little drop of something short, while Mr. Povey waters the horses and rubs them down, preparatory to another start. We make a great many stages on the road. We



halt at the Cock at Sutton, and at all the hostelrys beyond that until we come to the open country, when, there being no more half or three-quarter-way houses to stop at, Mr. Povey, by general desire, draws the two vans off the road upon a patch of grass, where we immediately proceed to consume the brisket in a regular and organised manner. Before we resumed our seats, a little difference had occurred between two young men respecting two young women, which, as we were passing through the village of Epsom, broke out into an angry ebullition, mingled with female screams, that may possibly have suggested to the Epsom school-master looking over his garden wall, that we were a party of Romans and Sabines proceeding to the Isthmian games. (Not having Adam's antiquities at hand, I take Lord Palmerston as my classical guide, he being generally a safe card to go by.) These little differences, however, were soon arranged, and precisely at noon, Mr. Povey, whipping his horses up for the last grand display of mettle, drove us triumphantly on to the course. Our carriages were drawn up on the brow of the hill, overlooking the gipsies' tents, and considerably in front of the grand stand. We did not pay anything to go on the course, and none of our fashionable friends came round cadging for brisket and stout, as I understood was the custom in another rank a little higher up; and this was fortunate, for the brisket was wearing a very scrappy aspect, and the stout was at that low ebb when malt liquor endeavours to make up for other shortcomings by assuming an extraordinary amount of body.

Leaving the vans to Mr. Povey, who had seen a many Derbies, and fathomed all their empty pleasures, and drained a few of their empty bottles, when his patrons were not looking, we, the company which he had brought down on the present occasion for the moderate charge of five shillings a head, pikes included, dispersed ourselves over the hill and the dale to enjoy ourselves. This is what we did. We played at three sticks a penny; we guessed which thimble the pea was under, and guessed wrong; we shied little balls at pins, and knocked them down instead of going through them; we raced up and down the hill; we rode on donkeys (I am sure that young man thought I had a design to ride away with Matilda to far distant lands); and went into gipsy tents and had our fortunes told.

Now here I come to the occasion when there was very nearly being blood between me and that young man. The gipsy was telling Matilda's fortune, and she told her that there were two young men in love with her, one dark and the other fair, but that the dark young man loved her best, and would be her future 'usband. Now I was the dark young man, and when the fair young man heard what the gipsy said, he looked clasp-knives—especially that particular clasp-knife with the horn handle which he had used to carve the pork-pie at the fête champêtre down the road—at the dark young man, and suggested having a quantity,

not precisely stated, of the fluid necessary to his existence. Had not the bell rung at that moment for the great race of the day—on which the fair young man stood to lose half-a-crown—it is possible that the fluid might have flowed.

Having attacked the nose-bags early, the nose-bags gave in early, and, after the race, we were driven to recruit our exhausted energies, so far as our means would allow, in tents and booths, where the beer was as excited and frothy as the company in general, and where the boiled beef stood all over in a state of cold perspiration, as if it had betted rashly and was afraid of losing. There was music in these booths, and we danced a little, and sang a little, and, becoming free and light of heart, stuck dolls in our hats, some of us even reaching that point of happiness which manifests itself in the assumption of false noses. We were in no hurry to leave the Downs. Did you ever know a gallery boy leave the theatre until the last piece was played out to the end, even if it were one o'clock in the morning? It is all very well for the stalls and the boxes, who enjoy themselves every night in the week; but the gallery, which has a treat only now and then, likes to get the full value for its sixpence.

We were very jolly on the road home. We gave an itinerant cornet-à-piston a lift, and he played to us all the way. We chaffed the genteel people in the drags and phaetons, and asked the gentlemen in white hats who their hatters were, which was the popular piece of wit at that time. We exchanged about half a quartern of gin—the last of our liquor—for a bottle of sparkling Moselle with some young Guardsmen, who admired Matilda, and once more stirred up the jealousy of her young man, who nevertheless partook of the Moselle. We stopped at every house of entertainment on the road, and when there was no house of entertainment to stop at, we drew up our caravan by the wayside, and disported ourselves on the grass. A poet of the last century would have called us "jocund swains." It was as near as possible the half-way house where we found a fiddle going in the parlour, and we all danced polkas, while Mr. Povey unyoked the horses, and washed out their mouths. I never knew such horses as Mr. Povey's for wanting their mouths washed out, and always when he stopped for that humane purpose Mr. Povey washed out his own mouth, but not generally at his own expense.

We were not so lively towards the latter part of the journey home; but we were happy, and the young women slumbered peacefully in an engaged manner on the shoulders of the young men—except in one or two instances, when the young men themselves slumbered in an unengaged manner on the floor of the van—and the cornet woke up at the corner of Little Green-street to signalise our return with a blast of triumph. We paid Mr. Povey five shillings a head, and bidding him good night—or rather morning, for it was past twelve—assured him with all sincerity that we had never spent a more jolly day in the whole course of our lives.



And now I come to relate how I went to the Derby the other day as a swell. That carriage and pair, I will confess at once, was a joint-stock affair. It happened this way: Mr. Gandy, who is addicted to fashion, and with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, said to me one day, "Will you go down to the Derby with us?" meaning by the plural personal pronoun Mrs. Gandy and himself. I rashly said "Yes," and found afterwards that I was expected to pay half the charges. "How will you go?" I asked. "Oh, in a carriage and pair, of course," replied Mr. Gandy, with a flourish of his hand waving off all suspicion of rail, cabs, omnibuses, and other vulgar kinds of conveyance. "Very well," I said.

Mr. Gandy undertook to engage the vehicle, but leaving it until nearly the last moment, experienced some difficulty, owing to the unprecedented demand. At length, however, a phaeton and pair was secured. It would be a slap-up turn-out, the man said, with a spanking pair of horses, and would be at the door at nine o'clock.

I was at the Gandy mansion before that hour, and found Mr. and Mrs. Gandy packing the hamper. "We shall do the thing in style," Mr. Gandy whispered to me, as he popped the last foil-topped bottle into the basket.

Mrs. Gandy hoped so; but Mr. Gandy had been rash enough to invite Miss Croucher, who, though a person of good family, and accomplished, *would* insist upon wearing one-and-elevenpenny gloves, which were necessarily thumby, and calculated to detract from style.

Mrs. Gandy had been assured that the phaeton and pair would be all right. Judge, then, of the fall that took place in Mrs. Gandy's countenance when the phaeton and pair dashed up to the door, discovering what might, without libel, be described as a shandrydan, a couple of horses that did not match, and a driver who had arrayed himself for the occasion in chocolate-coloured corduroys and a speckled straw hat, swathed in a wisp of green blind. It only required the arrival of Miss Croucher in a pair of open-work silk gloves, in which her hands were caught like two red mullets in bag-nets, to reduce Mrs. Gandy to that depressed condition when the female spirits require burnt feathers and cognac. It was clear that we never could allow ourselves to be driven to Epsom by a man in a speckled straw hat; so Mr. Gandy rigged him out with a hat of his own, adorned with a silver band hastily obtained from a shop in the neighbourhood. To be sure Mr. Gandy's hat was a little too large for the man, but with a padding of brown paper it fitted pretty well until it came down over his eyes with the exertion of driving, when the vulgar people on the vans and omnibuses told him "to come out of it." There was no doing anything with Miss Croucher, for, though she wore black net gloves, she had money, and no relations but the Gandys. So we started, and tried to look as like swells as we possibly could under the circumstances.

Mr. and Mrs. Gandy sat on the back seats, and lolled as genteelly as anybody could lol,

and Miss Croucher and I sat on the narrow front seat as uncomfortably as anybody could sit. We didn't talk much, that not being genteel; and we didn't have anything to eat the whole way, that also not being genteel; and when the driver suggested the necessity of washing out the horses' mouths, he was told that it could not be permitted. I had a little flask of brandy-and-water in my pocket, and would have given the world to take a pull at it; but I felt that it would not be genteel and proper. I should have liked to smoke, but that was altogether out of the question.

Our driver, finding that we were very genteel, took us by short cuts, and avoided as much as possible the stream of vulgar life. This was favourable to the maintenance of our dignity; but every now and then, when we were driven to join the crowd at a convergence of roads, we were taken down a peg by those vulgar fellows on the 'busses asking our driver to come out of that hat. I will say this of our driver, that he was better known, and had a larger circle of acquaintance, than any of us. Twenty times, at least, between London and Epsom persons in vehicles (generally on the box seat) nodded their heads or jerked up the handles of their whips in token of recognition. Several persons called him familiarly George, and one asked him "Where he had dug it from?" which I understood to refer to the pheeayton, as George called it. This mystery was cleared up afterwards, when we learned that George was by normal profession a cabman, who, on Derby and other high days and holidays, did a little livery business on his own account, using his own horses, and digging up a "pheeayton" where he could find one in any mound devoted to the shooting of vehicular rubbish.

We paid a guinea to go upon the course, and, the horses having been removed, we were seized upon by a dozen half-naked clamorous fellows, who dragged the pheeayton this way and that way, and shoved, and pushed, and pulled, until I thought the pheeayton would have been deprived of its head. Each one of the dozen fellows declared that to him belonged the sole merit of having pulled us about, and demanded money, and wouldn't go away until he got it. Then, other fellows, seeing that we were swells, insisted upon brushing us, and when we resisted, and exhibited our own clothes-brush, they cried, "Yah! shabby!" at us, and brought down upon the pheeayton the attention of all the drags by which it was surrounded, and which completely shut out our view of the race-course. We were so blocked in among the mass of carriages on the hill, that it was impossible to get out even on foot; so Mr. Gandy and I, who had designed to walk about with the view of being seen by our friends, were obliged to remain in the carriage. By comparison with others, our hamper was not such a grand affair as it had promised, when Mr. Gandy was packing the "sparkling." Beside the hampers from Fortnum and Mason's, neatly packed with paper shavings, ours showed



its home-made origin most unmistakably. It was composed of brown wicker, and it was packed with straw. We had forgotten to provide ourselves with a champagne opener, and, as Mr. Gandy wouldn't hear of knocking the tops of the bottles off, we were fain to allow George to operate upon the wines with an instrument which he usually employed to pick out stones from the horses' feet. We had omitted to bring champagne glasses, and were obliged to drink the bubbling wine out of tumblers, which was quite as agreeable to ourselves, but may have looked like pale ale to our neighbours. A leg of lamb, with salad and mint sauce, was substantial, but it rather paled its elegance beside fowls tied up with white ribbon, Yorkshire pies, and decorated lobsters. We were very quiet at lunch, and I am sure no one could have said that we were other than most genteel and respectable people, if George had not insisted upon thumbing his cold lamb, instead of eating it from a plate. George was incorrigible. He sat down upon the hamper, and smoked a short clay pipe under our very noses, and, what was worse, under the very noses of the drags. He leant familiarly over the side of the pheeayton, and proposed that we should get up a sweep among ourselves, "just to give an interest to it, like;" a proposal which I need not say was indignantly rejected.

Every time the bell rang we stood up in the pheeayton, but could see nothing except the backs of the people on the drags immediately before us. Nevertheless, we preserved our gentility to the last, which was the hour of six, when George, with the aid of many volunteer ostlers, hauled us out from the mass of vehicles in which we were imbedded, and put us on the road. The horses were put to, George mounted the box, and away we went homewards.

It was not long before we were assailed with a shower of chaff and peas. George was commanded for the hundredth time to come out of his hat. Miss Croucher was asked for a lock of her hair, and frequent inquiries were made of Mr. Gandy and myself if we didn't feel very well. This last being a sarcastic allusion to the rigid gentility of our behaviour. Miss Croucher laughed outright at a joke once, and was severely reproved by Mrs. Gandy. She didn't laugh again for two miles, no more did I, and the consequence was that the jokers were more severe upon us than ever. "Was we so werry ill?" "Would we take a drop of summut to cheer us up?" "Had we lost heavy on Breadalbane, or what was it?" And when a van fell behind, and caught us up again, the people cried, "Slap bang! here we are again!" and sang, "So jolly, so jolly, oh!" in mockery. Even the Mossos, elated with the success of Gladiateur, chaffed us in broken English. Dreading three more hours of this, I came to a secret understanding with Miss Croucher. It was, that we were to smile privately at our assailants, with the view of conciliating them. This we did most elaborately, grinning like Cheshire cats at all the jokes, and playtully, in a kitten-like way, putting

up our paws to ward off the sportive peas. We winked also, and nodded our heads significantly, as much as to say, "There's a stiff-backed old gal here who won't allow us to lark; but we're the right sort, so don't be too hard upon us." This had some effect in mitigating the violence of the dead set that was everywhere made against us, and we managed to reach Clapham without coming in contact with either flour or oranges.

Miss Croucher was bound, in courtesy, to say that she had never spent a pleasanter day in her life; and so was I; but we nudged each other and exchanged winks as we said so; and, escorting Miss Croucher home afterwards, I told her how I had once gone to the Derby in a van, and enjoyed myself very much; and Miss Croucher was delighted with the narration, and said if I would go that way next year, she would put on a thick veil and accompany me on the sly.

### OLD BLUES ADRIFT.

WHEN the Sylph, or Waterman No. 1, takes you down the river, do not imagine that the magnificent frontage of Greenwich Hospital—more worthy of the name of a palace than most buildings in England usually known by that designation—exhibits the windows of the old seamen's rooms. The officials can tell you better than that. Bounded on the west by the temple of whitebait called the Ship, and on the east by the other temple of whitebait called the Trafalgar, the facade is so managed that the nicest bits fall to the lot of those who, really or professedly, look after the old men. Passing a piece of garden ground, we come to the north-westernmost of four clusters or quarters of building, named after four sovereigns who mainly supplied the funds for erecting them. This is King Charles's Quarter, the whole river frontage of which is given up to the governor and lieutenant-governor—lucky fellows! Then comes a beautiful open quadrangle, the view of which is bounded southward by the Naval Schools and the Observatory. Then another cluster called Queen Anne's Quarter, the frontage of which is in like manner given up wholly to officials. The south frontages of both of these clusters tell the same story—official; while the wards of the old salts occupy the lateral portions. Then, still further south, are the other two clusters known as King William's and Queen Mary's Quarters; one containing the Painted Hall, the other the Chapel; and each comprising officials' apartments, pensioners' wards, a kitchen, and a dining-hall. Then, round about in other places are the infirmary, the helpless ward, the brewery, the bakery, the gas-works, and other departments. And, as a background to the whole, is the Royal Naval Schools, with the play and drill-grounds, the ship in which the boys play at shrouds and maintops, and the residences and pleasant gardens of the officials. View it whence we may—east, west, north, or south—



the whole group is a noble one. Foreigners marvel when told that we lodge our old seamen better than our Queen. But do we? It has been ascertained by actual measurement, that not only do the officials take the best bits, but they occupy almost exactly one-half of all the cubical space of the entire buildings—buildings which cover seven acres of ground, besides the open quadrangles and gardens. Here they live in comfort with their wives and families; but the wives and families of the old pensioners—well, we shall see presently.

Those who have a right of admission into Greenwich Hospital, as pensioners for their declining days, are seamen and marines who have rendered a regular service in the Royal Navy, under conditions very technically laid down, though varied from time to time. The merchant seaman has nothing to do with the place, although his sixpences in past years helped to swell the fund out of which the establishment is supported. A seaman is bandied about a good deal, from Whitehall to Somerset House, from Somerset House to Greenwich, from one office to another, before the formalities of his admission are settled; but when all is arranged, he has his antiquated dress given to him, and he is consigned to a particular ward, a particular table, and a particular mess. Down to the time of William the Fourth, the old fellows had worn the same kind of knee-breeches which had adorned their shanks for a century and a quarter; but it then struck the Admiralty mind that as sailors do not wear shorts when in service, it is absurd to let their poor thin legs get cold when age comes upon them; and so breeches made way for trousers. The funny three-cornered cocked-hat lived many years longer; it did not make way for the round hat till recently. The sleeping-rooms of the men are divided into wards, each ward into cabins, and each cabin contains from one to four beds. There is very little in the cabin to take Ben Bunt's attention off his bed; and as he is not allowed, unless per favour, to lie on his bed in the daytime, his cabin is little more to him than a sleeping-place. The crack ward in the place, King Charles's ward, open to visitors in the daytime, exhibits something like smartness in the cabins; but the others are less homelike and comfortable. The wards and cabins are not eating-places. Three times a day the veterans (except those in the infirmary and the helpless ward) assemble in one of the dining-halls, for meals. At breakfast they have cocoa and bread. At dinner they have roast meat, boiled fresh and salt meat, boiled and baked puddings, rice and macaroni broth, pea-soup, and vegetables, according to the days of the week and the season of the year. For tea or supper (those two meals being rolled into one), they have bread, butter, and tea. And they have two pints of beer per day. This dietary is certainly good, and the quantity is sufficient for men who have no hard work to do. The kitchens adjoin the dining-halls, and visitors are freely admitted to both. All is done as regular as clockwork. Of

course, if a man misbehaves, there is punishment—expulsion without pension; fine; the red cape (mustn't go out); and the yellow sleeves (mess alone, and do the dirty work for the others); but the number of delinquencies, among the thirteen or fourteen hundred men, is not glaringly large. The shilling a week tobacco-money or pocket-money (so limited until recently), given to each man, is cut up into a number of little bits, according to the objects regarded by him as comforts to be treasured.

Yes, comforts to be treasured. Many of the pensioners are married; and the worst feature in the place is the manner in which the poor wives are treated. The royal founders of the establishment certainly intended that something should be done for pensioners' wives; but (until very recently indeed) they were ignored altogether; they had no home within the building, no rations, no money. They had a portion of the broken food from the dining-halls, and they had such rations as were forfeited by pensioners who went out on a short leave of absence. A married pensioner was allowed to draw tenpence a day instead of his rations, in order that he might have his meals with his wife or children outside the walls of the Hospital; and this tenpence a day, with his shilling a week pocket-money, made about seven shillings per week, which was all he had wherewith to feed himself, and to feed, clothe, and lodge any who were dependent on him. Some of the wives earned a little money in industrial pursuits, some became chargeable to the parish, some did worse, and some nearly starved. The officials, as men of ordinary feeling, of course did not like this state of things; but the system under which they acted was inelastic, and reform could only emanate from the Admiralty. The children, also, were completely ignored; kind persons within the establishment kept up a small school for them, but it lacked money, system, and countenance. The Royal Naval School, a large and costly appendage to the Hospital, is not available for these poor children, unless by special favour. However, as most of the pensioners are elderly men, their sons and daughters comprise only a small number who are still children. Widows are better off than wives, in relation to this establishment; about one hundred and fifty widows of seamen and marines either receive pensions or are employed in the building, to nurse the sick, and to mend the linen and bedding of all. This picture exhibits the state of matters as they were till within the last four or five years; how far, under the influence of a strongly expressed public opinion, changes have since been made, we shall see presently.

Greenwich Hospital is really a very wealthy establishment, and its revenues have accrued in many singular ways. During the reign of Queen Anne, her brother Prince James thought fit to fight for the crown, of which his Roman Catholicism had deprived him. He is known in history as the Pretender; and, in his unfortunate proceedings of seventeen hundred and fif-



teen, many noblemen and gentlemen became implicated. The Earl of Derwentwater was one of them; his estates in Durham and Northumberland were forfeited to the Crown, and were soon after given to Greenwich Hospital. So largely has the value increased by the discovery of mineral veins underneath, that these Derwentwater estates now yield a gross rental of more than fifty thousand a year, the whole of which belongs to Greenwich Hospital. Then there are estates in Greenwich town worth a few thousands a year. Then the Hospital was awarded, from time to time, forfeited and unclaimed naval bounty and prize-money, deserters' prize-money, a per-centage on all bounty and prize-money, a per-centage on Admiralty droits, a per-centage on the freightage earned by carrying treasure in royal ships, and the residue of a Patriotic Fund raised during the great war. Then there were fines levied against smugglers, the effects of the famous Captain Kydd the pirate, portions of the coal and culm tax, Robert Osbaldeston's bequest of twenty thousand pounds, and other bequests from other persons. Then there was, for a period of a hundred and thirty years, sixpence per month from every seaman in the Royal Navy; and, for a still longer period, the same amount from every merchant seaman—now commuted for a perpetual government grant of twenty thousand a year. And even the paltry fourpences, absurdly charged to the public for viewing the Painted Hall, go to the same fund; if these pence supplied a few extra pipes of tobacco to the old men, the public would like it better. From all these sources, the funded property of Greenwich Hospital is now so large (something like three millions sterling), that the mere interest on the amount, added to the rental of the Derwentwater estates, makes up the noble sum of a hundred and fifty thousand a year, or thereabouts.

There are too many cooks to attend to this nice broth. Naval officers have been allowed to entertain the belief that Greenwich Hospital was intended for them as well as for the humble seamen; the belief is erroneous, but under its influence places and offices have been multiplied unnecessarily. It may not be that our old admirals and commodores, captains and lieutenants, are overpaid: far from it; but it is unquestionably wronging the sailor to let them dip so deeply into the Greenwich Hospital revenue. The officials are so many, that they have often quarrelled through being in each other's way.

A special commission, five years ago, recommended very sweeping reforms. Nearly every one has felt that this grand establishment, with its magnificent endowments, palatial buildings, and expensive administration, fails to promote duly the objects for which it was originally founded. The old wooden-legged, one-armed, one-eyed, wrinkled, battered, weather-worn seamen, do not, as a class, love Greenwich Hospital as a place of residence. The long galleries and the spacious colonnades

become sadly wearisome to men who have yet a little life and jocund spirit in them. As out-pensions can now be obtained with more facility than formerly; as the scale of such pensions is improved; as long-service men have now the privilege of drawing pay and pension together; as there are increased facilities for obtaining some kind of employment out of doors—as these things are so, the more able and less decrepit among the men show a yearning to leave the place, rather than pass their days in listless idleness and mental vacuity. There is a small library; but it is not of much use to men who have not reading habits; and no artificial substitutes for ordinary occupations and amusements would remove from the establishment that monastic character which it certainly exhibits to its unemployed, dull, and moping inmates. The poor old fellows' wives are neither wives nor widows as to social position; and there is little of family comfort for them. Various items of reform, however, as we have said, have been made since the commissioners prepared their report five years ago. The pocket-money of the pensioners has been raised from one shilling a week to three, four, or five, according to the rank they held in the Navy; an addition of two shillings a week has been made in the grant to the married men, to aid them in supporting their wives; the wives and children can obtain medical advice and medicine gratis; widower pensioners with children are allowed an additional sum of two shillings a week; the widows of deceased pensioners are allowed sums varying from one to four pounds, to enable them to proceed from Greenwich to their parish or home; a grant has been made towards the Pensioners' Children's School; pensioners may go to visit their homes for six weeks together, obtaining their pocket-money beforehand, and also the money-value of their rations for that period; and, lastly, the retirement of the nurses or female servants, being the widows of seamen or marines, has been regulated and improved.

All these are steps in the right direction; but still something more is needed. The good folks at Greenwich Hospital spend thirty-five thousand a year in managing a hundred and fifty thousand—that is, commissioners, receivers, governors, lieutenant-governors, secretaries, comptrollers, assistants, clerks, servants, &c., run away with nearly twenty-five per cent. of the revenue that belongs to the establishment. This is one of the many things which are "too bad." The Duke of Somerset, as First Lord of the Admiralty, drew up a memorandum of recommendations, about a year ago, for the consideration of the Admiralty. During last summer, the heads of a scheme were communicated to parliament for rather a sweeping reform at the old men's home; then the Admiralty and the Treasury had a talk; then each board raised objections which the other endeavoured to clear away; then they appointed three persons to work out all the practical details of the scheme; and then the year came



to a close. In February of the present year, Mr. Hamilton, of the Treasury, Mr. Childers, of the Admiralty, and Sir Richard Bromley, of Greenwich Hospital, presented their joint recommendation as to the exact nature of the reforms, and the mode of carrying them out.

Let us sketch the whole plan, just as if it were certain to be fulfilled. The present commissioners of Greenwich Hospital are to be dispensed with, and a much simpler governing authority established. The management of the Hospital estates is to be wholly severed from that of the Hospital, and confided to a different set of persons; and not only the estates but also the funded property and the parliamentary grants, making up the revenue to something over one hundred and fifty thousand a year. Letting out such of the old men as are still tolerably hearty, the in-pensioners are to be limited to six hundred: comprising the infirm, and such poor fellows as have no friends and no other home to go to; they will have a few additional comforts beyond the present limit, and about two shillings a week pocket-money instead of one. The Royal Naval School for eight hundred boys, sons of seamen and marines, is still to be supported out of the Hospital revenues. The salaries of officers, the wages of servants, the support and pocket-money for six hundred pensioners, and the support of the school, are estimated to cost about seventy thousand a year; and even after all these reforms, little more than one-fourth of this amount will be spent really on the men for food, clothing, and pocket-money. The total sum is to be voted annually by, and subject to, the consent of parliament, but is to be refunded to the nation out of the Hospital estates—a precaution which will give the nation a check over the spending of the money. More than half the revenue being thus unappropriated, it is to be applied to pensions. A small sum, about four thousand a year, is to go in pensions to a few old admirals, captains, commanders, lieutenants, masters, paymasters, and warrant officers. The bulk of the money, however, is to be applied to bettering the condition of the *out-pensioners*, the old salts who have served the Queen (or King) a due number of years, but who do not, or are not to, reside within the walls of Greenwich Hospital. The whole of these *out-pensioners*, excluding those residing in the colonies, are about twelve thousand in number, to whom about a quarter of a million sterling is voted annually by parliament in the form of pensions—varying from two or three up to fifteen or twenty shillings a week, according to rank, length of service, exemplary conduct, &c. About fourteen hundred of these out-door veterans are over seventy years of age; so that the total list will lessen every year. Extra pensions, beyond those at present fixed, are to be paid to such of the pensioners as are fifty-five years old and upwards, and have been in the receipt of ordinary pensions for at least five years. This class includes about four thousand men; but provision is to be made for augmentation to five thousand. This additional pension, beyond that

at present received, is to be fivepence per day to begin with, increasing up to ninepence. These extra pensions will absorb about fifty thousand a year. Of the men who are at present in the Hospital, but will quit it under the new system, all will be placed on the same improved position as those who are now out. Gratuities, equal to one year's pay of their husbands, are to be paid to the widows of seamen and marines who may be killed or drowned in her Majesty's service.

But what will become of the magnificent structure, when only six hundred old fellows are domiciled in it, with twenty officers and a hundred nurses in attendance to see to their wants? Until the next war there will be long corridors and ranges of rooms unoccupied; but when broken arms and legs, and shattered faces and bodies, begin again, there will be accommodation for seventeen hundred additional inmates, or two thousand three hundred beds altogether. The six hundred, already spoken of, would comprise those who are too infirm to leave the Hospital, and others who really have nowhere else to go to—men who have no relations, domestic ties, or regular occupations beyond the walls of the place which has sheltered them during a long course of years.

Many persons ask, and have asked for some years past, why should not Greenwich Hospital be made in some way available for invalided merchant seamen, whose sixpences in past days helped to create the funds? Merchant seamen, it is true, who have been wounded in action with the ship of an enemy, or in fight against a rebel or pirate, are eligible for admission; but these, of course, are exceptional cases. The final arrangements are not yet legislatively sanctioned; and there seems much reason to wish that, either through the Seamen's Hospital Society or some other channel, the claims of merchant seamen should meet with recognition—before the noble funds are irrevocably voted away.

## PATTY'S TEA-PARTIES.

### CHAPTER I.

"ROBERT, I am disgusted with her."

"Why, Patty? She is very pretty."

"I allow she is pretty."

"And elegant."

"Yes, she is elegant."

"And dresses beautifully."

"Beautifully! Is it not a sin and a shame to spend the money she must spend on her dress?"

"Ah, that is it, Patty. You are angry because she is always finer than you."

"Now, Robert! as for that, I can be as fine as she, if I chose to be wicked and run you into debt; and moreover, I would not be as fine. I flatter myself I have better taste."

"You have been flattering yourself a good deal of late, Patty."

"And why not? when a person comes and settles herself down here amongst us all, a stranger, with few introductions, and begins to



lay down the law, and pretend to teach us what we are to do, to say, to think—'tis high time to flatter oneself. She had the audacity to remark upon the Hall—upon Pet.”\*

“I have heard you wish that the Hall was whitewashed, and that Pet would sometimes think of something else than her baby.”

“Robert, if you are going to defend that woman, I have done with you. When I am angry too—all for you.”

“For me! I am not in love with the widow.”

“The widow! Pray, pray, Robert, do not adopt the vulgar habit of calling her ‘the widow.’ I am sick of hearing such a sacred name applied to her, when you know if the tongs had a coat on, she would make eyes at it.”

“I dare say, Patty, if you were my widow, you would act very differently.”

My goodness gracious! Robert’s widow! I know, of course, what would be the first thing I should do: if I were Robert’s widow, I should go out of my mind. Of course, if I went out of my mind, I should not be answerable for anything I did—though I feel pretty sure, if I was the maddest woman living, as a widow, I should not act as Mrs. Arundel does.

“Don’t cry, Patty, you shall never be my widow, if I can help it.”

“Of course not, Robert—but I really think her name of Arundel is assumed. What right has she to call herself by so grand a name?”

“My dear Patty, she must have a name! You will not let me call her ‘the widow,’ and if you forbid me calling her Mrs. Arundel, what am I to do?”

“Oh! Robert, don’t vex me, when I am so unhappy—and so ought you to be—she will marry your brother, in spite of everything, and I shall have to love as a sister-in-law a woman I despise and dislike.”

“Fortunately the symptoms are all on her side. I see none on his.”

“That is very true, but how can you tell what is going on in your brother’s mind? Every day he appears to me to get more and more in the clouds.”

“And so further away from Mrs. Arundel; as, according to your opinion, she is hastening as fast the other way.”

“Extremes meet, in the end, Robert.”

“True, Patty. I will keep my eye on Erasmus, whenever the little wid—whenever Mrs. Arun—what may I call her, Patty?”

But I ran away. I was not going to let Robert tease me any more.

And such good reason too as I had to be troubled about this—what shall I call her? I hope I am above calling people names behind their backs, so I will say person—I was troubled about this “person.”

Robert has a brother—being the eldest, of course he has the estate—and lives six miles from us. But though he has the estate, and

need do nothing but amuse himself just as he likes all day, I pity him. If he had been Robert, he would have had to work, and go out into the world and look about him, and see things in a sensible light, and do as other people did.

But because he had nothing to do but enjoy himself, he must needs enjoy himself after a very odd fashion. Half his life he had buried himself among mummies, a great deal of his time was spent in his laboratory, the very name of which might lead one to suppose he was doing something in it, whereas a nasty smell, smoke, and dirt, are the end of all his experiments.

Sometimes he spent whole nights in his telescope tower, and would fly over to us, in joyful spirits, to say he had seen Jupiter’s moons, or Saturn’s rings.

What good were Jupiter’s moons to us? Why could not Jupiter be content with our moon, instead of having private ones of his own? And why was it necessary for Saturn to have a ring, when he could not be married anyhow, as I understood.

For my part, I am not clever, and I never pretended to be clever. I won’t deny that sometimes I am obliged to use a dictionary, especially when I want to write a word with “ie” in it.

But to be as clever as Robert’s brother Erasmus, was being too clever a great deal. I would rather have been myself, even if my spelling was much worse than it happened to be. In fact, I consider Robert much more clever than Erasmus, though the latter is an LL.D. If Erasmus has the right to put LL.D. after his name, I’m sure Robert might use the letters D.D.S., “dearest darling Solomon.”

However, it is no use my railing in this fashion. I must behave myself, though I never felt so ill-tempered in all my life, for I am very fond of Erasmus, poor dear, though he never has the least idea what he is about. So unlike Robert.

Good gracious me! here am I worse than ever. Pet has been frightening me out of my wits; she says, smiling, too (most heartless of you, Pet, I said), “Mrs. Arundel will be Mrs. Doctor Erasmus before the month is out. I met them walking together just now as cozy as lovers.”

I have forced myself to be very uncivil to Erasmus.

“Erasmus,” I said. (By the way, what a name is Erasmus; one cannot halve it, or shorten it, or lengthen it, or make anything of it but its own mouthful. Robert is a good deal to say when one is in a hurry, but I don’t mind confessing that, in private, I have called Robert Bob and Bobby. Now, with Erasmus, there is only “Rassy,” which is enough to draw one’s teeth to say, or “Mussy,” and really to pronounce that word strongly, would not be altogether civil to Erasmus, it is too suggestive.) Well, to go on. “Erasmus,” I said, “do you think Jupiter has got any more moons ready for

\* See “Patty’s Vocation,” page 38 of the present volume.



you to look at, or don't you think it time to invent a new light to outblaze the magnesian?"

I wanted gently to give him a hint to go home. Six miles between him and Mrs. Arundel would be almost as good as six hundred, provided he was star-gazing or bottle dabbling, and he was certain to do either one or the other, when there.

"Go home! Patty, I always think myself at home with you."

Now, there is no denying that this was most provokingly true. Robert himself was never more run after by me, in regard to his whims, than I ran after Erasmus.

Indeed there was much more need to do so with him, poor fellow. Often and often I have been afraid lest he should forget to put on all his clothes, and as for what he eats, if I did not sit by him, he would put salt in his tea, sugar on his chop, and mince up raspberry jam with his poached egg. Indeed, I am a regular guardian angel to him, in small things, and he knows it.

When he was pretty sensible, and alive to what was going on, it was always, "Patty does that for me; Patty knows what I like; Patty, am I to do this?" and so on.

And Robert, too, he says he does not know what his brother would do without me. Once he said, but I hope nobody will think me vain, Robert does not often say such things, but when he does he means it—he said, "Patty, you never look so pretty in my eyes as when you are looking after my brother." There! now I have told it. I hope I shall be forgiven if I acknowledge I often repeat this to myself, and I often wish I could hear Robert say it again. It gave me such a thrill; and here, notwithstanding, I am trying to get his brother out of the house.

Of course I could say no more after that answer of Erasmus. Twenty Mrs. Arundels might have tormented me in vain.

"Patty," said Erasmus, suddenly, "suppose we have a tea."

"A tea! the kettle will be up at half-past eight."

"I mean people—a party to tea. Send home for fruit and flowers."

"Who am I to ask?" said I, solemnly and severely, feeling what was coming.

"Mrs. Arundel," he answered, without the least shame or blush.

"Ho!" I exclaimed, in a voice that was made up of pettishness, hysterics, and sarcasm. "Ho, because she is so clever, I suppose."

"She is not the least clever. I hate a clever woman; don't you, Robert?"

"Abominate them," answered Robert.

"You may ask some more, Patty. Send home for cakes, wines, and jellies."

So there was I pinned down to invite that wom—person to tea.

I went to confide my sorrows to Pet.

"I shall come to that tea-party also. It will be too late for baby, but I will bring 'my old thing.'"

"The squire dines when we have tea, Pet. Don't, for goodness' sake, ask him to do such a thing."

"I have a wish to be of that party. Oliver has wishes always like mine. I think Patty has another match-make on hand."

The mischievous thing! And from her, too. Ungrateful Pet. Match-make, indeed! As if ever I shall make a match again. No, indeed; let me get Erasmus safe out of Mrs. Arundel's clutches, and I won't have a pair of lovers ever near me again.

"Robert," says Pet, in a whisper, that evening, when she came down to tell me that she and her "old thing" could think of nothing but the doctor's tea-party, and to ask when it was to take place, "Robert, this once so good Patty is covetous. She will not let your brother marry. She wants his estate."

"To be sure," answered Robert, laughing; "that is just it. Now I can account for her dislike of the pretty wid—Mrs. Arun—she will not even permit me, Pet, to mention her name."

I took no notice of either of them, and let them laugh on. A pretty thing, indeed, to accuse me of not helping Erasmus to marry! I should like him to marry. I want him to marry, poor dear fellow, some one who will take care of him. But who in the world is there fit for him?

Mary Macoll was just the least in the world too giddy. And Lucy Hatchard was too delicate. He must have a strong, active, sensible wife, one who will take care he does not get his death of cold star-gazing, or blow himself up bottling, or starve himself by forgetting to eat.

Learning is doubtless a wonderful blessing, and one ought to be very proud if one has such a clever relation as Erasmus. And I am sure I am proud. But, goodness gracious me, what a plague it is after all, and what good does it do one to know what people did formerly, and what people are going to do hereafter? To my mind, one had better be thinking what one is about oneself.

Which reminds me of the doctor's tea-party. Of course, if Pet would come, and would bring the squire, why I must set about having things altogether in first-rate order.

I must have the drawing-room carpet up for one thing, and put up the clean curtains, and the summer chintz. And I must send over to Windfalls—Erasmus's house—for flowers and fruit, and game and fish; and I am sure Molesworthy—his cook and housekeeper—will come and help. But first I must see whom to invite.

Dear me, now, if it was not for that wom—person, how I should enjoy Erasmus's tea-party.

I will have young Knowles, and pretty Lizzy Thomson, because I have lately seen symptoms. Tut, what in the world am I thinking of. No more lovers for me, thank you. I am disgusted with the whole race of lovers, and think love-making, especially the love-making now-a-days, quite disgraceful.

The eyes Mrs. Arundel makes, and her helplessness! as if she had fewer arms and legs than



other people. She may be pretty. Well, she is pretty. I don't deny that. And oh dear me, though I am not learned, and have too much to do to study history and astronomy, and all that, yet I know it as a fact, that all learned clever men choose silly pretty wives. Some say it is because they do not like rivals, but my belief is, that all their senses being occupied by the past and the future, and their wits bent on discovering what people did formerly, which does not seem half so pleasant as what we do now, they have no judgment left for every-day matters. Their thoughts always occupied with dry out-of-the-way obscurities, they are instantly smitten with a pretty face. They think they have made a discovery, when all the while people with half their brains have found out that "handsome is as handsome does," and don't see any beauty in the face of a goose.

A goose! She is not a goose. She is a clever, artful, scheming, designing woman—person I mean.

Erasmus never concocted a mixture of bottles more carefully than she is planning and plotting a mixture of devices how to ensnare him.

I will ask, as a foil, the lovely Ellen Wyatt. No; she is engaged. If Pet's sister was only here, now. But she is too young. "Come, Patty, Patty," said I to myself, "how you are wasting time. Write your invitations, and be done with it."

#### CHAPTER II.

WELL, I wrote them, and I kept "that person's" to the last. And while I was writing it, somehow my pen felt as if it was angry too, and sputtered.

Now I hope everybody is aware that I am nervously neat and tidy, so they may think what I thought, when I looked at my sputtered note.

"No," said I. "Patty, I would not write it again if I was you. It is my opinion that, write that note as often as you like, it will be sputtered. She does not consider your feelings, and why are you to consider hers?"

It was true; she never considered my feelings. She made eyes at Erasmus under my very nose.

Now is it not odd how circumstances are more obstinate than oneself. I was determined not to write a second note, and yet think of my state when Robert said,

"Patty, I suppose you did not forget to invite Miss Ross when you wrote your invitation to the wid—to Mrs. Arun—?"

"Robert, I utterly forgot her."

"Then you must write again," said he.

I am not naturally obstinate, but as for writing that note again (though I might have guessed that sputtering was to warn me I was forgetting something), I should like to see myself doing it.

"Robert, I think it will look more civil if I put on my best bonnet and cloak, and went and asked her to come in a friendly way. I like

Miss Ross rather, and I pity her a great deal for living with——"

There I stopped. I did not wish Robert to think I was a mean little woman, or anything of that sort, and so I said nothing either of the sputtered note.

I found Miss Ross at home alone. She was mending some lace for Mrs. Arundel. That person was out, taking a stroll, she said. Stroll indeed! I knew what it was; she was doing anything but strolling. She was running after Erasmus.

However, I forgot her for a little. I was so surprised to find Miss Ross such an agreeable nice girl. I was a little prejudiced against her before, because of that person.

"Robert," said I, when I got home, "she is such a dear, and has always lived in Scotland. Her mother was a Scotch heiress, and married a clergyman, and she is dead, and they all live with their father in the most primitive way. She has the fairest skin, and is quite pretty when she smiles—with such yards and yards of hair; and mind, Robert, you are to be very kind and nice to her."

"Of course I will, when I know of whom you are rhapsodising."

He knew all the time, but that is a way Robert has; he tries often to see if I will be out of patience with him. Dear me, as if I could.

We had no refusals, excepting that Mrs. Arundel was so audacious as to write and say she hoped we would excuse her cousin, as she felt too shy to come to so large a party.

"Good gracious, Robert," I said, "where will that woman go to? The girl's eyes quite sparkled with pleasure when I asked her, and she said she had the greatest desire to mix in English society. What are we to do?"

"Send Erasmus to request her company as a favour."

Oh, goodness gracious! Was I reduced to this? But Erasmus would go, and I had the horrid feeling all the time that he was glad of any excuse to go to Eglantine Cottage. He came back quite a sort of new Erasmus, a mixture of Robert in his manner, and a kind of foolish friskiness.

"She is, as you say, Patty, a well-developed large noble type of the genus woman." (I had said nothing of the kind.) "She partakes more of the Teutonic order than is usually seen in the Celtic race. She has the dreamy reflective German eye; her organisation has all the characteristics of the ruminating or quiescent species. She would make an admirable mother."

"My dear brother!"

I sometimes called Erasmus brother, that he might remember I was his sister. Never having had a sister until Robert married, he might otherwise have forgotten I stood in relation to him.

"Yes, Patty, I agree with you; she would make an admirable mother; but how goes on the tea? Mrs. Arundel asked me who was to be here, and I said everybody. Also, I told her the party was given in her honour."



"Erasmus!"

"She is a pretty woman, Robert—a very pretty woman. She is like my poor mother's little Dresden shepherdess, that you and I fell in love with when we were boys. I have it now. It is a pity she will talk of what she does not understand."

Lucky he said that, or, my goodness me, what I should have done, I don't know. It is really dreadful to think of feeling in such a temper.

I was tempted to wish a dozen times that Jupiter would have a few more new moons visible to the naked eye, or that some great revulsion of nature would take place, or somebody invent something astounding—anything to attract the attention of Erasmus. But there he was as rational almost as Robert. He examined everything that his housekeeper brought from Windfalls; he tasted a good many things; he even meddled with the flowers, and stuck two peonies on each side of the pier-glass.

Also he went home, for no particular reason that we could make out, and if he did not bring back, in a little basket, carefully wrapped up in cotton, his mother's Dresden shepherdess.

"I shall be curious to see, Patty," said he, as he placed it on a conspicuous bracket, "if any one will perceive the likeness—if she will notice it herself—I wish—hum, hum."

Erasmus had a way, when not quite satisfied, or not exactly understanding his own thoughts, of relieving his feelings by saying "hum, hum."

For my part, I hoped he would be humming all the evening. Generally, I had to remind him of his dress, but in the afternoon of the tea-party, three hours before any one was expected, he came down with even his white tie elegantly tied.

"I got Molesworthy to do it for me," says he, quite unashamed. To be sure, when a clever man is a fool, what a fool he is! I hope everybody will pardon this wicked speech, but indeed I did not in the least know what I was doing that evening.

My darling Pet and the excellent squire, who was growing quite a stout portly fellow, came early.

"How nice of you," I whispered to her—"how nice of you, Pet, to come so beautifully dressed."

"I think he will not know if we wear silk or sackcloth—but I have a thought in my head—to be clever this evening, and I made my old thing read, oh, such a book, with a name so long. One person shall not only be able to talk learned to him."

Was not she a darling to enter at once into my feelings. But oh! goodness gracious, when she arrived—that person—really she was the little Dresden shepherdess over again, and poor Miss Ross looked like an overgrown school-girl beside her, in white muslin.

However, excepting that one thing, never was there such a successful tea-party. Everybody was delighted with the freshness, the prettiness of my tea-table. I flatter myself—but dear me, what is the use of my flattering myself, when

Erasmus is sitting by, and staring at that person just as if she were one of Jupiter's moons, or his mother's Dresden shepherdess.

"I am so afraid of opening my lips before you, doctor" (such dreadfully pretty lips), murmured this false thing, who only came to talk to him.

"Why?" said he, quite anxious. "Now why?"

"Because you are so clever, and know so many languages; and though I study a good deal, and never permit myself to read the least bit of trash—yet I feel—I know I am but a babe in learning." And she looked up, odiously pretty.

"That we all are, my dear madam. The more one dips into the well of knowledge, the deeper one finds it."

"But still, how it fascinates one to penetrate into the mysteries of nature. All that you were telling us this morning of the origin of races, of the different types of the human kind, charmed me. I shall take up entomology as one of my favourite studies."

"Entomology!" echoed Erasmus.

"Yes—I was so much interested in what you told Miss Ross of the Tudor origin——"

"Hum, hum," said Erasmus.

Pet and I exchanged felicitations by the eyes.

"That is a very silly woman," whispered the squire to me; "she ought to content herself with looking pretty."

But Sarah Jane, who was there of course at the tea-party, loved her at once. She looked her over, and appraised her and her dress, and each calculation showing its costliness and value, of course Sarah Jane loved on in proportion. She had never seen any reason why people should be particular in naming their ologies, so she was as ignorant as Mrs. Arundel as to why Erasmus hummed. Mr. Bellenden and Sarah Jane were now on pretty good terms. As Robert said, "She had at last settled down to her paces all right," which was no doubt a satisfactory way of talking about her, as far as Robert was concerned.

For my part, I was glad to perceive that she was beginning to see what it was to be a wife. She took some time to do so, which was the more astonishing when I remember how dreadfully she was in love with Mr. Bellenden before they were married. However, I cannot waste all our precious moments upon her. I must bring our tea-drinking to an end.

We discovered that Miss Ross sang very well, I had the satisfaction of seeing Erasmus beating time (all wrong), but I had the pain of witnessing his eyes fixed first on the Dresden shepherdess and then on Mrs. Arundel.

"My goodness me," I said to myself, "how careful mothers should be as to what they leave in their sons' way. Don't you let little Oliver," I whispered to Pet, "ever see a Dresden china shepherdess."

"My son," replied Pet, with dignity, as if he was twenty-six years old instead of twenty-six months, "will only admire what his



father admires, and that is his mother." (Dear thing.)

Upon my word, as Robert and I said to each other ever so many times, what a sight it is to see the squire and Pet. One has read of the flying people, who were altogether perfect with their feather dress on, but helpless and miserable without it. That was just the case with our squire. He was incapable and wretched without Pet. But with Pet, he is handsome, lively, clever, positively a little "larky," which I hear is now the proper word to express spirit.

Here he is talking of Erasmus's tea-party.

"Not for worlds would I enter into rivalry with the presiding genius that makes Myrtle Cottage the perfection of a home" ("Quite true, don't cry, Patty," whispered Robert. "True as Sanscrit," cries Erasmus), "but it would give my wife and myself infinite pleasure to welcome the same party to the Hall the day after to-morrow."

"You darling old thing," whispered Pet.

"Excellent, excellent," cried Erasmus. I wonder if he will take his Dresden shepherdess to the Hall.

#### CHAPTER III.

"PATTY," says Erasmus to me, in the intermediate day between our tea-party and that to take place at the Hall, "what relation is Miss Ross to Mrs. Arundel?"

"Well, Erasmus," said I, delighted to have something to say against that person, and so speaking with the greatest emphasis, "there is a *relationship* between them. I am not, brother, one of those who go about asserting one thing, when I know it is another, and I take it for granted, as I ought to do, that people try to speak the truth."

"My dear Patty," interrupted Erasmus, meekly, "have I asked anything wrong?"

"Goodness gracious, no, Erasmus."

"Patty merely wishes to prepare your mind, Erasmus, for hearing that Mrs. Arun—ahem! that Miss Ross is niece to the wid—who, in her turn, calls her cousin. In fact, our pretty little friend tells fibs."

"Is it not strange, Robert," mused Erasmus, "the power that beauty possesses over all other influences? From the earliest ages, we trace through the history of man——"

But, my goodness me, it is quite impossible I can remember, much less write down all that Erasmus said on the power of beauty. It was quite a lecture. He soared up to the gods and goddesses, and he went down nobody knows where; indeed, I should be ashamed to mention, and he brought up all sorts of Helens, Circes, and Aspasias, and indeed there was such a conglomeration of names, that, without doubt, I should mix them all wrong, putting those together who were centuries apart; and setting Erasmus humming at the sad mistakes. But he wound up at last by saying,

"Do you happen to know the christian name of Mrs. Arundel?"

"Antoinetta," answered I, a little sulky.

"Antoinetta! Half Roman, half French. Hum, hum! All wives, in my opinion, should be called Patty, Robert."

"A little inconvenient, I think, Erasmus."

"I mean, you know, pleasant homely names, like Patty, Mattie, Molly, Maggie."

"Miss Ross's name is Maggie."

"Is it, indeed? Now, is it, indeed?" said Erasmus, with an amount of eagerness in his voice, as if he had discovered a new comet with three tails.

Dear me; I could have kissed somebody for joy, only Robert does not like such things in public, and Erasmus would have seen nothing in it, and only said, "Patty, my dear, I thank you."

"Now," said I to myself, as I was going upstairs to dress for the Hall tea-party, "why am I such a mean little woman as not to desire Erasmus to marry this pretty little person, and yet be pleased if he would fancy Miss Ross? Answer me that, Mrs. Patty, if you can, for you know as much of the one as the other."

It was true I knew as much of the one as the other, but that knowledge was sufficient to show me that Erasmus would be happy with the one and miserable with the other. False she was in many things; what might she not prove on more intimate acquaintance? And Miss Ross was exactly a different character, and in an amiable admirable manner kept her aunt in tolerable order. In Miss Ross every day I saw some new thing to admire; in that person every day some fresh thing to dislike.

But, however, I would go to the Hall tea-party, and think only of being happy and gay, and making myself as agreeable as I could, even if I saw Erasmus as usual plant himself opposite that person, and stare at her—his usual habit; while she would use all her little arts—"Could you?" (just to arrange her lace shawl); "Would you?" (just to put down her cup of tea); "Might I?" (just take his bouquet out of his button-hole, smell it, play with it, keep possession of it). Now I just appeal to any one if it was possible for any man to resist such ways, especially a man so clever that he had not half the ordinary use of his common senses.

"Patty looks very nice, does she not, Erasmus?" said Robert, as I came down ready dressed.

"She always looks nice to me," answered Erasmus. "I never know how she is dressed."

Now to think of a good kind fellow, capable of saying such dear little speeches, being thrown away on that person. It was enough to make one cry.

However, it was time to set out for the Hall.

We were overtaken by the village fly, conveying Mrs. Arundel and Miss Ross.

"Will you not join our walking party?" said Erasmus, eagerly; "'tis such a lovely evening."

"Exquisite," murmured she; "but could I?" and she showed, as Erasmus opened the fly door, the tiniest little foot, in the tiniest black satin slipper.



"Why do you wear such things?" said he, and forgot the answer as he looked into her face. Gracious me! I would not be so dangerously pretty for the world.

"Would you like to walk, Miss Ross?" said Robert.

"Very much," answered she, and winding a sort of gossamer scarf over her head, by way of bonnet, she sprang lightly out and joined us.

Upon which Robert said something in German, for he is nearly as clever as Erasmus in languages. She laughingly replied.

Now, to speak in any other tongue than his own, gives Erasmus that sort of pleasure that antiquaries have at old discoveries, geologists of new strata, botanists of some rare plant. He forgot the vision of loveliness in white muslin and lace, more like his mother's china shepherdess than ever, and turned eagerly to Miss Ross. Never had he met so perfect a German scholar. We might have been walking up to the Hall now, if Robert had not taken him by the arm, and kept him resolutely going forward all the time.

Of course the tea-party at the Hall was something quite out of the common. Moreover, either all the imperious servants were gone, or they had become amiable and happy, like their master, for they seemed to welcome us all with the greatest pleasure, and I might have asked for their lady's ivory-handled brush and tortoiseshell comb to do my hair, and they would have thought it no more than my due.

Tea was served in the rose-garden. Strawberries and cream were to be found in little out-of-the-way corners. Ices and champagne-cup under the cedar and mulberry trees.

Altogether, I wanted to kiss Pet every five minutes, by way of telling her how delightful everything was, and only Sarah Jane running to tell me that "the divine creature" was looking unutterably, and how fortunate I was to have the prospect of such an "exquisite thing" for a sister-in-law, for never was such devotion—ah, ah—now and then brought me back to my horrid sensations.

I went about nine o'clock near the place where they were sitting.

"Would you?" I heard her say, in her most insinuating voice, and for answer she had a peal of the loudest thunder I ever heard.

Such a scurry, such a shrieking, screaming, calling. We ran into the house for our lives—Erasmus was half carrying that person, who seemed to be fainting. For the matter of that, my darling Pet was no better; she was sheltering in the great squire's arms, as if he could ward off for her even the lightning.

But a thunderstorm was to Erasmus a delightful plaything. No sooner had he deposited Mrs. Arundel on the sofa, than he proceeded out on to the balcony to watch the storm. The rain had not begun.

He began to explain the theory of storms, to point out the difference between harmless and hurtful lightning. Among the few that had sufficient strength of mind to listen to him, was Miss Ross.

As she leant her head against the maroon-coloured velvet curtain of the window, it seemed to me as if her hair was on fire. I exclaimed, and ran to her.

"No," she answered, smiling; "have no fear, my hair is very electric, and on the slightest friction in a thunderstorm will sparkle."

Erasmus became dumb with delight. He moved the heavy curtain to bring out the sparks, he looked longingly, unutterably. I felt that he would have given worlds to uncoil those rich plaits of hair, and lecture and expound upon their wonderful electric property.

"Would you?" began I, of all people. "Could you?" going on unblushingly. "Might I?" I really was ashamed of myself, and promised myself never again to blame others for using sentences I might find myself obliged to use in spite of myself. "May I just undo one plait for Erasmus to see the effect?"

"Pray undo it all; for, do not think me vain, I have been told it is curious to watch the effect in the dark, when it is combed out."

"Will it be dangerous while the lightning is going on?"

"Yes," exclaimed Erasmus; "wait until the storm is over."

"Meanwhile," she whispered to me, "begin to unplait, it is such an endless business."

And as Robert said to me, when the storm over, the wonderful hair unplaited, "What a sight it was!" Not that she showed it out of vanity, for she never uncoiled it all until we were quite in the dark. She shook it out for a moment, when I was with her alone, and showed me how I was to comb it, and what a glory it was. Long pale golden threads of true Scottish hair. It was the richest garment I ever saw. As I combed it out, and it sparkled and crackled, Erasmus could not contain himself. How am I to describe all his antics? Even Pet left the refuge of the squire's arms, and came all wondering to see. And Robert (now I know Robert did it on purpose, though he will say he did not, which is so wrong of him), Robert suddenly brought in a great lamp, and then everybody saw this wonderful hair in its full luxuriance.

Miss Ross blushed so prettily, while she deftly divided, twisted, and coiled it all up in about two minutes. "My sisters have the same sort of hair," she murmured.

It being now quite fine, and getting late, we thought it right to pay our adieus to our host and hostess, and depart.

"Best Patty," whispered Pet to me, as I was wishing her good night, "the horrid thunder-storm has done it. Your so-learned Erasmus will never be content until that wonderful hair is his own."

And Pet was right.

Erasmus went as often as ever to Eglantine Cottage, but he never looked at Mrs. Arundel. (I don't mind giving her that name now.) He was talking German to Miss Ross, and regarding her hair.

I felt certain he was longing for the right to pull it all down again.



"Robert and Patty," said he to us solemnly, one evening about three weeks after the Hall tea-party, "I desire your advice."

We eagerly promised him the very best.

"I am a man," said he, "who may be said to have used the best part of my life in pursuits not so likely to do myself good as those who come after me. What additions I have made to science will, I may say without vanity, make my name remembered long after I am dust myself. God was so good as to endow me, not only with the taste, but the means for providing the world with certain roots of knowledge, that to know has now become, one might almost say, a craving on the part of this wonderful age. There is an extraordinary delight and fascination in these studies. At the same time, I never look at you, my dear brother, without perceiving that real happiness in this world consists in social and domestic ties. I have studied the subject well." Here Erasmus diverged into a sort of learned summing up of a set of people of whom I never heard before, and from whose writings, and sayings, and examples, he proved indisputably that the domestic married man is that man of all others placed in the position designed by God for his perfect happiness. In fact, Erasmus lectured on so much upon what was the simplest thing in the world, that I said in a hurry:

"And so, at last, Erasmus, you would like to marry."

"My dear Patty," answered he, a little put out, "I am coming to that. Why I desire yours and Robert's advice is, will any woman marry me?"

"Mrs. Arun—the wid—that pretty little thing will take you on your first word, Erasmus," replied Robert.

Erasmus rose up; he frowned, he hummed; evidently, for once in his life, he felt a spit of anger against Robert. Instantly Robert saw this.

"Sit down, Erasmus; forgive me. May I see you as happy with a nice bright Maggie as I am with Patty?"

"Ah, Robert, that is it. Will she have me? Do not think I am carried away by any other feeling than her own beautiful character. Her forbearance to that peevish woman, her unscrupulous truth and rectitude of mind, her domestic virtues, so like dear Patty's, and with all this, so tender a heart, so clear a head, so sensible a woman, I never met. Our dear mother's name was Margaret, you know, Robert."

"It was, my dear brother; may the omen be propitious."

"What is my proper course to do?"

"Go to her at once, and tell her of your affection for her."

"If she should refuse me, Patty, you will have sad work, sister, to console me."

And the pathos with which he said this of course made me burst out crying.

"You see that poor pretty foolish woman has

determined, that is, she wishes—but truly—though I have admired her—I should not have deserved the name of man, if I had not admired her—she thinks—she persists in thinking—"

"I will go with you, Erasmus, and while you speak to Miss Ross, I will prepare the widow—surely, Patty, I may call her anything I like now."

"Yes, Antoinetta, if you please."

Was not I happy? and while they were away, I skipped up to Pet, and told her in the strictest confidence.

And Pet could not resist skipping back with me to learn the news. And luckily we had the shortest time to wait, for in rushed Robert, and caught me round the waist, and kissed me a dozen times, never seeing Pet. Such good news.

Only Mrs. Arundel was most indignant, and declared she would have Erasmus up for breach of promise, and showed a bundle of his letters, over which Robert roared so with uncontrollable laughter at the notion of their being available against his brother (half a dozen of them merely answers to invitations to Eglantine Cottage, and the rest scientific replies to supposed learned questions from her), that in a pet she poked them into the fire.

However, she let out that the only reason she took Eglantine Cottage was to be near him, having met him abroad, &c. &c.

"She came to hunt down her quarry," said Robert, most uproarious, "and missed it."

That evening, Miss Ross, now our Maggie, came with Erasmus, to be kissed by me as my sister.

"Now you will be sure to be good to dear Erasmus, and love him well," said I, severely.

"Good!" she echoed, "love him. I wonder how I have lived until now without his love."

That was enough for me. That was the proper way for Erasmus to be loved. As for Erasmus, I wondered how long it would be before he would have all that glory of hair down again. But Maggie pined to go home. "Love makes one so greedy of other love. I must have my father's blessing, my dear sisters' congratulations," said she.

And think of us going, too, down to Scotland, and being introduced to Maggie's father and sisters.

But, dear me, if I once begin on that subject, and go on with how they all loved Erasmus, and liked Robert and me, and the wedding, and everything, I had better begin a three-volumed novel at once.

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XX. TWO AND A HALF PER CENT.

MR. KECKWITCH banished, and the coffee-cups pushed aside, William Trefalden uttered a little preliminary cough, and said,

"Now, Saxon, to business."

Saxon was all attention.

"In the first place," he began, "you have a large fortune in money; and it is highly important that so weighty a sum should be advantageously placed. By advantageously placed, I mean laid out in the purchase of land, lent on mortgage, or otherwise employed in such a manner as to bring you large returns. And I assure you I have not ceased, since your affairs have been in my hands, to make inquiry in every quarter where inquiry was likely to lead to anything useful."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you," murmured Saxon, vaguely.

"The great difficulty," continued Mr. Trefalden, "is the largeness of the sum. It is comparatively easy to dispose of fifty, or a hundred, or even of five hundred thousand pounds; but nobody either wants to borrow, or could give security, for such a sum as four millions. Not that I should wish to see your all placed upon a single venture. Far from it. I would not advise such a step, though the Russian government were the borrower. But neither do I wish to spread your property over too large a surface. It is a course attended with great inconvenience and great expense. Do you quite follow me?"

"Not in the least," said Saxon, to whom the language of the money-market was about as intelligible as a cuneiform inscription.

"Well, you understand that your money ought to be invested?"

"I thought it was invested. It's in Drummond's bank."

"Not so. The bulk of your fortune consists of government stock; but a very considerable sum which I had expected to invest for you before now, and which, if you remember, we sold out of the funds when you first came to London, is temporarily deposited at Drummond's, where

at present it brings you no interest. My object, however, is to do with this what I hope to do in time with the whole of your money—namely, invest it safely at a high rate of interest. By these means you will enjoy an ample income, but leave your capital untouched."

"Shall I, indeed?" said Saxon, struggling to conceal a yawn. "That is very curious."

"Not curious at all, if one even understands the first principles of banking. Have you no idea of what interest is?"

"Oh dear yes," replied Saxon, briskly, "I know all about that. Greatorex explained it to me. Interest means two and a half per cent."

Mr. Trefalden shifted the position of his chair, and turned the lamp in such a manner that the light fell more fully on Saxon's face, and left his own in shadow.

"Two and a half per cent!" he repeated. "That was a very limited statement on the part of Mr. Greatorex. Interest may mean anything, from one per cent up to a hundred, or a hundred thousand. He cannot have offered that assertion as an explanation of general facts. Do you remember the conversation that led to it?"

"Not clearly; but he was talking very much as you have just been talking, and he said they would give me two and a half per cent at their bank, if I liked to put my money in it."

"Humph! and your reply?"

"I said you managed everything of that sort for me, and that I would ask you to see to it."

"Meaning, that you would ask me to transfer your money from Drummond's to Greatorex's?"

"If you please."

"Then I certainly do not please; and as long as you continue to attach the slightest value to my opinion, you will not place a penny in their hands."

Saxon looked aghast.

"Oh, but—but I promised," said he.

"Precisely what I expected to hear you say. I felt sure you had been trapped into a promise of some kind."

"I can't break my word," said Saxon, resolutely.

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't let you ruin yourself," he replied. "Greatorex and Greatorex are on the verge of bankruptcy; and I have private information



which leads me to believe they must stop paying before the week is out."

The young man stared at him in silence. He neither knew what to say, nor what to think.

"And now," said his cousin, "tell me all that took place, as nearly as you can remember it. First of all, I suppose, Mr. Laurence Greatorex kindly volunteered to explain the interest system to you; and, having shown you how it was part of the business of a banker to pay interest on deposits, he proposed to take your money, and allow you two and a half per cent?"

Saxon nodded.

"You referred the proposition to me; and Mr. Greatorex was not best pleased to find that you relied so much upon my judgment."

"How do you know that?" exclaimed Saxon.

"He then enlarged on the dangers of high interest; and the troublesome nature of land security; pointed out the advantages of the deposit system; and ended by extracting your promise for . . . how much?"

"Who *can* have told you all this?"

"Tell me first whether I am correct?"

"Word for word."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and laughed—a little soft, satisfied laugh, like an audible smile.

"I have a familiar demon, Saxon," said he. "His name is Experience; and he tells me a great many more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But you have not yet answered my first question—how much?"

"He said it was a very bad plan to lock up one's money—'lock up' was the phrase, I am sure—and that I should find it so convenient to be able to draw out whenever I chose. And then . . ."

"And then you agreed with him, of course. Go on."

"And then he said he supposed I would not mind going to the extent of five hundred thousand with their house, and . . ."

"Five hundred thousand! Had he the incredible impudence to ask you for five hundred thousand?"

"Indeed, cousin William, it seemed to me, from the way in which he put it, that Mr. Greatorex had only my interest in view."

"How probable?"

"He said that it could make no difference to them; and that one person's thousands were no more to them, in the way of business, than another's."

"And you believed him?"

"Of course I believed him."

"And promised him the five hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a promise that will have to be broken, young man, that is all. Nay, don't look so unhappy. I will take all the burden from your shoulders. A lawyer can do these things easily enough, and offend no one. Besides, no

man is bound to fling his money away with his eyes open. If you were to pay in that five hundred thousand pounds to-morrow morning, it would all be in the pockets of Sir Samuel's creditors before night. It would help the firm to stave off the evil day, and you would most likely get your two and a half per cent; but I *know* that you would never see one farthing of the principal again—and Laurence Greatorex knows that I know it."

"But—but I have not told you quite all yet," stammered Saxon, whose face had been getting graver and graver with every word that Mr. Trefalden uttered. "I have given him a cheque for half."

It was well for Mr. Trefalden that the shade fell on him where he sat, and concealed the storm that swept across his features at this announcement. It came and went like a swift shadow; but, practised master of himself as he was, he could no more have controlled the expression of his face at that moment than he could have controlled a thunder-cloud up in the heavens.

"You have given Mr. Greatorex a cheque for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds?" he said, after a momentary pause.

"I know it was very wrong—I know I ought to have consulted you first!" exclaimed Saxon, quite overwhelmed by the magnitude of his error.

"Never mind that at present," replied the lawyer, coldly. "The mischief is done, and we have only to try if any of the money is recoverable. When did you give it to him?"

"Just now—after dinner."

"To-day? After three o'clock?"

"Not an hour ago. We met at the club; he asked me to dine with him . . ."

"And when you told him you were to see me this evening, he got you to sign the cheque out of hand!" interposed Mr. Trefalden, eagerly. "Clever—very clever; but not quite clever enough, for all that!"

Saying which, the lawyer seized paper and pen, and began writing rapidly. Having scribbled three or four lines, he pushed them across the table, and said:

"Read that, and sign it."

It was an order upon the cashier and clerks of Drummond's bank to refuse payment of all cheques signed by Mr. Saxon Trefalden, until further notice.

"But suppose," said Saxon, "that he has cashed it already?"

"He can't cash it, you foolish boy, till the bank opens to-morrow morning; and by that time it will be too late. I shall instantly take a cab, and go down with this paper to the private house of the chief cashier; and, to make assurance doubly sure, Keckwitich shall be at the bank to-morrow morning when the doors open. Lucky for you, my fine fellow, that you committed this little folly after three o'clock in the day!"



Saxon signed the paper somewhat reluctantly, and Mr. Trefalden put it into his pocket-book.

"Our business conference must wait," said he, "till this affair is settled. Shall you be at home and alone to-morrow at twelve, if I come up for an hour's talk?"

"I will be at home and alone, of course," replied Saxon; "but I am going down into Surrey by the three o'clock express."

"To Castletowers?"

"Yes—for a week or ten days."

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What I have to say to you must be said quietly and thoroughly," observed he, musingly.

"And if you are very stupid indeed, and want a great deal of explanation . . ."

"Which is quite certain!" interrupted Saxon, laughing.

"Which I am afraid is quite certain—an hour will not be enough."

"Will you come at eleven?"

Mr. Trefalden took up a manuscript book, and examined one or two consecutive pages before replying.

"I will not come at all," he said, closing it decisively, and taking up his hat. "I will run down to you at Castletowers instead, on Thursday morning. The entries in my engagement-book show nothing of great importance for that day, and I know the Earl will be pleased to receive me. I believe I can even manage to dine there, and return by the last train at ten."

"That is good!" exclaimed Saxon, heartily; "and a day out of town will invigorate you for a month."

So it was settled; and Mr. Trefalden turned off the last of the gas, and let his cousin out in the dark.

"I will send you a line in the morning just to say that all's well at Drummond's," said the lawyer, as they shook hands in the street below; "but you must give me your word of honour to sign no more cheques till after Wednesday; and, above all, never again to transact any important business without first taking my advice."

"Indeed, cousin William, I never will," replied Saxon, penitently.

"And if your disinterested friend comes to you in his wrath to-morrow morning, refer him to me. My nerves are strong, and I can bear any amount of vituperation."

"I suppose he will be very much annoyed," said Saxon.

"Annoyed? He will go raging up and down, seeking whom he may devour. But what does that matter? His anger will not fall upon you, but upon your legal adviser. And I am not afraid that he will eat me. Lawyers are indigestible."

Whereupon they again shook hands, and went their separate ways; Mr. Trefalden's way being to Bayswater, where dwelt the chief cashier in the bosom of his family, and Saxon's to his stall at the Opera.

#### CHAPTER XXI. MR. GREATOREX WITH THE POLISH OFF.

"MR. GREATOREX wishes to know, sir, if you can give him five minutes' private conversation?"

It was not quite a quarter past ten, and Saxon, who had taken a riding-lesson before breakfast, was loitering over a book, with the breakfast-service still upon the table. He laid the volume hastily down, and desired that Mr. Greatorex might be shown in. He was no moral coward; but he felt decidedly uncomfortable when he heard the quick ring of the banker's high-heeled boots on the polished floor of the ante-chamber.

Mr. Greatorex came in, shut the door in Gillingwater's face, flung a crumpled slip of paper on the table, and said, in a voice that quivered with suppressed passion:

"You have thought fit, Mr. Trefalden, to stop the payment of this cheque. May I inquire with what motive?"

He kept his hat on, and the face beneath it was at a white heat, even to the lips.

"I am really very sorry, Greatorex," said Saxon, nervously, "but I ought never to have given it to you. My cousin manages all my affairs, and I had no business to interfere with his arrangements. He objects to your offer, and—I am obliged to decline it. But why won't you shake hands with me?"

Mr. Greatorex put his hands behind his back.

"You have insulted me," he said, "and . . ."

"Not intentionally," interrupted Saxon.

"Upon my honour, not intentionally."

The banker heard him with a bitter smile.

"Pshaw!" he said, scornfully. "We all know what intentions are worth. Yours were certainly not very friendly when you exposed me just now to the grins and sneers of every petty clerk in Drummond's office. Pray, did it not occur to you that the position might be the reverse of agreeable; or that it might affect my credit somewhat unpleasantly among my brother bankers?"

"I feared, indeed, that I might be so unfortunate as to inconvenience you, Mr. Greatorex," replied Saxon, with dignity; "and I tell you again, that I am sorry for it. But I had no thought of insulting you."

"Inconvenience!" echoed Greatorex, fiercely.

"Good God, man, you have ruined me!"

"Ruined you?"

"Ay, ruined me—me and mine—my father, who is an old man of sixty-eight—my sisters, who are both unmarried. Curse you! how do you like that?"

And with this he flung himself into a chair, and sat drumming on the table with his clenched hands.

Saxon was inexpressibly shocked.

"You must explain this to me," he faltered.

"I do not understand—indeed I do not!"

Greatorex glared up at him vindictively, but made no reply.

"I would not willingly injure my worst enemy, if I had one," continued the young



fellow, with tears in his voice, if not in his eyes, "much less one whom I have eaten and drunk with, and looked upon as my friend. What do you mean when you say that I have ruined you?"

"Simply, that we shall be in the Gazette to-morrow. You understand that, I suppose?"

The coarse nature of the man had all come to the surface under this powerful test, and he took no pains to hide it. He was literally drunk with rage. Saxon, however, saw his condition, and, ignorant as he was of human nature, by some fine instinct understood and pitied it.

"But why need the withdrawal of this sum work you so much evil?" he said, gently. "You are surely no worse off without it to-day than you were yesterday."

"This is why—since you *will* have it! We wanted money—money and time—for we have met with some ugly losses that we didn't choose to tell the world about; and we knew we could pull through, if we had the chance."

"Well?"

"Well, there are three or four firms that have heavy claims upon us, and are getting troublesome. Relying on your cheque, I wrote to them last night, and desired them to draw upon us any time after one o'clock to-day. They will draw—and the bank will stop payment."

Saxon sprang to his feet, and seized the cheque, which was still lying where the banker had thrown it.

"No, no," he cried, "not through my act, Greator—Heaven forbid! How much do you want, to meet these claims to-day?"

"There's one of twenty-two thousand six hundred and forty-five pounds," said the other, still sullenly, but in an altered tone. "That's the heaviest. Another of eighteen thousand two hundred and three fifteen; one of ten thousand; and one of seven thousand, nine hundred and eleven. Fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds fifteen shillings, in all."

Saxon flew to the bell, and rang it furiously.

"A Hansom from the stand, Gillingwater," said he, "and choose the best horse among them." Then, snatching up his hat—"Greator," he added, "I would drive you to Drummond's this instant, if I could; but I won't break my word. I gave William my solemn promise last night to do nothing without consulting him, and I must go down to Chancery-lane first. But you shall have the money long enough before one—nay, don't shake your head. It still wants twenty minutes to eleven, and I'll be back in three-quarters of an hour!"

"Pooh!" said the banker, impatiently. "I dare say you mean it; but he won't let you do it. I know him."

Saxon's eyes flashed.

"Then you don't know me," said he. "The money is my own, and I swear you shall have it. How much do you say it is?"

"Fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and . . ."

"Then fifty-nine thousand will do, and that's easier to remember. Come, old fellow, jump

into my cab with me. I can take you as far as Chancery-lane, and you'll see me back in Lombard-street before one o'clock."

## ABOARD A "BANKER."

Who ever heard of *Marblehead* save the initiated in dried codfish?

Not many years ago, then, I chanced to be staying in the post town of Marblehead, situated in the county of Massachusetts, a short distance north-east of Boston, a quaint little place pleasantly perched on a rocky peninsula, its harbour being accessible at all seasons to vessels of the largest tonnage. The inhabitants, which number about six thousand, are nearly all engaged in the cod-fisheries; over a hundred vessels regularly start about the first of every May for the banks of Newfoundland, to fish for cod and mackerel. After a great deal of bargaining, I managed to secure a passage on board a "banker," the *Lively Polly*, a small fore-and-aft rigged rakish schooner, famed as the fastest craft out of Massachusetts Bay, or as Captain Zach expressed it, "Jist a kinder gal as could show her starn to any pinkey afloat."

There are two systems of fitting out these vessels: one, a family affair, where the father, with his sons and relatives, jointly take shares in and together build a vessel during the winter months; manning her themselves, they manage to make and complete their voyage between spring and autumn, returning in time for the harvest, all the profits being then equally divided. The harvest finished, another short trip is made; the cargo, if a fortunate venture, is salted and dried for their own use during the winter, the fish so cured being usually styled "mud fish." The other mode, and the one generally adopted, is for an owner to charter a vessel to ten or twelve men on shares, the owner, who is frequently the captain, finding all nets, provisions, salt, hooks, lines, and tackle, the men paying a regular tariff for their share of each article consumed. The profits, if any, are then divided.

On a bright May morning we hauled away from the wharf; the flapping mainsail was soon apeak, and with a freshening breeze we shot away towards the entrance of the harbour. Our skipper was the beau ideal of a hardy fisherman; light-hearted, contented, having a careless dependance on luck, ever ready to look on the sunny side of life, and catch at whatever might present itself in the way of pleasure whilst pursuing his hazardous calling. Our crew consisted of twelve stout, sturdy, iron-fisted salts, full of life, and ready to indulge in any practical joke; all, to a man, good fishermen and able sailors. The cook was a negro from Guinea, nicknamed Old Ivory, from his shining ebony skin and large red lips, the boundaries to a mouth of hippopotamus-like capacity, contrasting remarkably with two rows of ivory-white teeth, frequently displayed even to the last molar.

Seven bankers accompanied us, and, as we passed a jutting rock (that has some supposed



influence on the luck and fortunes of the fishermen), each man threw a small coin as tribute towards it, thus, as he supposed, ensuring good fortune. The Lively Polly, true to her reputation, sailed like a sprite. The night was dark, and the wind hauling ahead, raised a chopping sea, causing a rocking motion that begat decided symptoms of qualmishness, but whisky-toddy, in large and repeated doses, worked wonders; sleep also lent its aid, and, as I came on deck all right in the morning, Nature seemed to smile as sweetly as a child after having been in a pet. The rippling waves were tinted with the rosy hue of the early sunlight, as the Lively Polly glided easily on her course, her snowy wings filled by a freshening breeze.

The toilet at sea is always a difficult matter even in a commodious steamer, but, in a banker, it is reduced to the most elementary and simplest system: a tin bowl filled with salt water for the ablution, a towel with a surface like glass-paper, the finishing touches accomplished by raking your hair into position with your fingers. Breakfast follows in due course, prepared by Old Ivory; not that this chef de cuisine exhibited any peculiar skill in artistically varying the viands, that alternated between salt pork, salter fish, the very saltiest beef, and hard tack (biscuit), the whole washed down with a black pungent acrid mixture like Epsom salts dissolved in porter, proudly offered by the dorky as "very fine coffee, massa cappen."

We had a most enjoyable passage, but somewhat monotonous; one tires of old threadbare jokes and yarns, and wearies even of gazing day after day into the clear blue sea, each day appearing the very counterpart of the other. Sluggish lump-fish, with their uncouth heads and mis-shapen bodies, continually wriggle slowly and idly along with us; sun-fish, in their parti-coloured armour, float by, performing eccentric undulations. Now, a stiff black-looking fin cleaves the water suspiciously, leaving a wake behind, as would a miniature ship, the danger-signal of a greedy shark; huge leaves of kelp, wrack, and sea-tangle drift by, rafts to myriads of crustaceans and minute zoophytes; the rudder creaks and groans to the music of its iron chains, clanking over the friction rollers as the brawny helmsman turns the wheel; sea-birds peep at us, then wheel away to be seen no more, whilst ever following are the chickens of Mother Carey, dipping, but never resting, on the ripple at the stern. Thus week follows week, until the dense fog and chilly feeling of the air proclaim our near approach to the banks of Newfoundland.

This great hidden bank of sand, or whatever it may be, extends north and south for about six hundred miles, and two hundred east and west. To the southward, it narrows away to a point, with almost precipitous edges, that drop off suddenly into fathomless water. This appears the grand rendezvous for cod and various species of fish. There are, besides, several localities equally productive known to the fishermen: Bank Queran, the Flemish Cap, and others of

like celebrity. Codfish are also found in great abundance close to the shore, and in the harbours of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. How this immense bank came where we find it, is a question more easily asked than answered: whether, according to the skipper's theory, it was a great island, that suddenly sank from having the columns, or whatever might have supported it, broken by an earthquake; or whether it is an accumulation of sand and boulders brought by icebergs and the Gulf Stream, and lodged at this spot by meeting with currents from the north, wiser heads than mine must decide.

The cheery voice of the leadsmen, as he sang out the depth, proclaimed at last the welcome news that we had reached anchoring-ground, where fish were to be expected. A dense impenetrable fog hung like a pall over the water, not a breath of wind to lift or disperse it, as the little craft rolled lazily at her anchor in the heavy swell that tumbled in from the north-east. Not a sound but the lip-lap of the water against the vessel's bows; no sign of fish nor living thing. The men lolled listlessly about, peering into the sea over the vessel's side, throwing in small bits of bait, indulging in a whistle, or softly chanting the refrain of some familiar song that came unbidden to the memory, and carried back the singer to his home and all that he loves in it, be it sweetheart, wife, or children. Old Ivory, who was perched up in the bows on a cask puffing away at his pipe, suddenly startled all hands by literally screaming, as he rolled off his seat, "Massa cap—massa cap, by golly him see cod as long as de bowsprit." As if by magic, listlessness vanished, and all hands were suddenly awakened to new life and activity; the lines were seized, and, as the heavy sinkers plunged into the sea, each man took his place without any undue bustle or confusion. A space of three feet and a half on the side-rail is allotted to each fisher, a cleet being fastened there, over which his line runs; a similar space is also allowed him on deck to coil away his slack line as a fish is hauled in.

Cod invariably keep close to the bottom, hence from thirty to forty fathoms of line runs out before the sinkers touch the ground; the line is then hauled taut, so as to free the hooks from the sand; the bait is usually salted clams, barrelled for the purpose, squid, and capelin, if they can catch them. A junk from a cod's throat is also a killing bait, Sir Codfish having no possible objection to feast on a delicate part of his brother.

The fishermen lean over the bulwarks, the line held lightly in the hand, waiting for the sharp tug signalling a bite; then, standing up, haul away until the struggling fish reaches the surface, when he is *gaffed* (speared), if too heavy to lift on deck with a line. He is then unhooked and thrown into a square box named the *kid*, there to kick and flounder, whilst the fisher rapidly re-baits his hooks; then, as the line runs out, he seizes the fish, gives it a sharp crack on the head, cuts out the tongue, and throws it on the deck to be "*dressed*."



Each man at the end of the take reports his number of fish, which account is duly entered in a book, kept for the purpose by the skipper.

I suppose the cod must have been more than usually ravenous on this occasion, it being impossible for the men to unhook and bait sufficiently fast; fish, from fourteen to sixty pounds, were tumbled on the deck with a rapidity perfectly astounding; each man seemed to lend all his skill and energies to outvie his neighbour in the number he could haul in. Old Ivory, busiest of all, made rapid and erratic journeys up and down the deck, in one hand a pail, in the other a tin cup, the former filled with a strange mixture of molasses, lime-juice, and water, familiarly designated "*swankey*." Showing his white teeth, and rolling his great round eyes, he relieved his excited feelings by a sort of disjointed commentary: "We in among 'em dis time." "Roll down de swankey, boys." "Golly, golly, but dis is mighty tall fishing!" "Dat's de cod Old Ivory see," as an unusually fine specimen came flapping over the side.

For four hours the fish continued biting without any sign of slackening; the decks were literally filled with the dead and dying. The shrill cheery voice of the skipper rang out clear and sharp as a trumpet: "Cease fishing, boy—haul in the gear. Guess it's about time to split and salt." Ready obedience was at once observed; the lines rapidly and carefully stowed away in round hampers, the operation of "dressing down" commenced.

First of all, the hands are divided into throaters, splitters, headers, salters, and packers. Each fisherman knows how many fish he has taken by the number of tongues; planks are placed on the heads of casks or tops of baskets, to be used as dissecting-tables.

The throater, armed with a very long, sharp, double-edged knife, begins the fray by cutting the throat of the codfish down to the bone, and ripping it open about half its length. The header then seizes it, and, with a sudden wrench, twists off the head, dragging with it all the entrails; separating the liver, he throws the rest overboard, and passes the fish to the splitter, who also has a formidable knife. With a dexterous cut he opens the cod to the tail, and with astonishing rapidity takes out the backbone, carefully separating from it the sound or swimming bladder; the backbone being refuse, is given to the fishes in Neptune's regions. Six fish a minute is not considered very astonishing work for an accomplished splitter. From the splitter the fish is transferred to the salter, who needs to exercise extreme care and skill. He first rubs the salt well over each side of the fish, and places them in layers, back uppermost; a quantity of salt being sprinkled between each layer.

As the work goes briskly on, the cheery songs of the "dressing gang" sound pleasantly, mingled with the screams of the sea-birds fighting for the offal as it splashes into the sea.

In about three weeks, the fish, piled in what are called *kenches*, are sufficiently salt. The

final curing is seldom done at sea; either a temporary drying-station is selected on shore, or the vessel, when laden, returns to her port, where the fish are dried and rendered marketable. Small platforms or flakes are erected, on which the wet salted fish are laid; at the end of three days they are said to be "made," after which they are again piled away in *kenches* for two or three days to sweat; in other words, to dissipate all remaining moisture; three days more, and they are again placed on the flakes, and the curing is complete. Thus preserved, they fetch about two dollars to three dollars fifty cents (fourteen shillings) per quintal (or hundred-weight).

Washing decks and a general clearance was hardly effected after our fortunate take, before all was dark and dismal; the dense fog continued to thicken, and the driving rain made the sails and rigging dripping wet. A long heaving swell rolled steadily in from the north-east, and we rocked most disagreeably "in the cradle of the deep." Occasionally fitful puffs of wind came spitefully, tarrying only a few minutes, then hurrying away again, leaving the banker only to roll more heavily in the sluggish surge. Feeling, as I leaned over the stern, anything but comfortable (never having before experienced this kind of motion, that not unfrequently turns up even seasoned old salts), my attention was attracted to the skipper, who was vainly trying to peer into the darkness. The rain and spray from his sou'wester and gum suit ran off in rivulets; his face, as the binnacle light gleamed palely on it, expressed extreme terror and anxiety, both ears and eyes being strained to catch the faintest sound. Gazing at once in the same direction, I could discern nothing, save the white foam-crests passing like ghosts under the stern; the wind was rising rapidly, and well-nigh blew a gale.

Listening intently, it seemed to me, as each gust of wind hissed and clattered through our rigging, that mingled with it was a strange splashing sound, as of some huge beast floundering and plunging in the water. Drawing near the skipper, to ask him if he, too, heard this unusual noise, I was not a little frightened at seeing him dash to the companion-way, and shout, "All hands on deck!" then seizing the fog-trumpet, blow it with all his might. The danger was very soon evident—a large ship was close upon us. Straight on she came, looking like a moving mountain, her signal and cabin lights twinkling like stars, her tall masts and spars, like pyramids of canvas, towering high above us, her massive bows anon buried deeply in the foam, then rearing up on end, displayed her cutwater and burnished sheathing like a plated monster anew risen from the deep. The awful suspense at that moment no time can ever efface from my memory. Steadily, steadily she came, on, on, on, upon our tiny craft; the next plunge and it seemed to me she must be over us! I could distinctly hear the creak of her masts and the sough of the sails as the wind whistled through the ropes, and



clearly see faces peering over her bows. Did they see us? Did they hear the trumpet? In breathless anxiety all watched her, and prepared for the coming crash, and battle for life in the angry sea. "Starboard hard—steady," sang out a loud, clear voice, and as the great ship answered her helm, she paid off handsomely, surged past us, and rapidly vanished into the night.

To be snatched suddenly from inevitable destruction, to be unexpectedly relieved when all hope of life has flown, are joys known only to those who have experienced the terror of a lifetime condensed into a few fleeting moments; a relief magical in its results, perhaps fortunately so, or the mind might snap like an overstrained cord, if subject to any lengthened tension so terrible in its intensity.

When day dawned, the wind gradually lulled and shifted to another quarter, and as the fog lifted and disappeared before the sun, we discovered several fishing-vessels anchored within a mile of us, hitherto quite hidden in the mist. Then followed weary days and weeks of interminable fogs, sudden changes of temperature, wind ahead, astern, abeam, now a ten-knot breeze, anon a dead calm. Strange caprices did old *Bolus* indulge in. As the skipper quaintly remarked, "Guess, boys, the old wind *Boss* is just a squatting on the headland, with his bag chock full of wind, a practising."

Sometimes the wind suddenly falling, in ten minutes the vessel would be completely muffled in mist, that hung like gossamer to the masts and spars. (These fogs that hang continually over the banks, and hover along the shore, are occasioned, so it is said, by the warm water of the Gulf Stream meeting with the colder currents which flow down from the Polar regions, aided by the prevailing north-easterly wind.) Watching the passing sea-birds, and gossiping away the time, "Capten," said our skipper, "I kalkilate fish are plaguey like gals, mighty changeable institutions; just as fickle as they are fair; you never know when you've fixed 'em; it takes a mighty big bunch of cipherin' to find 'em out, that's a fact."

We sailed steadily along towards the north, sauntering and idling over the sea, passed very near the much-dreaded Virgin Rocks, and eventually reached Cape Broyle, a miserable desolate headland of most inhospitable aspect. High cliffs and beetling precipices frowned down upon the angry surf that washed their base; the entire coast line, from north to south, a succession of rugged peaks, their summits lost in everlasting clouds of fog. One could easily picture the old Norsemen's utter disgust at its barren solitude; or, still later, that of Cabot, by whom it may be said that the land was discovered a *second* time, and called Newfoundland.

Coasting on and on without taking any fish was indeed weary work. At last, almost dispirited, Captain Zach put about, and stood back again towards our old station. Fortune at length deigned to smile upon us; as

we passed a well-known and favourite locality, again we fell among the cod, and for some time waged most successful war with them. Often a huge ling, or still more unwieldy ponderous halibut, came struggling and writhing to the surface, requiring the combined efforts of two or three fishermen to get him on deck. The halibut is perhaps the strongest and most obstinate fish in the sea when hooked. Often attaining a weight of from four to six hundred pounds, it is by no means an easy matter to manage such a leviathan. Several of these grand takes nearly filled our holds, and we seriously discussed the question of return, when, drifting along, every now and then taking soundings, we came suddenly into the midst of a shoal of mackerel, and, what was more fortunate, they were in a biting humour; no time was to be lost, or they might suddenly disappear. Quite a different system of fishing is adopted for mackerel: the hooks, two in number, are separated by a stretcher, and baited with small pieces of cod; the hook being unbarbed and made of soft iron, no time is wasted in unhooking. As soon as the fish comes in sight, a skilful jerk swings it over the ship's side, and it falls on the deck freed from the hook. A heap of mackerel, as they come fresh from the sea, is one of the most wonderful and lovely sights imaginable; the colours continually change and curiously blend one into another. The dying fish appear to flush out a stream of coloured light. The slightest alarm, the sudden appearance of a humpbacked whale, a shoal of porpoises, or a shark, and the mackerel disappear. Our catch was split and salted much in the same way as the cod, and stowed away for home.

As we ran clear of the fog, I saw for the first time an iceberg. The sun shone brightly, displaying the full splendour of its colour. Like an island of crystal it drifted majestically along, and as the bright light illuminated it, revealing all its prismatic hues, its burnished surface, and fantastic frost-work, the ideal realms of fairyland became a reality. There were grottos, castles, mosques, minarets, plazas, palaces, and gardens, all of glass, and shining metal, and precious stones, set in gold and emerald. Then it changed to a ship in full sail, then into a monster fortress gleaming with countless lights, again into a marble ruin. I could have gazed on it for hours, it seemed in nothing constant, but continued change. It towered like a vast mountain high into the air, and stirred up the mud and silt from the bottom. It must, we knew by the soundings, reach forty fathoms below the surface. Rocks, boulders, and débris of all kinds were lodged on its craggy sides, or embedded in its substance. Such a vast mass of ice floating through the ocean, bearing with it from Arctic solitudes materials that in some remote time yet to come are destined to form other continents, is not seen every day. Who could help recalling the wretched fate of the unfortunate steamer *President*, or fail to reflect on the perils of Arctic voyages?



It was pleasant to be once more dashing through blue water, and doubly cheering, after such a long sojourn amidst fog and soaking rains, to look again upon a clear sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds scudding athwart its face, chased by a rattling breeze. The schooner, as though conscious she was homeward-bound, lay over to the breeze, and ploughed through the waves that bounded beneath her as a "steed that knoweth its rider." All hands were joyous in the anticipation of home, and a welcome greeting from loving hearts anxiously awaiting them; happy, also, in the contemplation of the goodly profit each would receive on the division of the cargo.

Perhaps happier than any was he who records this cruise. Unless possessed of a nose, proof against highly concentrated stench; a skin that can dispense with the necessity of washing; teeth like a beaver, to chew hard tack and junk; the constitution of a seal, to bear everlasting wetting; ability to roost as a bird rather than sleep like a Christian; a stomach capable of digesting anything; the temper of an angel, and the flexibility of an acrobat, take my advice, and venture not on a cruise in a banker.

### POVERTY.

M. BOUCHARDAT—a French savant, whose name and merits have already been introduced to our readers\*—after starting with the intention of giving lectures on "The Hygiène of Labouring Men," has ended by pronouncing and publishing a discourse "De la Misère"—On Poverty. It was impossible to avoid studying the influences which—quite independent of the nature of their work—affect those who live on the produce of their daily toil. The insufficiency, the irregularity, and the injudicious employment of their resources, are the common conditions, the sole general cause, of the innumerable evils which strike our eyes. He was met, in short, at the outset of the subject, by the grand question of Poverty.

Who is poor? And, What is Poverty?

For some people, a town-house and a country-house; a saddle-horse and a close carriage; a tailor's or a milliner's bill with no fixed maximum beyond which it cannot go; an annual trip to the sea, to the moors, to the "waters," to the Alps, or to all of them; hot joints every day, and never cold mutton—unless you like it best; week-day clothes and Sunday clothes; and other multifarious items of enjoyment which custom has made a second nature, are matters of indispensable necessity. Those, however, are not the wants we discuss to-day, but the urgent, inexorable, imperative wants which will not be denied without injury to health and danger to life.

But what are real wants? They vary in some degree with physical circumstances. They are reduced to a minimum in a climate which

requires little clothing, no artificial warming, a shed for retirement rather than a habitation for shelter, and a sufficiency of simple and easily prepared food. We behold those conditions fulfilled throughout vast tracts of India. Real wants are also reduced to a low amount when a people, through habit, taste, or indolence, content themselves with one staple article of food which happens to be conveniently at hand; as "laitage," the produce of the dairy, for the Swiss, and potatoes and buttermilk for the Irish million.

At first sight, it seems a happiness for a people to be so simple in their requirements—to be so "independent" of superfluities. But, in truth, they are dependent in the worst of ways. They have no resources to fall back upon. Their life hangs on a single thread. If that one filament snap, they are completely lost. A hurricane will render thousands houseless; a failure of the rice crop will deprive multitudes of *all* sustenance. A murrain amongst cattle, a fire destroying a wood-built town and the cows it shelters, a mysterious outbreak of potato disease, will bring both independent Swiss and brave-hearted Irish to utter starvation, which can only be staved off, probably only palliated, by the charitable and self-denying efforts of strangers. Populations whose real wants are more varied and numerous, have a better chance of weathering the storm in time of need and adversity. Man may want but little here below; still, it is indispensable that he should have *something*. The grand difference between something and nothing, makes to him all the difference between existence and extermination.

In the north of Europe, real wants may be assumed to consist in having good and abundant food; warm and clean clothing; airy, light, dry, and weather-tight dwellings; firing for cooking all the year round, for warmth during inclement weather; and exercise of the bodily and mental powers, in regular, sufficient, but not excessive measure. Thus, we say that a working man is "well off"—and that it would be a good thing if everybody were equally well off—when his wages allow to him and his family plentiful and wholesome meals, neat and comfortable dress, a commodious cottage, and a cheerful fireside, all earned by steady employment of a healthy and interesting nature. Such may be masons, carpenters, working gardeners, and many other handicraftsmen. With this, the labourer has enough; and no one will affirm that he has too much. With less than this, he has not enough, especially if his earnings be precarious.

Firing needs no explanation of its usefulness.

For the fair sex, the principal end of dress is often the adornment of beauty; which is a good end, if judiciously carried out. But for men, clothes answer the simpler and more practical purpose of helping them to encounter a chilly temperature, without suffering pain or injury. Some rules and articles of ladies' dress seem intended to expose them to such injury as much as may be. Crinoline is a capital contrivance for keeping the lower limbs benumbed in winter;

\* At p. 127 of the present volume. Art.: Milk.



and frost does not prevent a lady, going to a ball, from believing that the less she has on, the more she is dressed. Common-sense people, however, will understand that flannel waistcoats and stout woollen clothes—as well as rich velvets and costly furs—afford the only efficacious means of protection from external cold; that is, from the chances of getting chills *not followed by a speedy reaction*, which, for numerous constitutions, are certain causes of disease.

The main hygienic object of habitations is to protect their inmates from inclement weather. As a general rule, the most unhealthy dwellings are those which either afford incomplete shelter from the cold, or which actually expose their tenants to its rigours. In many large continental towns especially, the dwellings of the poor are either garrets pierced by every cutting wind, or ground floors, cellars even, whose walls, like wine-coolers, perpetually impregnated with moisture, have the same refrigerating effect on the human system. These causes concur in one literally final, because fatal, result—a continual insufficiency of the aliments of vital heat. To shiver all winter in an attic; to be iced all summer in a damp ground floor or cellar; to suffer the same inconvenience in new-built houses, whose plastered partitions are still saturated with water—such are the principal evils found in the dwellings of the poor, if we confine our attention to matters likely to bring on disease.

This point deserves more careful consideration than is usually bestowed upon it. When the causes of unhealthiness in dwellings are inquired into, it is customary, at the very outset, to criticise rubbish-heaps, putrifying animal remains, and excretive matter of every kind. Assuredly, they are serious annoyances which ought by all means to be got rid of. But their unwholesomeness must not be exaggerated. However offensive they may be to our sense of smell, it is only under special conditions that they become the source of real danger. By placing them at the head of the list of insalubrious influences, sanitary commissions pursue the shadow of the evil, while they allow the substance to escape.

The smallness of rooms and their defective lighting are also frequent topics of blame. No doubt, it is favourable to health, as well as pleasant, to be able to enjoy the vivifying sunshine and to occupy a roomy apartment; but close inspection will teach us that the narrow dwellings of the poor do not want for currents of air, and that their faulty side is rather the total absence or the deplorable disposition of their means of warming. Over-crowding is an error of a different nature; but it only becomes really redoubtable to health during times of epidemic. In such causes, authority cannot be too energetic in dispersing every focus of infection. But, in the ordinary course of circumstances, the grand cause of dwellings being unhealthy is, that they afford insufficient shelter from the cold, or that they expose their inmates to sudden chills.

The maintenance of vital heat being thus indispensable to health, let us now consider another of its supporters, food. A complete and perfect aliment would be that which should repair the incessant losses of the organism, and, under certain conditions, provide for its increase. Let us take for our example woman's milk, which is a complete aliment for the infant. Now, a thousand parts of woman's milk contain eight hundred and ninety parts of water, and one hundred and ten of solid matters; and out of those hundred and ten parts, ninety-five are materials (butter and lactine) specially destined to furnish heat—aliments of respiration and calorification, as they are called. The principal cause of their introduction into our system, is to be consumed by the air inspired by the lungs.

But what a large proportion of aliments which serve no other purpose than to warm us, is thus supplied by Providence! By so employing them, we are enabled to maintain during the most rigorous winters an internal temperature of say one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, in opposition to the external cold; which cold, we do well to bear in mind, is, in our climate, our greatest, our most constant enemy.

Excessive toil, out of proportion with a man's strength and his means of repairing loss, is frequently one of the harshest necessities, one of the most striking adjuncts of poverty. The effects of disproportionate toil on the human economy, are these. When a man sets to work at any energetic labour, his lungs expand more completely, his breathing is hurried, his body becomes heated, his skin is covered with perspiration; he produces a greater quantity of heat, radiating to the colder bodies around him, which evaporates the moisture that issues from his pores, and which also—be it well remarked—is in part transformed into strength or force. It is clear, the effect of excessive labour is to use up too rapidly the most disposable fuel or warming materials which are always held in reserve in our economy.

Two familiar instances will serve to exemplify the fact. When sporting dogs have overtaken their strength during a long day's shooting, what is the first thing they make for on returning home? A cheerful, sparkling, blazing fire, which will save them from all risk of taking cold. In like manner, the poor children, exhausted in the Belgian coal mines by labour out of proportion to their strength, when they reach their parents' home stretch themselves in front of a roasting fire before satisfying their appetite.

The effects of poverty confirm the views expressed by M. Bouchardat respecting its real nature. And, to render those effects more striking, he takes extreme cases—inanition, low diet, and starvation—which are acute forms of poverty.

The constant and most important phenomenon attendant upon inanition, is the diminution of the stock of materials which serve to warm the animal frame. On an average, a



creature, subjected to starvation, dies when the weight of its body has lost four hundred out of a thousand parts; and the loss is much more considerable for the warming materials than for the other portions of its body. Thus, out of a thousand parts of fat, nine hundred and thirty-three disappear. The liver loses every trace of its peculiar sweetness. The very muscles are consumed to produce heat; out of a thousand parts in weight, they lose four hundred and thirty-five. The temperature of an animal's body being supposed to be one hundred degrees, that amount of warmth is gradually lowered with every day of inanition, diminishing still more rapidly on the last day of the creature's life. It is evident, therefore, that starvation speedily leads to an insufficient resistance to external cold.

As a further proof of that important fact: When it is required to re-establish the health of an animal that has been subjected to inanition, or of a man who has suffered long privation of food, it is requisite first to warm the body up to one hundred degrees before administering nourishment. Without this precaution, the aliment cannot be utilised, and supplies no heat. The sensation of cold is always keenly felt by unfortunates who have been long deprived of food; but the feeling of hunger is not always insurmountable during a fast.

Eight workmen were imprisoned for one hundred and thirty-six hours in the coal mine of Bois-Monzil. In this terrible position, they were mainly supported by their strength of mind and fraternal feeling. It was generally believed that these poor fellows, who had taken no food for five days, would be suffering from the torments of hunger, when the gallery where they were confined was reached at last. But, according to their own declaration, their long abstinence caused them little pain; they experienced no griping nor stomach-ache. Nevertheless, one of them had eaten a portion of his shirt; another had gnawed his leather braces; while a third had tried to swallow the wick of his lamp. Interrogated on this subject, they answered that they were driven to this extreme measure simply as a precaution, and to keep up their strength. Such were their own expressions. On the first day, they shared half a pound of bread, a piece of cheese, and two glasses of wine, which one of them had brought down into the mine, and which he would not keep for himself alone. Two others, who had eaten just before they came, refused to partake of the distribution, saying that "they ought not to die later than the others."

As a proof of the effects of scarcity on a population, it is found that mortality constantly augments with rises in the price of wheat; and that this influence is most disastrous when several years of scarcity succeed each other. At present, that influence is considerably diminished both by freedom of trade and also by the culture of crops collateral to wheat, which help to make up for its deficient quantity when falling short. Nevertheless, a check on the in-

crease of population is always experienced after high-priced months, or years, which reduce the mass of the people to scanty fare.

The famine of 1816-17, which was so cruelly felt in the eastern departments of France, was caused, in the first place, by foreign invasion; and secondly, by constant rains, which were unfavourable to the flowering and the ripening of grain plants. During the months of January, February, and March of 1817, the people in the rural districts had nothing to eat but potatoes of bad quality, pollard, and bran. In April, May, and June, all they had left were bran and wild herbs, amongst which nettles played an important part. The effects of this disastrous famine were traced with great exactness by Dr. Gaspard. The unhappy victims almost all presented a general swelling of the body, without either dropsy or jaundice; they fainted along the roads; the impression of the first cold weather was terrible; they felt benumbed by the lowered temperature, and soon sunk under its effects. All accounts of famine in rural districts are replete with similar symptoms.

The famine of 1846-47 was a heavy scourge. Paris was in some sort preserved from it; but in the north of Europe a million of men, or thereabouts, succumbed under its ravages. Its principal causes were the exaggerated expectations to which the potato had given rise. By far too sanguine hopes were founded on the produce of a root of rapid growth and susceptible of easy culture in rainy seasons, when cereal crops are apt to fail. Certainly, the potato fulfilled that object; but it was grown on much too large and too exclusive a scale, particularly in Ireland and in Flanders. With the increased production of this alimentary substance, there arose a very numerous but feeble population, incapable of resisting either hard work or privation. The potato disease then showed itself, and multitudes were left without food of any kind to eat.

M. de Meersman's exact and interesting account of the famine of 1847 shows us, in the clearest manner, the effects of cold on starving people. As soon as the weather became really severe, they died suddenly all over the land in such numbers that the whole country was alarmed and excited. But they did not all die in the same manner. With some, the symptoms were concentrated in the chest; they were choked by coughs or suffocated by watery suffusions. Others were carried off by diarrhoea. A few, after several hours' lethargic sleep, expired without apparent pain. Many sunk under the first attacks of an intermittent fever, which was sure to assume a pernicious character in systems so impoverished as those. Finally, when succour at last arrived, many died of indigestions produced by a too abundant supply of substantial food, which their weakened stomachs were unable to assimilate.

The treatment of famine fever is extremely simple. At the outset, the digestive organs are strengthened by a few drops of generous wine mixed with water; light nutriment is carefully



given in small quantities, gradually increasing both its amount and its strength; the patients are subjected to good ventilation, are frequently washed, and made to take exercise in proportion to their strength. Under the influence of this purely hygienic treatment, whole families were insensibly restored to life.

Observers who have written on scrofula are agreed that its grand cause (the conditions of age being favourable) is scanty food, both in quality and quantity. It is also brought on by bodily inaction, by want of exercise. Factory labour, in opposition to working in the fields, is one of the most active generators of scrofula. It has been established from well authenticated facts, that in great cities, such as London and Paris, scrofula attacks more girls than boys, the preponderance being estimated at two-thirds. This result is easily understood. In large towns, sedentary labour mostly falls to the female share. If those conditions be changed—as in some parts of Switzerland, where the men devote themselves to watch-making, while the women execute the rough tasks of the fields—the proportion is reversed, and it is the men who supply scrofula with its most numerous contingent.

One of the worst forms of scrofula—ricketism, or rickets—as has been proved by experiments on animals and observations on human patients—arises under the influence of chilly dwellings and insufficient alimentation. Thus, if you deprive a month-old babe of milk, and try to supply its place with meal and broth, there is an evident deficit of warmth-giving nutriment, and rickets constantly come on—unless some other complaint, supervening, carry off beforehand the injudiciously-fed infant. Again: What is the specific remedy, or rather the specific aliment, for rickets? Cod-liver oil. And is not cod-liver oil the alimentary substance which is the richest in heat-giving elements?

Well-constituted children may become scrofulous, if they fall from affluence into poverty. A sad example suffices to prove that scrofula is a complaint which may be taken by being placed in bad conditions. Poor little Louis the Seventeenth, although previously enjoying admirable health, changed so quickly and so completely under the barbarous treatment of Simon the shoemaker, that Desaux did not recognise the descendant of kings after his transformation by misery. The surgeon of the Hôtel-Dieu, accosted as he was to sympathise with the sorrows of the poor, was deeply affected by his visit to that wretched lad—a specimen of adversity's levelling power.

It is worth while to draw a distinction between real poverty and physiological poverty. Grammatically speaking, poverty means the compulsory privation of the necessities of life, in consequence of inadequate resources; but there are many circumstances under which privation does not result from inadequate resources, but from conditions of organisation which do not allow a sufficient reparation of the animal

economy. This is the poverty of wealth, starvation in the midst of abundance.

A young lady living in opulence, whose caprices are increased by being forestalled, may fall into loss of appetite or taste for unwholesome food, and so drift into the weakly condition which leads to pulmonary consumption. It is a case of physiological poverty contrasting with apparent abundance and luxury. Slow and incomplete convalescences, such as follow typhoid fevers and severe measles, if prolonged, may be considered acute forms of physiological poverty. After grand operations, frightful burns, when profuse suppuration exhausts the frame, if the digestive powers continue languid and the reparation is insufficient to make up for the loss, the same kind of poverty occurs, in spite of all the indulgences with which wealth may surround the individual. Or, we have only to imagine a man, amidst the splendours of fortune, but a prey to violent and lasting grief—and such instances are met with in the world—with appetite destroyed, strength diminished, nutrition languishing, and his losses unrepaired, and we have another form of physiological poverty co-existing with unlimited means.

#### AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

I LIKE to meet actors off the stage—not that I am possessed with the fond idea of the stage-struck youth, that all actors are gods, and all actresses goddesses of supernatural beauty (which I have long admitted to be an error), but because it has been my lot to be thrown a good deal into their society, and because, knowing them well and intimately, I have learned to respect them. There are certain actors and actresses whose hands I am always proud to shake, not because they are eminent tragedians or comedians, but because they are honourable men and women. One of the most simple, unaffected, generous natures I ever met with, is enshrined in the breast of a clown. If any Diogenes should be going about looking for a specimen of a good husband and a good father, I will give him the address of a pantaloon; only regretting that I shall have to request him to ring the top bell. If I cherish a platonic affection for any member of the fair sex, it is for an actress whom everybody loves, because in every relation of life, as wife, mother, daughter, and friend, she is as bright an ornament to her sex as she is to her profession.

Believe me, I am not saying these things in a spirit of exaggerated charity towards a class requiring to be apologised for. I am not adopting the *nil nisi bonum maxim*, as if I were speaking of the dead. These good people are alive, pursuing an honourable career, and doing good deeds in the sight of many.

I little thought, in my young days, that I should ever have this opinion of play-actors. In the sphere, a very narrow one, in which I im-



bibed my early ideas, it was broadly inculcated that the theatre was a very wicked place, and that actors and actresses were very wicked people. When I first went to the theatre, on the sly, I had some compunction about it; but not being able to discern any wickedness in connexion with the performance of a beautiful play, in which virtue was rewarded, and vice punished, I dismissed the feeling, and was rather pained to think that some particular friends of mine had told me what was not precisely true. It was not until a much later period of my life that I made the acquaintance of actors, and found how much they, too, were belied. I expected to find them at least very knowing persons; but, after spending an evening with a party of players, I came to the conclusion, that I myself, who had been religiously brought up and warned to avoid plays and play-actors, was, in the ways of this wicked world, the most knowing person in the company.

I am not going to argue that players are by nature better than other people, but I think their generally single-minded natures may be accounted for rationally enough. In the first place, the ambition to become an actor is an intellectual one, and it will be readily admitted that only a trusting and unsophisticated disposition could hope for a high degree of success in the profession. Next comes in the exalting and refining influence of Shakespeare's poetry, which all actors, whether they be destined to shine as the kings of tragedy or the valets of farce, begin by studying. Talk to a low comedian on the subject, and ten to one if he will not confess to you that his first aspirations were in the direction of the tragic. He knew the lofty poetical speeches of Hamlet by heart—never to be forgotten—long before he was driven to lower his attention to the waistcoats of the First Gravedigger. A knowledge of Shakespeare redeems a vast amount of ignorance. An actor's education may be very defective; he may not be able to spell; he may betray in his handwriting and composition a sad want of familiarity with the use of the pen—but he knows Shakespeare by heart. He has all the philosophy of life at the tip of his tongue in Shakespeare's glowing words. We may be very clever and very accomplished, but when the actor leans upon the arm of Shakespeare he is fit company for the best of us. There is another influence for good in the player's profession. It is a precarious one. Nearly all actors begin by meeting difficulties and knowing poverty. It is rarely that any one succeeds without a long struggle. A fellow feeling makes them wondrous kind. There is scarcely a successful actor living who has not known what it is to be penniless, hungry, and, what is sometimes harder to bear, to be in debt for some miserable trifle among strangers. Thus it is that the most successful among them can always understand and feel for the misfortunes and sorrows of their struggling brethren. If I had not found by experience of them that players are in a remarkable degree kind-hearted, well-disposed

people, these considerations alone might have guided me to the conclusion.

That actors have faults and foibles I will not deny. They are men and women, and they have the faults that all men and women have in a greater or less degree. But this I will confidently assert, that actors are not sinners in a greater degree than other classes of society, while in many amiable respects they can lay claim to a larger number of virtues. One of the reasons why they are so constantly traduced is obvious. They live more than any other class under the public eye; there is a strong curiosity about them, and, consequently, any dubious story about their mode of life that prejudice may imagine, and the breath of scandal whisper, is rapidly spread abroad and eagerly amplified. How many times have I been told that So-and-So is a very immoral person, when there is nothing on earth of which I am so well assured as that that person is a model of purity and goodness? If scandal hits upon a truth now and then, does it never hit upon a similar truth with regard to other society? Really, upon my conscience, I do not know what class is in a position to throw stones at the players.

I had these thoughts one fine day lately, among the heather near Maybury, on a notable occasion when the Queen's son performed the ceremony of opening the Royal Dramatic College. It was a glorious summer's day, and the good work in hand gave rise to many agreeable feelings and pleasant reflections. It was pleasant, first of all, at the Waterloo station to notice how completely the clerks were mentally knocked over by the sight of so many of their stage favourites crowding round their boxes and offering to pay for tickets. They didn't seem to like to take the money; wondered, I dare say, that such delightful creatures as actors and actresses should be required to pay for anything. They were all very nervous, and no wonder. Fancy Lady Macbeth sweeping up to you and demanding a first-class return ticket to Woking! Norma following with a like request! The gentle Juliet sweetly leaning over your box, as if it were the balcony and you were Romeo! Box and Cox meeting in the narrow passage, as if they were in Mrs. Bouncer's lodgings bringing in their tea-things! I wonder if the clerks looked in the till to see if Cox had given away his lucky sixpence, and Box his tossing shilling, by mistake.

I don't know what made me think of it on this occasion, but for the first time in my life I took an insurance ticket—insured myself for a thousand pounds for sixpence. (This, by the way, is the cheapest luxury I am acquainted with. I am afraid, however, that I was under the impression that I was in a sweep, and had a vague feeling of disappointment, when I was brought back safe and sound, that I had not won something.) I say I don't know what prompted me to take an insurance ticket on this occasion. Entertaining, as I do, a high opinion of the members of the theatrical profession, I could not have been troubled with the suspicion



that the country actors, pining for London, knowing that a great body of town celebrities were going down that day, might have conspired to place a stone upon the rails. It certainly was suggested during the journey that there was an alarming degree of imprudence in putting so many precious eggs into one frail basket—but that was the suggestion of a dramatic author, who was probably thinking of his chest of drawers-ful of pieces.

I was not alone at the insurance office. Many members of the "profession" were streaming away with their sixpenny tickets. There was just one left negotiating. It was the charming lady with whom I have been platonically in love these—I don't like to say how many years, for my own sake as well as hers.

"What!" I said, "are *you* nervous, too?" meaning that *I* was.

"No," she said; "but I must think of the chicks at home."

They were all thinking of their chicks, of those who were near and dear to them, and of their poor brethren. This interest in their own class was manifested in many ways. A comedian who sat opposite me pointed out with evident pleasure the country cottages of some of his colleagues who had made an Arcadian colony within easy reach of the midnight train. Yonder smoked the chimney of Sir Toby Belch, near by bloomed the roses of Laertes. Is that Ophelia in the garden plucking them?

And so we rattle on, infringing the by-laws, where we do not infringe the laws of politeness, until suddenly emerging from a pine-wood, which suggests to this writer, Scotland, and, to a special war commissioner, Denmark, we come in view of a bright-looking Gothic building, situated in the midst of a garden gay with rhododendrons, with many-coloured banners, and with red coats. The Dramatic College!

We, who have not seen it before, exclaim in a breath, "What a pretty place!"

I had heard in gloomy quarters that it was not a pretty place; that it was situated on a "blasted heath," and that the only village near it was a village of the dead—a cemetery! I saw at a glance that this was a libel. The heath was thick with heather fast purpling into bloom; there was a cluster of cottages within a stone's throw; "first-class villas" were rising on the right, promising a thickly-populated neighbourhood; Woking station was within three-quarters of a mile; and as to the cemetery, why, I could not see it, and for precisely the same reason that Tilburina could not see the Spanish fleet—because 'twas not in sight. That bugbear of a cemetery is about the same distance from the Dramatic College as Kensal-green is from Charing-cross. When the Prince of Wales arrived, and just as he placed his foot on the temporary platform, the college clock, with proper regard for theatrical effect, struck four. Bang, bang, went a park of real guns, a real army presented arms, and then the play began, all the actors present, whether tragedians or comedians, carrying wands, and

playing Polonius to the husband of the Princess of Denmark.

The plot and action of the drama may be described in a few words. Preceded by a dozen Poloniuses, the Prince marched up the garden to the door of the central hall, where Mr. Benjamin Webster, the master, presented him with a golden key. With this he opened the door—which, being a door intimately connected with the stage, was not locked—and entered to find the hall already occupied by a brilliant assemblage of what I may call beauty and talent. The Prince, having taken up his position under a regal canopy, Mr. Webster advanced and read an address, informing his Royal Highness that the work in which his deceased father had taken a great and special interest was now nearly completed. The three objects contemplated in the erection of the college were: a retreat for aged and infirm actors; schools for the education of the children of actors and writers for the stage; and a central hall which should include a library and a gallery of works of art. The first of these was accomplished; for the second, funds were in the course of accumulation; and the third, which crowned the edifice, was then about to be dedicated by his Royal Highness to the uses for which it was designed. To this the Prince makes a sensible and hearty reply, showing by some earnest and solemn words that he has a proper appreciation of the value of the actors' art, as a means of conveying amusement, and at the same time moral instruction and intellectual culture. The hall is then declared open, and Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Grisi celebrate the event with gushing notes of music that make the walls ring again, and fill all our hearts with a thrill of exquisite pleasure. Then ladies advance to lay offerings of golden guineas before the young Prince, and foremost among them is the lady we all love and honour. I think that if I were a Prince, I would step down from that throne and ask permission to kiss her hand—that hand which is ever full of charity and blessing. This is the most touching part of the play. It is soon over now. The Prince, after supplementing the offerings of the ladies with a purse of his own, containing the handsome sum of fifty guineas, returns to the platform of the railway with his attendant Poloniuses, and presently we see him, while waiting for the train, talking to that excellent comedian, Mr. Toole. Of course his Royal Highness is asking him if yonder fleecy cloud is not like a whale; and of course Mr. Toole, being Polonius with a wand, says it is "very like a whale," or anything else his Royal Highness pleases to call it. I think Mr. Paul Bedford is sorry now that he was not a Polonius, that he might be at hand to back up his comrade, and say, "I believe you, my boy."

It was very pleasant to meet the old pensioners sunning themselves in their pretty garden, and greeting you with quotations from Shakespeare. Ask where yonder road leads to, and it will be replied to you, "Towards Chertsea, my lord." Speak to one who scarcely remembers you, and



there comes, "Horatio, or do I forget myself; give you good den, how goes the world, sir, now." Address another, familiar with the boards of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee, in the accents of the north, and you evoke, "Stands Scotland where it did?" Inquire as to the parentage of a little boy who is playing on the green, "The last remaining male of princely York." Invite one to the tent to liquor, and it is, "I charge thee, Pistol, in a cup of sack." Press him to take another cup, and you are rebuked with "I'll drink no more than will do me good for no man's pleasure."

I managed to get an invitation to visit one of the houses. I found an old actor and his wife comfortably domiciled in a suite of three apartments, consisting of sitting-room, bedroom, and kitchen, with other conveniences, such as a scullery and coal-cellar. The sitting-room was a good-sized airy apartment, overlooking the grounds, furnished in oak, the walls adorned with portraits of the occupant, as he appeared in the various characters with which his theatrical fame was identified in years gone by. The bedroom was as nice a white little nest as any dainty maiden would desire to lie in. If the walls of the passages had only been plastered, instead of partaking of the rough garden-wall order of architecture, the place would be perfect.

There are already built ten houses, each one containing accommodation for two families, and there are two outer doors for each, one for the below-stairs tenant, and one for the tenant above, lest at any time they should dispute as to their artistic merits, and come to temporary logger-heads. At the present time the college is tenanted by twenty pensioners; in fact, the house is "full," and no more can be admitted until some of the present occupants shuffle off their mortal coils. At the last election there were only sixteen candidates, and nine of these were elected; so that the college, while fulfilling the original design of its founders, very nearly meets the full extent of the claims upon it. Not one of the recently elected pensioners was under threescore, some were threescore and ten, and one or two, fourscore. The allowance to each pensioner, besides his furnished apartments, is ten shillings per week, with coals and candles. Medical attendance and medicine are provided gratis, and also the services of a nurse when required. A bakery and a bath-room are attached to the building, and a bit of garden-ground for the cultivation of vegetables, or flowers, has been allotted to each pensioner. There is no separation of man and wife, as in a certain "home" that we all wot of; but wives are permitted to live with their husbands, and husbands with their wives. Maybury has long had a reputation for being a healthy spot, and this is borne out in a remarkable manner by the fact that all the pensioners have greatly improved in health and strength since they have become inmates of the Dramatic College. I only heard of one invalid, and the medicine prescribed for him by the doctor is one

bottle of good sound spirit weekly, which is duly dispensed by the committee.

These are great results, and highly honourable to the actors themselves, through whose exertions—directed by the unceasing energy of Mr. Webster, and assisted by pecuniary help from the public—they have been entirely achieved.

## THE STAFFORDSHIRE RENAISSANCE.

THERE are questions which it is impossible to "consider too curiously;" and, among these, few are of more general interest than those which relate to the development of the arts. We find, for the most part, that the fine arts are evolved from the useful arts; and that the useful arts (evolved in their turn from the necessities of the human race) may be traced back to primitive types, the origin of which is matter for speculation only.

Could we look far enough into the obscure past, we should probably find ourselves indebted to pure accident for most of the useful and beautiful adjuncts of modern civilisation. Many myths point significantly to this truth. The pretty story told by Vitruvius, of the origin of the Corinthian capital, and the legend of Hermes and the lyre, will occur to every one.

Roughly speaking, we may generally assume that modern discovery is the result of effort, and early discovery of accident. Modern workers, armed with the tools of generations of predecessors, are set down, as it were, on a road already carried far towards completion. They start with a definite question before them, and experiment for the answer. Primitive man, on the contrary, knowing nothing, having nothing, and ignorant even of his wants, stumbles on discovery, and turns accident to profit. It is incredible, for instance, that the aboriginal Australian should have invented a projectile dependent on laws so complex and profound as the boomerang. The first boomerang was probably a mere fragment of burnt or broken wood, which, being accidentally caught up and hurled, discovered properties so singular and valuable as to cause its reproduction for offensive purposes.

Thus, in like manner, Councillor Goguet, who was born a hundred years too soon, and wrote a book for which the age he lived in afforded no adequate material, conjectured that the first potter made his first pot by chance alone. Using, perhaps, a cocoa-nut shell for his kettle, he plastered it with damp clay to preserve it from burning; and so, finding the clay harden over the fire, discovered the key to the ceramic arts. The simplicity of this supposition carries with it almost the conviction of proof; added to which we have the corroborative evidence of those modern travellers who actually found the remains of clay vessels moulded over gourds in the ancient kilns of the Mississippi valley.

Adequately to write the history of pottery from its first rude beginnings in the hands of M. Goguet's wondering savage to its culminat-



ing point in the workshops of Josiah Wedgwood, would be to write the history of civilisation; and this not only because it is a useful as well as a fine art, but because it has, as it were, "fossilized" a series of long-buried facts for our instruction—a series so gradual, so wonderful, so rich in information, and so illustrative of the progress of the human race, that it can be compared to nothing more justly than to that record of development which, in geology, begins with the zoophyte, and results in man.

The time is not yet come for this gigantic task. The materials are not yet collected. But they have long been in process of collection in many fields of research, and by many workers. The names of Brongniart, Pesaro, Dr. Birch, Joseph Marryat, and Gustav Klemm, are famous as pioneers in this branch of art-literature; and surely none among these has approached his task in a more earnest spirit, or contributed more patient, and even precious labour of its kind, than Miss Meteyard in her interesting history of the life and products of our greatest English potter.

Those who remember Miss Meteyard in her first writings, will not have forgotten how every little tale that fell from her pen in those early times found its key-note in her advocacy of art-manufacture. That taste was not necessarily inseparable from cheapness; that the simplest objects of household use might be graceful in form, and harmonious in colour, without being, therefore, less suitable to their original purposes; in short, that there should be a soul of beauty in things common, has been Miss Meteyard's literary and artistic creed from the beginning of her career as a writer of fiction and feuilleton.

Remembering this to be the case, we are not surprised to learn from her preface to the *Life of Wedgwood* that she has had this work in view for fifteen years. Some of her earliest recollections, she says, were of the potteries; some of her earliest possessions, specimens of toy-ware from the famous Burslem works. Since then, her tastes, her surroundings, her studies, have all inclined in the same direction. She appears, from her minute and comprehensive account of the earths, glazes, and processes employed by Wedgwood and his contemporaries, to be herself possessed of no small share of sound chemical knowledge. She is acquainted with the whole art and mystery of pottery. She is imbued with just that amount of hero-worship proper to a biographer. She has had access to a virgin mine of letters, documents, note-books, and day-books of every description, now in the possession of Josiah Wedgwood's descendants and successors; and she has enriched her first volume with a brief history of early British pottery, which is remarkable for being the only essay on that subject yet brought before the public.

Taking these facts at their value, and having read every line of Miss Meteyard's present volume from its first to its five-hundred-and-fourth page, we need hardly state our conviction that the subject could in no wise have fallen into

more congenial hands; or have been produced in a manner more costly and complete.

The art of pottery appears to have been practised in Britain before the Roman era. Specimens of Celtic urns are found scattered on the floors of subterranean hut circles, in caves, under the moors in the north and west of England, imbedded in the chalk formations of Kent, and buried along the course of ancient trackways. It is generally dark coloured, being formed of the superficial, ferruginous clays; is moulded by hand, and sometimes ornamented with a zig-zag pattern, rudely scratched in by means of a pointed stick or flint. Mr. Tylor, in his admirable book on the history of mankind, observes that much of this early British ware was modelled in baskets of willow, which, being burned off when the clay was sufficiently fired, left an indented pattern on the surface—a fact which seems to have escaped Miss Meteyard's observation. At this time, each family is supposed to have moulded its own pottery, as the Indian families carve their own bowls; and it was not till the period of the Roman conquest that the art was cultivated by means of associated labour. Extensive potteries then sprang up throughout Roman Britain; and the kilns on the banks of the Nen, the Medway, and the Severn, supplied the foreign legionary with those tiles, wall ornaments, and vessels of use and ceremony, to which he was accustomed in his home beside the Tiber.

From this time, and for so long as the Roman rule endured in Britain, the art appears not only to have flourished, but to have been carried to a high degree of perfection; especially in the neighbourhood of Lincoln, where the famous Castor pottery was made; but with the Saxon domination it is seen to degenerate in form, colour, and fabric. The great potteries fell into disuse, and the tilewright's craft became local, like that of the blacksmith or the carpenter. The village potter of the Saxon period made coarse dishes and porringers for thethane and the abbot, while the table of the ceorl was furnished with beechen bowl and platter. The advent of the Normans, who affected more domestic splendour than the Saxons, gave, however, some slight encouragement to the fast-failing staple of Staffordshire and Kent. Tiles for ecclesiastical purposes, and pitchers decorated with the heraldic insignia of noble families, were now called into requisition; and the potter's art benefited in a partial degree by that spirit of emulation that came in with the great Conquest, and animated the workshops of the middle ages.

The skill of the English potter was, however, for four or five centuries, almost exclusively displayed in the manufacture of decorative tiles; and this because the taste of the age left no other path open to his genius. The buffets of the nobles were supplied with the costly imported wares of Italy and Flanders; while wooden ware, from its cheapness and durability, was universally employed for household purposes. Caliban, it will be remembered, rejoiced that he should "serape treacher" for Prospero



no more; and the historical student will not forget how, in 1623, the Protestant courtiers of Charles the First were scandalised to see the young queen eating "out of treen dishes" by way of religious penance. Even so late as 1663, the polite Mr. Pepys, recording how he dined at the Lord Mayor's feast, states that it was "very unpleasant" to him to see the meats served in wooden dishes, and to be allowed "no napkins, nor change of trenchers." Finally, the treen ware may be seen to this day on the tables of some charitable foundations, as, for instance, at Christ's Hospital, in Newgate-street.

Notwithstanding these things, it is well proved by Miss Meteyard that coarse pottery was undoubtedly made and sold in England throughout the middle ages, and was never wholly superseded, as has been generally supposed, by either wood or pewter. Produced, however, in small quantities, imperfectly fired, and consequently so friable that it could with difficulty be transported from place to place, our mediæval earthenware was regarded as a precious possession; and we find such common articles as baking dishes, mugs, and covered pots, standing as special bequests in wills of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Delft ware, and the Dutch imitations of majolica, were held in high esteem; and even so early as the reign of Elizabeth, a colony of Dutch potters had actually settled in England, while a Dutch fair was held annually at Yarmouth for the sale of earthenware and wooden toys.

It is in the seventeenth century that the Staffordshire potters come distinctly before us as proprietors of kilns, and employers of workmen; and by the beginning of the eighteenth, they are seen to be imitating the Dutch majolica, and attempting to analyse the clays and glazes which made it so superior to their own. Henceforth improvement went on rapidly, and the names of Thomas Sans, Thomas Toft, and William Talor of Burslem, are rescued from obscurity by being affixed to some very curious ornamental dishes and plaques, rudely painted with portraits of Charles the Second, Henry Prince of Wales, and Charles the First, specimens of which are engraved in Miss Meteyard's first volume.

We have, however, no space for further details of this Staffordshire renaissance, valuable and important as it is; but must devote a few lines to the hero of the book.

Josiah Wedgwood was born on a summer's day, early in July, 1730. He came of a long generation of potters, and his home, though humble, was by no means so humble as it has often been represented. His father was in easy circumstances, and some of his relations were men of substance and position.

The boy was predestined to pottery from his cradle. He played, went to school, rode the crate-men's horses, kept rabbits, and took birds'-nests like all the other Burslem boys; and before he had reached his twelfth year, was already at work as a "thrower" in his brother's sheds.

His "first teapot," a vessel moulded in the ordinary ochreous clay of the district, and decorated with a few twining leaves in coloured relief, is still reverently preserved at Etruria. About this time, small-pox broke out at Burslem, and Josiah Wedgwood, with several of his brothers and sisters, was stricken down. The effects of the illness stayed by him all his life. He rose from his sick-bed lame of the right leg, and, twenty-two years later, was compelled to undergo amputation of the limb.

Passing over the story of his early partnerships, of his patient self-culture, of his passion for chemical analysis, and of that eager desire for knowledge which prompted him, like Boccaccio, to copy many a borrowed book with his own hand, we find him, A.D. 1759, settled at Burslem as a master potter; marrying and prospering in 1764; and in 1765 diligently employed upon a service of the now celebrated cream-ware for no less a patron than Queen Charlotte. Henceforth, wealth and reputation flowed in upon him; and his life, always busy, became one of unceasing aspiration and endeavour. He made frequent journeys to London and Liverpool; became acquainted with Darwin, Priestly, Aiken, Brindley, and other noteworthy characters of the eighteenth century; lent active co-operation to the projectors of the Grand Trunk Canal; planned and carried into execution a turnpike-road, ten miles in length, through the pottery district; and established his famous works at Etruria, an estate purchased by him in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle-under-Lyne. Here he built himself a handsome mansion; here prosecuted his studies of antique art, and gathered together his fine collections of fossils, shells, prints, books, and specimens of curious porcelain. Here, too, he devoted incessant thought and labour to improvements of various kinds in glaze, fabric, and design; and here carried on those famous experiments in clay and colour that enabled him afterwards to produce cameos, medallions, and miniature sculpture in a substance so delicate that it rivalled the texture of ivory, and so hard that it promised to last as long as the bronzes and intaglios of antiquity. Another of his important discoveries enabled him to paint on porcelain in the unglazed manner of the ancient Etruscans; an art which had been lost since the time of Pliny. By none of these wonderful imitations of the classic pottery is he, however, so universally celebrated as by his copy of the Portland vase. Shaw states that Wedgwood sold fifty of these copies at fifty guineas each, but that the expense of production exceeded the profit of sale. One of the finest of these may be seen in the British Museum, in a room adjoining that in which the original is preserved.

Mr. Wedgwood now employed such artists as John Bacon and John Flaxman; both, at that time, young and striving men; Bacon being, however, for the most part self-taught, and Flaxman a rising Academy student. Flaxman's models, says Allan Cunningham, "consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief—the



subjects from ancient verse and history." How beautiful those designs were, is well known to all who have seen the exquisite collections of Wedgwood-ware lent for exhibition at South Kensington by Sir T. W. Holburne, Sir John Hipplesey, and others. A very lovely specimen, representing a group of infant Bacchanals, and executed in Flaxman's best manner, is also engraved in Labarte's valuable Handbook of the Arts.

It is pleasant to know, on Cunningham's authority, that the great sculptor loved to allude in after years to these humbler labours of his youth.

Josiah Wedgwood, while thus acquiring fortune and reputation for himself, and lending a helping hand to many artists, native and foreign, was also serving the commercial interests of his country. Almon observes that his new wares, his improved forms, and his refined style of decoration, opened a new field to enterprise, improved the national taste, and gave England an increased artistic reputation abroad. Mr. Wedgwood was a fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, and is known to have contributed some papers to the Philosophical Transactions. He was also the founder and one of the principal leaders of the celebrated "General Chamber of the Manufacturers of Great Britain," an association which did infinite service in its time to the national industry of the country. He died at Etruria on the 3rd of January, 1795. Taken as a whole, his life was uniformly blameless, useful, prosperous, and happy; and his biographer is as much to be congratulated on the subject of her task as on the manner in which she has executed so much of it as is yet before the public. Such lives are good to write, and pleasant to read; and their importance from some points of view can scarcely be rated at too high a value.

### WINE AGAINST PHYSIC.

THE sensible doctor of the present day, unlike the doctor of the past day, believes in good victual and drink, and does not believe, as he used to believe, in the perilous filth of drugs. - Drugs used by men discreetly skilled are of the utmost use, are essentials of life now and then. But only now and then. And ah, those draughts, six in a parcel, that delight the Lady Lacquer Daisy, and whose almost daily arrival is as good as a new moon for making her lord turn his money in his pocket. If Doctor Didill could only feel his fees to be as safe when he orders the refreshing tonic, cheaper and infinitely better, of a well chosen light wine, as when he produces, with occasional affectations of change, cabalistic scrawls that conjure up dire substitutes of the apothecary for the delicious stimulants and tonics that God gives us, let him be as mercenary as he seldom is but often is believed to be, and he would throw much of his physic to the dogs. For would he not find the wine-merchant a pleasanter ally than the drug-

merchant? An occasional hamper of Burgundy would be a more welcome testimonial than any quantity of sarsaparilla.

The difficulty in the way of the doctors is yearly diminishing. Year by year the number is greater of people who know that when pills, powders, electuaries, draughts, mixtures, set in a strong current down their throats, they are being doubly punished, a doctor's bill is being made at the expense of their intestines. It is hard that attack should be made upon the pocket and the stomach too. But you would have it, Monsieur Dandin, you would have it. You wanted to see value for the money you paid to your medical adviser, and thought, till lately, that value was to be measured by the quantity of filth you swallowed. Now you are beginning to find out that the man deserves to be paid best who relieves you from serious illness most quickly, making the least fuss, and with least use of drugs, neither affecting to despise them nor overvaluing them, but using them, when they seem to him needed, in a firm, decisive way, and never thinking a drug necessary when he can do its work with a good, wholesome, dietetic substitute.

And let it be remembered gratefully that this improved method of practice begins with the doctors themselves. We have heard from one of the greatest wholesale drug dealers in this country, that the falling off in the supply of drugs to a large number of private practitioners who make up their own medicines, has been of late years so great, that at first it was supposed customers were leaving their old druggists and getting part of their supply elsewhere. But it soon appeared that this was not the case, and that the change indicated a rapid advance in a wholesome change of system. But many an honest practitioner, especially in the country, loses patients by appearing lax in treatment of a case that he abstains from complicating with the artificial disease set up by the action of unnecessary drugs, or by appearing to charge too much, when he may have saved his patient from months of distress, or even from death, by incessant watchfulness and skilled advice. Says the ignorant patient, with the air of one who is much put upon, why, he only sent me four bottles of medicine! And in a country parish there is too often, ready to take his place, one of the large body of unskilful practitioners who can only succeed by truckling to the prejudices of every well-to-do victim who may call him in. Only four bottles of medicine, and those perhaps not nasty enough. For it used to be devoutly believed by the majority of sick people that in physic nastiness is power. In many parts of England the poor do not believe in medicine unless it "scours them;" and practitioners are almost forced, whenever it is safe to do so, to begin with a "scouring" to establish confidence. Very common, too, is the case of a young doctor known to us, who, in the early days of his practice, lost one of his best patients because he sent her a four-ounce bottle containing four



doses of prussic acid in rose-water. If she had taken the four doses together she would have been a dead woman; but she contemptuously dismissed our inexpert young friend because, she said, he had been playing with her case, and sent her only a bottle of rose-water. Probably the sick public in our friend's neighbourhood, especially of the richer class, got plenty of asafetida and other delicacies in their medicine-bottles for the next few months, and important people were thrown into ecstasies at being clean taken off their legs by the extreme filthiness of our friend's mixtures.

It is really in the medical profession alone that reform of these old prejudices has begun, and is being carried on with many a small incident of personal self-sacrifice. In London and in our great towns, among the upper and middle classes, there is a pretty wide-spread knowledge of the general course of educated opinion and practice in any matter that concerns the body of the public; here, therefore, a practitioner of medicine may thrive the better for being in the front rank of the army of reform. But the army of reform is an army of the doctors—doctors alone are competent to be its leaders—and the improved opinion by which the wiser of them thrive is of their own creation. The wealth and luxury of London also lends itself only too readily to nice medical experiments in diet. Dr. Robert Druitt, the medical officer of health to St. George's, Hanover-square, in a little book that has set us talking of these things, tells how small he was made to feel, years ago, when beginning practice, by a London doctor of the old school whom he met in consultation over an important patient. The senior put out his junior's light by display of a profound knowledge of cookery and wines. His young friend was an able man, too; for in those early days of his career there was not a student of medicine in whose eyes Dr. Druitt was not honourably distinguished as the writer of one of the best hand-books of the anatomy of man. He now practises physic, is a member of the College of Physicians, and has distinguished himself in latter days by liberal action on behalf of public health. It is such a practitioner—one who has nothing whatever in common with the race of quacks—who has been addressing to a medical journal a series of papers or reports upon the cheap wines—really wines—that Mr. Gladstone has enabled all classes to use in diet or as medicine. The papers have been collected into a small volume, published by Mr. Renshaw in the Strand. From that volume we draw some of the main facts that should be common knowledge now-a-days, but the little book itself contains so much explicit and practical information upon the characters and qualities of the different kinds of pure and cheap wine now imported from France, Italy, Hungary, Austria, and Greece, that the beginner in the use of these wines will deny himself a great deal of good help if he do not get the book itself, and use it for his counsellor till he can find his way about in the newly-established wine-market, act on his own know-

ledge, and satisfy his own taste. For in wine, as in music and in everything else, even for good tastes there is a considerable range of difference. Dr. Druitt is a thoroughly trustworthy guide as far as he goes. He affects no chemical profundities, and laughs, as he should, at the quackeries that recommend wine and even beer for its phosphorus, iron, or brimstone. He says that of good wine the stomach is the best test tube, and accordingly, when the removal of the prohibitive duties brought in again pure wine at a cheap price, he determined to go, as systematically as he could, through all the different cheap wines brought into the English market—meaning by cheap, wine that does not cost more than half-a-crown a bottle—using them naturally at his dinner-table, and taking note, before its taste had well gone out of his mouth, of the qualities of each, with report of its after-effect upon a constitution rather sensitive.

It need hardly be said that the cheap wines now coming into common use are not cheap by reason of inferiority. They are actually superior, not only as pure wines, but for intrinsic commercial worth of material, to many ports and sherries sold at twice their price. We export raw spirit to re-import a considerable part of it from Portugal and Hamburg, as port and other wine. A fifth part of even a good bottle of port consists of proof spirit, costing at the rate of about three-farthings a bottle. For the Portuguese buy the spirit they send back to us at the rate of two shillings the proof gallon, taking in one year a million and a half of gallons of spirit, and sending us back three-and-a-half million gallons of their wine. In all pure wines the natural proportion of proof spirit is usually from eighteen to twenty-two per cent; many contain eighteen; some reach twenty-five or even twenty-seven; and, in rare cases, the proportion of proof spirit may even be thirty per cent. Port wine that has not been brandied for the English market, contains twenty-three-and-a-half per cent. Port wine, as we get it, contains thirty-five or even forty-five per cent of spirit, that will only blend in flavour with the natural wine after the costly process of long keeping, although one of its uses is to throw down the fermentable extractive, and give to the wine at once the appearance, without the flavour, of "tawny old port." This sort of old port is usually said to have been long in wood, lest people should look too curiously at the cork, or seek in the bottle for the crust of tartaric acid which is deposited in course of time, and leaves the wine mellow for its absence. Since the vine disease, really good ports and sherries have almost doubled in price; and at prices below five, six, or seven shillings a bottle, they are factitious wines, incomparably worse than many a pure wine of France, Hungary, Austria, or Greece, of which a choice quality is to be had for half the money.

For poor hard-working people who lead indoor lives—teachers, milliners, dressmakers—to whom even good beer (the best cheap drink for healthy folks who take active out-door exer-



cise) is indigestible, there is food and medicine in a small dose of light pure wine. The white nervous tongue of the sickly dressmaker, who thirsts for tea that weakens further the deficient appetite, if she took in place of tea a little cheap pure Bordeaux wine, with an equal quantity of water, would recover healthy colour as her stomach regained tone and appetite, and her blood flowed in healthier current. It would be well for the town child between seven and ten years old, who flags in appetite and is dainty with his meat, as children are allowed to flag in nurseries from which no comfort need be excluded, if the doctor's order answered to Dr. Druitt's suggestion in such case, Give some kind of light, clean tasting sub-acid wine—Rhine, Bordeaux, Chablis, or some of the clean, dry wine of Greece and Hungary—let this be sipped freely at dinner, and then look to your mutton. Great is the refreshing appetising power of these true wines, many of them costing only fifteenpence a bottle, and most wholesome is the enlivening power that depends not only on alcoholic strength, but on the subtle influence of refreshing principles that tell their presence in sweet odours and a grateful taste. A child down with scarlet fever or measles, restless with pain and thirst, may find the thirst quenched, the headache relieved, and a quiet night's rest substituted for a night of irritable tossing and tumbling, by sipping, not at physic, but at Bordeaux wine and water—Bordeaux cheap enough to be a solace in such hours of sickness even to the very poor. The healthy child, too, at its juvenile party, why should it be made ill with glasses of cheap sherry when pure and delicious sweet wines that will delight its palate, and do good to its health, are quite as easy to be had? Italy offers white Capri at sixteen-pence a bottle, fragrant, brisk as if slightly aerated, sub-acid, and altogether wholesome. Greece offers the white Mount Hymettus, which, at sixteen-pence a bottle, may give pleasure to the experienced wine-drinker by its firm, dry, clean character, and abundance of peculiar wine flavour of a Tokay sort. The Greek Visanto is a sweet, full-flavoured wine, with little alcoholic strength.

Greek Santorin at twenty-pence a bottle is one of the stronger class of undrugged wines, and very like a light dry port. The Greek wines, says Dr. Druitt, have more body than the French, and seem to have a capacity for developing fine flavour by keeping, of which we cannot fully judge until they have been longer in use. Of the Hungarian wines, some of the finest, as the dry white wine called Raszte, are to be had for three and sixpence a bottle; there is a good Hungarian Chablis at sixteen-pence, noted as "a light wine, of light straw colour, not too acid, rather too much bouquet;" and the Hungarian Erlaure is pure and pleasant at seventeen-pence; at half-a-crown, is highly commended as "an excellent claret." Excellent wines, too, are the Austrian red Voeslauer, at two shillings a bottle, and the white Voeslauer, at half-a-crown, immeasurably superior to the

cheap dinner sherry, for which it would be a delightful substitute. In fact, there is half a continent to choose from, a new world of materials for health and social comfort to explore. Dr. Druitt's book will supply, better than any we know, the practical information with which an experienced friend is able to turn a beginner's face in the right direction. We have not yet made out for ourselves a tenth or a hundredth part of the uses and comforts of the cheap and pure wine from which we have been forcibly estranged for several generations past. A pure wine, however cheap, if good of its sort, is, as Dr. Druitt says, refreshment that none need be ashamed to offer to a duke; an impure wine, however expensive, is no drink for gentlemen.

### AN UNPATENTED GHOST.

So plentiful, of late, has been the supply of spectral apparitions, that it is with some difficulty a new phantom, though furnished with the strongest testimonials, can obtain a patient hearing. It will therefore, perhaps, be the discreeter course to fall in with the commercial tone which has been given to the subject, and be content with stating, in reference to the ghost about to appear, that it is wholly unprotected by any patent regulations whatever, and perfectly at the service of anybody who can, by the exercise of legitimate spells, render it correspondent to command.

In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, a gentleman, whose name, we shall pretend, is Gauntrell, though in fact it is nothing of the sort, was induced, by the prospect of excellent perch fishing, to rent a comfortable cottage residence, in a somewhat secluded neighbourhood, a few miles from Abergavenny.

What particular fun there can be in snaring that very abrupt, aggressive, and—when captured—all but worthless, fish, we cannot divine. Excepting the charm of voracity, it seems to display no characteristic that should endear it to the angler's soul, or be likely to beguile a sensible, middle-aged gentleman, like Mr. Gauntrell, to settle two hundred miles from his natural haunts and home. Habit, however, is second nature, a fact one is too apt to forget, while opening the eyes of wonder at a hero who smokes his cheroot under a heavy cannonade, or a distinguished character (of another kind) who expressly stipulates for pig and prune sauce (and "plenty" of the latter) as his final repast on earth. Mr. Gauntrell had passed his earlier years on the banks of a famous perch river, and the enmity there first engendered between himself and that warlike fish family, had probably assumed something of the aspect of the vendetta, or death-feud, extending even to other streams and districts.

To speak with precision, "Grisewood Cottage" was something more than it pretended to be, possessing two good stories, the upper nestling in an enormously deep thatched roof, half overgrown with creepers and lichen, and an



excellent kitchen, sub-terrene on the one side, but, owing to the peculiar formation of the ground on which the cottage stood, super-terrene on the other, with a window looking to the garden. Excepting a door opening into the scullery, there was but one other, that through which a flight of ten steps led up to the hall passage. Let this be remembered.

The rent demanded for Grisewood Cottage was exceedingly moderate—so low, indeed, as to have induced the in-coming tenant to make the unwonted inquiry, whether something prejudicial to health or comfort might not have suggested the terms proposed.

The agent had smiled.

Why did the agent smile? Because he was a man of some penetration, and saw in his questioner a person who would take the initiative in smiling, if he—the agent—did not, when told what the latter was bound to disclose, namely, that Grisewood Cottage, like dozens, scores, of other desirable dwellings in the superstitious west, had been suspected of a certain amount of—hauntedness.

Mr. Gauntrell did smile.

"Not sufficient, I conclude, to interfere with our convenience?" he inquired.

"Quite the reverse," was the prompt reply.

"The reverse?"

"Literally so. It has been found of absolute service."

"You excite my curiosity. Pray be explicit."

The agent paused.

"Sir," he said, "I am not only bound, but perfectly willing, to tell you what is the matter with this house, and I could do so in two words. So far, I am in your hands. But, if I mistake not, you have made up your mind, ghost or no ghost, to take the cottage, and I am tempted to ask your permission to withhold the information you have a right to require, in order that you may, unprejudiced by any previous warning, observe the disturbing influence, and probably detect its mysterious origin, for yourself. In doing so, you would not only confer on the landlord a service for which, I am sure, he would willingly place the house at your disposal for a term, rent free, but would also disabuse the rustic mind in your vicinity of superstitious fancies which are but too apt to influence it."

The shrewd agent had not misjudged Mr. Gauntrell's disposition. Nothing, perhaps, except, it may be, the unexpected appearance of a vast shoal of perch, on the feed, could have pleased him more than such an opportunity. The bargain was at once struck, and the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gauntrell, two daughters, a son (a young Cantab, reading, in his vacation, for honours), and four servants, entered into residence.

For about three weeks, all went tranquilly. The locality was charmingly rural, the perch fed like famished aldermen, and the ghost, to say truth, had been entirely forgotten—when, one night, Mr. Gauntrell, who had remained up later than usual, writing letters in his study,

received an unexpected visit from his footman-butler. Thomas was a cool, intelligent London servant, and had been for several years in his present situation.

"There's something *very* queer below, sir," said the man, in a low, serious tone.

"Queer?" said Mr. Gauntrell, the agent's report suddenly flashing on his mind. "What do you make of it, Thomas?"

"Can't make nothing of it, sir, or I shouldn't have troubled you, so late as it is," said Thomas. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind stepping down, sir?"

"Not at all. Who's below?"

"Emma (the lady's-maid) and Jane are sitting on the stairs, sir. Cook said her nerves wouldn't stand it no longer, and she went to bed."

"Why had you all sat up so late?"

"It kept a coming and a going, sir," said Thomas, "and we was waiting till it was full on, thinking that was the time for you to see it."

"It," man! Is it a ghost?" asked Mr. Gauntrell, as they left the room.

Thomas only shook his head doubtfully, and followed his master down stairs.

"No light?" said Mr. Gauntrell, feeling his way.

"We thought you'd see better without one, sir," was Thomas's reply.

Emma and Jane were sitting, arm in arm, nearly at the top of the little flight of stairs, within sight, and very easy reach, of the study door. All below seemed as dark as night could make it.

"I think it must be gone for good and all," said Thomas, stretching down cautiously.

Mr. Gauntrell was becoming impatient.

"Come, come," he said, "what is all this about? What have you seen? What do you fear?"

Thus urged, Thomas delivered the following explanation:

It would seem that one night, about a week after the arrival of the family, as Emma was sitting alone at work in the kitchen, the door standing ajar, she became suddenly sensible of an augmentation of light in the room. Aware that no one had entered, she put her hand to her cap, under the impression that it had taken fire. The cap, however, was all right. She looked eagerly round. Neither fire nor smoke was visible, nor did any smell of burning accompany the phenomenon. Nevertheless, the light disseminated by her solitary candle had increased twenty-fold!

Seized with an unaccountable panic, the girl, catching up her candlestick, darted from the room. The darkness of the passage caused her to observe that the candle had been extinguished in her rapid movement. She glanced back. The kitchen was filled with a whitish lustre as bright as day!

The cook, who had not yet retired to bed, listened with considerable alarm to Emma's statement of what was occurring in her own



domain, but positively declined to descend, unaccompanied by Thomas. It became necessary, therefore, to apprise that gentleman of the circumstance; and thus was occasioned a delay of some three or four minutes, at the end of which time Thomas, creeping gently down, found all as dark, and to all appearance as secure, as usual.

It happened that Mrs. Gauntrell was at this time in a somewhat nervous and delicate state of health. The servants therefore agreed among themselves that nothing should be said to her on the subject of the phenomenon; at all events, until it should again occur.

It did again occur within a few days, and at a moment when the cook, Jane, and Thomas were together in the kitchen. On this occasion, the increase of light was so gradual, that it for some time escaped their observation, until Thomas, whose eyes happened to be directed towards a small printed paper affixed to the wall, noticed that the words gradually became legible.

"It's a coming," said Thomas. "Don't be afeard, Mrs. Mortimer; but, when I say 'Now,' blow out your candle. So will I. *Now.*"

Out went both lights. It made no difference in the steadily augmenting splendour. The room became as radiant as though six lustres were burning within it.

For a half minute or so, the awe-stricken servants sat dumb and motionless in their chairs, when the light began to diminish, and, much more quickly than it had come, disappeared altogether.

Another consultation was now held. Mrs. Mortimer, whose courage was scarcely equal to that of the high race whose name she bore, insisted that mistress should be told, without more delay. The counsels of the cooler Thomas, however, prevailed, so far as to give "the thing," as he affected to call it, a still further trial, and this was done.

Twice more had the incident recurred, when Mrs. Mortimer, "wore out," as she expressed it, finally struck her colours, and, on the fifth appearance, Mrs. Gauntrell was warned, as described.

It further appeared that, this last time, the light, instead of exhibiting a steady increase, had somewhat vacillated, waxing and waning, withdrawing almost entirely, then returning with greater power, yet never attaining its maximum brilliancy, until, before Mr. Gauntrell descended, it vanished altogether. Such was the history.

The most minute examination of the room, extended to the scullery adjoining, revealed nothing to Mr. Gauntrell that could, in any wise, point to a solution of the singular phenomenon. The window, secured with one huge strong shutter, offered no perceptible crevice through which even a thread of light could penetrate, still less the mighty flood that had been directed into the apartment. The consternation of the female servants was too genuine to be mistaken. The integrity of Thomas was beyond suspicion.

All that could be done, was to be in readiness for the next recurrence of the event; and, for this purpose, Mr. Gauntrell contrived an apparatus by means of which he might be warned, at any instant, from the kitchen, of the approach of the phenomenon. This was, next day, continued to other apartments above, for Mr. Gauntrell, aware of the firmness and calm good sense which characterised the members of his family, made no scruple of relating to them, at breakfast, all that had occurred.

By reason of the early habits of Grisewood Cottage, the expected signal, when it was at length given, found the master of the house alone in his study. Hastily telegraphing to his son, who was reading, still dressed, in his own apartment, and joined him in an instant, Mr. Gauntrell descended to the haunted precinct.

Thomas was there, alone. One candle was burning on the table; but, already, its light was overborne by the mysterious glow, and, when Mr. Gauntrell extinguished it, the sole result was to give to the growing lustre a purer and more silvery tone. Clear and lucid as a beautiful dawn, the strange splendour grew into the room, lighting up every speck and crevice with a ray as searching, though not so warm in colour, as that of noon.

Young Gauntrell rushed to the shutter, and drew it down. All without was pitchy darkness, nor (strange to say) was any portion of the lustre that prevailed within, projected into the obscurity.

In vain did the two cool investigators search in every direction for a possible nucleus of this strange fount of light. It was dispersed, with one uniform power, throughout the room. After the lapse of a minute, or a minute and a half, the radiance began to diminish, first slowly, then rapidly, vanishing, at last, with a start, so to speak, as if some one, bearing a lamp, had suddenly closed the slide.

It would be needless to dwell upon the efforts made by Mr. Gauntrell, aided by his family, to arrive at some solution of this enigma, which, puzzling as it was, they one and all believed to lie within the province of discovery. Philosophical conjecture, no more than material investigation, was able to suggest the slightest clue. Appeal to the agent proved that the phenomenon described was identical, in character, with those which had cost Grisewood Cottage its good name. Still, Mr. Gauntrell did not abandon the hope of dispelling the singular mystery.

The incident began now to recur so frequently that the domestics—Mrs. Mortimer excepted—grown familiar with it, discarded their terror, and even began to regard it as a curious performance, provided for their amusement. Mrs. Mortimer's nerves, however, were not proof against the strain. The kitchen was hers; she was responsible for all that happened there; and to have this "queer fire" burning when it wasn't wanted, and making her hair stand up, on account of the kitchen flue, was more than cook could bear. As, however, Mrs. Mortimer was an excellent servant, and



attached to the family, an arrangement was effected, by which leave of absence would be granted to her for the remaining months of Mr. Gauntrell's tenancy, and her place temporarily supplied. Thereupon, Mrs. Mortimer departed.

Now became manifest the disadvantages of an evil reputation. The party who had been relied upon to discharge the offices of cook, positively declined to remain in the house later than nine of the clock, evening. This being attended with inconvenience, she was dismissed in a day or two, and another substitute was sought. The inquiry seemed fruitless. Far or near, no one could be found willing to undertake the culinary department, with residence, at Grisewood Cottage.

During this state of things, a curious incident occurred. Young Richard Gauntrell, who had somewhat over-fatigued his student brain, one day resolved upon a walk as far as Abergavenny, and arrived there, in due course, about noon. In that town there stands a small quaint quiet coffee-house, of the temperance persuasion, known as the "Greeting Hands," and in the clean fresh parlour of that house there sat, on the day in question, a little old lady, eating bread and cheese. She was a bright and brisk old lady, with clear busy eyes, and a cheek which, though no longer young, looked as if it would be pleasant and comfortable to kiss. That she was also a careful and wide-awake old lady, was proved by her—rather sharply, for *her*—reproving another guest who, on entering, had nearly tripped over a bundle she had placed on the floor.

"That's all the property I have in the world, young man," said the old dame, "and if you'd broke your nose over it, it wouldn't have done any good to you or me."

The guest, admitting that there was an absence of any perceptible advantage to either in such a catastrophe, begged respectfully to ask why it was necessary to place her property quite so close to the threshold.

"Why, to be ready for a start, young man," was the reply. "I don't know what moment I may be come for, you see."

"I think whoever's coming treats you very bad," said the landlady. "Here you've been, with your bundle packed, and your bonnet on, two whole days."

"I'm nowadays impatient," said the old lady.

"Do you mind my asking where you're going?" asked the landlady.

"Not I, my dear. 'Tis 'corden as I dreams."

"According as you dreams!" echoed the landlady.

"To be sure," retorted the old lady, cheerily.

"We comes of a dreaming family, and we always goes by it. I say, my dear, can I get a horse and cart, if I want a lift, Ebbw Vale way?"

"Yes, sure. When shall you go?"

"When my young man comes. But he'll be a walking, and p'r'aps he won't like to carry my luggage."

"He must be a very devoted young man if

he do," said the landlady, laughing. "What's he like?"

"He's a handsome young man, also pale, which I'm afraid he takes too much out of himself, in pint of study," said the old lady. "He's not far off now."

"Am I the young man?" inquired the male guest, a young farmer of the neighbourhood.

"Hush!" exclaimed the old lady. "I do believe that's him. Yes; he's a coming in. I see him turn."

The next moment the door opened, and Richard Gauntrell entered.

The old dame started up.

"Here I am, young man. I'll go."

"Go!" exclaimed Gauntrell, who, attracted by the appearance of the clean little hostel, had turned in for some refreshment. "What does this good lady mean?"

"You're wanting a cook?"

"Very much," replied the young man, laughing.

"Here I am, sir," said the old lady, tying her bonnet-strings.

"But you don't know about the place."

"Nor don't care," was the answer.

"Character?" suggested Gauntrell.

"Here's a hatful," said the old lady, producing several letters. Two of these the hostess presently pronounced to be from ladies of station, resident in the county.

The young man hesitated. Here was a prize indeed. He felt, however, that the peculiar circumstances of the case should not be concealed, and the guest withdrawing, and the hostess being summoned away, an opportunity was afforded him of giving the cheerful old lady to understand that there was, in fact, a *ghost* in the case.

"I don't care for no ghosts," was her reply. "I rather likes 'em. When all alone, they gives quite a relish to one's tea."

Under such circumstances, there could be no further scruple on either part. A light carriage was obtained, and the old lady and her long-expected "young man" did really depart in company.

At Grisewood Cottage, it is needless to say, the pair were received with open arms. Mr. Gauntrell had executed a long and successful foray among the perch; but his exploits were completely lost in the splendid fish captured by his son. As for the brisk old lady herself—Mrs. Applebee, as she was called—after a very brief interview with her mistress, she threw herself at once into the heart of office, winning easily the affection and confidence of her fellow domestics, and demeaning herself altogether as though she had lived in the family twenty years. She had an extraordinary flow of animal spirits, which never seemed to flag, and a pleasant hearty voice, which, constantly as it was heard, never tired the ear.

Now, Richard Gauntrell, in touching upon the ghost, had purposely avoided describing the precise nature of the disturbing mystery, curious to see in what manner it would act upon



the apparently fearless intelligence about to be confronted with it. But it had escaped his memory to warn the servants to do likewise, and hence, when, sitting together after supper, Mrs. Applebee suddenly bethought her of the ghost, and requested particulars, Mr. Thomas at once gave them.

As he proceeded, to the extreme amazement of all, the hitherto fearless old lady turned deadly pale, and lay back, as if gasping for breath, in her chair.

"How—how often—does he come?" she presently ejaculated.

Thomas did not notice the expression "he," and only answered that the visitation might occur any night—perhaps, *then*.

"Then, my dears," said Mrs. Applebee, presently regaining her looks and smiles, "you do a poor old lady this kindness. Moment you see him—the light, that is—coming, all of you bolt up-stairs like frightened rabbits, and leave me all alone."

Emma drew a long breath.

"Well, you *are* a bold one, Mrs. Applebee."

"Mr. Greatheart led the way," quoted the old lady, with her confident smile. "I'm afraid of nothing He sees fit to suffer in the world."

It was remembered that, while she was yet speaking, the marvellous light began to steal into the room, slowly, this time, as the revealing of an actual dawn.

All looked at Mrs. Applebee—Thomas raising his hand, as if to apprise her of what her less experienced eyes might not have yet detected. The old lady nodded. She betrayed no trace of fear, but, as the light increased, her countenance seemed to put on a strange solemnity.

Presently she signed to the door, when the servants, remembering her request, all three quitted the room. Turning at the top of the stairs, Thomas, who went last, observed that the apartment was filled with a radiance brighter than any they had yet beheld.

For the next half hour, the servants waited quietly in their respective rooms. At length Thomas, becoming a little uneasy, was on the point of going down, when Mrs. Applebee was heard to come softly up-stairs, and retire to bed.

The next morning found her active and cheerful as ever, but uncommunicative as to the ghost. Having got through the greater part of her morning's work, she asked permission to pay a visit to the little village—a mere cluster of the humblest cottages—close at hand, and, tying on her neat bonnet, set forth.

Near the first cottage, she encountered an old woodman, at work with his hatchet on the trunk of a felled tree. Upon this, looking, in her scarlet cloak and straw bonnet, like a bright old moth, Mrs. Applebee alighted, and the following conversation ensued.

After a brief strangers' greeting:

"Folks very bad off in these parts, master?" inquired the old lady.

"Us, in Duffryn, couldn't hardly buy the Queen a new crown, if the old 'un was wore out," replied the woodman, darkly.

"Poor, are they?"

"Cruel poor."

"But you helps each other?"

"O yes, *we* helps each other," replied the old man, dealing a savage cut at the tree. He seemed weak, and in ill health, and the energy of the action exhausted him, for he sunk the hatchet wearily, and sat down upon the tree.

"Is—is anything the matter?" asked the old lady.

"Hunger, and death," said the man; "nothin' more. Never you mind, missis."

Mrs. Applebee started up in a moment:

"But I *must* mind," she exclaimed. "Who's hungry? Who's dying? Tell me, tell me, *tell me!*"

Before her earnestness, the man's sullen mood gave way.

"I'll tell you, missis," he said, "but don't put yourself out for *us*. You can't do nothing."

Thereupon, he related to her, in plain rustic terms, a sad—but not strange—history. His daughter, and only child—the beauty, as *he* called her, of the country round—quitted her honest home—several years before—under the protection of a young soldier, whose attention she had attracted at a neighbouring fair. At the end of two years, the girl came wandering back, wretched, ragged, weary, carrying a sickly child. Her seducer had been ordered on a dangerous foreign service, and, giving her what he could spare, bade her farewell. Her mother had died in the interval of her absence, and her father, falling into indifferent health, was reduced to the last stage of poverty. The desolate home, however, could still offer the shelter of a roof, and to this the wanderer was made welcome.

It would appear that, either owing to a certain haughtiness in the girl's former bearing, or from the villagers having been deeply impressed by the grief of the heart-broken mother, the rude sympathy usually displayed by persons of their class in mutual misfortune, was withheld. The wretched parish allowance was insufficient for support—outside the Union walls—and, what is an uncommon circumstance in our day, no person of superior condition, in that vicinity, took any interest in the troubles of the poor. Unaided—or, at all events, unassisted in any effectual manner—the misery of this unfortunate family had reached its height, the father being able only to obtain a few hours' work now and then, as on that day, and that for the most trifling remuneration. In truth, they were all but starving.

Mrs. Applebee had listened to the old woodman's narrative with the most fixed attention. When he had finished, she reminded him that he had not mentioned the seducer's name.

"We never knowed it," said the man. "She wouldn't tell. Perhaps it was as well for all," he added, gloomily.



"But his regiment, was it the —th Highlanders?"

"Why, how do *you* know that?" asked the man, roused from his apathy.

"Black hair, dark blue eyes, thick eyebrows that touched?"

"Well, you arn't a fairy, are you?"

"No," said Mrs. Applebee, "I'm his mother."

"His mother!"

"Yes. Now you take me to Alice, and look sharp about it," said the brisk old dame, "for I'm a cooking here, and 've got to be back in a jiffy."

The man looked at her, and led the way. On a wretched pallet, in the miserable hovel to which the family had descended, lay the once-envied beauty of the hamlet, a querulous, desponding invalid, nursing a yet more weakly child.

How the very presence of the comfortable old lady seemed to bring relief and blessing, and how the good creature brought the deserted ones to believe that they saw in her the instrument of a merciful Providence, to help and comfort them in their great extremity, we have not space to tell. The interview, though earnest, was necessarily short. For the time, Mrs. Applebee had to hurry away. Alice detained her for a moment, both with hand and eyes, as she asked:

"But how, dear, good woman, did you trace me out?"

"Bless you, my dear, I was *warned*!" said the old lady, and trotted away.

That evening, in the study, Mrs. Applebee acceded to the family certain explanations, subsequently embodied by Mr. Gauntrell in the following singular statement, to which we beg the reader's attention.

In the spring of eighteen 'fifty-five, being the second year of the campaign of Sebastopol, Mrs. Applebee received a letter signed by her son, then lying, severely wounded, in hospital at Balaclava, in which, after declaring his belief that he should not recover, he related to her the whole affair of Alice. Her name and place of abode were, however, left blank by his amanuensis—the young man no doubt intending to supply these important particulars with his own hand. This, either from forgetfulness, increasing weakness, or from some cause never ascertained, had not been done, and Mrs. Applebee was thus left without any clue to the mother and child whom, in the early part of the letter, she was affectionately adjured to seek out and relieve.

It was known that young Applebee had been despatched, among a ship-load of sick and wounded, to Scutari; but here all trace of him was lost. The vessel, half-disabled on her passage, had to put back to refit, and, in this interval, he might have died, as did many others,

or it is possible he might have ultimately breathed his last in the hospital-ward at Scutari, at a period when deaths were numerous, and the identity of the fever-stricken or unconscious patients often lost and confounded.

One evening, towards the close of that anxious year, Mrs. Applebee was sitting in the house-keeper's room of a large country mansion, near Carleon, of which she had taken charge in the absence of the proprietor. She had had a bustling day, and, overcome with fatigue, dozed, and had a dream. She thought that, while still sitting in her accustomed chair, the room began to fill with a whitish light, which presently grew into amazing lustre, and that, at its height, an impression was conveyed to her, without spoken language, that the appearance concerned her son, and the message he had sent her.

"But what can I do, my dear?" the slumbering old lady had demanded, addressing the light.

An answer was returned, in the wordless manner before described, to the effect that, when the appearance should next recur, the object of it, Alice, would be close at hand.

Thenceforth, the existence of Mrs. Applebee was a condition of expectation, fidget, and dream. Attaching an undue importance to the visions of the night, the good lady trotted about in fancied obedience to them, no whit discouraged by her frequent disappointments.

One night she had a singularly vivid dream of sitting in the parlour of a temperance hotel, in Abergavenny, and seeing a handsome young man, "likewise pale," said Mrs. Applebee, "who said (don't laugh, 'm, please), 'you're to come and be our cook.' When I saw Mr. Richard" (with a curtesy), "I knew he was my young man."

"When I saw *him*," repeated the old lady, "I knew I should soon see the other (meaning the apparition) also, and shortly find his Alice. I have enough, thanks be to God, to make her comfortable, and so I will, only staying with you, ma'am, as long as ever you pleases to want me.

"And now my story's done, and I don't think, my dears—young ladies, I would say—that you'll hear of any more ghosts at Grise-wood Cottage."

It is a fact, that they never *did*.

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XXII. TELEMACHUS SHOWS THAT HE HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN.

UNLIKE the great ocean, which, however racked by hurricane and storm, sleeps in eternal calm but a little way beneath the tossing waves, Mr. Trefalden kept all his tempests down below, and presented to the world a surface of unvarying equanimity. No man ever knew what went on under that "glassy cool" exterior. Cyclones might rage in the far depths of his nature, and those who were looking in his face saw no ripple, heard no echo, of the strife within. It was just thus when Saxon burst in upon him at about eleven o'clock that Tuesday morning, brimful of compassion for the perplexities of the house of Greatorex, and burning to relieve them at the moderate cost of fifty-nine thousand pounds.

Mr. Trefalden was furious; but he smiled, nevertheless, and heard Saxon quite patiently from beginning to end of his story.

"But this is pure nonsense and quixotism," said he, when the young man came to a pause for want of breath. "What's Greatorex to you, or you to Greatorex? Why should you recklessly sacrifice a sum which is in itself a handsome fortune, to oblige a man who has no claim whatever on your sympathies, or your purse?"

"I can't let him be ruined!" cried Saxon, impetuously.

"Why not? He would not have hesitated to ruin you. He would have swept your whole property into his rotten bank, and have allowed you one per cent less than the current rate of interest."

"I can't tell how that may be," said Saxon; "but I gave him the cheque, and he acted on the faith of it. I must not let him suffer."

"But he would have suffered, sooner or later. Did I not tell you last night that the Greatorexes were on the verge of bankruptcy, and that I believed they must stop payment before the week was out? Don't you remember that?"

"Yes—I remember it."

"Then you must surely see that your cheque can be in no sense the cause of their ruin? At the worst, it but hastens the event by a few days."

"I see that I have no right, and, Heaven knows! no wish, to hasten it by a single hour."

"But, my dear Saxon . . ."

"But, my dear cousin William, Laurence Greatorex has an old father, and two sisters, and he and I have been on terms of good-fellowship together for weeks past, and I'm determined to stand by him."

"Oh, if you are determined, Saxon, that puts an end to the matter," said Mr. Trefalden, coldly. "But in this case, why consult me at all?"

"I didn't come to consult you, cousin; but I had given you my word not to sign away any more money till after Thursday, and I felt bound to let you know what I was about to do."

Mr. Trefalden looked very grave.

"I confess that I am disappointed," he said. "I had hoped to find my opinion more valued by you, Saxon. I had also hoped that you would look upon me as something more than your lawyer—as your friend, adviser, guide."

"Why, so I do!" cried the young man, eagerly.

"Pardon me; I do not think so."

"Then you do me injustice; for I put a priceless value on your opinion and your friendship."

"Your present wilfulness disproves your words, Saxon," said his cousin.

"I know it does; but then I also know that I am acting upon impulse, and not according to the laws of worldly wisdom. I have no doubt that you are perfectly right, and that I am utterly wrong—but still I cannot be happy if I do not, for once, indulge my folly."

Seeing that it was useless to push the argument further, Mr. Trefalden smiled in his pleasantest manner.

"I do think," said he, "that you are the most foolish fellow in the world. If I don't make haste to tie your money up, you will ruin yourself, rich as you are!"

"But what's the use of being rich if I may not enjoy my wealth in my own way?" laughed Saxon, delighted to have carried his point.

"Your way is a very irrational way," replied the lawyer, taking a slip of paper from his desk, and writing upon it in a clear engrossing hand. "Almost as irrational as that of the poor sailors who make sandwiches of their bank-notes and bread-and-butter. But I suppose I must forgive you for this once; and, after all, the loss of fifty-



nine thousand is better than the loss of a quarter of a million. There, put that in your purse, and see that your devoted friend signs it down there at the bottom."

"What is it?"

"A promissory note for the money. He will, perhaps, offer you a receipt on the part of the firm; but this will answer the purpose much better. What—going already?"

Saxon explained that Greatorex wanted the cash before one o'clock.

"You have removed the 'stop' from Drummonds, I suppose?"

"Not yet. I will call there as I go home."

"And Mr. Greatorex has given you back your first cheque?"

"I don't know. I think we left it on the breakfast-table."

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip.

"Upon my soul, Saxon," he said, "you deserve to be fleeced by every sharper who can get his hand within reach of a feather of you! Go home and find that cheque before you dream of removing your injunction; and if you can't find it, give them a note of the number and amount, in case of its being presented for payment."

Saxon laughed, and promised obedience; but declared there was no danger.

"You will still keep your promise of signing away no more money without consulting me?"

"Implicitly."

"Then good-bye till Thursday."

Saxon sprang down the stairs whistling a shrill Swiss air, and was gone in a moment. Mr. Trefalden's face, as he listened, grew dark, and hard, and cold, as if it were changing into granite.

"Fool!" he muttered, fiercely. "As eager to ruin himself as are others to ruin him! I should be mad to hold back now. I have waited, and watched, and let him go his own way long enough; but my turn has come at last."

"If you please, sir," said Mr. Keckwiteh, putting his head suddenly in at the door, "Mr. Behrens called about ten minutes ago, and said he'd come again at two."

"Very well," replied the lawyer, wearily. "Bring me Mr. Behrens's deed box."

He sat for a long time with the box unopened before him, and his head resting on his hands.

#### CHAPTER XXIII. A THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE MAN.

THE man who has a purpose to achieve, or a secret to hide, should never make an enemy. It is his obvious policy to shun that disaster as sedulously as an expectant bridegroom shuns the conscription, a débutante the small-pox, or a railway director the possible horrors of an excursion train. But the wisest cannot always be wise; and the wariest are apt now and then to omit some little precaution whereby the dread catastrophe against which they have so long been building up their defences, might have been averted after all. Thetis, when she dipped Achilles in the sevenfold river, forgot the heel by

which she held him, and left it vulnerable for the fatal arrow. Imperial Caesar put aside for future reading the paper that would have saved him from assassination. Henri Quatre—he of the valiant heart, to whom nothing seemed impossible—neglected alike his own presentiments, and the prayers of those who loved him, when he went forth to his doom in the Rue de la Ferrière. These things are common. We read of them in the records of almost every famous crime, or sudden catastrophe. The "complete steel" has some weak point of junction which the foeman's blade finds out; the conspirator drops a paper, and the plot which was to subvert a dynasty recoils on the heads of the plotters; the cleverest alibi breaks down in some minute particular, which no one had the wit to foresee. A little more prudence was alone needed to ensure quite opposite results—a little better closing of the rivets of the gorget, or the seams of the pocket, or the incidents of the story; but the precaution that would have made all safe, was precisely that precaution which happened to be neglected.

William Trefalden had both a purpose to achieve, and a secret to hide, and he was not insensible to the inconveniences that might arise from the ill will of his fellow-men; but he had made two enemies, and those two enemies were the two greatest errors of his life. He had never attempted to be what is called "a popular man." He had none of that apparent frankness and buoyancy of manner necessary to the part; but he especially desired to be well spoken of. He *was* well spoken of, and had acquired that sort of reputation which is, above all others, the most valuable to a professional man—a reputation for sagacity, and prosperity; and prosperity, be it remembered, is the seal of merit. But, having achieved so much, and being on the high road to certain other achievements, the nature of which were as yet known only to himself, he ought to have abstained at any cost from awaking the enmity of two such men as Abel Keckwiteh and Laurence Greatorex. It would have been better for him if he had denied himself the satisfaction of punishing his head clerk that memorable evening in March, and been content only to dodge him in the shade of the doorway. It would have been better if, knowing himself to be the destined Jason, he had even suffered Laurence Greatorex to carry off that noble slice from the Golden Fleece, which was represented by Saxon's first cheque. But he had followed neither of these prudent courses. He despised the clerk; he was irritated against the banker; and he never even asked himself how they were disposed towards him in return. They both hated him; but had he known this, it is probable that he would have been equally indifferent to the fact. Not to know it—not even to have given it a thought, one way or the other—was a great oversight; and that oversight was the one hole in William Trefalden's armour.



Mr. Abel Keckwitch was a very respectable man. He lodged in the house of a gaunt widow, who lived in a small back street at Pentonville; and his windows commanded a thriving churchyard. He paid his rent with scrupulous regularity; he went to church every Sunday morning; he took in the *Weekly Observer*; he kept a cat; and he played the violoncello. He had done all these things for the last thirty years, and he did them advisedly; for Mr. Keckwitch was of a methodical temperament, and loved to carry on the unprofessional half of his existence in a groove of the strictest routine. Having started in life with the determination of being eminently respectable, he had modelled himself after his own matter-of-fact ideal, and cut his tastes according to his judgment. His cat and his violoncello were cases in point. He would have preferred a dog; but he made choice of the cat, because puss looked more domestic, and reflected the quiet habits of her master. In like manner Mr. Keckwitch entertained a secret leaning towards the concertina; but he yielded this point in favour of the superior respectability of the violoncello. And it cannot be denied that Mr. Keckwitch was right. A more respectable possession than a violoncello for a single man, can hardly be conceived. It is the very antithesis to all that is light and frivolous. It leads to no conviviality. It neither inclines its owner to quadrille parties, like the cornet-à-piston, nor to cold gin-and-water, like the flute; and it lends itself to amateur psalmody after a manner unequalled in dreariness by any other instrument. It was Mr. Keckwitch's custom to practise for an hour every evening after tea; and in the summer he did it with the windows open, which afflicted the neighbourhood with a universal melancholy. At these times his landlady would shed tears for her departed husband, and declare that "it was beautiful, and she felt all the better for it;" and the photographer next door, who was a low-spirited young man and read Byron, would shut himself up in his dark room, and indulge in thoughts of suicide.

Such was the placid and irreproachable tenor of Mr. Abel Keckwitch's home life. It suited his temperament, and it gratified his ambition. He knew that he inspired the lodging-house bosom with confidence, and the parochial authorities with esteem. The pew-opener curtseyed to him, and the churchwardens nodded to him affably in the street. In short, Pentonville regarded him as a thoroughly respectable man.

Scarcely less methodical was the other—the professional—half of this respectable man's career. He was punctuality itself, and hung his hat up in William Trefalden's office every morning at nine, with as much exactitude as the clock announced the hour. At one, he repaired to an eating-house in High Holborn, where he had dined at the same cost, and from the same dishes, for the last two-and-twenty years. Don Quixote's diet before he took to knight-errantry was not more monotonous; but instead of the "pigeon

extraordinary on Sundays," Mr. Keckwitch dined on that day at his landlady's table, and stipulated for pudding. At two, he resumed his seat at the office desk; and, when there was no particular pressure of work, went home to his cat and his violoncello at half-past six. At certain seasons, however, Mr. Keckwitch and his fellow-clerks were almost habitually detained for an hour, or an hour and a half overtime, and thereby grew the richer; for William Trefalden was a prosperous man, and paid his labourers fairly.

So sober, so steady, so plodding was the head clerk's daily round of occupation. He fattened upon it, and grew asthmatic as the years went by. No one would have dreamed, to look into his dull eyes and stolid face, that he could be other than the veriest machine that ever drove a quill; but he was nothing of the kind. He was an invaluable clerk; and William Trefalden knew his worth precisely. His head was as clear as his voice was husky; his memory was prodigious; and for all merely technical purposes, he was as good a lawyer as Trefalden himself. He entertained certain views, however, with regard to his own field of action, which by no means accorded with those of his employer. He liked to know everything; and he conceived that it was his right, as Mr. Trefalden's head clerk, to establish a general supervision of the whole of that gentleman's professional and private affairs. He also deemed it to be in some sort his duty to find out that which was withheld from him, and regarded every reservation as a personal affront. That Mr. Trefalden should keep certain papers for his own reading; should answer certain letters with his own hand; and should sometimes remain in his private room for long hours after he and the others were dismissed, preparing unknown documents, and even holding conferences with strangers upon subjects that never filtered through to the outer office, were offences which it was not in Mr. Keckwitch's nature to forgive. Nor were these all the wrongs of which he had to complain. It was William Trefalden's pleasure to keep his private life and his private affairs strictly to himself. No man knew whether he was married or single. No man knew how or where he lived. His practice was large and increasing, and the proceeds thereof were highly lucrative. Mr. Keckwitch had calculated them many a time, and could give a shrewd guess at the amount of his master's annual income. But what did he do with this money? How did he invest it? Did he invest it at all? Was it lent out at usurious interest, in quarters not to be named indiscreetly? Or launched in speculations that would not bear the light of day? Or gambled away at the tables of some secret hell in the purlieus of the Hay-market or Leicester-square? Or was the lawyer a mere vulgar miser, after all, hoarding his gold in the cracks and crevices of some ruinous old house, the address of which he guarded as jealously as if it were the key to his wealth?

Here was the mystery of mysteries; here was



the heart of William Trefalden's secret; here was the one thing which Abel Keckwitch's whole soul was bent on discovering.

Possessed by that innate curiosity which acted as the leaven to his phlegmatic temperament, the head clerk had for years pondered over this mystery; lain in wait for it; scented round it from all sides; and, in a certain dogged way, resented it. But since that evening of the second of March, he had fixed upon it with a vindictive tenacity as deadly as the coil of the boa. He saw, or believed he saw, in this thing, a weapon wherewith to chastise the man who had dared to find him out, and call him spy; and upon this one object he concentrated the whole force of his sluggish but powerful will. For Abel Keckwitch was a hater after Byron's own heart, and loved to nurse his wrath, and brood over it, and keep it warm. He never passed that doorway in Chancery-lane without rehearsing the whole scene in his mind. He remembered every insulting word that William Trefalden had hurled at him in those three or four moments. He still felt the iron blow, the breathless shock, the burning sense of rage and humiliation. These things rankled day by day in the respectable bosom of Abel Keckwitch, and were each day further and further from being forgiven and forgotten.

The secret, however, remained as dark as ever. He had fancied once or twice of late that he was on the verge of some discovery; but he had each time found himself misled by his suspicions, and as far off as ever from the goal.

Hope deferred, and wrath long cherished, began at length to tell upon Mr. Keckwitch's health and spirits. He became morose and abstracted. He gave up practising the violoncello. He lost his appetite for the diurnal meats of High Holborn, and his relish for the leaders that he was wont to devour with his cheese; and he forgot to take notice of his cat. His landlady and his fellow-clerks saw and marvelled at the change; and the soul of the one-eyed waiter who received Mr. Keckwitch's daily obolus, was perplexed with him; but none dared to question him. They observed him from afar off, as the Greeks looked upon Achilles sitting sullenly beside his ships, and canvassed his mood "with bated breath and whispering humbleness."

This went on for weeks; and then, all at once, the tide turned, and Mr. Keckwitch became himself again. A bright idea had occurred to him, by the light of which he distinctly saw the path to success opening out before him. He only wondered that he had not thought of it sooner.

#### CHAPTER XXIV. AT THE WATERLOO-BRIDGE STATION.

SAXON TREFALDEN was in buoyant spirits that afternoon as he wandered to and fro among the intricate platforms of the Waterloo-bridge station, and watched the coming and going of the trains. He had plenty of time; for he was a very inexperienced traveller, and, in his anxiety to be punctual, had come half an hour too soon.

But his mind was full of pleasant thoughts, and he enjoyed the life and bustle of the place with as much zest as if the whole scene were a comedy played for his amusement.

He was very happy. He thought, as he went strolling up and down, that he had scarcely ever felt so happy in his life.

In the first place, he had that day received a letter from Pastor Martin—a long, loving, pious letter, filled with sweet home news, and benevolent projects about good things to be done in the valley of Domleschg. The remittance which he had despatched the very day after he drew his first cheque, had been distributed among the poor of the neighbouring parishes: the organ that he had sent out a fortnight since had arrived, and the workmen were busy with it daily: the farm-buildings at Rotzberg were being repaired, and the three meadows down by the river-side, that had been so long for sale, were now bought in Saxon's name, and added to the little demesne. The pigeons, too, had a new pigeon-house; and the spotted cow had calved; and the thrushes that built last year in the great laurel down at the end of the garden, had again made their nest in the branches of the same tree. These were trifles; but to Saxon, who loved his far-away home, his native valley, and all the surroundings of his boyhood with the passionate enthusiasm of a mountaineer, they were trifles infinitely precious and delightful. And besides all this, the letter ended with a tender blessing that had rested upon his heart ever since he read it, and seemed to hallow all the sunshine of the April day.

Then, in the second place, he had that morning enjoyed the supreme luxury of doing good. William Trefalden had, it is true, affirmed that the hours of Greatorex and Greatorex were numbered, and that Saxon's fifty-nine thousands could only interpose a brief delay between the bankers and their ruin; but Laurence Greatorex, with the crisp bank-notes in his hand, had assured him that this sum, by renewing their credit and tiding them over the present emergency, was certain salvation to the firm. Taking it on the whole, this matter of the cheque had been sufficiently disagreeable. It had shown the banker's disposition from an unfavourable point of view, and to withdraw from even a part of his rash promise had been a source of humiliation to Saxon. Perhaps, too, the young man could not help liking his friend somewhat less than before; and this is at all times a painful feeling. Himself one of nature's own gentlemen, he shrunk instinctively from all that was coarse and mercenary; and he could not shut his eyes to the fact that Greatorex had shown himself to be both. However, it had ended pleasantly. Saxon had saved his friend, and the banker had not only overwhelmed him with professions of gratitude, but given him a proper acknowledgment for the money, so that William Trefalden's promissory note (which Saxon knew he should never have produced, though he had



lost every penny by the omission) was happily not needed after all.

And in the third place, he was going into the country for a week or ten days. That was the last and best of all! After six weeks of feverish London life—six long, dazzling, breathless, wonderful weeks—he felt his heart leap at the thought of the free, fresh air, and open sky. He longed to be up and out again at grey dawn, with a gun on his shoulder and a dog at his heels. He longed to feel the turf under his feet; and, above all, to practise the art of horsemanship in some more favourable locality than the yard of the riding-school, or the crowded manège of Rotten Row. To this end, he had a couple of thorough-breds and a groom with him, and had just seen the animals safely disposed of in a horse-box, ready to join the train as soon as it was backed into the station.

So Saxon was in great spirits, and went round and about, looking at the book-stalls and the hurrying passengers, and thinking what a charming thing it was to have youth, riches, friends, and all the world of books and art before one! There were, in truth, a great many half-formed projects floating about his brain just now—vague pictures of a yachting tour in the Mediterranean; visions of Rome, and Naples, and the isles of Greece; glimpses of the Nile, and the Pyramids, and even of the white domes of Jerusalem. For some of these schemes Lord Castletowers was answerable, but, let the foreground be what it might, the familiar snow-peaks of the Rhetian Alps closed in the distance of every wondrous landscape that Saxon's vivid imagination bodied forth. He had no thought of wandering into Italy without first revisiting the valley of Domleschg; and still less did he ever dream of making his permanent home away from that still, primitive, untrodden place. But he had projects about that also, and meant some day to build a beautiful commodious château (not so large, but much more beautiful than Count Planta's), and to rebuild the church, and throw a new bridge over the Rhine, erect model cottages, and make every one happy around him.

"Well, what is it?" said an authoritative voice. "Anything the matter?"

Saxon was looking at the red and gold backs of a long row of Traveller's Guides on a book-stand close by, and the voice broke in abruptly on the pleasant reverie which their titles had suggested. He turned, and saw a lady, a railway guard, and a burly-looking official with a pen behind his ear, standing at the door of an empty second-class carriage of the up-train which had discharged its freight of passengers three or four minutes ago.

The guard touched his cap.

"Lady's lost her ticket, sir," he replied, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"I know I had it when the train stopped at Weybridge," said the lady. "I took it out from my purse, because I thought the guard was going to ask to see it."

Her voice trembled a little as she said this, stooping forward into the carriage all the while, in search of the missing ticket.

The burly official drew his hand across his mouth, and coughed doubtfully. "Where did you take it from, miss?" he asked.

"From Sedgebrook station."

The name came familiarly to Saxon's ear; for it happened that Sedgebrook was precisely the point to which Lord Castletowers had directed him to take his own ticket.

"Humph! Well, Salter, I suppose you've searched the carriage thoroughly?"

"Quite thoroughly, sir," replied the guard.

The official went through the form of peering into it himself.

"Shall I have to pay the fare a second time?" asked the lady, nervously.

"You'll have to pay it from Exeter—the point where the train started from."

"From Exeter? But I only came from Sedgebrook!"

"Can't help that, miss. Those are our regulations. Any passenger, unable to produce his ticket on alighting, must pay his full fare from the point of departure. This train comes from Exeter, and from Exeter you must pay. There hangs our table of by-laws."

Her face was turned towards Saxon now, as she stood by the carriage door, looking from the one man to the other. It was a very young face, quite childlike in its appealing timidity, and as pale as a lily.

"Thank you," she said, hurriedly, "How much will it be?"

"One pound five."

The pale face became scarlet, and the childlike eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Oh dear!" she said, tremulously, "what shall I do? I have not so much money as that!"

Saxon had seen that she was poorly dressed, and knew, as well as if he had looked into it, that her slender purse could ill spare even the paltry three shillings and sixpence from Sedgebrook to London. His hand had been in his waistcoat-pocket half a dozen times already, and was only withdrawn empty because he felt that it would be a simple impertinence to interpose. But now he could bear it no longer.

"May I be permitted, madam," he said, bowing to the young girl as profoundly as if she were a princess of the blood royal, "to arrange this matter for you?"

And he slipped her fare into the guard's hand.

The blush deepened painfully upon her cheek.

"I—I thank you, sir," she faltered. "I thank you very much. Will you be good enough to give me your card, that I may know where to send the money?"

Saxon felt in his pockets, looked in his purse, and found that he had not the vestige of a card about him. At this moment a bell rang on the opposite platform, and a porter whom he had entrusted with his railway-rug and the task of securing him a seat, came running breathlessly up.



"Train's just a going, sir," said he. "You've not a minute to lose."

So Saxon bowed again, stammered something about being "very sorry," and vanished.

Just as he had taken his seat, however, and the train had begun to move, the guard appeared at the window, tossed in a card, said something which was lost in the shrill shriek of the driver's whistle, and dropped out of sight.

Saxon picked up the card, which was rather small for a lady's use, and read:

*Miss Rivière,*

*Photographic Colourist,*

*6, Brudenell Terrace, Camberwell.*

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself, with a pitying smile, "does she suppose that I will send to her for the trumpery money!"

Then he was about to throw the card out of the window; but checked himself, looked at it again, and put it in his waistcoat-pocket instead.

"She was very pretty," he thought; "and her voice was very sweet. How glad I am that I had no card about me!"

### IS HEAT MOTION?

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has produced a book of science, *Heat considered as a Mode of Motion*, which has been pronounced more entertaining than a novel; being, to most other books of its class, what a dramatic judicial trial is to a printed romance; what a self-experienced adventure is to a tale that is told. It is like penetrating into an unknown country, in comparison with driving along a hackneyed highway. The reader, like the traveller, is conscious of the presence of an Alpine region partially hidden by a curtain of mist. But, through the influence of the enchanter's wand and under the beaming rays of his genius, the cloudy veil gradually rises, displaying to us whole chains of facts, mountains of truth, long perspectives of consequences, and an expanse of horizon which is nearly boundless. We peruse the exposition slowly, just as we leisurely sip good wine, careful not to drink it in too quickly. We dally with his statements and linger over his argument, lest the pleasure they give us should be too fugitive.

"What," it may perhaps be asked, "can there be so very taking in the subject of heat?"

There is this: that you cannot consider heat without glancing at the whole of the forces of nature, and becoming acquainted with the latest efforts of modern thought. A new philosophy has recently arisen respecting the general energies of the universe; and this philosophy Professor Tyndall has endeavoured to bring within the reach of persons of ordinary intelligence and culture. Heat is one of those energies, and the connexion of this agent with the rest is such, that if we master it perfectly, we master all.

In the last volume of *Household Words\** a sketch is given of this new philosophy, as set forth in two admirable treatises, "*The Correlation of Physical Forces*," by Mr. Grove, and "*The Monogenesis of Physical Forces*," by Mr. Smee; the sum of the whole being that the various affections of matter which constitute the main objects of experimental physics, viz. heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and motion, are all correlative, or have reciprocal dependence; that either may produce or be convertible into any of the others. Thus, heat may mediate or immediately produce electricity, electricity may produce heat; and so of the rest. In scientific manuals, only scanty reference has, as yet, been made to the modern philosophy of heat; and thus, the public knowledge regarding it remains below the attainable level. More than three years ago† we attempted to popularise the newest speculations as to what fire is, and what it is not.

That heat is motion is Mr. Tyndall's thesis. The achievements of heat through the steam-engine, he says, forced the question upon thinking minds, "What is this agent, by means of which we can supersede the force of winds and rivers, of horses and men? Heat can produce mechanical force, and mechanical force can produce heat; some common quality must therefore unite this agent and the ordinary forms of mechanical power." This relationship once established, the generalising intellect could pass at once to the other energies of the universe. It now perceives the principle which unites them all; and *that* is the new philosophy which sweeps before it the cruder notions of bygone times. Calorie, the old-fashioned fluid of heat, is abolished for evermore.

The instances given of the connexion between heat and motion, are many of them absolutely startling. Heat is developed in a muscle when it contracts, as was proved by MM. Becquerel and Breschet, by means of a modification of the thermo-electric pile. MM. Billroth and Fick have found that, in the case of persons who die from tetanus or locked-jaw, the temperature of the muscles, in consequence of the convulsive strain, is sometimes nearly eleven degrees Fahrenheit in excess of the normal temperature. M. Helmholtz has found that the muscles of dead frogs in contracting produce heat. Arterial blood, we know, is charged with oxygen; when this blood passes through a muscle at rest, in an ordinary uncontracted state, it is changed into venous blood, which still retains about seven and a half per cent of oxygen. But Professor Ludwig of Vienna and his pupils have proved that if the arterial blood pass through a contracted muscle—a muscle at work—it is almost wholly deprived of its oxygen, the quantity remaining amounting, in some cases, to only one and three-tenths per cent. As a result of the increased warmth and augmented combustion within the muscles when in a state

\* See *Physical Force*, p. 354.

† *All the Year Round*, vol. vi., p. 393.



of activity, we have an increased amount of carbonic acid expired from the lungs. Dr. Edward Smith, has shown that the quantity of this gas expired during periods of great exertion, and consequently of great bodily heat, may be five times that expired in a state of repose.

In his lectures, Professor Tyndall illustrated his subject by a series of experiments which must have been most striking to witness, but which still retain their force and interest when read. He was anxious that his audience should see, with their own eyes, the facts on which his philosophy is based; and for this purpose an ordinary thermometer was useless. He therefore resorted to a delicate little instrument which is called a *thermo-electric pile*. The heat which this instrument receives generates an electric current. Such a current has the power of deflecting a freely-suspended magnetic needle, to which it flows parallel. Within view of the audience was such a needle, suspended by a fibre of unspun silk, and protected by a glass shade from any disturbance by currents of air. To one end of the needle was fixed a piece of red, and to the other a piece of blue paper. All could see those pieces of paper; and when the needle moved, its motion was clearly visible to the most distant person in the room.

The needle being quite at rest, the instrument was tested by the lecturer's breathing for an instant against the naked face of the pile—a single puff of breath was sufficient for the purpose. Instantly, the needle started off, passing through an arc of ninety degrees, or a quarter of a circle. It would have gone further, had not its swing been limited by a thin plate of mica fixed, edgewise, at ninety degrees. Attention was called to the *direction* of the deflection: the red end of the needle moved from the lecturer towards the audience, as if it disliked him, and had been inspired by a sudden affection for them. This action of the needle was produced by the small amount of warmth communicated by his breath to the face of the pile; no ordinary thermometer could give so large and prompt an indication.

Allowing the heat to waste itself (which it did in a very short time), they noticed that, as the pile cooled, the needle returned to its first position. To show the effect of *cold* on the face of the pile, he cooled a plate of metal by placing it on ice. He then wiped the chilled metal, and with it touched the face of the pile. The result was, that a moment's contact sufficed to produce a prompt and energetic deflection of the needle, but in a direction opposite to the former movement. When the pile was warmed, the red end of the needle moved from him towards them; its likings were now reversed, and the red end moved from them towards him. The important point to establish was, that from the direction in which the needle moves we can, with certainty, infer whether cold or heat has been communicated to the pile; and the energy and promptitude with which the needle moves, give us some idea of the comparative quantity of heat or cold imparted to it in different cases.

And now for an experiment or two, to con-

nect heat with the more familiar forms of force. The lecturer had placed in the next room some pieces of wood, which his assistant now hands to him. The temperature of that room being lower than the temperature of the lecture-room, the wood is consequently slightly colder than the face of the pile. To prove it, the piece of wood is placed against the face of the pile. The red end of the needle moves from them to him, thus showing that the contact has chilled the pile. He now carefully rubs the face of the pile along the surface of the wood—*carefully*, because the pile is a brittle instrument, and rough usage would destroy it. Mark what occurs. The prompt and energetic motion of the needle towards the audience declares that the face of the pile has been heated by this extremely small amount of friction.

Experiments illustrating the development of heat by mechanical means should be to students in natural philosophy what a boy's school exercises are to him. In order to fix them in our minds, and obtain due mastery over them, we must repeat and vary them in many ways. The lecturer, therefore, takes in his fingers a flat piece of brass attached to a cork, preserving the brass from all contact with his warm hand. He places the brass in contact with the face of his pile; the needle moves, showing that the metal is cold. He now rubs the brass on the surface of a cold piece of wood, and lays it once more against the pile. It is so hot, that if allowed to remain in contact with the instrument, the current generated would dash the needle violently against its stops, and probably derange its magnetism. Indeed, when a boy at school, he had often blistered his hand by a brass button which he had rubbed energetically against a form.

Here is a razor, cooled by contact with ice; and here is a hone, without oil, along which he rubs the cool razor, as if to sharpen it. He now places the razor against the face of the pile; and the steel, which a minute ago was cold, is now proved to be hot. Similarly, he takes a knife and knife-board, which are both cold, and rubs the knife along the board. The knife, placed against the pile, declares itself hot. He passes a cold saw through a cold piece of wood, and places, in the first instance, the surface of the wood against which the saw has rubbed, in contact with the pile. The needle instantly moves in a direction which shows the wood to be heated. He allows the needle to return to zero, and then applies the saw to the pile. It is also hot. These are the simplest and most common-place examples of the generation of heat by friction; and for this reason they were chosen. Mean as they appear, they are illustrations of a principle which determines the polity of the whole material universe.

To illustrate the development of heat by compression, a piece of deal wood is taken, cooled below the temperature of the room, and giving, when placed in contact with the pile, the deflection which indicates cold. The wood is placed between the plates of a small hydraulic



press, and squeezed forcibly. Although the plates of the press are also cooler than the air of the room, after compression the wood, brought in contact with the pile, declares that heat has been developed by the act of compression. Precisely the same thing occurs when a block of lead is put between the plates of the press, and squeezed to flatness.

And now for the effect of percussion. A cold lead bullet, placed upon a cold anvil, is struck with a cold sledge-hammer. The sledge descends with a certain mechanical force, and its motion is suddenly destroyed by the bullet and anvil; apparently, the force of the sledge is lost. But on examining the lead, we find it is heated; and we shall by-and-by learn that if we could gather up all the heat generated by the shock of the sledge, and apply it without loss mechanically, we should be able, by means of it, to lift the hammer to the height from which it fell.

Another experiment leads to a like conclusion. Cold mercury is put into one of two glasses, which are thickly swathed round with fluting, to prevent the warmth of the lecturer's hands from reaching the mercury. He pours the cold mercury from the one glass into the other, and back. It falls with a certain mechanical force; its motion is destroyed, but heat is developed. The amount of heat generated by a single pouring out is extremely small—the exact amount might be easily determined—so the mercury is poured from glass to glass ten or fifteen times. Now mark the result when the pile is plunged into the liquid. The needle moves, and its motion declares that the mercury, which at the beginning of the experiment was cooler, is now warmer than the pile. An effect is thus introduced into the lecture-room, which occurs at the base of every waterfall. There are many who have stood amidst the foam of Niagara. Had they, when there, dipped sufficiently sensitive thermometers into the water at the top and bottom of the cataract, they would have found the latter warmer than the former. The sailor's tradition, also, is theoretically correct; the sea is rendered warmer by a storm, the mechanical dash of its billows being ultimately converted into heat.

The co-relation of Friction with Heat may be illustrated thus:—All the force of our locomotives is derived from heat, and all of it eventually becomes heat. To maintain the proper speed, the friction of the train must be continually overcome, and the force spent in overcoming it is entirely converted into heat. An eminent writer, Dr. Mayer, has compared the process to one of distillation. The energy of heat passes from the furnace into the mechanical motion of the train; and this reappears as heat in the wheels, axles, and rails. When a station is approached, say at the rate of thirty miles an hour, a brake is applied, and smoke and sparks issue from the wheel on which it presses. The train is brought to rest. How? Simply by converting the entire moving force which it possessed at the moment the brake was applied, into heat.

Aristotle refers to the heating of arrows by

the friction of the air. A rifle-bullet, in passing through the air, is also warmed by friction. The most probable theory of shooting stars is, that they are small planetary bodies revolving round the sun, which are caused to swerve from their orbits by the attraction of the earth, and are raised to incandescence by friction against our atmosphere. Mr. Joule has shown that the atmospheric friction is competent to produce the effect. These bodies move at planetary rates. The reader may be reminded that, in round numbers, Mars travels along his orbit at fifteen miles per second; the Earth runs round hers at eighteen; while Venus does twenty-two, and Mercury thirty miles per second. The velocity of the *aérolites* varies from eighteen to thirty-six miles a second. The friction engendered by this enormous speed is certainly competent to produce the effects ascribed to it.

More than sixty-four years ago, Count Rumford executed a series of experiments on the generation of heat by friction. By means of an iron cylinder turned in a box by horse-labour, he actually caused water to boil in two hours and thirty minutes from the commencement of the work. His delight at the astonishment of the bystanders was great. "I fairly acknowledge," he says, "that it afforded me a degree of childish pleasure, which, were I ambitious of the reputation of a grave philosopher, I ought most certainly to hide rather than discover." Professor Tyndall, not having two hours and a half to devote to a single experiment, produced the same effect in *two minutes and a half*.

The new philosophy accounts for the light and heat emitted by the sun, in a way which, a hundred years ago, would not have been imagined by the wildest dreamer. This hypothesis was propounded, in 1848, by Dr. Mayer, in his *Essay on Celestial Dynamics*, and is called the *Meteoric Theory of the Sun*.

Take a cold iron hammer; with it beat a cold anvil; and, with sufficient strength and perseverance, you can beat till both hammer and anvil are hot. In like manner, the sun is an enormous anvil, and his heat is maintained by a succession of blows. The reader, to whom the idea is new, will naturally ask, "But where and what are the hammers which give the blows?" Before replying to the question, it will be well to state a few preliminaries.

The heat emitted by the sun has been measured by Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope, and by M. Pouillet in Paris. The agreement between the measurement is very remarkable, and the mean of the determination cannot be far from the truth. This assigns to the direct heat of a vertical sun, at the level of the sea, the power of melting nearly half an inch of ice per hour. The mode of measurement and the instrument employed—called by M. Pouillet a *pyrheliometer*—are clearly described by Mr. Tyndall. The observations were made at different hours of the day, and consequently through different thicknesses of the earth's atmosphere; augmenting from the minimum thickness at noon, up to the maximum at six P.M. It was



found that the solar energy diminished, according to a certain law, as the thickness of the air crossed by the sunbeams increased; and from this law M. Pouillet was enabled to infer what the absorption would be if the rays were directed downwards to his instrument from the zenith. It is twenty-five per cent.

Taking into account the whole terrestrial hemisphere turned towards the sun, the amount intercepted by the atmospheric envelope is four-tenths of the entire radiation in the direction of the earth. Thus, were the atmosphere removed, the illuminated hemisphere of the earth would receive nearly twice the amount of heat from the sun that now reaches it. The total amount of solar heat received by the earth in a year, if distributed uniformly over the earth's surface, would be sufficient to liquefy a layer of ice one hundred feet thick, and covering the whole earth. It would also heat an ocean of fresh water sixty-six miles deep, from the temperature of melting ice to the temperature of ebullition.

The heat emitted by the sun, if used to melt a stratum of ice applied to the sun's surface, would liquefy the ice at the rate of two thousand four hundred feet per hour. It would boil, per hour, seven hundred thousand millions of cubic miles of ice-cold water. Expressed in another form, the heat given out by the sun, per hour, is equal to that which would be generated by the combustion of a layer of solid coal ten feet thick, entirely surrounding the sun; hence, the heat emitted in a year is equal to that which would be produced by the combustion of a layer of coal seventeen miles in thickness.

This, then, is the sun's expenditure which has been going on for ages, without our being able, in historic times, to detect the loss. When the tolling of a bell is heard at a distance, the sound of each stroke soon sinks, the sonorous vibrations are quickly wasted, and renewed strokes are necessary to maintain the sound. Like the bell, "the sun rings in olden wise," but how is its tone sustained? How is the perennial loss made good? We are apt to overlook the wonderful in the common. Possibly to many of us—and even to some of the most enlightened among us—the sun appears as a fire, differing from our terrestrial fires only in the magnitude and intensity of its combustion. But what is the burning matter which can thus maintain itself? All that we know of cosmical phenomena declares our brotherhood with the sun—affirms that the same constituents enter into the composition of his mass as are already known to terrestrial chemistry. But no earthly substance with which we are acquainted—no substance which the fall of meteors has landed on the earth, would be at all competent to maintain the sun's combustion. The chemical energy of such substances would be too weak, and their dissipation too speedy. Were the sun a block of burning coal, and were it supplied with oxygen sufficient for the observed emission, it would be utterly consumed in five thousand years. On the other hand, to imagine it a body originally endowed with a store of heat—a hot

globe now cooling—necessitates the ascription to it of qualities wholly different from those possessed by terrestrial matter. If we knew the specific heat of the sun, we could calculate its rate of cooling. Assuming the specific heat to be the same as that of water—the terrestrial substance which possesses the highest specific heat—at its present rate of emission, the entire mass of the sun would cool down fifteen thousand degrees of Fahrenheit in five thousand years. In short, if the sun be formed of matter like our own, some means must exist of restoring to it its wasted power.

The facts are so extraordinary, that—as the professor well observes—the soberest hypothesis regarding them must appear wild. Now, however bold it may appear at first sight, the meteoric theory of the sun deserves our careful consideration. Kepler's celebrated statement that "there are more comets in the heavens than fish in the ocean," implies that a small portion only of the total number of comets belonging to our system are seen from the earth. But besides comets, and planets, and moons, a numerous class of bodies belong to our system, which, from their smallness, might be regarded as cosmical atoms. Like the planets and the comets, these smaller asteroids obey the law of gravity, and revolve in elliptic orbits round the sun. It is they which, when they come within the earth's atmosphere, are fired by friction, and appear to us as meteors and falling stars.

On a bright night, twenty minutes rarely pass at any part of the earth's surface without the appearance of at least one meteor. Twice a year (on the 12th of August and the 14th of November) they appear in enormous numbers. During nine hours in Boston, when they were described as falling as thick as snow-flakes, two hundred and forty thousand meteors were observed. The number falling in a year might, perhaps, be estimated at hundreds or thousands of millions, and even these would constitute but a small portion of the total crowd of asteroids that circulate round the sun. From the phenomena of light and heat, and by direct observations on Encke's comet, we learn that the universe is filled by a resisting medium (the ether), through the friction of which all the masses of our system are drawn gradually towards the sun. And though the larger planets show, in historic times, no diminution of their periods of revolution, it may be otherwise with the smaller bodies. In the time required for the mean distance of the earth to alter a single yard, a small asteroid may have approached thousands of miles nearer to the sun.

Following up these reflections, we should be led to the conclusion, that while an immeasurable stream of ponderable meteoric matter moves unceasingly towards the sun, it must augment in density as it approaches its centre of convergence. And here the conjecture naturally rises, whether that vast nebulous mass, the zodiacal light, which embraces the sun, may not be a crowd of meteors. It is at least proved that this luminous phenomenon arises from matter



which circulates in obedience to planetary laws; hence, the entire mass of the zodiacal light must be constantly approaching, and incessantly raining its substance down upon the sun.

It is easy (for those who know how) to calculate both the maximum and the minimum velocity imparted by the sun's attraction to an asteroid circulating round him. The maximum is generated when the body approaches the sun from an infinite distance, or perpendicularly; the *entire pull* of the sun being then exerted upon it. The minimum is that velocity which would barely enable the body to revolve round the sun close to his surface. The final velocity of the former, just before striking the sun, would be three hundred and ninety miles a second; that of the latter, two hundred and seventy-six miles a second. The asteroid, on striking the sun with the former velocity, would develop more than nine thousand times the heat generated by the combustion of an equal asteroid of solid coal; while the shock, in the latter case, would generate heat equal to that of the combustion of upwards of four thousand such asteroids. It matters not, therefore, whether the substances falling into the sun be combustible or not; their being combustible would not add sensibly to the tremendous heat produced by their mechanical collision.

These, then, are the hammers with which the sun is beaten, the projectiles with which he is pelted into a white heat. Here we have an agency competent to restore his lost energy, and to maintain a temperature at his surface which transcends all terrestrial combustion. In the fall of asteroids we find the means of producing the solar light and heat. It may be contended that this showering down of matter necessitates the growth of the sun; it does so: but the quantity necessary to maintain the observed calorific emission for four thousand years, would defeat the scrutiny of our best instruments. If the earth struck the sun, it would utterly vanish from perception; but the heat developed by its shock would cover the expenditure of a century.

Five years after the publication of Mayer's essay, Mr. Waterston sketched, independently, a similar theory at the Hull meeting of the British Association. The transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh for 1854 contain a Memoir by Professor Thomson, in which that sketch is fully developed. He considers that the meteors, which are to furnish stores of energy for our future sunlight, lie principally within the earth's orbit, and that we see them there, as the zodiacal light, "an illuminated shower, or rather tornado, of stones." Professor Thomson gives, amongst other curious calculations, the heat which would be developed by each of the planets falling into the sun. Thus, if the planet Mercury were to strike the sun, the quantity of heat generated would cover the solar emission for nearly seven years; while the shock of Jupiter would cover the expenditure of thirty-two thousand two hundred and forty years. Our earth would furnish a supply

for ninety-five years; while the total heat produced by all the planets falling into the sun would cover the emission for forty-five thousand five hundred and eighty-nine years.

Professor Tyndall modestly adds, that his summary conveys no adequate idea of the firmness and consistency with which Dr. Mayer has applied his principles. The professor does not pledge himself to the theory, nor does he ask his audience or his readers to accept it as demonstrated; still, it would be a great mistake to regard it as chimerical. It is a noble speculation: and, he assures us, the true theory, if this, or some form of it, be not the true one, will not appear less wild or less astounding.

Whatever be the ultimate fate of the theory, it is a great thing to be able to state the conditions which certainly would produce a sun,—to be able to discern in the force of gravity, acting upon dark matter, the source from which the starry heavens *may* have been derived. For, whether the sun be produced and his emission maintained by the collision of cosmical masses, or not, there cannot be a doubt as to the competence of the cause assigned to produce the effects ascribed to it. Solar light and solar heat lie latent in the force which pulls an apple to the ground.

### DUFFERS.

THE word "duffer" has now become incorporated in the English language, and, like many other words that have had a similar origin, has acquired a peculiar force of signification. It is a word of much meaning, and well adapted for expressing broad and general contempt. Originally, I believe, a dufer was a person who made old clothes "look as good as new" by scratching up a pile on its threadbare surface. It is possible that this branch of trade may have been pursued honestly enough. The clothes may have been sold for what they were, revived articles, in which case no reproach would attach to the name of the "dufer" who revived them. But we may well imagine—knowing the tendencies of trade—that the cloth so revived was frequently sold for what it was not. Then, when the gloss began to wear off, and the seams to show, after two days' wear, the in itself honourable name of dufer would come to be pronounced with quite a different emphasis: with a strong hold of the "d," a curl of the lip, and a lowering of the eyebrows, meaning altogether much more than could be conveyed by the most elaborate definition.

I believe the word, in its present state of signification, came to us originally from the East—that is to say, from the haunts of the sailors in Wapping and Ratcliff Highway. The dishonest dufer would naturally commence practice among the simple-minded, free-hearted tars. Jack's alive to everything but the wiles of the land shark; but when he does detect him, his honest indignation finds appropriate and forcible expression. My theory is, that Jack first gave the



proper emphasis to the word duffer, and stamped it for currency in the vocabulary of contempt.

It is well that we have a good expressive name for the duffer's art; it being now extensively practised in all the professions as well as in all the departments of trade and commerce. It is becoming so well recognised, that I expect in the course of a few years to find "Duffers" figuring as a heading in the Post-Office Directory. We shall have political duffers, clerical duffers, legal duffers, medical duffers, literary duffers, artistic duffers; manufacturing, wholesale and retail duffers, all duly classified and alphabetically arranged.

I find that the word is sometimes wrongly employed to denote an incapable person, a person without ability or skill in the profession or business which he pursues. Now such a person is not necessarily a duffer. What you want to constitute the true duffer is pretension added to incapacity, with, underlying all, an ever-active motive of paltry dishonesty. Generally and broadly, the duffer is a person who, in trade, imitates your trade-mark, and says "it is the same concern;" who, in the practice of medicine, assumes your name, with one "t" or one "p" more or less; who in literature parodies the title of your periodical, or brings out the second series of your adventures; who, in dramatic matters, follows up your Green Hills of the West, with the Green Hills of the East, with a converse of your water scene on dry land—who, in all cases, when he sees any one going with the wind of popularity, sails as close to him as possible, to catch a capful of his favouring gale. In fact, duffers are parasites clambering upon the heads of success.

Regarding them in the light of, say, cockroaches, let us transfix a few of them with pins, and spin them:

There is the tradesman duffer, who resorts to the "untradesman-like practice" of writing up over his door some significant name in large, and his own insignificant name in little. Where pianofortes are to be pushed, we have "Brown from COLLARD and COLLARDS;" or "Jones from BRARD'S," or "Robinson from CRAMER and BEALE'S;" where drugs are to be dispensed, it is, "Snooks from CORBYN'S;" where pastry is hanging on hand, it is offered with the guarantee of "Smith from GUNTER'S." You will buy a piano with the name of one of the celebrated makers on it, and some day when you take off the key-board to see what is the matter with the works, you will discover the name of Brown modestly concealing itself under the lid—a small "Brown" with a small "from" after it. Tackle this confessed duffer in the law courts, and ten to one if he will not get the better of you. He is a slippery eel that even the fingers of justice cannot hold. Duffers of this class not only imitate trade-marks, but they contrive to stamp their goods with the genuine trade-marks of manufacturers of repute. Who has not found the trade-marks of Allsopp and Bass covering bottles of the vilest beer ever decocted? The labels are the labels of Bass and

Allsopp, but the beer is not theirs. This is not at all astonishing, when we remember that a band of forgers contrived to get hold even of the note paper of the Bank of England. The great brewers have a number of agents to whom they entrust any quantity of their labels, and these agents are sometimes careless, and not always scrupulous. N.B. When you empty a bottle of genuine beer or wine, always run your penknife through the labels. Labels are taken off and used again. I have found Roederer's champagne label upon a bottle of unmitigated gooseberry.

It is not uncommon, when a certain person acquires a reputation for, say, breakfast-bacon or sixteen-shilling trousers, for some duffer to hunt up a person of the same name, take him into partnership, and set up in the same trade—in the same street, if possible, with the man who has made his name and his wares famous. This is hard upon Piggins, who has invested a large sum in advertising himself and his breakfast-bacon. Another Piggins comes and opens a shop a few doors off, catches a good many of the genuine Piggins's stray customers, takes advantage of his advertising, and puts him to further expense in that way by compelling him, in self-defence, to inform the public that he has no connexion with the other Piggins in the same street.

There is no department of trade in which you do not find the duffer taking advantage of some well-earned reputation (not his own) to push the sale of inferior goods, or, at any rate, to increase his gains by a false pretence. In certain trade circles the practice is recognised as quite legitimate: the code of morality only prescribing that the thieves shall be honourable among themselves while enjoying each other's hospitality. I have heard of an eminent duffer, who, on discovering one of his guests cheating at cards, openly rebuked him with—"I can't allow this in my own drawing-room in the presence of my family; no, my friend, outside, duff, but inside, square!" Wonderful are the triumphs of morality. There is no one so lost to the sense of what is right and just as not, at some moment, to be open to the dictates of honour.

It is easier to forgive the commercial duffer, than even to excuse the "professional" one. Trade at the very best is little calculated to soften the morals, and prevent them from becoming brutally sordid. It is the diligent pursuit of the arts that (proverbially at least) tends in that direction. But spite of the proverb, we have as many "professional" duffers as commercial ones.

There is the political duffer! He is a person who makes himself notorious by leading an agitation, or riding a hobby. He is the spokesman of a noisy cause, or the mover of an annual motion. Yet, in many cases, he does not care a rush for the cause, and would be very much disappointed if his motion were carried; because, in that event, his occupation would be gone. I have known agitators who have tacked themselves on to a number of successive causes, many of them at variance with each other.



When atheism was the fashion, they were atheists; then, as the times changed, they were chartists, Puseyites, electro-biologists, spiritualists, Garibaldians, Fenians, and what not. Anything as an excuse to elevate themselves on a Windsor chair and hold forth. I shall write an essay some day upon the elevating power of a Windsor chair. Only let a man with sufficient impudence raise himself a few feet above his fellows, and he can bamboozle the groundlings how he will.

The duffing publisher—the word is capable of being resolved into every part of speech, noun, adjective, verb, and adverb—the duffing publisher takes your play and turns it into a book with the same title—as the duffing dramatic author takes your book without your leave and turns it into a play;—when you become successful as an author, he hunts up any early scraps of yours that he may have a doubtful title to, and publishes them in volumes, taking advantage of some other publisher's advertisements to direct attention to them. He follows up your *Lady in Blue* with his *Lady in Green*; brings out *Sketches of the Playhouses* as colourably the same concern as your *Sketches of the Workhouses*—borrows from you, filches from you on every hand, feeling no compunction, thinking no shame if he can only escape the uncertain clutch of the law. If you have a new or striking idea of any kind, you may make sure that he will parody it. He has no original ideas of his own. Duffers never have. If you placard the walls with a mysterious advertisement that "Jones will appear shortly," he will have his bill-stickers at work the next day with "Smith is coming." He makes a pretty shrewd guess that Jones will be popular, and so he puts up Smith to divide the constituency. Go to his shop for Jones, and he will tell you that Smith is the party you require. He is not particular. He will publish a volume of sermons, or the *Adventures of Hop Light Loo*.

There is the duffing author! What does he do? What does he *not* do? He does the work of the duffing publisher; and naturally enough he does it in a duffing way. Not only does he steal his plots from old novels that were never read—possibly because they were published before there were readers for them—but he steals his descriptions word for word. This elaborate pen and ink sketch of a gorgeously furnished Elizabethan mansion, situated in a romantic ravine, with uplands and downlands, and rocks, and forests, and waterfalls, and all that, is simply so much "copying out" in the reading-room of the British Museum, done probably by deputy. The blonde sister and the brunette sister, with their rich tresses, languishing eyes, and finely-chiselled features, are also Museum tracings.

There is another kind of duffing author who makes a good thing of it in these days. This is the author who quotes Latin and Greek, and all sorts of languages living and dead, though he may not understand a word of any of them. What matter if he make blunders? Only a

very few can find him out, and the thousands who are as ignorant as he is, think him a very learned and clever fellow. It is this same author who abundantly interlards his composition with what the "burly old Dr. Johnson" said, what "the gentle Oliver" retorted, and what was remarked by the "Witty Dean of St. Patrick's." He is aware, you see, that Dr. Johnson was old and burly, that Oliver (Goldsmith, you suppose, but not being learned, are not quite sure) was distinguished for gentleness, and that there was once a Dean of St. Patrick's whose name is sufficiently indicated to the intelligent reader by mentioning that he was eminently a wit. This author manages in the course of an article to quote so much from burly old Johnson, and the gentle Oliver, and the witty Dean, that he really appears to be a very entertaining writer. He is fond of hanging on to the skirts of great personages. He edits Dante, criticises Shakespeare, and writes essays upon Rochefoucauld. He has his name on the same title page with theirs. "DUFFER'S Dante!" There you are—Duffer large and Dante small.

It would be a waste of honest indignation to denounce the duffing practices of low attorneys, doctors, and medicine vendors. You do not expect principle or honesty in those quarters. There is more honour to be found in a thieves' kitchen than among such as these. What we have to deplore is the fact that the low, ignoble modes of dealing practised by these outcasts, are largely adopted by the classes who live within the pale of respectability. You see a hundred evidences of this every day in the streets. The dead walls are, to use a paradox, an ever-living testimony to the dodgery of the duffer. He is ready at all times to take a leaf out of your book, to copy your advertisement, to cover your announcements with his own, to imitate your distinctive device, to parody your idea, to assume your name. From the study of the dead walls you learn that there are as many duffers in the theatrical profession as in any other. Mr. Kemble Kean, the eminent tragedian, Mr. Harley Buckstone, the celebrated comic, Mademoiselle Clara Cerito, the world-famous danseuse, Mr. Grimaldi Jenkins, the inimitable clown, are familiar examples of this class of duffer: Introduce into your drama a snow-storm on the Alps, and the duffer will get up a snow-storm on the Apennines; blow up the Bastille, and he will burn down the Tower of London; pitch your heroine into a lake, and he will pitch his into the crater of Vesuvius. He has not even the ingenuity to reverse the process. When you snow, he snows; when you burn, he burns; when you pitch, he pitches.

There is nothing so insignificant or so low that the duffer will not stoop to take advantage of it. Bring out a one-eyed man, or a one-armed man, or a one-legged man, and immediately the duffer will be scouring the town to find maimed persons to share in your notoriety. Call your one-eyed man Polyphemus, and he will call his Patyphemus. Call your one-armed



man Monsieur Dextre, and his will be Monsieur Sinistre; announce your one-legged man as Signor Hoppito, and his will be blazing over the town as Signor Skippito.

The duffer is the shadow that follows success. When you walk in the sun of prosperity, he never leaves your heels.

### IDYLS OF THE HOLY LAND.

ALTHOUGH the wave of civilisation tends always to the West, the tide of men's thoughts and fancies turns ever back to the East; and whether it is Greece or Palestine, India or Cathay, in the "morning land" has always lain our hopes, our poetry, our Olympus, and our Eden. Half historical half mythical traditions spring up round the roots of each faith professed by men; and the mystic Meru which every creed owns as its central point, whatever the distinguishing name and varying locality, is sure to be the seed-bed of all the most glowing fables and sweetest poems belonging to the faith. The well where Jacob met Rachel and kissed her, is rendered holy in a graver sense, by the words which one we are taught to adore spoke to the Samaritan woman on its brink.

The latest work on the Holy Land, by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, takes us by this sentiment of realistic holiness, so to speak; and shows us the sacred places, not so much as they are at this day, nor with merely mystical enthusiasm concerning them in the past, but as they were in their human and actual conditions in the times when Ruth loved and Mary prayed, when David sinned and sorrowed, and Jesus wrought and suffered. His book is a collection of the idyls of the Holy Land—of idyls ever young and ever precious.

Bethlehem—the City of David, the "Place of Fruit," according to the meaning of its ancient name Ephrath—means the "House of Bread." Here Rachel, the typical mother of Israel, died and was buried, and "Jacob set a pillar on her grave. The tale is so ancient that it carries you back to a time, when, as yet, the Hebrews were not, and Bethlehem was not. The green ridge of hill, with its avenues of oak, its gardens of grapes and olives, was then in possession of the Canaanites, in whose idiom it was called Ephrath, the Place of Fruit. The Jebusites held the neighbouring rock of Zion; and sheikhs from beyond Jordan pitched their black tents around its springs, and lodged their cattle in its caves. Jacob, one of these sheikhs, a man who had been dwelling in the Hauran, the country of his uncle Laban, where he had been serving fourteen years for his two wives, Leah and Rachel, was journeying along this stony track from Bethel, he and his wives and their little ones, his man-servants and maid-servants, a great host, with a train of camels, a herd of ewes and rams, a flock of steers and milch kine, and multitudes of goats. The sheikh was going up to Hebron, where Isaac, his father, dwelt. But

Rachel, his younger and more beloved wife, then great with child for the second time, fainted by the way. The death of Rachel, the dearly loved wife, and the birth of her son Benoni, lent an abiding poetry to Bethlehem; consecrating its soil to the royal line; and her burial on the green ridge, in the shade of fig-trees and olives, making the spot holy for ever in the eyes of all her race." This is the first idyl connected with Bethlehem, and if not as sacred in our eyes as in the eyes of the Jewish nation, it is at least as beautiful, while leading up to what we regard as the more perfect fulfilment of the divine drama enacted in Judæa.

The second idyl is that of Ruth. Seasons of drought, by no means rare, bring uncounted miseries to the country round about Bethlehem. Standing on the borders of the desert, its springs are few, though their waters are pure and sweet. One year of drought will dry up the wells and wither the herbage from the roots; and four or five seasons of scanty rain suffice to create a famine. It was such a time of drought that sent Abraham from Bethel down into Egypt; that drove Isaac into the plains of Gerar; that made the ten sons of Jacob go ask for aid from the brother they had sold into bondage; and that now, in the days of the Judges, in the generation of Boaz, the son of Salmon, forced Elimelech, the Bethlehemite and a kinsman of Boaz, to seek for bread in the abounding fields of Moab, the mountains of which country he could see from his house-top. So, taking with him Naomi, his wife, and his two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, he passed out from Ephrath and through the wilderness to Moab, beyond the Dead Sea. And he dwelt there until he died. Mahlon and Chilion also died, after having taken to them as wives two women of the country, Orpah and Ruth; and then Naomi, having heard that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread once more, arose with her daughters-in-law that she might return from the country of Moab. Orpah, the widow of Chilion, kissed her, wept, and went back to her old house; but Ruth, the widow of Mahlon, clave to her, and would not leave her, saying those sweet words which have passed into a very proverb of loving constancy enduring for all time: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." "And so," says Mr. Dixon, "in the early spring days, when even the desert hills are alive with the green of herbs and shrubs, the two women who were to renew the blood of Judah, and in whose posterity the whole earth was to be one day blessed, came up from Moab, through the ways of the wilderness, to a city which knew them not." By the law of Moses, Ruth could have claimed that her husband's next of kin should have taken her for his wife; but she would not claim this her right, trusting rather to herself and to God's good grace for protection and support. When the barley harvest came she went into the fields of



the plain by the shepherd's tower, to glean after the reapers of Boaz. The sequel is as familiar to us all as is the beginning: Ruth's patience, her gentleness, her womanly submission, her sweetness, and her affection, and the old man's tender love, his patriarchal care of the fair young gleaner, his substitution of himself for the kinsman who would not obey the law of Moses, and then the birth of Obed, from whom came Jesse, and from Jesse David, and from David all that the world possesses of the divine in man—is it not a poem known by heart by us all?

It was in Bethlehem, too, by the Tomb of Rachel, that Saul went to prove if the kingship bestowed on him by Samuel was acceptable to the Lord; and it was on the wild uplands sweeping round the peaceful plain, that David, the youngest of the ten sons of Jesse, and the despised, led forth his flocks, and learned how to drive back to their lairs the wolf and the leopard, and the Arab robber more dangerous than the wild beast. He learned also how to sling stones, to some purpose—how to make lutes and harps—how to play on them when made—and, most of all, how to utter the thought of his own heart in such wise as should reach the hearts of all men, and be words of power to the end of time. He grew familiar with every cave and glen, with every spring and well between Mar Elias and Engedi. Familiar with every aspect of nature, he learned the true poetry of nature; and, after he had been secretly anointed by Samuel, after he had been struck by Saul, and sent forth as an exile and a wanderer up to the day of the king's death, all these things learnt when he was a poor despised herd-boy in his father's house, became precious gifts to him, and helped him where nothing else could have done. "Every stone about Bethlehem seems to whisper of his adventures and escapes," and the cave of Adul-lam near the Mount of Paradise, and the passes of Engedi near the shores of the Dead Sea, were specially to be remembered by those who cared to recal his adventures. After his time the town of Bethlehem was as often called the City of David as by its former name; and henceforth the ideas of David and Bethlehem are inseparable.

Mr. Dixon's next point is the House of Chimham, which he affirms to be the same as the house of Boaz and of Ruth.

Five hundred years after, a "host of fugitives, soldiers and husbandmen, nobles and priests, with their flocks and herds, their servants and slaves, came hurrying along the road from Gibeon, chased by a phantom; men, women, and children, either seated on asses, or tramping along the stony paths; flying, they knew not whither, from the wrath of King Nebuchadnezzar. They marched by the site of Jerusalem, where the temple was then a ruin, and the palaces of Zion were dust. They crossed the ridge of Mar Elias, taking their farewell glance of the sacred hill. But near the tomb of Rachel and the house of Ruth they paused and pitched their tents, that they might take counsel

for the last time together, and inquire of the Lord what they should do, and which way they should wend in that day of misery and despair. Among the flying princes was Johanan; among the flying prophets Jeremiah."

Then came the last and greatest idyl connected with Bethlehem: in the House of Chimham—now become the place of reception, the khan, or inn as we translate it in the Bible—Mary, the daughter of Joachim and Anna, gave birth to her child, and the world's master. She came up with her people to be taxed. The khan was full of wayfarers, and there was no room for her and her husband in the guest chamber; but in the narrow cell where the asses were stalled, the hour of her anguish and her triumph came; and in Bethlehem, the House of Bread, where Rachel died, and Ruth loved, where David suffered, sinned, and repented—in the House of Chimham, once the House of Boaz, and now a hospitable khan open to all comers—was born the man JESUS, in the future to be accepted as the Messiah, the Sent to a lost world.

Mr. Dixon has drawn a beautiful picture of the early life of "Marian" (not Mary), whom we style the Blessed Virgin, as her quiet days passed tenderly and purely among the flowers of Nazareth. "In her ways of life, she would act no otherwise than like the young Hebrew women of her time, and of all times. She would rise early in the day, and going with her creel into the market-place, fill it with melons and fresh figs, with green cucumbers and grapes. At the third hour she would recite her shema, and at the ninth hour sing a psalm of David. In the evening she would go down with her pitcher to the well and fill it. On the Sabbath, after washing hands, she would go up to the synagogue on the hill-top, where she would sit among the women behind the screen, and hear the sheliach repeat the lesson set apart for that day. For the rest of her simple and homely life, like the women of her class in these Syrian villages at the present hour, she would boil her pottage over a wood fire, lay her maize on the flat roof to dry, spin thread for her domestic use, sweep the dust from her lewan at dusk, and, expecting her husband and her son to come home, spread her mats on the floor, and set her viands for them in the shadiest nook of her little court. Our western fancies, working through an instinct of nature safer than half-knowledge, have made of this simple life a pastoral full of grace and beauty. Hearing that the best years of her youth and womanhood were spent, before she yet knew grief, on this sunny hill and side slope, her feet being for ever among the daisies, poppies, and anemones, which grow everywhere about, we have made her the patroness of all our flowers. The Virgin is our Rose of Sharon, our lily of the valley. The poetry, no less than the piety of Europe, has inscribed to her the whole bloom and colouring of the fields and hedges." So the time passed—the girl became a woman, the Virgin a mother, and the feet which hitherto



had been only among the flowers, must now learn more perilous walking and more painful, as the dignity, the passion, and the grief of her mission pressed on her. Since then, all subsequent romance has passed from Bethlehem, and the idyls are completed. The House of Chimham is now the basilica of the Holy Nativity, the church which the empress Saint Helena built, at least if Mr. Dixon's topography be correct; and we must look for no more advents or portents thence. Time and the generations to come, must work out the problem for themselves.

The next noticeable point in his book is the account of Bethany, and the idyls enacted there. "Towards the end of the fall, while the olives were being shaken from the trees, and the grapes were being trodden in the wine-press, Jesus and his little band of disciples came back from the mountain of the Transfiguration to the lake country; not to abide there any more, but to rest for a few days, to say adieu to old friends, and push on to the city in which the Son of Man was ordained to render up his life. The harvest being got in, and the Feast of Tabernacles nigh, large companies of Jews were gathering about the lake, preparing to attend this feast; making their journey to Jerusalem in caravans for safety against the Arabs, and by way of the Jordan valley, so as to avoid touching Samaria, and rendering themselves unclean." But our Lord walked alone, letting his disciples go up to Jerusalem with the caravans, while he took the hill country of Samaria, going "by way of Shechem, Shiloh, and Bethel, the three sacred cities which preceded Zion as the selected Mounts of God." More than sixty generations have come and gone since Jesus entered Bethany, yet the aspect of the place remains the same. It is a collection of mere hovels; "a heap of stone sheds, mixed with some ruins, and peopled by a rabble of Arab peasants, too lazy to work, too abject to thieve. Only two miles from Jerusalem, only one mile from Galilean's Hill, it is yet out of the world; standing on a ledge of live rock, looking down into the Cedron gorge, across to the opposite ridge of Abu Dis, then into the intricate maze of limestone hills which go dropping from shelf to shelf into the plain of the Dead Sea. A track from Jerusalem to Jericho winds through it, over slippery sheets of stone, on which horse or camel finds it difficult to keep his feet. A carob here, a fig-tree there, make the absence of verdure more keenly felt." This was the spot which the Messiah chose as his resting-place instead of Jerusalem, in which city it does not appear that he ever passed a night. But with Lazarus, the sheikh of Bethany (the place is now called by the Arabs El Azariyeh, from the name of Lazarus, whom the country traditions make to have been the sheikh or chief of the village), and in the house of Simon the Leper, he found love and faith, and wrought his good works unhindered. Then, as now, Bethany was a place owning no beauty, possessing no charm, alluring no sense; it was

a mere hiding-place for the poor and smitten, for the outcast, the degraded, and the diseased. This was the village which our Lord made his home in preference to the stately streets of Jerusalem.

Things do not change in the East; as Abraham pitched his tent in Bethel, so does an Arab sheikh now set up his camp; as David built his palace on Mount Zion, so would a Turkish pasha now arrange his house; in every street may be seen the hairy children of Esau, squatting on the ground, devouring a mess of lentils like that for which the rough hunter sold his birthright; along every road plod the sons of Rechab, who have sworn to drink no wine, plant no tree, enter within no door; at every khan young men sit round the pan of parched corn, dipping their morsel into the dish; Job's plough is still used, and the seed is still trodden into the ground by asses and kine; olives are shaken from the boughs as directed by Isaiah; and the grafting of trees is unchanged since the days of Saul. Among other things left unchanged is the Syrian house, still, as formerly, only a stone tent as a temple was but a marble tent. What is seen now in Bethany, may be taken as the exact likeness of the house of Lazarus where Mary listened and Martha toiled, or as the house of Simon the Leper where the precious box of ointment was broken, and whence Judas set out to betray his master.

An oblong building of some twelve or fifteen feet in height, with a blank wall broken by small square holes, and a low flat roof without cornice or chimney—when of two stories the upper windows perhaps latticed, and in good houses an upper room or tower-like building on a house-top—this is the general outline of an ordinary Syrian house. In the houses of old cities, the flat roof, laid with a plaster of lime and sand, has sometimes a parapet of open tiles and clay round it to prevent children and the heedless from falling off, while keeping the women unseen. On this flat roof, within their guard of tiles, the Syrian women, without veils, cloaks, or slippers, spread their maize to dry, feed their doves, and in the evening bathe and spin. In the front of the house is the lewan; a great arch and recess, answering to the doorway of an Arab tent. The lewan is sometimes level with the ground, and sometimes raised a step or two; and, like the roof, is spread with a thin layer of mud and lime. "On each side of the recess a doorway opens on a room. In a big house, two or three rooms may extend from each wing; but this extension is rare; and every house that is more than a hole in the earth or a sty upon it, has a lewan in the centre, and an apartment on each flank. A piece of ground, enclosed by a hedge of rough stones, advances from the wings and bows out in front; forming a little court or garden, in which there is commonly planted either a fig-tree or a vine. For three parts of the year the lewan and the court are the real house of poor people; the two rooms being rarely used. A Syrian household, father, son, and grandson, gathers in the



lewan, where, sheltered from the sun, yet open to the breeze, they cook and dine, and smoke and sleep. Here the young damsels work and wash, while the poultry cluck and crow, and the infants crawl and fight. Except in the short rainy season, and during the few cold nights, people spread their mats and quilts, which our Bible calls their beds, either on the plaster floor, or under the branching vine, and the whole family lie down together, father and mother, son and daughter, with their wives and husbands, and their brood of little ones. Knowing no shame the darkness covers them with its robes. When the night grows chill, and the fear of dysentery comes down upon them, they creep into one of their tiny rooms, closing the doorway with a hanging mat, just as their fathers closed the Tabernacle entrance with a veil. Into their rooms a stranger rarely, if ever, enters. An outer stair leads up to the flat roof; and on the lewan itself a visitor hangs his lantern. The rooms are plain and empty; having none of the pretty trifles which adorn an English home. Books, pictures, vases, chairs, pianos, clocks, are never to be seen in a Syrian's house. The walls are bare; the floors are mud. A couch is laid along the wall; being a lounge by day, a bed by night. A lamp of red clay, a wooden stand, a cradle, a chibouque, a corn mill, a cruse of water, make up the list of furniture. Most of the work is done away from home; either in the fields, the bazaars, or in the sooks. A goldsmith has his forge, a cobbler his stall, a tailor his goose, in the bazaar; while a carpenter puts his bench, and a barber his basin in the public way. A man's house is neither his workshop nor his place of reception, as it is so often with a Frank. Fear lest his women should be seen prevents a Syrian from bringing home his friends, except on the three or four grand solemnities of his life. Can he not see his brother in the mosque; his neighbour in the market? There is not much news to relate. When a new Pasha comes to Damascus, when a Maronite sheikh burns a Druse village, when a Salhaan bandit murders and robs a Frank, can he not hear of it in the city gate? It was in such a house, squat and bare, with an open roof, a plaster floor, a little court or garden looking over the Wady Cedron, the Dead Sea, and the Moab mountains, that Martha and Mary lived, and that Jesus, on his visits to the Holy City, lodged. Going every morning into Jerusalem to teach and preach, he walked back to Bethany in the afternoon, that he might sup and sleep among the poor. It is nowhere hinted that he stayed in Jerusalem a single night."

Such pictures as these bring the facts of olden times more vividly before our minds than was ever dreamt of by the school of idealists. The realistic tendencies of the day, and the desire to strip off all false tinsel and made up appearances, which Hunt, among others, has expressed in painting, Mr. Dixon has expressed in writing; and as any damage done to the "skewer and blanket" school is a gain to the

world at large, so these pictures of our Saviour's actual life are valuable in that sense if in no other.

## SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES.

THE sardine season begins in November. Early in the month which the Saxons called the wind month (wint monat), and Englishmen speak of as the fog month, when—

the long vacation's o'er,  
And lawyers go to work once more,—

the Lord Mayor's show is seen in London, and the silvery sardines glitter in the nets of fishermen on the shores of England and Scotland, of the Channel, and the Mediterranean. On the southern and western coasts of England sardines have been so plentiful sometimes, that farmers and hop-growers have fertilised their fields with them. Sardines have been pitchforked from carts laden with tons of them upon the fields of Kent; and spread over the fields as the November winds scatter the many-coloured leaves of the fall of the year. When sardines may have been so cheap as to be sold as manure on the coast, the price demanded for them in Piccadilly has been, as we remember it was some twenty years ago, nothing less than half a guinea a box! The Lady Juliet, if she had set up housekeeping with her Lord Romeo, might have seen that there is a good deal in a name, and learnt, as a frugal housewife, that there is a vast difference in the price of the same little fish when it is called a sardine, and when it is called a sprat. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, and Romeo would have been himself whatever his name, but it is doubtful if sprats called sprats would ever have fetched the price of ten shillings and sixpence a box.

Sardines are sprats. When it was believed that these little fishes were extremely and pre-eminently abundant on the coasts of Sardinia, they were called sardines. "Sprat" is the English, "garvie" the Scotch, and "sardine" the French name of *Clupea sprattus*. The herring, the pilchard, the sprat, the whitebait, the anchovy, the Twaite shad and the Alice shad, have been grouped together by systematic students of fishes. The sardine is so like the pilchard that it appears to differ from it only by being smaller. Young herrings are sometimes cured and sold as sardines. Pilchards and herrings are similar in size; but the pilchards have larger and broader scales, they have thicker backs, and straighter lines on the back and belly. If you hang a pilchard by the dorsal fin it hangs even, but if you hang a herring by the dorsal fin it hangs top-heavy. The sprat, according to Mr. J. M. Mitchell, in his *Natural History of the Herring*, is known from the young herring by having the belly serrated with thirty-three bony points, and the ventral fins nearer the head. The body of the young herring is more flattened or less round than the body of the sprat, and



the head is in a straighter line from the back. The full-grown sprat is a broader and rounder fish than the young herring of the same length, and of course the young herring has not a milt or roe which the sprat has in the spawning season.

The French zoologists, Cuvier and Valenciennes, describe thirty-three kinds of sprats, and two kinds of sprattelles, the dwarf sprattelle and the fringed sprattelle; and two-and-twenty species of anchovies.

The fringed sprattelle renders similar services on the coasts of Malabar to those rendered to mankind by the sardine in Europe and the lamp-fish in Columbia. The form of this little sprat is elegant. It looks like a lengthened ellipse. Its teeth are extremely small, and can scarcely be felt on the lower jaw. The colour of the fringed sprattelle is greenish with golden sparkles; and the sides, belly, and opercules are silvery with iris and nacrous gleams. The Malabar sardine is very good eating, tasting very like the Gascony sardine, the Indian species being, however, less fat than the European. During the north-east monsoon this sprat is very abundant upon the coast of Malabar. A poor Indian can then buy, for a halfpenny, enough, mixed with a little rice, to feed a whole family. The Indians, however, do not know how to preserve their sardines in the European way. They do not even know how to prepare them properly for eating by squeezing out the excess of oil. Probably all kinds of sprats, if prepared as the Red Indians prepare the *Salmo pacificus* of Richardson, could be burnt as candle-fish.\*

Few gourmands have ever seen a whole anchovy. The anchovy of commerce is a decapitated fish. French women are particularly dexterous in cutting off the heads of the anchovies with the nails of their right thumb. This practice, says M. Valenciennes, must be very ancient, for the name *encrasicholas*—the gall in the head—has been imposed on this fish, because the liver was torn away with the head. The preparations of this fish must also be very ancient, for it entered into the composition of certain relishes which were highly esteemed by the Greeks. A considerable anchovy fishery is carried on along the coasts of the islands of Elba and Corsica. Most boats employed in this fishery carry lanterns.

The sprat, even more than the herring, is perhaps of all others the fish in the preparation and conservation of which the greatest ingenuity has been displayed. Prior to the discovery of the art of making salt, fresh herrings were cut open and cleaned, dipped in sea-water repeatedly, and then exposed to the air. This process does not succeed easily in the hot weather of summer, but in winter Mr. Mitchell, who has tried the experiment, assures us fresh herrings acquire a firmness which renders them fit for keeping for a considerable length of time. The nimbleness of the fingers of women

in cleaning herrings, sprats, and anchovies, has excited the astonishment of observers in all ages and climes. The Londoner out for his holiday, or, as he expresses it, having his "out," if he happens to stay a day or two at Wick and there discover how large and weighty and delicious a herring may be, goes to the troughs and there sees some sixty or seventy young women in strange canvas jackets, all busy and silent! They perform the cleaning operation so swiftly that the eye cannot follow the movements of their fingers. A damsel, as good natured as good looking, in spite of a repulsive attire and occupation, by doing the thing slowly, may show how it is done by two skilful movements of her knife. Mr. C. R. Weld, who timed these women, found that they cleaned, on an average, twenty-six per minute! The processes with sprats, sprattelles, and anchovies, from the smallness of the fish, though often dispensed with, must task still greater dexterity. The nimbleness of fair fingers upon the piano receives applause from well-gloved hands, and the dexterity of the sister fingers which prepare wholesome food at least equally merits admiration. The Emperor Charles the Fifth erected a splendid monument to the memory of Beukel, the Dutchman, who discovered the art of conserving herrings; but the name of the discoverer of the art of conserving sardines in oil is at present unknown to general fame, because perhaps he is still alive. According to De Witt, every fifth person in Holland was in his time engaged in the herring trade, and the Dutch still have a proverb which says, "When herrings come in, doctors go out."

I copy from Mr. J. M. Mitchell's work on the Herring, its Natural History and National Importance, his description of the French mode of curing sardines or sprats in oil: "We now come to the second and more delicate mode of preparation—the curing the sprats in tin boxes with oil—a mode which furnishes a delicious and wholesome food, suitable for transportation to any climate. The sprats are carefully washed in the sea, and then carried to the curing-place, where they are slightly sprinkled with pure fine white salt; after remaining thus a few hours, women are employed to take off the head, which brings away the gills, &c.; and after again well washing they are laid out either on willow branches or wire-work, and exposed to the sun and wind, or to a current of air if under cover, if the weather is damp or rainy. This drying gives clearness and pureness to the skin. They are then put into boiling oil; after being the requisite time in this oil, they are drained as much as possible, and then put into tin boxes. When the boxes are filled, they are carried to tables prepared for the purpose and covered with oil; the tinsmith then takes the boxes and solders on the cover; the boxes are then placed in the boiler, or exposed to hot steam, to undergo the process of ebullition for such time as the curer considers necessary. After being taken out, the boxes are examined, and those rejected which have leaked, or not resisted the pressure

\* See page 199 of the present volume.



of boiling. Generally speaking, all the boxes that are not convex on the two sides, when taken out of the heating process, are bad, but the reverse is the case if the swelling in convexity continues after the boxes have become cold.

"The heads and débris are much valued, and sold for agricultural purposes. There are about forty establishments which prepare the sardines with oil in tin boxes, and the quantity prepared is about ten million boxes annually. We have been thus particular as to the mode of preparation, because the advantage of preparing the boxes for home consumption and exportation must be obvious. Large quantities are prepared for Australia and California, and in 1853 the quantity exported from France amounted to about four million pounds weight."

A notable improvement has recently been made even upon this delicate mode of preparing sprats. An ingenious Frenchman has patented his process of preparing boneless sardines. A box of them which I have eaten was the finest I have ever tasted. The mode of extracting the bones is kept a secret, although it will scarcely prove an impenetrable mystery to persons who understand how to cook fish. But the extraction of the bones must make the curing much slower and more laborious, and thus raise the price of the boneless sardines. Coarsely prepared sardines, and young herrings falsely called sardines, are now sold in quantities outrivalling the genuine article. On the counters of most of the grocers these impositions are as common as the genuine fish. But the inferiority of the flavour, and a little examination, will enable any one who bears in mind the characteristics which I have mentioned distinguishing the sprat from the young of other fish of the herring group, to detect the counterfeit merchandise. Purchasers must protect themselves by their knowledge for a long time to come, from spurious goods; the good time not having come yet when a parliament shall be elected which will perceive and enact that it is more criminal, because more pernicious to society, to pass off bad food than to pass off bad money.

Herrings, it is said by some fishermen, spawn four times a year, and, at any rate, as herring fry is refused by the salesmen, and comparatively worthless, the temptation of superior profit explains the prevalence of the counterfeit. Yet the Scotch, who are vying with the Dutch in the herring trade, might advantageously vie with the French in the sprat trade. The sprat or garvie has the habit of coming into the shallows of the Frith of Forth, between North and South Queensferry, on the western side of Inchgarvie. The best fishing-ground is to the westward, extending sometimes as far up as Kincardine and Alboa. The garvie likes brackish water from November to the end of February. The young herrings generally keep to the east of the sprats. The mesh of the sprat-net is a half inch, the mesh of the herring-net an inch one. A sprat-boat costs about twenty pounds, and a sprat-net from six to ten. The owner of the boat and net, who is of course the skipper,

receives half the fish taken as his share; the three other men, the remaining moiety. Roughly estimated, every man makes his two pounds a week during the fourteen weeks of the fishery, every boat makes about a hundred pounds, and the whole value of the fishery during one season may be about seven or eight thousand pounds. But it is not merely at Queensferry, there are many other places on the coasts of the British islands where the sprat fishery might be made far more gainful, if this delicious fish, in addition to being smoked and dried for the poor, were prepared in oil for the rich. As for the oil and the tin, I surely shall not be told that they are lions in the way.

## PATTY RESUMES HER VOCATION.

### CHAPTER I.

"ROBERT, look at this."

"I look at it, Patty."

"But you are to read it."

"Ah! that is quite a different matter. Is it addressed to you or to me?"

"To neither; the letter belongs to Pet,\* and she wishes us to read it, and give her our opinion."

"Hum, as Erasmus says. I am at a loss to conceive how a letter addressed to Pet can in any way require my supervision. Oh! I see it is in the French language, written in a most beautiful Italian hand, and smelling of Persian jasmine. My opinion of the contents of the letter is only required to read it aloud to you, I suppose, Patty?"

Now there may seem nothing wicked in this question of Robert's; but you should have seen his eyes: they were brimful of naughtiness. I do not deny that I cannot speak French at all properly, but I will translate against any one—if I may use the dictionary.

"No," answered I, with dignity. "No, thank you, Robert. I am quite au fait at the contents." It is astonishing how soon one picks up a French phrase or two. I had been poring over the letter half the morning, and was for putting in a bit of French with every sentence afterwards. I had even said to Caroline, our parlour-maid, "Prenez garde de the new lamp."

"Please, 'um?" says she. And no wonder.

Robert was an admirable French scholar. Not even Erasmus could speak it or understand it better. While Robert is reading the letter, I may as well say that not only is Erasmus married to Maggie, and is wonderfully happy, but they have got a baby. She is just what Erasmus said, though I have forgotten of what order of mankind or womankind she came from, according to his ideas. She makes the best wife and the most wonderful mother. To see her wash her baby—which she always does herself—as Erasmus says, in all his wanderings and researches, his mummy-hunting

\* See No. 497 of the present volume.



and star-gazing and comet-finding, he never saw such a beautiful sight.

She puts on her white dressing-gown, rolls up her hair into great coils, shows two little ears, like little pink shells. Then she bares her beautiful shapely white arms, and with a thousand mother-words and loves speaking from her mouth, and out her eyes, she coaxes her boy to his bath. And he is such a splendid fellow! Erasmus is quite amazed to think he is the father of such a fine boy, and enters into dissertations of races and a great many ologies, besides various theories regarding boys taking after their mothers, and girls after their fathers; and as I say to Robert, "What does it matter after all?" And the boy screams with delight, and splashes the water all about, until his mother's hair is all sparkling with dewdrops, and she has to souse him head over heels to bring him to order. What feeling is it that sometimes oppresses me when I watch them? Not envy, I hope.

I was a mother once. For ten days I possessed a little daughter, but I did not know it; my ears never heard that cry, which turns the mother's anguish into joy. When I first felt the unutterable feeling that one day, with God's blessing, I should be a mother, what a strange calm holy effect it had upon me. No bad thoughts, no evil tempers, nothing envious or pitiful must be harboured in the frame wherein my child lay hidden. I hardly knew how to contain the love that grew in me, for everything and everybody, because I desired to bespeak all love in return for my child. I made its little wardrobe entirely myself. "Who knows," I said to myself, "but that there might be by a mischance a rough seam, or a thick hem, or a button misplaced, and tapes all wrong? My child has to trust to its mother until it can speak, and if my child may not trust me, there is no use for mothers in the world." And if you had only seen the little tiny wardrobe! Everybody said it was perfection, and indeed they said the truth.

And the time came for me to see my darling. I had no recollection of what happened to me, but that I thought I was going up-stairs. Suddenly the stairs gave way with me, and I fell, as it appeared to me, into the clouds. I floated about, perplexed and weary, always falling. That was some comfort. "For," I said, "soon I must touch the ground, and then I shall find Robert." And, as I thought this, I felt my hand clasped, and lips kissed it, and hot tears fell on it. Then I heard a voice praying this prayer:

"O Lord God, bow down thine ears and hear. O Lord, open thine eyes and see. Behold thy servant prostrate before Thee. Give me my darling's life, for my life is as nothing without her. Thou who art so pitiful, pity me. Thou who hearest and answereth prayer, hear and answer me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Amen."

It was the voice of Robert that said this prayer. I tried to clasp his hand, but lacked

the power. I said, "Robert," and he started and listened, as if he heard a far-away whisper.

Again I made an effort, and said, "Robert, hold me fast," and he answered quickly, like one gasping, "I will, my darling."

And he put one strong arm under me, and another over me, and I smiled, happy, falling asleep.

So once more I went to sleep with Robert's arm round me. When I again awoke, he was sitting looking at me, with happy wide-opened eyes. I squeezed his hand, for I was stronger. Then he bent down his head close by me, and I heard him whispering another prayer, one of thanksgiving.

Every hour I felt better. At last I recollected my little baby, and I became conscious it rested no longer near my heart. I listened, thinking perhaps I might hear the cry I had longed for.

"Robert," I whispered, at last, "have I—have we a little baby?"

"Yes, love; but God said I must give him either my wife or child, and our little babe is safe in heaven."

(Oh! my child—my child.)

Once or twice I have thought (but believe me no more) that if I had been as fortunate as other mothers, and not been ill, perhaps my baby would have lived. It pined—maybe for its mother, and she lay all unconscious of having a little darling. I know it is wrong to think thus. My child lives in the courts of heaven. The angels are her teachers, and they tell her of her mother on earth, who would have loved her, oh! so dearly, but that she was wanted in heaven to be a little messenger angel.

Robert and I are not to have any other child, but our little angel. It was so decreed, because of my illness. And Robert is glad—he shudders at the mention of that time, saying he could never bear it again. "Am I not better to thee than ten children?" he whispers, if I look a little sad.

(Oh! Robert, my husband, my darling, thou art to me life itself—but, Patty, recollect yourself, and don't rhapsodise.)

Maggie's boy has all my pretty things, and he grows so fast, that she and I are as busy as bees getting him short-coated, little precious man! He is called Robert; Erasmus would have it so; but Maggie means to call him Robin, because she says there is only one Robert, and I agree with her. Maggie is—well—Maggie is just the very darling suited to us all—but, goodness me! Robert has finished the French letter, written in the Italian hand, perfumed with Persian jasmine, ever so long ago.

"Now may I ask, Patty, why this truly Frenchified epistle was given me to read?"

"As if you could not guess, Robert?"

"Upon my word, Patty, 'tis a riddle much beyond my comprehension. A young French lady, impulsive by nature, I should say, writes to Pet, also impulsive. The letter, my love of truth compels me to own, is one that no English girl would have written to another English girl:



no English girl would have written so pretty a letter. Not because she was an English girl, but because the English will not permit her to say 'nothing' in such a sweet endearing way as it is expressed in this letter."

"Exactly so, Robert. I felt just as you did, when I read the letter. What a darling, I thought, must the writer be."

"First of all, she recalls herself to Pet's memory, asking her, if in the bowers of her lovely and good thoughts she permits the name and face of a schoolfellow still to retain a place there. Never can she forget, but repeats still, the few words of that rough language of which her soul's beloved (meaning Pet, I presume) was so justly proud. Until at last, she is devoured, by what in English we should call an insatiable longing, to learn more of this fine tongue."

"That is exactly as I made it out, Robert; and that she can only do so properly by coming to England."

"And why should she not come to England, Patty?"

"That is it. She wishes to live with some people who only speak English."

"You blush, Patty. Now what does all this mean? A plot—a feminine plot—I'll be bound."

"Of course, Robert, it is of no use her going to stay with Pet, because they would speak nothing but French all day. And she is of very high family—a countess, I believe—or her father is a count or something. And she will pay three hundred a year."

"Three hundred fiddle-strings. I see what you and Pet are at. Truly, if she came here she might chance to hear 'au fait' from my little wife, but deuce a bit——"

"Oh, Robert, don't swear. Is it not the oddest thing in the world, the impatience of men? Think of your barn."

"My barn! Now, Patty, you have puzzled me more than ever. What possible connexion is there between a young French lady and my intended barn?"

"You could build it, you know, for a hundred and fifty pounds."

"And are you so poor a calculator, Patty, as not to know a French countess will cost more than three hundred a year to keep. There is her maid."

"She is not going to bring one."

"She will want a carriage."

"She pays for those sort of things herself."

"Pooh! child. I see you have set your heart on her coming—and, considering I only heard you last night blessing your stars you had nothing to do with such people, all because the newspaper told of a French girl eloping, is to me the oddest——"

"But that was such a story, Robert. Implicating one of our nobility; and I have no doubt he was nothing of the sort, but a common adventurer, and she must have been as wicked as wicked."

"Usually French girls are much more strictly brought up than our girls, and anything in the shape of an elopement is so extraordinary, that

a great fuss has been made about this one. But there—I have no more time to waste. I must see Pet, and make more inquiries about her schoolfellow before I can consent to have my privacy destroyed, even for the sake of building my barn."

How lucky it was I thought of the barn!

I wrote to tell Pet, and she came down about five o'clock, bringing with her all the plans of barns that ever were invented. She is wonderfully clever, is Pet, at seizing opportunities.

#### CHAPTER II.

WELL, the end of it all was, that one fine evening the squire's carriage, properly driven by a steady coachman and most amiable horses, drove up to our door, with Pet in it, and——

Goodness gracious me! the very loveliest creature that ever I beheld. To what shall I liken her? A violet—a lily—a rose? The bluest, sweetest eyes, with such eyelashes—really they were almost too heavy—quite shading her cheek. Such a cheek, no peach was ever so delicate; such dewy lips; a nose—oh, goodness! I never saw such a nose but on a statue, and then the statue wanted the beautiful colour.

"Best Patty," said Pet, laughing, "you have lost your wits. Is she not lovely?"

"Hush, Pet!"

"She has not even the little English I taught her. She does not understand, but she sees you think her pretty."

Truly, she was blushing; but she rose, and, with a grace beyond powers of description, spoke to Pet in French.

"She hopes," said Pet to me, "that you are the English mother whom she is to love, Patty, and says no mother shall ever have so good and dutiful a child; the more so, because her English mother is so young, and, indeed, but her sister."

As for me, I was not listening. I was thinking so much of what Robert would say when he saw her. The very loveliest creature. I have often seen beautiful faces in pictures, but as for ever expecting to see one in reality, that I never did.

"Pet," I said, "'tis positively wicked of her people to let her go about by herself. She will be mobbed. If I was ever so many people in one, I should mob her myself."

"She did not come by herself. A priest came with her, and an old ancient thing of a gouvernante gave her into my care. Also, she had on a veil, of a thickness most praiseworthy."

"I hope she will forgive me staring so. Has she any sisters? Are they as pretty?"

"No, she is herself alone. But she has brothers, and they are not kind to her."

"Not kind! Oh! my dear Pet, what savages!"

"They desire that she should marry a man of a rank so high, that I am giddy to think of him; but she sees that he is old, and of a temper as high as his rank."

"Has she no father nor mother?"

"Yes, a father who is *dévo*t, and a mother who is of the court. They see her once a day;



she kneels and they bless her, and then say, "Allez à votre chambre, notre bien-aimée."

"Poor darling creature. Pet, we must love her very much. We must show her how happy English girls are. We must make her like England and all its ways, and then, Pet, if we could only marry her to a nice Englishman, she need never go back to those horrid people."

"Ah, ah!" laughed Pet; "at a match-make again—see! Violante is amused at us. Take her to her room." And Pet went away, and I took the lovely Française to her room. She was more lovely than ever when she removed her bonnet and cloak. But, perceiving at once that she knew nothing about unpacking or putting away her things, I sent for Caroline, and left them together.

By-and-by she came down stairs, and asking permission, by an indescribable gesture, to gather a rose, she sat and talked to it, and played with it, as if it were a living thing. At last Robert came, and was not I pleased with his start of admiration? He did not think, he told me afterwards, that anything made of mere flesh and blood could be so exquisitely lovely. And when Robert began to speak French to her, she was more lovely still. Such a sparkling countenance, such speaking eyes, lips that seemed to have a new grace with every word she spoke! Her attitudes, her little movements, her slight embarrassments, were all perfect studies.

"Truly," said Robert, "she hath a rare beauty. I shall be curious to know of what race that great ethnologist Erasmus will say she springs from. Nevertheless, Patty, she will one day be a plain old woman, with perhaps a disposition to a beard."

"Oh, Robert, and I think that down on her upper lip so lovely."

"Yes, my dear, it is, but it will not always be down. The world is progressive as to the growth of things. She says, Patty, she wishes you would speak French to her. She longs to tell you she loves you."

"My goodness me! Robert, have you forgotten the three hundred a year that we are to receive to make her learn English? No, though I spoke French as well as—as she does—it would go against my conscience to say even——"

"Au fait, Patty."

"Pooh, I wonder that you can be so silly. I mean to begin to-morrow to teach her English, while you build your barn."

"My barn will be something unique, I can tell you, Mrs. Patty. I have a plan for hanging the doors which almost tempts me to take out a patent."

Now that was Robert's weakness—inventing new things. I have hitherto steadily kept it out of sight, but in regard to investigating the insides of clocks, regulating the feeding of boilers, making the pump pump its own water, and the like, Robert was to the full as ridiculous as Erasmus in his crotchets. He was for taking out a patent about once a month.

"Robert," I have said to him, "I am sure

no one in the world would be more glad to see you famous than me; but whoever hears of the man who invented the holes to tear the postage stamps easily, and was there ever a nicer invention?" But there is one thing I must say with regard to men, if they get a thing in their heads, out it must come. They cannot chase it away, as we women do, with another idea equally good. Consequently, I thought it best to enter into all the details of his barn, and as there is one thing I can do, draw, I drew his plans, and his crotchets, and his newly-invented door staples, in a manner that made him say, still more determinately, "I will take out a patent for hanging doors and gates." But I must not forget the lovely Violante.

"Deary me, ma'am," says Caroline, "what a perfect lady she is. She can do nothing for herself." Caroline's voice and looks betokened the highest admiration. That is a weakness I find very prevalent among servants. They like to find you helpless in their hands. Not that mine dare to say I am less of a lady because I am both willing and capable of doing—but, dear me, what is the use of writing about servants, when I have such a great deal to say of the lovely Viola, as I called her.

Well, we could not help loving her, not only for her beauty, but her pretty ways. Only I could not help wondering how her people, knowing that she could not even hem a handkerchief, sent her into a foreign land without a maid.

"But," remonstrated Pet, as I told her this, "it was that she might learn English."

"But, alas! my dear Pet, though I have taken every pains, and, indeed, never worked so hard in my life—because, you know, one must do one's duty for that three hundred pounds, she cannot even ask for her glass of new milk, and she has been here six weeks and more."

"French people cannot say the 'k.'"

"I suppose not, for she says 'milt,' and 'milt,' for milk; and as for saying clock, it is utterly beyond her power. Really I shall be ashamed to see her relations, and she speaking no better than that. We shall have to return the three hundred pounds, and the barn is begun."

"Do not think of her relations. Where is your fine scheme of a marriage?"

"It is of no use that she should marry any one but a millionaire. Is it not odd, that I am getting to speak French quite cleverly, just from hearing Viola and Robert talk, and she can hardly say an English sentence."

"It will come, ever so much of a sudden."

"And she is very quick and clever—Erasmus is delighted with her; and the way in which she took Maggie's baby into her arms—oh, I never saw such a lovely sight in my life! If ever she marries, she will be the fondest mother."

As I said these words, there was a ring at the door bell. I was drawing the section of the roof of the barn, and Robert was looking on, and Viola was at her usual work, murmuring and singing low into the heart of a rose. The door opened. "My lord markis," said Caroline, apparently overwhelmed with having



to usher in anybody so grand. And was it not natural I should be overwhelmed too? considering that my lord marquis was our duke's eldest son, and what I had just said about Viola; and if ever there was a divine duck of a darling, by way of a man, it was the young marquis. He was not one of your outrageous fine, grand, tall, overpowering Jupiter creatures; in fact, he was short, but he had the most perfect figure, and the most beautiful face, with the gentlest expression that ever was given to man. Every Sunday at church I always said to myself when I looked at him, "Oh, what a lucky woman is your mother!"

And I said it again to myself when he came into the room. One would suppose I was a duchess myself by the manner in which he greeted me, and the bow he gave the countess when I introduced her. It was just the sort of manner and the kind of bow that a true gentleman, a *preux chevalier*, would give a lady and a gentlewoman. "I am a lady and a gentlewoman," said I to myself, "and therefore, in the eyes of the marquis, I am a person to whom he is bound to pay homage." Not that any one is to believe I was altogether as conceited as that, only it was the manner of the young marquis that told me what I was. And didn't I settle in my own mind he should not hear a word, or see a look from me but what was proper for the perfect gentlewoman.

He had a very soft, low voice, rather too low. However, I was a little flustered, perhaps, thinking of my speech too, and Viola looking so unutterably lovely. He was telling Robert that he had come over by his father's desire to see a new barn he had built.

"It is not built yet—my wife is just making a section of the roof."

"It is more particularly a plan of hanging the doors," I said.

Dear Robert! how pleased he looked!

Of course the young marquis stayed to luncheon, and of course we all went out together to look at the barn, the walls scarcely ten feet high, and saw the place where the patent doors were to be hung, and then I showed him my garden; and, when he left, he said he should take the liberty of coming again shortly, about the time the doors were to be hung; and as he went away, I saw the loveliest eyes in the world gazing—gazing—lost in gazing down the road after him.

"Robert!" I whispered, late that night, behind the bed-curtains, "don't tell me the patent doors were the attraction. He has heard of her—seen her—and he made a catpaw of your barn to get an introduction."

"Patty, you be whipped!" cried Robert, in a pet.

#### CHAPTER III.

BUT oh! wasn't I right?

My lord marquis returned in three days, asking me, as I was so clever with my fingers, if I would draw him a plan for a keeper's cottage. "My father makes me see after all these things,"

said he, "to keep me out of mischief, he says."

(The duke little guessed the mischief brewing, for—only I thought of it too late—Viola was not of our religion.) I could not settle in my own mind whether I would make a pretext and leave them alone for ten minutes. The young countess was most particular in never stirring from my side, and, if she did go into the garden alone, she always asked my leave, and never went for above a few minutes.

"She has been beautifully brought up, Robert," said I; "very unlike that horrid French girl whose elopement caused such a scandal."

Well, I did not know whether she would like being left alone, and of course I was not the Patty everybody thought me if I did not perceive that my plan of a keeper's cottage, if the very best that ever was planned, was never likely to be built. Why, he could not control his eyes. My heart really almost beat aloud with excitement, I felt so for him, and I feared so for her. I became quite scarlet with the way my mind was conducting itself.

Fortunately I was called out of the room by Caroline; she wanted to know if she should put out on the luncheon-table our grandest piece of plate, an *épergne*, in honour of the marquis. In her flurry last time, she had never thought of it; but, being more composed now, she was able to think what would do him most honour.

"Don't be a goose, Caroline," I said; "serve luncheon as usual. Where is your master?" I contrived to spend ten minutes in doing nothing, and then made a détour round by the garden, so that they could see me coming. They were standing at the window, and when she saw me coming she made a sign to him to ask me a question. "The countess wishes to know," he said, "if she has your permission to show me that part of the garden that borders the river. She says I did not see it the other day, and it is the prettiest part."

"I did not show it, because it is not so neatly kept," I answered. "Pray ask her, in return, if she would like me to come with you?"

I have hitherto represented the marquis as a paragon. I am sorry to say he did not repeat my question to Viola. On the contrary, he said, "Your English mother says she is most happy to trust you in my charge."

However, I was obliged to pretend I understood nothing of this. Also, I felt I must forgive him; and further, I found myself absolutely excusing him. "Patty, Patty!" I said to myself, "a little more and I shall find you so base a panderer as to be absolutely praising him for the greatest piece of deceit possible." They remained in the garden walking to and fro until the bell rang for luncheon.

After lunch, we all walked up to the Hall.

As for Madam Pet, she provoked me. She made a pretence of being the greatest innocent that ever was born. Her own boy might have seen how matters were going on—and here was she—"Oh! so surprised—did I think so?"



Really? My lord was always so to ladies, the most polite, the most courteous." I had a mind to be high with her, and walk home alone, and let her take care of her schoolfellow herself; but she has a way with her, has Pet, that, let you be ever so put out with her, suddenly she begins her coaxing ways, and you find yourself loving her more than ever.

After the marquise's fourth visit, I thought I ought to warn Robert.

"Pooh," said Robert; "he is naturally as impatient as I am to see my patent doors hung; and all I have got to say is, Patty, that Job escaped one misery which besets me:—he never had to deal with country workpeople."

When Robert is vexed, 'tis best not to worry him, as he says things—even to quoting Scripture—that he would not say at other times. For he is a most religious man. When I think of his prayer at the time he thought I was dying—but no more about that. Everybody must see what a really good man Robert is. And indeed the workpeople were most provoking about the patent doors.

However, at last they were hung, and it may readily be conceived what were Robert's feelings when he rushed into the room where the marquise was, as usual, reading French poetry to Viola, exclaiming, "All right, they are hung, and at last you shall be satisfied, my lord."

"What are hung?" said my lord.

"The doors."

"The a——"

"The barn doors, my lord."

Very slowly came the remembrance of the patent hanging barn doors to the mind of the marquise; so slowly, that Robert saw I was right and he was wrong. But the natural courtesy so inherent in the young lord's nature made him try to cover his mistake by an alacrity that did not deceive Robert, and made me remember his other little hypocrisy.

"Patty," said Robert to me that night, "I must write to the duke; I ought not to countenance this clandestine affair."

"I am afraid—oh, dear me, how sorry I am—I am afraid you must, Robert."

"The poor little thing," continued Robert, "is quite altered: a lovable child, and more lovely than anything we shall ever see again, Patty, but she has lost her colour; a moustache is coming, and in another month we shall see symptoms of the beard I said she would have."

"Oh, Robert! but indeed she *is* altered. She lays her head on my shoulder, and sighs so, and she is always saying to me, 'Aimez moi, my mère Pattie,' and I say to her—"

"You need not tell me, Patty. I overheard your answer in such a jargon as 'très immencement—bien prodigieusement,' and various strange words of a most energetic character, that could only have been coined by my impulsive wife."

"Oh, Robert, how *can* you laugh? In my hurry I do say odd words just to satisfy her; but, when I have time, I speak excellent French to

her; and, oh! Robert, only think, she cannot say more English than when she came. We must give up the three hundred pounds, and we shall be in debt."

"In debt or not, I must write—No; I will go and see the duke." I thought this quite proper of him, because one can hint things speaking that it is quite impossible to do writing.

He had not been gone more than half an hour when Mrs. Mountjoy called.

"Are you aware, my dear Patty, that often as the young marquise comes to your house openly, he does so twice as often secretly?"

"How do you mean?" I exclaimed, my brain seeming all in a whirl.

"He comes in a boat to the bottom of your garden."

Gracious goodness! I have boasted that in a case of great emergency I always rise to the occasion. Let me confess, that this time I was mentally knocked down, unable to rise again. This paragon, this *preux chevalier*, this son of a fortunate mother, this dear darling of a man, was a demon in disguise. His beautiful gentle eyes, his soft low voice, his courtesy, his goodness. Altogether this young marquise, whom I could not help loving, was a wretch to be hated. Did I not know he was a hypocrite? And I so determinately blind.

"Do you not also see a great difference in your lovely guest?" continued Mrs. Mountjoy.

"Yes, she is pale and sad."

"I—I mean—Patty—surely, Patty—cannot you understand what I mean? Six months ago, when she first came here, she was, if anything, too slight."

Oh, my goodness gracious me! where was I? Where was Robert? To happen to me, a sort of prudish old maid, who kept her house so strict! Oh, gracious Heavens! what dreadful things are these French girls!—all alike. Perhaps the countess was the very one, or sister to the one, that eloped. But she hadn't a sister; where was my mind? Could it be my wits were going? Was my brain topsyturvy? But I must not let Mrs. Mountjoy see—goodness me—no. "Stick fast to the honour of your sex, Patty," I said to myself; "don't give way an inch—be high. Send Mrs. Mountjoy off with a grand high mightiness—a lofty scorn." Did I do it, I wonder? I do not know, but I hope I was high.

What *was* I to do? And as I thought, the naughty, wicked, good-for-nothing little thing came creeping in, and I saw—oh yes—I saw quite enough; and she saw too, that I saw. She came and laid her head just where my child (now with angel wings) was to have laid, and said, "Aimez moi—aimez moi—ma mère Pattie." And upon my word, if I did not find myself saying, "Oui, oui, oui, ma petite, aimez vous beaucoup, aimez vous ever so much, aimez vous prodigieusement." The greatest astonishment of all to me was, that I meant all I said, and I found myself scolding myself.



"Oh, Patty, Patty, it is all your own fault: all owing to your foolish fondness for match-making. But I will be her mother. I won't care what Robert says; I will make him call the marquis out. Robert shall horsewhip him; Robert shall——"

I was interrupted by Caroline opening the door, her face in a greater blaze of bewilderment than when she ushered in the marquis.

"My lord duke," says she.

"Now, if you ever want your senses, Patty," I had just time to say to myself, "you want them now." I bowed to his bow, and then I kissed the lovely weeping face lying beneath my own.

Goodness knows if my imagination deceived me as to dukes and duchesses being received in a different fashion to other mortals; but, as he was an ordinary, rather fussy little man to look at, I thought it best to be quite composed.

"Madam," he said, "I have called upon a very unpleasant business, and I find your husband has gone to me, perhaps on a similar errand."

"I do not know, sir, if you will think it unpleasant or not."

"May I ask, if that is the young lady whom my son visits?"

"That is my guest and adopted child, Violante de——"

"Pardon me, madam, that is not her name, she is——"

And now was I not good, that I did not give even a little bit of a scream? His grace named the very identical, naughty, good-for-nothing French girl whose elopement with an English adventurer, as I thought, caused such a scandal a few months ago. But I shuddered, oh! how I shuddered, and she that lay with her arms round my neck, felt me shudder, and said, in her soft musical voice:

"Aimez moi, aimez moi, ma mère Pattie."

"Oui," said I again, "oui, immensément."

Then she rose—for she too shuddered at hearing her proper name—and, with her face all bedewed with tears, her pretty hands clasped, the very loveliest picture of sorrow that ever was seen, but with a certain nameless dignity and grace about her, she knelt before him.

Now, what with one thing and another, I could not contrive to understand what she said, but I saw, by the duke's face, that though he was a duke he had a tender heart, and an admiration for beauty. First of all he looked amazed, as well he might, at her exquisite loveliness—then he was touched—then he melted—tears came into his eyes; and, as she drew forth a ribbon, and showed him a little gold ring, talking all the time with a pathos that made the

tears run down my cheeks, though I didn't know what she was saying, he opened his arms, and she, with a cry of joy, sprang into them. At that identical moment in rushed the marquis, followed by the duchess—in stalked Robert, accompanied by Pet—in walked Mrs. Mountjoy.

As for being able to relate what each said to the other, and what all talked of and about, and to and from, 'tis impossible. It is enough to say, that this was a case of Romeo and Juliet over and over again. Knowing her people were very strict and formal with her, and that she pined for nothing so much as some one to love her ("Aimez moi! aimez moi!"), and that she should only lead the same cold stately life with a French husband that she did with her parents—her priest had pitied and married her to the marquis, and her old gouvernante had aided and abetted, and she had come away here to hide herself, and see her beloved occasionally. ("Hum," as Erasmus says; that "occasionally" was pretty often.) I must not forget to say that the duke had forbidden the marquis to think of marrying a young lady of a religion different to his own, and he was waiting to try and persuade him; but the duke acknowledged, after he had seen and talked to Viola, his son was to be excused. As for the duchess, she was as good as gold. And we all went down to luncheon, and there, if Caroline had not (considering it an occasion which justified her acting without any authority from me—a duke, a duchess, a marquis and marchioness to luncheon) put on the épergne, but luckily she had dressed it with flowers. And the luncheon was excellent. (I should like to see my servants not knowing how to act in an emergency!) And then they all went away, and the duchess kissed and thanked me, and the marchioness did the same, a dozen times, and the duke was so kind, and as for the marquis——

"Oh! Robert," I said, "if it had not been for his tendency towards hypocrisy, what a darling he is! I never saw such moustaches, they are perfect loves. Suppose, Robert, you grow your moustaches."

"Suppose you do it for me, Patty."

"Now, Robert! but oh—goodness gracious me, Robert, the barn!"

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XXV. OLIMPIA COLONNA.

SAXON found the Earl waiting for him at the Sedgebrook station, with a plain phaeton, and a long-limbed, bony, black mare, that looked somewhat viciously askance at the new comer, and would evidently not have consented to stand still for a moment, were it not for the groom at her head.

"That's right, Trefalden," said Castletowers, as Saxon emerged from the station with his gun-case in his hand, and his rug over his shoulder. "Your train's a quarter after time, and the mare has been giving herself as many airs as a spoiled beauty. Jump up, my dear fellow, and let me tell you how glad I am to see you. Brought any horses?"

"Yes, two—since you insisted that I should do so. Here they come."

The Earl turned and glanced at the thoroughbreds, which were now being led down in a travelling costume that left nothing of them visible save their hoofs and their eyes.

"They're as welcome as yourself—if that's not a bad compliment," said he. "I've sent a light cart for your luggage, and my man shall follow with your groom, to show him the way. It's only a couple of miles to the park gates. Anything else?"

There was nothing else; so the groom stepped back, and the mare shook her ears, and went away down the road as if she had been shot from a catapult.

"I am delighted you've brought those horses, Trefalden," said the Earl, as they flew along between the green hedgerows of the pleasant country road, "for I have really nothing to mount you upon. I have given over the only beast in the stables fit to ride, for Miss Colonna's sole use and benefit, as long as she remains at Castletowers."

"Miss Colonna!" echoed Saxon.

"A lady who is visiting us," replied the Earl, explanatorily. "You have heard of her father, no doubt—Giulio Colonna, the great Italian patriot. He is staying with us also."

"Yes, I have heard of him," said Saxon, who had turned very red, and begun to wish himself back again in London.

"He is my mother's oldest friend," continued Castletowers, "and mine too. I don't know what you may have heard of him—few public characters have ever had so many enemies, or so many friends—but you must be prepared to like him, Trefalden, for my sake. You may not take to him at first. He is eccentric, absent, somewhat cold; but a man of antique virtue—a man whose grand simplicity is as much out of place in the nineteenth century as Cincinnatus himself would be out of place in a modern drawing-room."

Saxon thought of the twenty francs that Signor Colonna had offered him at Reichenau, and did not kindle at this description, as his friend had anticipated.

"I have heard nothing to his disadvantage," he said, with some constraint. "Is Major Vaughan still with you?"

"Yes, and Burgoyne comes down to-morrow for a week's shooting. We intend to be quite gay while you are all here."

"What do you mean by 'quite gay'?"

"Well, my mother gives a dinner-party to-morrow, and an evening-party on Saturday; and on Thursday the last meet of the season will be held in our grounds. Then, on Monday, the officers of the Forty-second, now quartered at Guildford, give a great ball, to which our guests are, of course, invited—and so runs the programme, with little variation. It is monotonous; but what can one do at a distance of thirty miles from London?"

"Lead the happiest life in the world, I should think," replied Saxon.

"It is a question of taste and means," said the Earl, with a sigh. "A motif of field-sports, set to an everlasting ritornella of dining and dancing, dancing and dining—that is life in an English country-house. For myself, I prefer the harsher music of a military band."

"Do you mean that you wish to go into the army?"

"I mean, that I should like to be a soldier, if my sword and my sympathies could go together; but that they never can, so it's of no use to think about it. Do you see that belt of pines straight ahead, and the green slope beyond, sprinkled over with elms? That's Castletowers. The house will come into sight directly, at the turn of the road."

And then the conversation strayed to other topics, and Saxon told his friend how William



Trefalden was coming down on Thursday; and by that time they had reached the park gates, and were driving up to the beautiful old red house, which looked as if dyed in the sunsets of many centuries.

Then the Earl took his guest round to the stables, built on the princely scale of the old Elizabethan days, and now more than three parts empty. Here Saxon saw the stalls set apart for his two thorough-breeds; and presently Major Vaughan came into the yard, white with dust, leading his own beautiful Arabian, Guldare, and followed by a docile bay, carrying a lady's saddle; and Saxon found that he had been riding with Mademoiselle Colonna.

After this, they strolled about the gardens, and the Earl initiated Saxon into the topography of the smoking-room, the billiard-room, and all that part of the house called the bachelors' quarters. Then the gong was sounded, and it was time to dress for dinner.

It was Saxon's first entry into the society of ladies; and this fact, coupled with his reluctance to meet the Colonnas, made him somewhat nervous on going into the drawing-room. The ladies, however, were not yet down; and he found only a group of four men standing round the fire. Two of these were Castletowers and Major Vaughan; the third he at once recognised for the dark-eyed Italian whom he had seen at Reichenau; and the fourth was a stranger.

"My friend, Mr. Saxon Trefalden—Signor Colonna—the Reverend Edwin Armstrong," said Lord Castletowers, getting through the introductions as quickly as he could.

The clergyman bowed somewhat stiffly; but Signor Colonna held out his hand.

"Gervase's friends are mine," he said, with a smile of singular sweetness. "I have heard much of you, Mr. Trefalden, and rejoice to know you. Is this your first visit to Castletowers?"

It was evident that he had no more remembrance of Saxon, than Saxon had of the world before the Flood.

At this moment, the ladies came in. The Earl, with some ceremony, presented his young friend to his mother, and while Saxon was yet bending over her fair hand, dinner was announced. The Earl immediately gave his arm to Mademoiselle Colonna, Signor Colonna took Lady Castletowers, and the rest followed. Thus it happened that the introduction which Saxon most dreaded was altogether omitted, and that he did not even see Mademoiselle Colonna's face till he had taken his seat at the dining-table. He then looked up, and, to his intense discomposure, found her superb eyes turned full upon himself.

"My vis-à-vis is, I suppose, your young millionaire?" she said presently to Lord Castletowers. "I have met him before; but I cannot remember where."

The Earl laughed, and shook his head.

"Impossible," he replied. "He has only been six or eight weeks in England, and during the whole of that time you have not been up in town, I think, for a single day."

"But I may have met him abroad—perhaps at Milan?"

"He has never visited Italy in his life."

"Well, then, in Paris?"

"And I know that he has never been in Paris. In fact, it is more than improbable that you can have seen him before this evening. I speak thus positively, because I know all the story of his life up to this time; and a very curious story it is."

"You must tell it to me," said Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I will, by-and-by; and when you have heard it, you will grant that you are only misled by some accidental resemblance."

Mademoiselle Colonna looked at Saxon again. He was talking to Lady Castletowers, and she could scrutinise his features at her leisure.

"I do not think I shall make any such concession to your narrative powers," she said. "The more closely I look at him, the more convinced I am that we have not only met, but spoken—and not very long since, either. Why, I recognise the very inflections of his voice."

"Nay, madam, I claim to be a Swiss," Saxon was saying. "I was born in Switzerland, and so were my father and grandfather before me."

"But Trefalden is not a Swiss name," said Lady Castletowers.

"No, Trefalden is a Cornish name. We are of Cornish descent."

The colour flew to Olimpia Colonna's face at the discovery conveyed to her by these few words.

"I knew it was no accidental resemblance," she said, with a troubled look. "I remember all about him now, and he remembers me. I knew he did—I saw it in his face."

"Then you really have met before?"

"Yes, in Switzerland, a few weeks ago. I—I was so unobservant as to mistake him for an ordinary peasant, and I—that is to say, we—offended him cruelly. My father has forgotten all about it; but I shall tender him a formal apology by-and-by. I hope he will forgive me."

"Forgive you!" echoed the Earl, in a low, passionate tone.

But Miss Colonna did not seem to hear him.

Later in the evening, when the little party was dispersed about the drawing-room, she turned to Saxon, who was inspecting some engravings on a side-table, and said:

"If it were not that oblivion and pardon are thought to go hand in hand, I should ask to be remembered by Mr. Trefalden. As it is, I can only hope that he has forgotten me."

Saxon bowed profoundly.

"I should be much concerned for my memory, madam," he replied, "if that were possible."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Is that a sarcasm," said she, "or a compliment?"

"I did not mean it for either."

"What is it, then?"

"A simple statement of a simple fact. Mademoiselle Colonna is associated in my memory with the most eventful day of my life, and if I



had tried ever so hard to forget that I had once had the honour of meeting her, it would not have been possible for me to do so. On that day, I first learned the change in my fortunes."

Miss Colonna smiled, and put out her hand.

"Then I insist on being forgiven," she said.

"I will not consent to be the one disagreeable episode in so bright a story."

"But I can't forgive you twice over," replied Saxon, bashfully, scarcely daring to touch the tips of her delicate fingers.

"Which means, that you had done so already? Thank you. Now we must be friends; and you shall come and talk to my father, who is deeply interested in your free and beautiful country. Would that our own beloved Italy were half so happy!"

With this she took Saxon's arm, and they crossed over to where her father and Major Vaughan were sitting in earnest conversation.

In the mean while, Lord Castletowers was wishing himself in Saxon's place, and thinking how gladly he would have given the best hunter in his stables to be so wronged, and so solicited, by Olimpia Colonna.

#### CHAPTER XXVI. THE OCTAGON TURRET.

GIULIO COLONNA was never so immersed in political labours as during these eight weeks that he and his daughter had been staying at Castletowers. He sat all day, and sometimes more than half the night, at his desk, answering letters, drawing up declarations and addresses, and writing fiery pamphlets in Italian, French, and English. Olimpia helped him for many hours each day, often rising at dawn to correct his proofs, and decipher his secret correspondence. Every now and then, a special messenger would come down from London by the mid-day express; or a batch of telegraphic despatches arrived, full of secret information in cypher, or so worded to be unintelligible to all save the receiver. And sometimes Lord Castletowers, after a hasty summons to the octagon turret, would order out his black mare, and, laden with messages, gallop over to the station as furiously as if the very lives of his guests depended on his speed.

Then Lady Castletowers would look after him with a little deprecating smile; and, turning to the morning visitor who might happen to be sitting with her at the time, would say something about her poor, dear friend, Signor Colonna, and those foolish intrigues in which he still persisted in taking so much interest; or would, perhaps, let fall a word of half-implied regret that her son, the Earl, whose English politics were so thoroughly unexceptionable, should yet suffer himself to be attracted by the romance of this so-called "Italian cause."

But the intrigues went on nevertheless; and her ladyship, who was quite satisfied if Signor Colonna showed himself at the dinner-table, and Olimpia spent her evenings in the drawing-room, little dreamed that that room in the octagon turret was the focus of a fast-coming revolution. Fearful things—things that would

have frozen the bluest blood in her ladyship's veins—were being done daily under her very roof. Strategical operations were mapped out, and military proclamations translated, by the hand of her own son. Subscriptions to the cause poured in by every post. Revolutionary commissions in embryo revolutionary regiments were countersigned by Colonna, and despatched in her ladyship's own post-bag, under cover to all kinds of mysterious Smiths and Browns in different quarters of London; and as for musket-money, it was a marvel that the very cheques which accumulated in her house did not explode, and reduce the place to ashes.

A great storm was really brewing, and the heaven of resistance was at work among the masses of Southern Italy. An insurrection had already broken out at Palermo; but it had hitherto attracted no very serious notice in London or Paris. Honourable members attended to it but slightly, as a mere formidable riot, or a salutary warning to sovereigns who misgoverned their subjects and neglected the advice of their neighbours. But Giulio Colonna, in his little room at Castletowers, knew well enough how to interpret the first faint mutterings of that distant thunder. He knew where it would break out next, and where the first shaft of the lightning would fall. His own pen was the conductor—his own breath the wind by which the storm-clouds were driven.

Yet Colonna was no soldier. A braver man never lived; but the sword was not his weapon. A student in his youth, a delicate man at his prime, he was born for the cabinet, and not the camp. Bodies need brains as much, and sometimes more, than they need hands; and Colonna was the brain of his party. He was never more useful to his friends, he was never more formidable to his enemies, than when bending over his desk, pale and sleepless, and never weary.

The Earl of Castletowers had described his friend rightly when he spoke of him as a man of antique virtue. His virtues were precisely of the antique type—so precisely that his detractors ranked some of them but little above vices. In his creed, as in the creed of the Roman citizen during the great days of the Republic, the love of country held the highest place. Italy was his God. To serve her, he thankfully accepted privation, contumely, personal danger, banishment, and oppression. To serve her, he stooped to beg, to dissimulate, to mask hatred with smiles, and contempt with courtesy. To say that he was ready at any moment to lay down his own life for Italian liberty was to say nothing. He was ready to sacrifice his daughter, like Jephtha; or his dearest friends; or his good repute; or innocent blood, if innocent blood were the indispensable condition of success. These were indeed antique virtues—virtues that had nothing in common with the spirit of Christian chivalry. His worst enemies could not deny that Giulio Colonna was a hero, and a patriot. His bitterest slanderers never hinted a doubt of his sincerity. But it was a



significant fact that his blindest worshippers, ready as they were to compare him with every hero that made the glory of classic Greece and Rome, never dreamed of linking his name with that of Bruce or Bayard, Washington or La Rochejaquelein. He was, in very truth, more Pagan than Christian.

Giulio Colonna was a great man, a noble man, an heroic man, after his kind; a man of vast intellectual powers, of untiring steadfastness, of inexhaustible energy and devotion; but a man wholly dominated by a single idea, and unable to recognise any but his own arbitrary standard of right and wrong.

On the morning after Saxon's arrival at Castletowers, the three young men went out with their guns and dogs, and the Colonnas were busy together in their quiet study in the octagon turret. It was a very small room—a mere closet—with one deep mullioned window, overlooking a formal space of garden. A few prints on the walls, a few books on the shelves, a bureau, a table heaped with letters and papers, three or four chairs, and a davenport in the recess of the window, were all the furniture it contained. At the davenport sat Olimpia, copying a long list of memoranda, while her father was busy with his morning's correspondence at the larger table. He had received a budget of some forty letters by that post, and was going through them rapidly and methodically, endorsing some for future reference, selecting others for immediate reply, and flinging the rest into a waste-paper basket beside his chair. When the last was disposed of, his daughter lifted up her head, and said:

"What news to-day, padre mio?"

The Italian sighed wearily.

"None," he replied. "None of any value. A few lines from Bertaldi; but he has nothing new to tell. Things remain about the same in Sicily. Garibaldi wants money. Nothing can be done without money—nothing worth doing."

"Better to attempt nothing, than make a useless demonstration," said Olimpia, quickly.

"Ay—far better."

"Is that all from Italy?"

"All."

"And from London? I thought I saw Lord Barmouth's handwriting."

"Yes—he sends a cheque for twelve pounds; and here are three or four others, and a subscription from Birmingham—not twenty-five pounds in all!"

Olimpia rose, and laid her hand lovingly upon her father's shoulder.

"Do not be discouraged, padre mio," she said. "The movement is as yet scarcely begun, and our friends have not realised the importance of the crisis. The English, we must remember, are not roused to enthusiasm by a few words. When we have proved to them that our people are in earnest, they will help us with hearts and hands."

"And in the mean while, our volunteers are to be slaughtered like sheep, for want of proper weapons!" replied Colonna, bitterly. "No,

Olimpia, it is *now* that we need funds—now, when the struggle is scarcely begun, and the work lies all before us. There can be no real discipline without arms, food, and clothing; and without discipline, all the valour in the world is of no avail. What can weaponless men do to prove themselves in earnest?"

"Die," said she, with kindling cheek and eye.

"Yes—we can all do that; but we prefer to do it with something better than a pike or a scythe in our hands."

Saying this, he pushed back his chair, and began walking gloomily up and down the narrow space between the window and the door. He came presently to a sudden halt, looked full into his daughter's eyes, and said:

"We want twenty-five thousand pounds, at the very least, before ten more days have passed over our heads."

"So much as that? Alas! it is impossible."

"I am not sure that it is impossible," said Colonna, still looking at her.

"No? what do you mean?"

"Sit down, my child—here, by my side—and I will tell you."

She sat down, and he took her hand between both of his own. Perhaps her heart throbbed for a moment in some vague apprehension of what might next be said; but neither her face nor her hand betrayed emotion.

"There is a young man in this house," said the Italian, "to whom such a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds would be of less importance than a handful of bajocchi to one of our volunteers."

"Mr. Trefalden?"

"Mr. Trefalden. He is worth four or five millions."

"Yes—I remember. We were talking of it at breakfast, a few weeks ago."

"We were; and I promised myself at the time that I would move heaven and earth to gain him over to the cause."

"It will not be difficult."

"In the ordinary degree, not at all; but we must do more than that."

"It is hopeless to dream that he will give us twenty-five thousand pounds," said Miss Colonna, hastily.

"I mean him to give us a million."

"A million! Are you mad?"

"I mean him to give us a million—two millions—three millions—all he possesses, if less than all will not suffice to set our Italy free! Listen, Olimpia mia—we have been told the strange story of this young man's life. We know how pure, and pastoral, and unworldly it has been. We find him simple and enthusiastic as a child—his heart open to every generous impression—his soul susceptible to every sense of beauty. To such a nature all high things are possible—with such a nature, all that we desire may be done. I look upon this youth as the destined liberator—as the destined sacrifice!"

Olimpia sighed, and shook her head.

"If he were Italian," she said, "it would be easy—and justifiable."



"Justifiable!" echoed her father, with an angry gesture. "In our holy cause, all means are justifiable. How often must I repeat that?"

"It is a point, padre mio, on which we can never think quite alike," she replied, gently. "Let it pass."

He dropped her hand; rose abruptly; and walked restlessly to and fro, muttering to himself. She also rose, and stood, waiting till he should speak again. Then he drew his hand across his brow, and said, harshly:

"The burden of this work must rest chiefly on you, Olimpia."

"I will do what I can," she replied.

"Do you know what you have to do?"

"I think so. I have done it often enough before."

Colonna shook his head.

"No," he said, "that is not enough. You must make him love you—you must make him marry you."

"Father!"

"It is the only certain way to achieve our purpose. He is young and impressionable—you have beauty, fascination, eloquence, and that nameless sway over the will and sympathy of others which has already won hundreds of ardent spirits to the cause. In a week he will be at your feet."

"You ask me to sell myself!" exclaimed Olimpia, with a magnificent scorn upon her lip that would have become an offended goddess.

"For Italy."

She clasped her hands together, in a wild, passionate way; and went over to the window.

"For Italy," repeated Colonna, solemnly.

"For the cause to which I have consecrated you, my only child, since the moment when you were first laid, smiling, in my arms. For the cause in which my own youth and manhood have been spent. For the cause in which I should not hesitate to go to the stake to-morrow, or to shed your heart's blood with my own hand."

"I had rather give my heart's blood than do this thing," said Olimpia, with averted face.

"The martyr may not choose from what palm his branch shall be severed," replied her father, sternly.

She made no answer. For some moments they were both silent. Then Colonna spoke again.

"With money now at our command," he said, "success would be certain. Without it, nothing but failure awaits us. Twenty-five thousand pounds, judiciously spent, would equip six thousand men; and with six thousand at his back, Garibaldi would enter Naples in the course of a few days. But what does he say himself?—that whatever is done, must be done in the name of Sardinia? In the name of Sardinia, that gives neither a soldier nor a scudo to the struggle! In the name of Sardinia, whose king dares not countenance our effort, but who is ready to reap the fruits of our victories! No, no, Olimpia mia—it is not twenty-five thousand pounds that we need. It is a million. With a million, we should free not only the Sicilies, but the Romagna, and reconstruct the great re-

public. With a million, we may reject the patronage of Victor Emmanuel, and the whole monarchical party!"

"With but one million?" said Miss Colonna, doubtfully.

"With but one—or two, if two be needed, and we have two at command. What is one man's wealth, or one woman's hand, in comparison with results such as these? What is any private interest, when valued against the honour and freedom of a great country?"

Again Olimpia was silent.

"And then," he pursued, eagerly, "with a Roman senate at the Capitol, and a Dictator at the head of the Roman legions, we shall do that which France and Sardinia together failed to do. We shall expel the Austrian from the soil, and buy back Venetia with our blood!"

Olimpia turned at last. Her face was very pale, and the burnished gold of her hair crowned her in the sunlight, like a glory.

"Enough," she said, calmly. "This young man's wealth shall be bought for Italy, if aught that I can give will purchase it."

Colonna took her in his arms, kissing her brow. "There speaks the true Colonna!" he said. "Had my daughter even given her heart to some other, I should have expected this concession—ay, though he had been the best and bravest of our Italian chivalry; but as it is, her duty and her love may yet go together."

"Nay—we will put love out of the question," she said, coldly.

"Heaven grant that I may live to see that day when, through thy deed, my Olimpia, our beloved country shall be free—free from the shores of the Adriatic to the waters of Tarento!"

"Amen," replied Olimpia, and left the room.

## HOW I DISCOUNTED MY BILL.

SOME three or four months ago, I wanted to discount an accommodation bill for fifty pounds, the proceeds of which were to be divided between myself, who was the drawer, and a friend, who was the acceptor. I had asked my tailor whether he could recommend me to any one who would "do" the bill without keeping me hanging about for an answer (as is generally the custom of the discounting fraternity), until I was sick and tired of waiting. Mr. Snips merely made one condition with me, namely, that if successful in getting the money for the bill, I should pay a part of his little account, which was of some twelve months' standing. To this I agreed, and was forthwith furnished with a letter of introduction to a large wholesale Jew clothier in the City, to whom I at once repaired in a Hansom. The clothier read Mr. Snips's letter of introduction, and, as a matter of course, at once said—as all discounters do say—that he would have been most happy to do the needful for any gentleman introduced by his good friend Snips, but that he really had not the money in the house. To this I suggested an open cheque, payable either to my order, or to bearer, and



that I did not mind taking a cab to any part of London where his banker might reside. But the clothier did not seem to see the force of this remark. He replied, that it was against his rule to draw his balance at the bankers below a certain amount, and that it was already too low. Had I come the day before yesterday, he had then three or four thousand pounds lying idle which he did not know how to dispose of, and he would have been too happy to accommodate me with fifty, or even a hundred pounds. But since then he had invested all his spare cash in certain shares which he had been able to pick up a bargain. He was very sorry indeed, very sorry, not to be able to oblige the friend of his friend Mr. Snips, but to do so to-day was really quite out of the question. Could I come again in ten days, or a fortnight? He then might be able to meet my wishes. I replied that I wanted the money immediately, and was ready to pay any reasonable interest that might be asked; but that a fortnight hence, the money would be of no use to me. Could he not, if he were so very short of ready cash, transfer to me one or more of the shares he had lately purchased? I could sell them, and take the proceeds, leaving my bill with him as security. But even this attempt to meet the difficulty he did not approve of. He said that to sell shares so soon after he had purchased them would ruin his credit, and was not to be thought of.

Seeing that the clothier did not apparently wish to discount the bill, I prepared to take leave of him. I suppose my manner was that of a rather angry man, for no sooner did I take up my hat to go, than he for the first time asked me to show him the bill, and inquired who the acceptor was, what was his occupation, what were his means, and so forth. To all these questions I gave the best answers I could. I wished to tell the whole truth; but I had a secret wish to make the bill appear as good a document as possible.

In the course of my explanation, I happened to mention that the acceptor of the draft was a captain in the army, and that his town address—or whenever he was not with his corps—was at the "Army and Navy Club." The words were hardly out of my mouth when I saw the clothier's eyes lighten up, and he immediately asked me to what regiment the gentleman belonged; taking up at the same time an Army List from the desk before him. When I told him, he turned to it at once, and compared the initials and name in the list with those upon the bill. This done, he said that, although he really had not the means of discounting the bill himself, he thought that if I could leave it with him for twenty-four hours, he might induce a friend of his to do so. To this I consented, for not only had I not endorsed the bill—and therefore it would be of no use if passed away without my signature—but the clothier offered to give—and gave—me a receipt for the document. I therefore left the draft with an understanding that I was to call the following day.

Next day I called accordingly, and was rather put out by the clothier's telling me he could do nothing with my bill, and that he feared if I offered even fifty per cent interest, I should not be able to discount it. On hearing this, I demanded my bill back again. The clothier gave it me—none the cleaner for being carried about a whole day in his pocket. A sudden thought had struck him. "If you go to this gentleman," he said, handing me a card, "and say you have come to him from me, he will perhaps be able to do what you want; but I must warn you that he will charge you a high rate of discount." I thanked him, and, taking the card, saw printed upon it "Mr. Steinmetz, Eastern Coffee-house, Cornhill."

The establishment at which Mr. Steinmetz gave his address was more a large room where men of business resort and where appointments are made on matters of business, than a coffee or an eating-house. It is true that in one corner of it there was a counter at which wine, pale ale, sandwiches, and other refreshments, were to be found; but the main body of the very large chief room was taken up with stands at which newspapers were fixed for the more convenient reading of the subscribers, and smaller tables upon which were all kinds of Directories, Almanacks, Gazetteers, and other similar books of reference. The Eastern Coffee-house is, moreover, a great place of resort for merchants and others connected with shipping insurance business. Captains of merchant vessels go there to meet their owners, and owners go there to meet their captains. To be free of the place, it is necessary to become a member; but, beyond the payment of two guineas per annum, no qualification is required. It is a convenient place for a man of business, as he may meet a friend there, learn the news, hear of a bargain, eat his luncheon, insure a ship, or get through any other transactions he likes.

To the Eastern Coffee-house in Cornhill I accordingly repaired. Upon asking for Mr. Steinmetz at the door, an individual was pointed out who bore every outward and visible sign of being a Jew by race and a German by nationality. Not that Germans like unto this gentleman are met with in Germany, nor, indeed, anywhere out of London. Mr. Steinmetz shaved close, leaving no hair on his face save a short pair of mutton-chop whiskers. He spoke English well, although with a very decided Teutonic accent, and would invariably reply in that tongue to any person who addressed him in either German or French. He affected to despise greatly his fellow-countrymen, often speaking of them as "those tammed teherman fellows," and avowed a most supreme contempt for any cookery save that of Great Britain; though I believe that in secret he indulged largely in sauer-kraut, sausages, and Rhenish wines. In his manner he was loud, vulgar, cringing to those who were wealthy, arrogant to those who had no money, and brutal to those who were in his debt. He had no clerks, no office, no place of business. He was always to be found at the Eastern Coffee-house, Cornhill; and his



day-book, cash-book, waste-book and ledger, seemed all comprised in a gigantic pocket-book, which he carried in the breast of his coat. Yet this man was well known to be very rich. He had respectable current accounts in two good City banks, and held many shares in first-rate joint-stock companies. From the time he arrived at the Eastern Coffee-house in the morning, until he left it in the evening, he was giving some person or other an interview, and there were always two or three more individuals waiting to speak to him. When I have added that although he professed to be a Jew, Mr. Steinmetz worked as hard as any Gentile upon his Sabbath-day; that he lived at Brixton in lodgings which cost him seven shillings a week; that he passed the Sunday in lamenting over not being able to do any business; that his god was Mammon; and his real occupation that of a discounter—I think I have said all that need be said of his history.

Mr. Steinmetz at once asked to see the bill, asked me about myself and the acceptor, and told me to call next day, when he would give me a decisive answer, “yes or no.”

Twenty-four hours after my first interview with Mr. Steinmetz, I was once more at the Eastern Coffee-house. Mr. Steinmetz was punctual to his appointment, and came forward to meet me. He said he never “looked” at bills for such small amounts as fifty pounds, but would introduce me to a friend who might be induced to do so. “The question is, Mr. Weston,” he said, addressing me, “what will you lose?” I could not understand what he meant; and, seeing I was all abroad as to his slang, he explained that he wished to know what amount of discount I would pay.

I replied, that I was willing to pay anything in reason, adding—like a greenhorn as I was—that I was much in want of money, and would not mind paying a little more than usual, provided the business could be carried through at once. It struck me, that considering Mr. Steinmetz “never looked” at bills for such small amounts as fifty pounds, he appeared remarkably anxious to know how much I was willing to pay for the accommodation. This, however (so I reasoned to myself) might be owing to his wishing to serve the friend to whom I was to be introduced.

In a few minutes Mr. Steinmetz’s friend appeared, and was introduced to me by the name of Fanst. Mr. Fanst, in appearance, bore the same relation to Mr. Steinmetz that a corporal does to a sergeant, or a deacon to a priest. Mr. Fanst was evidently from Hamburg, was of decidedly Israelite caste of countenance, and imitated English dress and manners.

Mr. Fanst at once commenced the business before us, by asking me the same question as Mr. Steinmetz had, “What I would lose” in the transaction. Now, as the present was, I fear, by no means the last, so it was certainly not the first bill transaction in which I had been engaged. But as, on previous occasions, I had always had to do with West-end discounters, I thought that by transacting business

in the City I should get what I wanted at a much cheaper rate than I could have done on the fashionable side of Charing-cross. “A shilling a pound a month,” or at the rate of sixty per cent per annum, had always been thought a fair profit by the gentlemen with whom I had previously dealt, and I therefore informed my new friends that I was ready “to lose” seven pound ten shillings on the fifty pounds for the three months, and to take forty-two pounds ten shillings for my bill. At this proposition both the Germans laughed outright: Mr. Steinmetz the longer, the louder, and by far the more offensively. They then jabbered together in German for about a minute, after which Mr. Fanst turned to me and said, “Are you quite certain, sir, that this bill will be paid by your friend who has accepted it, when it is due?” I replied, “I had not the least doubt about it; my friend was a gentleman of some little means, was an honourable man,”—the two discounters sneered at each other when I mentioned the word honourable—“was an officer in the army, was known to meet his engagements, and that in any case, if he failed, I would certainly pay the money.” As I spoke, I observed Mr. Fanst busy writing down something in his pocket-book, but I thought he was merely engaged in calculating what terms he would ask me for discounting the bill. At last he handed the book and pencil to Steinmetz, who hastily wrote something—it seemed as if he merely added his initials to the writing, and gave it back to Mr. Fanst. The latter then turned to me and said, “Now, sir, I will tell you what I will do for you. I have got no money of my own to dispose of to-day, but here is a cheque for thirty-four pounds sixteen shillings from the Rhine Steam-boat Company, payable to my order. I will endorse it, and make it over to you for your bill, if you like. Only, remember that I know nothing of the acceptor of the bill, and that I take it partly on account of the introduction you have brought to my friend Mr. Steinmetz, but chiefly on account of the representations you have made respecting the bill, and of its being certain to be met at maturity.”

Here was a state of affairs! On the one hand, I was as poor as a man could be, and in order to avoid a writ being served upon me, wanted to pay away some money that very day. But to pay upwards of fifteen pounds for the discount of a bill at three months for fifty—being at the rate of more than a hundred and twenty per cent per annum—I thought too much of a good thing. For a few seconds I turned the matter over in my mind, and during the time my face was closely scanned by the two Germans: Mr. Steinmetz certainly evincing more anxiety than his fellow-countryman, to know whether I decided upon taking their offer. It was curious enough to remark that, although both professed not to wish to do the bill for me, yet both seemed very anxious that I should accept the conditions.

This very eagerness made me nervous and uncertain. I temporised with them, and, turning to Mr. Fanst, said, “Make it even money, give



me forty pounds, and I'll do the business. That will be discounting at the rate of eighty per cent per annum." But these Hamburg Hebrews were by no means ready to part with the sum of five pounds four shillings. They declared that the risk was great; that twenty per cent could be got in the City on short bills, with goods—stolen, I presume—in hand as security; that they only knew me in this transaction; that they had not inquired about the acceptor, who might be good or might be bad—most probably (so they charitably concluded) the latter—and that if I went to the bad in any way, they would have no one from whom to recover the money. But I stood firm, and, after a world of trouble they agreed to split the difference, and to give me thirty-seven pounds for my bill, which they consequently discounted at the rate of about a hundred and four per cent per annum.

If any one wants three months to pass over quickly, let him give a bill at that date. The money I got for the slip of stamped paper bearing my signature as drawer, as well as my endorsement, was gone in less than a week; but the period which bankers call "maturity" seemed to come almost as soon. I received a letter from Mr. Fanst telling me that the bill would be due on such a day, and warning me that if it were not paid, he would have to put it into the hands of his solicitor. I wrote to my military friend, the acceptor of the bill (who, I have forgotten to mention, had half the amount for which it was discounted), and asked him to provide for the payment of half the amount of the bill. As ill luck would have it, my friend had been ordered abroad at two days' notice to join his regiment. Previous to leaving England he had paid the money due upon his half of the bill, twenty-five pounds, to a brother-officer, with directions to find me out and send it to me. This gentleman had lost the memorandum containing my name and address, and, not knowing what to do, had remitted the money back to my friend, who by this time was well on his way to India, via the Cape. The bill, which was made payable at the army agent's where my friend kept his account, was presented there for payment; but as the acceptor had, previous to sailing for India, closed his account with his agents, it was returned with a bit of paper pinned to it, on which were written the words, "No effects." To make matters worse, the money upon which I had depended to meet my half of the bill was not paid me, although I felt certain that it would be forthcoming in two or three weeks. I wrote to this effect to Mr. Fanst, but, having lately changed my residence, I did not give him my new address, for I did not want to have writs served upon me. I mentioned where a letter would find me; but to my surprise received no reply, nor, for a week or two, did I hear anything whatever concerning the bill.

At last, one morning happening to go into the shop of my tailor, Mr. Snips, that individual took me aside with a most anxious face, and told me he had heard the previous day in the

City that Mr. Fanst was not going to sue me before a civil court for the bill, but had put the whole affair into the hands of a criminal lawyer, and had determined to take out a summons or warrant against me at the Mansion House. He, Mr. Fanst, had been on the previous day at the clothier's, of whom I spoke before, and had declared his conviction that the whole affair was a "tamed swindle," and that I had obtained the money from him under false pretences. The acceptor of the bill, he said, was not to be found in England, and I, the drawer, had been keeping out of the way ever since the bill was due. Moreover, he declared that when I asked him and he consented to discount the bill, I had told him that the acceptor was a man of means, an officer in the army, and certain to meet his engagements; also, that I myself would certainly have the means to pay the bill at maturity, supposing the acceptor failed to do so. He told the clothier that he had taken down my words in writing at the time, and that a friend of his who was present had heard all I said, and had even put his initials to those words. This, accounted for the writing in the pocket-book.

I knew very well that I was perfectly innocent of any intention to defraud Mr. Fanst or Mr. Steinmetz. But to be "had up" at the Mansion House on a criminal charge, whether proved or not, was enough to blast the best character for life. In my perplexity I went to see a solicitor, and by his advice kept out of the way, employing in the mean time my tailor, Mr. Snips, who reported all he learnt of the enemy's movements. The story Mr. Fanst made out was this: I had gone to see him—had sought him out—had offered him a bill for discount, which I told him was accepted by an officer in the army, who was a captain in rank and a man of means. On the faith of my representation he had discounted the bill, having taken the precaution to note down what I told him respecting my own means and those of the acceptor. These words of mine he had written in the presence of a friend, who had put his initials to them, and who could swear to the truth of what he said. Also, that the tale I had told him was, that I had recently been left a considerable legacy, but that two or three months would elapse before the money would be paid me, and that I wanted the money for this bill in the mean time. I need hardly say that this story was altogether and entirely false, but the rascal had a witness who would no doubt swear to the truth of all he said, and was equally certain to deny all I could put forward in my defence. On the other hand, I had no one who could say a word in my behalf, for the only witness present when the transaction took place was Mr. Steinmetz.

At first I resolved to brave out the infamous accusation, and to dare the scoundrels to take me to the Mansion House. But after a long consultation with my solicitor, and at his urgent advice, I determined not to do so. As the case stood, he said, the chances were greatly in favour of the Lord Mayor or Alderman committing the case for trial. Mr. Fanst had an office in the City,



was pretty well known as a sort of ship and insurance broker among foreign houses, and would no doubt be looked upon by the magisterial magnates as "a highly respectable man." The witness in Mr. Fanst's favour was rich, and could, no doubt, bring forward witnesses as to his respectability. They could lose nothing if the case went before the Lord Mayor, for the worst that could happen to them was that I should be declared not guilty of the charge. But whatever way the matter turned I must be the sufferer. My solicitor was right, and every friend I consulted gave me the same advice. I had fallen among thieves.

Messrs. Fanst and Steinmetz had put their affair into the hands of one of the lowest of the very low criminal attorneys. There is a peculiar race of these men, who dare not practise before magistrates who are lawyers like themselves, but who generally have it very much their own way with those who administer the law by virtue of their eminence as tradesmen. My solicitor advised me to treat with the gang through Mr. Snips; who, having been the innocent cause of introducing me to the scoundrels, was now most anxious to get me out of the mess. In the mean time, I was not to leave London, but was not to show myself needlessly, so that, failing to find me, Mr. Fanst and his friend would perhaps come into terms which would be easier for me.

The first overture Mr. Snips made to Mr. Fanst was, that I should give a bill at three months for seventy pounds, being the original fifty pounds, with interest at the rate of one hundred and sixty per cent per annum: which bill he, Mr. Snips, would put his name to. The offer was rejected with scorn. Mr. Fanst declared that I was a scoundrel, a swindler, a rascal, and that he would show me up at Guildhall as a man who obtained money by false pretences. If any arrangement was to be made, he, Mr. Fanst, would have nothing to do with it. Mr. Snips might see the solicitor in whose hands the case was put; but, so far as he (Mr. Fanst) was concerned, he had determined to take out a summons or a warrant against me.

To the solicitor of this worthy, Mr. Snips repaired, and was at once met with the indispensable condition, that before anything could be done his costs must be paid, and these costs he made out to be ten guineas. This amount must be paid down in cash, and then he would talk of what terms he would advise his clients to consent to respecting the bill. Mr. Snips said he must consult me before he could say anything, and next day, by letter, told me what were the results of his interview with the attorney.

With me there was the difficulty not only of making terms with this gang of thieves, but also of finding the money to do it. The last difficulty, however, was smoothed by Mr. Snips, who offered me assistance. He had several meetings with Mr. Steinmetz at the Eastern Coffee-house to try and bring him to reason; but the more he made advances, the more the other drew back, and so offensive was his bullying and blustering, that at last Mr. Snips declined to meet him any more.

Acting always under the advice of my solicitor, Mr. Snips for several days did not go near the lawyer for the other side, merely leaving his address with him, so that when they came to their senses they might know where to find him. After a short time this treatment produced the desired effect. The rascals saw that, although they had taken out a summons against me at Guildhall, they did not know where to find me. In order to put them still more off the scent, I repaired abroad, so that my letters bearing a foreign postmark were shown to them, by way of confirming Mr. Snips's assertion that I had left England for the present. To remain out of the country any length of time being, however, impossible for me, I felt anxious that the affair should be arranged. In the mean time I had come into funds, and, through Mr. Snips, offered in hard cash half the amount of the original bill, and a bill at three months for the balance: the bill to be endorsed by Mr. Snips. This they would not listen to.

At last, and just as I had given up all hope of settlement, Mr. Snips wrote to me that he had arranged the business. He had paid down ten pounds in cash for their solicitor's costs; twenty pounds as a first instalment of the fifty pound bill; and had given five bills of twenty pounds each, payable one, two, three, four, and five months after date. These, bearing my signature and his endorsement, were accepted by Mr. Fanst, and thus I had to pay altogether one hundred and forty pounds for the temporary advance of thirty-seven. No wonder that bill discounting is a gainful trade, more particularly in view of the recently adopted device of threatening the non-payer with criminal proceedings.

### ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

ALL sorts of things are to be met with in a large building of two or three stories—not very bright; for the windows and skylights are not allowed to interfere more than is necessary with wall-space and overhead-space; not very clean, for all sorts of things include many that are unavoidably dusty and dirty; not very pretty, for prettiness would neither be looked for nor wanted in such a place; but very orderly. It is a Railway Storehouse. No matter which nor where; no matter to which of the great companies it may belong, nor whether in or out of town. Such storehouses are all pretty much alike in general scope, however they may differ in details. At one dépôt a company may make some of their locomotives, and repair all; at another, they may make and repair passenger carriages, and at another goods waggons and coal-trucks; but whatever may be the extent of their manufacturing and handicraft arrangements, a storehouse filled with all sorts of things is an indispensable accompaniment. It would never do to send to the ironmonger, nor to the oilman, when the things are wanted; they must be procured before they are wanted, or an enormous amount of time (which is money) would be wasted.



Even if there were no locomotives nor carriages made or repaired, there would still be required a great variety of stores, to serve the various stations, signal-houses, sidings, and points.

Could we pick a locomotive to pieces with the same facility as that with which a celebrated personage analysed a pair of bellows, we should find the separate parts incredibly numerous. In theory, the work to arrange for is a simple one; to light a fire, to make the water boil, to convert the water into steam, to make the steam drive two pistons to and fro in two horizontal cylinders, and to make these pistons turn the wheels of the locomotive—this is all. But what an all it is in practice! Besides the sheet iron and the larger castings and the brass and copper tubes, the minor knick-knacks almost defy counting; and yet they must be counted, and a store of every one of them kept on hand, ready at a moment's notice. Everything is so nicely adjusted and graduated, that a nut or a screw for one locomotive would exactly fit the corresponding spot in any other; they are not merely as like as two peas, but much more so. Crank axles and straight axles, axle-boxes and box leathers, bolts and nuts of a dozen kinds and more than a dozen sizes, buffer blocks and buffer cylinders, buffer plates and buffer rods, gun-metal castings of small size but great variety, blow-off cocks and glass gauge cocks, connecting-rods and brasses, eccentrics and funnels, fire bars, guard rails, piston rings, springs for buffers and springs for pistons, tires and tire-bars, union joints and universal joints—all are wanted, all are kept in store, and all are arranged and labelled in such way that everything can be found quickly when required.

As with the locomotive-makers and menders, so with those whose skill and labour are applied to carriages and waggons; they must send to the storehouse for the materials whereon to work. All sorts of things meet the eye in such variety as to bewilder one who sees them for the first time. Nearly twenty different species of timber—beginning with alder, and going down to willow—are used in the various vehicles; and, besides these, papier-mâché, wonderfully tough sheets of thick smooth millboard, is used for the panels of the best carriages. The main structure and the adornments of the carriages alike depend on materials obtained from the storehouse. The paint and oil and varnish for the wood and iron work; the brass handles and the white bedding; the windows and the window-straps; the cloth and leather for cushions; the horsehair, coach lace, hat straps, umbrella nets, carpeting or rugs for tip-top carriages; the inner lamps for the comfort of the passengers, and the outer lamps for the guidance of the enginemen; the name plates and number plates for each carriage and compartment—all are here. And then, among the rougher things, the tarpaulins or sheets for covering goods waggons are quite amazing in number, and must be kept in store to replace those which are worn out. As for the station odds and ends, we neither

know where they begin nor where they end. The shelves around and about the storehouse are crowded with—well, all sorts of things: we cannot find a better designation; some for the book-ing-office, some for the station-master's office, some for the waiting-rooms, some for the lamp-room, some for the arrival and departure platforms, some for the signal apparatus, some for the outside of the station; and all these things must be forthcoming when called for, upon due requisition sent to one or other of the storekeepers.

Then, to enable the workmen to make and repair locomotives, to make and repair carriages and waggons, and to do various kinds of mechanical handicraft work needful for the daily service of a long line of rail, almost every kind of tool and implement that we have ever heard of, for working in metal and wood, is kept in store. Letter A supplies us with adzes, anvils, ash-sticks, augers, awls, and axes; letter B with barrows, baskets, beam scales, beetles, bellows, belts, benches, bifs, blocks, blowpipes, boring bars, boring bits, boxes, braces, branding irons, brushes, buckets, and bung borers; letter C with callipers, cans, candlesticks, cant bars, capstans, carboys, hand carts, casks, chests, chisels, chisel rods, combs (graining), compasses, crabs, cramps, cranes, crowbars, crucibles. If the reader had patience for more, there is plenty more for him, to the end of the alphabet. Even a bradawl seems an official affair, when it has the initials of a great company stamped on it.

Let not any one run away with the idea that the grease department at these great depôts must be insignificant as well as dirty; and that a few cans-full or boxes-full once now and then will suffice. When on a journey, and stopping at one of the larger stations, those passengers who do not care to go into the refreshment-room have their attention riveted on the man with the yellow ointment (very like pine-apple ice cream). He gropes along by the side of the train, lifts up certain covers above the axles of the wheels, and with a glance sees whether the axle has sufficient lubricating food to last to the next principal station. If the axle is getting hungry, he digs a wooden knife into his grease-box, takes up a tempting lump of cream, puts it into the axle-box, shuts down the cover, and trots on to the next pair of wheels. It would be equally a mistake to suppose that this ointment is coarse in quality or small in quantity. The object in its use is to lubricate the rubbing surfaces of axles, in order to bring down friction to a minimum; and a very nice adjustment of ingredients is necessary to ensure that the substance shall produce the desired result without leaving any grit, and without being too hard in cold weather or too soft in warm. If we choose to touch a little of this ointment, we shall find that it is beautifully smooth and uniform. It was only after many experiments that the right proportions of ingredients—tallow, palm oil, soap, soda, resin, water, and possibly one or two others—were determined. Some of the companies buy their grease ready made; but the giants make their own in huge coppers.



Into these steam is admitted from a boiler. The hot liquor (for the mixture is nearly liquid when hot) fizzes and bubbles and tosses about, until everything is thoroughly mixed with everything else. Then it is transferred to large flat wooden vessels, where it is stirred about while cooling. When cooled, it is shovelled into well-made barrels or casks, and these barrels are sent to all the principal stations, where the grease-men administer the yellow food to the axle-boxes. The substance is required by tons weight every week, on the longer lines of rail.

Even the stationery department at these great depôts is one necessarily of magnitude. Every station-master uses up a great deal of paper every day; for he has to make returns to headquarters about trains, carriages, waggons, passengers, stores, goods, and messages. Then the tickets. These important little bits of cardboard, the representatives of the money which the company are to receive from the public, are cherished with the utmost care. No rude hand is allowed to tamper with them. A special department is allotted to them, with a special superintendent, and a special staff of assistants. They may be purchased in a partly printed state, or singly as oblong bits of white or coloured cardboard, at a shilling or two per thousand. If the company print their own tickets, there are founts of type for the printers, and beautiful machines for giving to each ticket, as it passes through the press, a number different from that of every other ticket of the same kind; the machine registers its own work, and piles the tickets up into dense columnar masses, in which the whole of them take their places according to their numbers. Millions upon millions are required every year by each of the great companies. Each station-master or booking-clerk sends to the superintendent of this department for supplies as fast as he wants them; and as there are tickets from every station to almost every other station, with single and return tickets, and also tickets for different classes of carriages, the total number of kinds is almost incredible. When every farthing is registered taken by the booking-clerks for these tickets, and all matters squared up, then—and not till then—are the battered old tickets consigned to the pulp-vat, there to be worked up again into new cardboard and new tickets; they suffer a metempsychosis, springing up into a new state of existence.

And then the clothing. We do not think much about this when we see the railway servants busily engaged at the station; but it is an item that costs the principal companies very many thousands of pounds annually. When Betsy Harris is going down into the country to take a housemaid's place, her black box, studded with brass nails, and elaborately tied up, is carried from the cab or the omnibus through the station, and across the platform to the luggage van. The hard-working fellow who renders his services in this way may shoulder Betsy Harris's box; or, he may have shoulders, arms, and hands alike occupied with those multi-

farious articles which elderly ladies always take with them when they travel; but it is quite certain that, in the course of an average day, these porters carry many heavy loads on their shoulders. It would not be fair to them, with their small wages, that their own clothes should be speedily brought to Vestiges of (tailors') Creation in this way. Besides, there ought to be means for distinguishing the company's porters from other persons. There are, therefore, strong suits of velveteen, fustian, or corduroy provided, with shoulder-pieces of extra thickness. Then the railway policemen, the smart upright fellows who have certain powers entrusted to them to "take up" offenders, by special clauses in railway acts—they must have their snugly-fitting dresses, provided by the company. The engine-drivers and stokers, who are knocked about in all sorts of weather, with perhaps a torrid zone close to their knees and a frigid zone about their heads and necks, are not, we believe, clothed by the companies. The guards, especially those for the crack passenger-trains, are not only clothed by the company, but are adorned with silvery-looking accoutrements of various kinds, which give them an air of importance. All the official clothing (if livery is too humble a word, we will call it uniform) of the porters, signalmen, pointsmen, gatekeepers, policemen, guards, &c., bears in some kind of embroidery the initials of the company, and the number of the man. Let us say that our company is the Great Grand East West North Southern Amalgamated Central Junction Alliance—a name which includes every other, and is, therefore, sure to be right; in such case the embroidered initials on the collar would be GGEWNSACJA, together with a particular number appropriated to each person, to distinguish him from his fellows. The clothing department in the storehouse is a large space well occupied with bales and shelves and packages all around. There are contracts for the supply of various kinds of cloth, and other contracts for working up the cloth into garments. As it is not deemed right to put round men into square holes, nor square men into round holes, the garments are made of different sizes and proportions, inasmuch that each man has a chance of being tolerably well fitted—better so than in the army, where there are rather too few sizes for so large a number and variety of men. Some, if not all, of the worn-out uniforms are returned into store, to be disposed of in those inscrutable ways which distinguish the last days of a suit of clothes.

Wonderful it is to think what becomes of all sorts of things when worn out. Who can tell, beyond the fact that nothing is really thrown away? Many articles of iron, when worn out for their original uses, are converted into others; and when these also are worn to weakness, they start into new life as scrap-iron, eagerly purchased by iron-workers, and better fitted than newly smelted iron for a large variety of purposes. Worn-out handles, beading, and name-plates of brass, various pieces of gun-



metal, and yellow metal, and copper, used in locomotives, are always welcome in the melting-pot. The wood of old carriages and waggons, when the railway companies have no further use for it, passes into the hands of persons who are wonderfully ingenious in devising new appliances for it. A man may, we know, be writing on a sheet of paper, the flaxen fibres of which once formed part of his own shirt; and he may in like manner be handling many a pretty or useful article of leather, the material of which once formed a cushion whereon his portly form reposed in a railway carriage. If all the thousand-and-one articles in the storehouse could tell their own tale—how they were born, how they have lived or are living, and what will become of them when their present state of existence is brought to a close—it would be a tale full of much that could and ought to interest us. But we certainly do not think of tales or novels or romances here; the place is rather rough, rather dark, rather dusty, rather cold, rather hard, and it requires a little work of imagination to get into the real poetry that is to be met with even in the railway system.

All sorts of things are looked over at periodical intervals, to see whether the stock on hand corresponds with the book entries, and to determine which among the articles needs renewal. This is an important duty: seeing that, as everything is supplied by contract, it is essential that arrangements be made in time, to replenish the store before it sinks too low. We occasionally see, in the railway newspapers, advertisements from the companies, inviting tenders for the supply of all sorts of things; and these supplies are to be sent in at such times as may suit the convenience of the buyers. Everything is tabulated and booked; every ball of twine and pint of oil has its history recorded, so far as concerns its coming in and going out. The master carriage-mender knows, or ought to know, exactly the amount of his stock of wood, metal, cloth, trimmings, paint, oil, varnish, and other materials; the master locomotive-repairer knows the state of his supply of all things necessary to keep his men going; and each is empowered to draw on the storekeeper for what he wants. The documents kept on both sides are the evidence on which the faithfulness of the various superintendents of departments rests; and, as a necessary precaution, nothing passes in or out of any department without scrupulous book-keeping. Of course this is no more in principle than is observed in any well-managed commercial establishment; but the notable circumstances in relation to the great railway companies are, that the transactions exceed in magnitude those of any private firm whatever, and that in a joint-stock company it is difficult to obtain the same energetic devotion to the affairs as is felt by the partners in a firm. Queer things used to take place in the earlier history of the railway system; but the companies are now well served by their officers, especially where the directors adopt the wise policy of paying sufficiently high salaries to

attract good men and true to their staff. It is not necessarily all sorts of people that would do justice to all sorts of things.

### GOING INTO HOUSEKEEPING.

GOING into housekeeping is one of the events in a man's life to be numbered with the first pair of breeches, with casting off jackets (the shell of boyhood) to assume the tails of virility; with being married; with the becoming a father. It is an era in one's existence, a grand transformation scene, a great sensation!

I had been long a lodger, and was accustomed to all sorts of lodgings. Naturally I did not like lodgings. I hold that you cannot be comfortable in lodgings unless you can afford to pay rent enough to put your landlady under your foot—unless you are the first floor, and can trample upon everybody else in the house. You are not comfortable even then; for the sense that the chairs you sit on, and the bed you lie on, and the knives and forks you eat with, are hirelings, the indefinite property of some other person ("party," perhaps, is the proper word here), you scarcely know whom—this sense, I say, is an uncomfortable one, uncomfortable to sit under, to lie under, to eat under, and it leads to longings—longings for your own feather-bed (for the hireling is so chary of feathers); longings for your own arm-chair, which has not been slave to thousands; for your own silver spoon, which *is* silver, and has not ministered to strange mouths, and scraped out pots—longings, above all, for a roof and a street door to call your own.

There is nothing so annoying to a sensitive lodger with an ambition to be a self-contained and responsible citizen, as the knowledge that other lodgers—whom he may dislike very much, and whom he generally *does* dislike very much—are at liberty to knock double-knocks at his outer door, to race up and down his stairs, and to make noises over his head. A man with a proper ambition does not feel that he is entitled to look upon himself as a full-blown Englishman while he is only part proprietor of a street door, and has no vote, not even at an election for a parish beadle. An Englishman, conscious of a share in Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and Habeas Corpus, is not complete until he has a castle of his own, a castle with a portcullis that none may dare pass without respectful challenge. Unfurnished lodgings, with the "whole of the upper part of the house," or the "whole of the lower part of the house," is only half way to the castle after all. True, to have your own sticks—mark, you only call them sticks when you are in lodgings; place them under your own roof, and they assume the dignity of furniture—is something to be proud of; but your pride is still liable to a fall while the second floor and attics are entitled to hammer impatiently at the portcullis, and swear oaths if they be not admitted instantan. You are not yet entitled to go forth upon the battle-



ments and challenge the stranger with "Ho there without! the watchword!" Perhaps he is simply intoxicated and can't find his latch-key.

I remember well when I first set out for my castle. I had sticks, and I took them away in two vans—so you see there were a good many bundles of them. I will notice here an aggravating perversity of landladies. When you are a bad lodger and don't pay the rent regularly, they give you warning and bundle you out with contempt; and equally, when you are a good lodger and *do* pay the rent regularly, and *you* give *them* warning, they sweep out the dust upon you while you are superintending the packing. There is no pleasing them.

I will not dwell upon the sensation which my departing sticks created in the street, further than to say that hardened old householders eyed them critically, and I believe did not think much of them; while lodgers, sighing for the time when they too would be full blown, gazed after the vans sadly, wondering when it would be their turn. Oh, bless you, they knew all about it. It had been the talk of the neighbourhood for some time, that the lower part of number twenty was going to take a 'ouse; and the knowledge of the disgusting fact had stirred much bile. Landladies would sooner forgive you rent than forgive you taking a house. Such conduct on the part of a lodger they regard as upstart impertinence, and if they only knew where you were going to, they'd go and warn the landlord to look sharp after his money.

There are two ordeals on this exciting occasion—coming away from the lodgings and arriving at the castle. In both cases your sticks are criticised. In the former, the neighbours are curious to know what you have got new since you came there; in the latter, they are anxious to ascertain whether you are under or above the mark of the neighbourhood. However good your sticks may be, they never show to advantage heaped on a van. A van is a cruel expositor of the insides of things; and if there is a deal-topped table in your collection, it is sure to be uppermost. Classically and allegorically, a bundle of sticks signifies strength; from the furnishing point of view it signifies weakness.

But I must pause on the threshold of my castle to relate how I summoned up courage to "take" it. I will confess that I walked round it a good deal. I had difficulty in persuading myself that I was in a position to take a house and be the sole master of it. It was too much glory, too much happiness. When I called at the agent's office, I was almost afraid lest the aged clerk might think me too young and inexperienced. I half expected that he would address me as the conscientious publican addresses the urchin of tender years who asks for a glass of gin and cloves for his own drinking—"You go along home to your mother, and don't talk nonsense." I looked through the window for some time, and fancying that the clerk had a very full, I may say overflowing, sense of the responsible character required for taking a house, I had thoughts of approaching

him with the ingenious evasion of the Scottish gentleman who said the sulphur was nae for himself, but for a freen' outside. I was haunted by the dread that I was not sufficiently responsible-looking; that I might look good for rent, but not for rent with rates and taxes combined.

Some say that the eyes are the windows of the soul, and the best signals of the character within; others go by the mouth, the nose, and the chin. Give me the voice. I have often been horribly frightened of great personages until I heard them speak, when all my dread vanished in an instant. The voice told me they were human. So, when I summoned up courage to address the house-agent's clerk, and he replied with a few words of ordinary greeting, I knew that he was a man. His eyes indicated nothing; his nose and chin were cast in the mould of severity. It was his voice that betrayed him. And the tones of his voice said, "I am only a clerk, my master doesn't give me much salary, and I like a glass of ale." Ah, that weakness of human nature for a glass of ale! Amiable, but fatal! When I observed that that clerk had a voice mellowed by malt, I knew how to deal with him. There were "lots of parties after the house," he said. It was dry weather, I observed; would it be consistent with his duty to houses, land, and estates, if he were to step round the corner? He was a wonderfully intelligent clerk. He did not want sentences finished and oracles explained. He knew by intuition what stepping round the corner meant. He made me no direct answer, but just said, "George, mind the office for a minute or two."

"They keep a good glass of Kennett round the corner," he said, when we got outside. A glass of Kennett was the open sesame to that clerk's favour. He told me that there were several parties after the house, and that I must conclude the matter at once if I wanted it, as houses in that terrace were in great demand. In the warmth of his friendliness—Kennett is warming—he let out a secret usually strictly guarded by house-agents—the name and address of the landlord. His parting advice to me was to see the landlord without an hour's delay, get the preference, and return and sign the agreement. I took the hint, got the preference, returned and signed the agreement, and, as I was passing out of the office, two of the "parties" who had been after the house, were venting their wrath and disappointment upon the head of my friend the clerk, who had just informed them that the house was let.

A glass of Kennett ale did it! It is not that there is much in a glass of Kennett ale, nor in a shilling or sixpence dropped now and then by way of gratuity, but such small acts of largess are regarded as friendly, and they beget friendliness. In this world there are many little treasure boxes of favour and good will that fly wide open to you if you only drop the smallest piece of coin into them. There are people who never learn this worldly philosophy—penny wise and pound foolish folks, who on all occasions sternly refuse to give any one a single farthing over his



due. They save their pence and lose hundreds. It is not bribery; it is not the money that does it. It is the favour begotten by a good heart. My only regret is, that the mediumship of friendliness should be so largely monopolised by "something to drink."

But I have been standing all this time on my new door-step. Well, it is pleasant to stand on a door-step that you can call your own. No one else can come here with dirty feet except on sufferance, and by kind permission of the lessee. The sticks showed well when they were dispersed—thinly I will confess—over the various rooms, and the deal-top table hiding its Norwegian ruggedness under a velvet-pile cover, looked quite splendid. I was never tired of wandering from room to room to admire my household gods. Yes, they were *mine*, and the Temple also was *mine*—at least while I paid my rent.

And then I had a garden. It was, perhaps, a stretch of courtesy to call it so, for it was not much bigger than a good-sized room, but it had a full-grown lime-tree at the end of it. And fancy being the sole lessee of a full-grown tree! It was such a tall, wide-spreading, umbrageous tree, that if I had sent it to an anatomist of means, he would have pronounced this opinion: "Judging from the tree, the proprietor is a person possessed of a mansion and an extensive domain." I may tell you, however, that it was well the tree grew upwards, for if it had been in its nature to lie down, the garden would not have contained it. So much tree to so little garden I never knew before nor since. I took a vast deal of pride in that tree. I used to ascend Primrose Hill to gaze on its top from afar, and say to myself, "Yonder is *my* tree, and close by is *my* roof." One may indeed think himself somebody when he has a tree that can be seen two miles off.

On the first night of possession I remained up until long past midnight admiring my rooms. I sat down in them all, one after the other, gazing at their proportions—though not noble—and at my sticks, which looked so domestic in their new sphere. I caught myself saying, "They are mine! they are mine!" like a demon in a drama, only in beneficent tones. I could not rest in my bed in the morning. I was up with the dawn to see how my house looked—*my* house, mark. Sparrows were twittering in my tree—I almost felt that I had game on my estate. New brooms sweep clean. As a new householder, I swept very clean in attending to all a householder's duties. Every night I went round to see that all the doors were locked. What pride to think that I had doors—not merely one door, but four; front, back, garden and kitchen, and an outer gate! And all *my* property, sole and undivided! I neglected no part of my duty. I had the sweeps in to sweep all the chimneys, though I was not aware that they wanted sweeping particularly; I employed men to examine the drains and the water supply; I was quite delighted when I found that my roof had a tile off, and one of my chimneys smoked and wanted a cowl. I called in plum-

bers and tin-smiths to put them to rights, and in the pride of being a householder, paid the charges out of my own pocket, when I might have sent my bill to my landlord. I was eager to pay taxes, and was quite impatient until they were applied for. When the Queen's taxes came in I thought the amount very inconsiderable. I had heard old householders groan under the burden of taxation; but really this was nothing to groan about—only a pound or two.

The rates for the maintenance of the poor, the police, the gas-lamps, the highways, the pavements, and the main drainage, were better. The total amount was something that I could give a cheque for. And I gave a cheque for it on the first application. I remember that the collector looked at me quite aghast. (I have come to understand his emotion on that occasion, and do not now give him cause to be similarly affected.) I dare say he said to himself, as he closed the gate, that it wouldn't last. If he did, he was quite right. It didn't last. About that cheque: It was the first one I had ever drawn. I had had a virgin cheque-book in my pocket for nearly four-and-twenty hours, and was dying to fill up one of the little slips and sign my name at the bottom of it. I am sure I must have spoiled a whole quire of letter-paper practising my signature. Should I sign myself Sam: or Samuel at full length? Should I have a flourish or no flourish? Which was the easier to forge, a signature with a flourish, or a signature without a flourish? I decided upon a flourish, but in the hurry of signing for the taxes, I forgot the flourish, and, as the flourish did not correspond with the signature which I had previously given at the bank, there were inquiries—naturally, it being the first cheque—and I had to give explanations. It was a noble thing, was it not, to draw my first cheque for taxes? When I am a barrister of seven years' standing I shall, on this score, apply for a Commissionership of Inland Revenue. It was—for some weeks, not many—a source of much pride to me to think that the street-lamp opposite was partly my property; that I helped to pay for it; that I helped to pay for the sewers which they were always taking up to look at and put down again; that I helped to pay for the pavement, and the water-cart, and the fire-escape. (I subscribed to everything; a man had only to come to the door with a paper, and he got the money on the instant.) When a policeman passed, I said to myself, "That officer of the peace is partly my property; how much of him I don't know, possibly only the buckle of his stock, but I pay for a portion of him at any rate." So when I saw a soldier I calculated that perhaps a button belonged to me. It was in that week that I caught myself telling a beggar to begone, that I paid poor's-rates enough, and that there was the workhouse for him—the workhouse which I helped to support.

Yes; the collector was quite right. It didn't last. After a week or two I let the doors take their chance. I was getting used to doors, and going round every night to see that they were bolted



and barred, was a nuisance, especially when one was weary with the cares of life and householding, and wanted to get to bed. After a quarter or two, I told the collector to call again. I told the water-rates to wait, the fire-escape not to bother: I resisted the sweeps until soot fell down and set fire to the chimney; when men came to the door with papers, I looked about for my policeman, albeit I took no pride in him now, for he had been down my area and tasted of my legs of mutton—the monster of ingratitude was fond of the knuckle; when my tree shed its leaves and littered the garden with its sere and yellow foliage, which rotted in the rain, and exhaled noxious vapours, I had thought of laying the axe at its roots. When my door required a new patent lock that cost eighteen shillings, I had no longer any satisfaction in being its sole proprietor; when my roof began to have a tile off regularly every month, my love turned to loathing. As to drawing cheques, there are people who say that getting a cheque out of me is like getting blood out of a stone. I have found that the Queen's taxes in the aggregate are by no means inconsiderable; that the rates are a burden not to be borne tamely. You should hear me at the rate-payers' meetings denouncing the vestry and the workhouse committee! And what is the last thing? They have abolished toll-gates in our parish, and assessed me at sixpence in the pound to pay for the roads. It is monstrous. Really, with such burdens and responsibilities, a respectable householder finds it difficult to make both ends meet. I have come to the conclusion that housekeeping is——“Please, sir, the drains is stopped up again, and the water is a standing a foot deep in the area!”

Oh dear, oh dear! Excuse me, will you, I must send for the plumbers at once.

## TWO HOT DAYS IN ROME.

EVERYTHING told of heat and a raging Italian sun. People sat pale and exhausted at the shop doors, armed with paper whisks with which languidly to drive away the flies; little extempore fountains bubbled up on tiny tables spread with delicious pulpy lemons, and *acqua dolci* (sweet drinks) cooled with fresh vine-leaves. Every woman and child we passed, of whatever degree, carried a fan which they used industriously; the very beggars shook their tin boxes in one hand, and fanned themselves with the other. All labours, trades, and occupations were done in the streets, which, never wide at any time, were now almost choked up. Shoemakers were making shoes, tailors cross-legged on tables squeezed into their house-walls, women cutting and stitching on low stools, surrounded by their gipsy-eyed progeny, girls combing each other's hair (often a severe test of friendship in hot weather), men walking under the eaves with their hats in their hands, all pale, worn, exhausted. The three-legged tables outside the cafés were crowded with sleepy or sleeping men, lounging

on benches, the scarcely awake indulging in ices or drinks, the sleepers in the strangest attitudes:—for an Italian could sleep, I believe, on one leg, if he tried. It being about noon, the street kitchens were in active operation—fish, fresh and foul, hissing and broiling over pans of charcoal, stands of fruit, apriots, figs, and cherries, ripe and ready to drop into one's mouth.

When we reached the English quarter, the Piazza di Spagna, great was the emptiness and the desolation; the windows in the hotels hermetically sealed and the doors shut. Piale's a wilderness, not a soul to be seen; the long flight of the Trinita steps scorching and vacant, the little fountains at its base bubbling in an utter solitude. No groups of peasants lounging (*en tableaux*). The man who does the venerable father with long beard and patriarchal garments, a special rascal, and the young man with the high-art features, who does the saints and apostles with a glory round his head; the beauty peasant with yards of white drapery folded over her glossy braids, under which glowed the impudent glancing eyes, coral beads, and gold necklace—all gone, driven out by the heat. Gone, too, was that dear little boy who sat for an angel when he was not stretching out his little dimpled hand, asking, like Oliver, for “more,” and his father, clad in sheepskins, the who, with slouch hat and ragged cloak, did the everlasting conspirator.

Such was Rome in the dog-days—no life, no carriages, no sound; like the enchanted city in the Arabian Nights, all lay sunk in slumber. We descended, as the polite French say, at the Palazzo M., where apartments had been secured; a noble residence, big enough to take up one side of a square, with salons so large that people looked dim and misty at the further end, and galleries and corridors, luxuriously mounted, overlooking charming gardens with fountains. That very evening St. Peter's was to be illuminated; so, after fortifying ourselves with an excellent dinner, sent in piping hot from a neighbouring trattoria in a tin box, and further recruiting ourselves by draughts of refreshing orvieto out of wicker bottles, we attained that contented and happy state of mind proper to the eve of a great festa. Evening, delicious, balmy evening had come; the breeze swept through the streets, and the stars peeped out as we started together with hundreds and thousands of the Pope's undutiful subjects for St. Peter's. On these grand occasions the Ponti S. Angelo is closed to the vulgar, who are obliged to pass over the Tiber into the Trastevere. Plunging into the narrow streets at the entrance of this region, the home of Raphael's Fornarina was pointed out to me. It is a small two-windowed house, the lower portion used as a magazine of herbs—Anglicé, the greengrocery business. While our carriage is slowly advancing through the labyrinths of streets, every now and then stopped by the carabinieri (here acting as policemen) rushing upon us with drawn swords, I will tell my readers the real story of Raphael and the Fornarina.



When Raphael was painting his beautiful frescoes in the Farnesina palace, he passed daily over the bridge and through this narrow street to his work. One day, it is said, he saw a beautiful black-haired girl, of the voluptuous type painters love so well, bathing her white feet in the waters of the Tiber. From that hour all peace of mind forsook him, and he forgot even art in his earnest desire to be loved by so exquisite a creature. The baker's daughter, however, was already provided in the way of a lover, a certain fierce soldier, stained by the blood of many battles, aspiring to the possession of this peerless beauty. Egidio had no refinement of soul, no "intellect of love;" only the outward charms of the girl had touched him; but he swore that, if any one else presumed to think of or approach her, he would finish him with a stoccata. Catterinella, never having known the delicious frenzy of love, had hitherto submitted with a tolerable grace, arising from perfect indifference, to the advances of the soldier; he often came to her father's shop, and gossiped and smoked, until she grew used to him, and Egidio, in a manner, became domesticated. But when Raphael came also, and talked and cast amorous glances out of his beautiful eyes at Catterinella, she began to detest the soldier, and to feel all the joys and pains of first love. Raphael not only rapidly insinuated himself into her affections, but, with that amiability and grace which he so prominently possessed, fascinated even the rough baker himself. He was too much absorbed in his art to spend much time at the shop, but that very art afforded him the readiest means of advancing his suit. He asked Guiseppe to allow his daughter to sit to him for her picture, and he, though but a common vulgar tradesman, still had enough respect for the fine arts, then so generally cultivated in Rome, to consider the request as a compliment, and to comply. But he made Raphael promise never to mention his compliance, both out of regard to Catterinella's fair fame, and for fear of the rough soldier, Egidio, whose blind jealousy might prompt him to commit some violence. When Catterinella first went to Raphael's studio it was secretly and cautiously, and accompanied by her mother, but so frequent were the visits of Egidio, and so ardent his passion for Catterinella, that it was impossible for their absence not to raise his suspicions. One day when they had left the shop, as they supposed unobserved, he watched them at a distance, and, seeing them enter a doorway and ascend a staircase, followed them. The door was inadvertently left open, and Egidio entered, and, stealing noiselessly into the spacious studio, hid himself among some lumber. Unable to control his fierce passions at seeing Catterinella seated opposite Raphael, Egidio, drawing his stiletto, rushed on the painter, who, at that very instant poising his brush in the air, was intently and passionately examining the Fornarina's features. The women, horrified at the sudden apparition of Egidio, his drawn knife and horrid looks, screamed aloud; but

Raphael, unarmed as he was, rose and faced his assailant. No sooner had Egidio recognised Sanzio as the detested rival whom he was about to murder—Sanzio, whom he regarded as a deity, whom he had heard celebrated as the very wonder of the world—than he stood transfixed, and the stiletto dropped from his hand. A few inarticulate words of excuse and prayers for pardon fell from his lips. Tranquillised by the humane looks of Raphael, who gazed on him with a kind of pitying astonishment, he endeavoured, in broken words, to explain the motives which had induced this murderous conduct; he spoke of his love, he concealed not his jealousy. Determined at the moment and on the spot to know his fate, Egidio, deeply agitated, now turned towards the affrighted Catterinella, who, scared by his fierce looks of mingled hate, rage, and love, scarcely dared to raise her head, while, himself shaking with ill-suppressed passion, he implored her to be calm. He assured her he would not injure her, but he conjured her, by all she held most sacred, to tell him if she really loved him. Catterinella, inspired by the passionate excitement of the moment about to decide her fate, trembled no more. She forgot her fears of Egidio, his cruelty and his jealousy; she forgot all save Raphael—the sun under whose rays she had expanded into a new and delicious life—Raphael, the god of her idolatry, who stood pale and speechless before her. Raising her eyes to his face, she gave utterance to the love she had long secretly cherished in her heart, and, trembling, confessed in faltering accents that he was dear to her beyond all other mortals. Egidio was struck dumb when he heard his fate pronounced by the lips of her he loved. Seizing his knife, which had lain on the floor, he rushed from the studio. Relieved from the fascination of Raphael's countenance and majestic presence, Egidio, claspng his weapon in his hand, resolved to return and murder him; but when he remembered the words of Catterinella—when he recalled those passionate words in which she had confessed her love—his resolution again changed. "Why kill him, when she loves me not?" exclaimed he. Honour and despair strove in the breast of the savage soldier; love, hope, life—all had passed into the possession of another, and that other a man so godlike, that he could scarcely, even in the wild paroxysms of his jealousy, wonder at the preference. His violent nature could not endure the tortures of his soul, and, in utter despair, he plunged into his own breast the weapon he had raised against Sanzio.

As we turned into the Lungara every palace was illuminated with red light. The immense Corsini palace especially shone out brilliantly, and looked the very image of a magnificent feudal residence belonging to some mediæval baron. Lights glittered along its interminable façade, row above row to the very roof, while at intervals in the street were planted huge torches of burning pitch, that blazed and flashed and cast ruddy unearthly tints on the white palace behind, while great bonfires of tar-barrels,



poked up by groups of men with long poles, flared away on the ground, giving a barbaric grandeur to the façade. Immovable in the doorway stood the porter, bâton in hand, a portly mass of lace, badges, and cocked-hat, evidently convinced that the whole prosperity and dignity of the Corsini line consisted in his majestic deportment on so auspicious an occasion. A little crowding, some swearing, and great amount of butting from the carabinieri, who ride full tilt at man, horse, or carriage that offends them, and we were within the colonnade of St. Peter's, that noble colonnade now glittering with light, whose outstretched arms seemed to clasp in one embrace all the people assembled there from every Christian nation of the world. Never does St. Peter's look so beautiful as when illuminated; the magnificent building, with its encircling colonnades, its topmost cupola, its population of saints, and prophets, and angels, and apostles, crowding the roof, and the cross surmounting all, hung amid the very stars, all idealised, poetised, until it appears like a bright glittering vision. It is not in the power of words to convey any adequate notion of St. Peter's that night; each pillar, each arch in the mighty structure marked out by lines of mellowed light below, above, around, not massed in any one place, but gracefully following the lines and undulations of the vast fabric. No decoration in the world can be so chaste and appropriate as this under the soft, harmonious colouring of an Italian night. There is a solemn, sacred repose, a holy calm and stillness, that affects the mind with the most overwhelming emotions.

For a while we contemplated what is called the silver illumination, when the lights are veiled. Exactly one hour and a quarter after the first hour of night a cannon was fired from the fort of San Angelo. The harmonious bells of St. Peter's tolled out in response, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, streams of ruddy light glanced up from below among the colonnades, marking their elegant outlines, and revealing interminable vistas of mysterious gloom amid a thousand glittering columns. What had been pale subdued light, now blazed out in gorgeous flames of living fire, the great Basilica was enveloped in streams of quivering brightness, its gigantic front, white as alabaster, standing out with a strange, unnatural clearness in the glare of the garish illumination. Great vases of burning pitch, as if by enchantment, appeared suddenly to burst out between every column in the vast colonnade, every statue burned with a living light, that rose up and flared, as the wind caught the forked flames, like an universal conflagration; the cupola, specially, beautifully relieved by the dark sky behind, was a blaze of the most dazzling splendour, while above, surmounting all, the radiant cross shone with indescribable brilliancy, a brand as it were snatched from heaven. It was beautiful to see the fountains gushing forth in the general glare, to see the thousand lamps reflected in the pure waters that broke forth in liquid pillars to fall back an abundant foamy

mass of molten silver, cooling the air, and sending out clouds of delicious spray. The bells of the church broke forth in merry chimes, deep-toned and musical, a military band struck up in the piazza, and the cannons from San Angelo boomed distinctly above all the other sounds. The carriages now separate from the masses into which the carabinieri had formed them, and we drove round and round the immense piazza fully to enjoy and survey the scene.

Next morning, St. Peter's Day, we rose very early, to attend high mass at St. Peter's church, the ceremonies being precisely similar to those which take place at Easter, with this notable difference, that Romans, not English and Americans, form the congregation. Every one flocked to the all-embracing arms of that great piazza, and we soon fell into a long line of carriages slowly advancing towards the Basilica. Again we crossed the muddy Tiber, its volume much lessened by the summer heat. The houses and palaces bordering the river, always of a peculiarly mellow warm colouring, now looked baked with the fierce heat. Clouds of fine small dust rose in the light summer breeze. Altogether, it was a great relief to be again engulfed in the narrow shady streets of the Trastevere, after crossing this burning zone of sun. Every passage and cranny leading to St. Peter's was choked and overflowing with an ever-increasing multitude. They came in boats, they came in grand equipages, in humble barroccios, on foot,—on they came to worship at that magnificent shrine. I could not form one in this national procession towards Rome's great Basilica, without recalling the famous names of royal and saintly pilgrims that have consecrated the well-worn path along which we passed; the warlike Emperor Constantine, after the golden cross was revealed to him on the hill of Monte Mario; the great Theodosius, his successor, who came to beg a blessing at this shrine; and the brave Belisarius, who offered up his laurels there. That world-ravager, ferocious Totila, came also in a subdued and contrite spirit, and even Alaric, the so-called "Scourge of God," after laying waste the surrounding city, with noble inconsistency spared this glorious Basilica. Many, too, came from our own country. The Saxon Cedwella, and Offa, and Concerd, kings all of the Heptarchy, and our own royal Alfred in his young days, taking, as it were, "the grand tour." Othos and Henrys from Germany flocked here from royal palace and burgh; and St. Cunigunda, the mediæval saint-queen, whose romantic story lends such a charm to many a native ode. Emperors also from the East, and kings from the far western shores of Scotland, also the great northern Cæsar, Charlemagne, the type of Christian chivalry, four times visited St. Peter's, on the last occasion making such concessions to the Papal See, that the grateful Pope, Leo the Third, granted to him the style and title of "Most Pious, August, Pacific, and Victorious Emperor of the Romans"—designations somewhat anomalous and inconsistent, which might, however, be, perchance, willingly



accepted, with all their discrepancy, by a certain emperor of our time. The great saints, too, must not be forgotten. Augustine and Chrysostom and Jerome, and many world-wide names who journeyed here to pray, to perform penance, to fulfil vows, or to receive honours.

Streams of people were spread over the piazza, and, mounting the steps, were engulfed by the great portals of that vast hall which never is full. We entered; the golden mellow light of morning subdued the too glaring details of the florid architecture. The church was in grand gala, the walls and pillars draped with red and gold, assimilating harmoniously with the brilliant coloured marbles and mosaics. The cupola, rising like a firmament in height and magnitude, shone in the slanting rays of the morning sun—the angels, saints, and prophets, emblazoned in bright colours on the golden frescoes. Beneath, the altar was spread with the costliest vessels of gold, chalices, cups, salvers, and crosses carved by the hands of Cellini or Bramanti, all radiant with sparkling jewels.

On either side were the enclosures prepared for the ladies, who came habited in black veils and dresses; but instead of the irreverent Easter crowd-rushing, and pushing, and laughing, and talking, as if entering an opera-house, the seats were thinly occupied by a sprinkling of ladies, whose devout looks showed that they came to pray and not to stare. The tribune behind the high altar was hung with crimson, and to the left stood a throne prepared for the Pope. Down the central aisle an avenue was formed by the civic guard and the quaint Swiss soldiers, along which his Holiness was to pass. We were scarcely settled, when a hush and a general motion of expectation announced that the Pope had arrived at the central door. Slowly and silently the magnificent procession passed up towards the tribune. First came the Swiss guards, and chamberlain in red silk. Then Pius, seated on the "gestorial" chair or throne, glittering with gold, purple, and crimson, wearing his triple crown, and habited in robes of white. Over him was borne a dais of crimson and gold, while beside him were carried two great fans of peacock's feathers, as typical of immortality. There is a look of Eastern magnificence about these fans extremely striking. The Pope, calm and majestic in his bearing, dispensed blessings as he passed with the air of one rapt in deep devotion. He was followed by the entire Sacred College, all aglow with crimson and guipure lace, a sight calculated to break any lady's heart on the score of misplaced finery. Chaplains, secretaries, and chamberlains (mere minnows to these ecclesiastical Tritons) fluttered in their rear, followed by files of the superbly-dressed Guardia Nobile, all picked men, tall, graceful, and handsome, disciplined in the encounters of social warfare and "carpet knighthood," now gorgeous in glistening helmets, short scarlet mantles, and a generally classic air, reminding one of Pollio in Norma, whose general line of conduct, as well as outward costume, they are said to emulate. The Pope was now seated on his throne, and the mass begun.

It is to my mind a fatal want in the otherwise noble ceremonial of the Papal mass at St. Peter's, that the music is entirely vocal, an organ being thought to be undignified in the Pope's presence. Part-singing, however perfect, is monotonous. The Pope's famous choir are invisible, caged like singing-birds in a golden latticed gallery. The Gregorian chant, which, although admirable as mediæval music, becomes wearisome after two hours' duration. The mass is long to exhaustion. The Pope stands, walks, and kneels, sometimes at his throne, sometimes at the altar, sometimes alone, and sometimes surrounded by the cardinals. One wonders how he can remember such meaningless changes, unless one happens to know there is an officer attached to the Papal court whose sole business it is to prompt him, and to keep him and the cardinals "well posted up" in their daily duties—what dresses to wear, what to "eat, drink, and avoid." Sometimes there is a pause, the music ceases, the Pope and cardinals sit enthroned (Anglicè, rest themselves), and the golden vessels are moved and removed on the high altar. During one of these pauses I looked round at the groups formed near the high altar (where the mere vulgar crowd is not allowed to penetrate), and wondered at the curiously mediæval aspect of the scene. Particoloured Swiss guards, red, yellow, and black, with steel caps and corselets, overlooked by officers in complete armour of polished steel inlaid with gold, some actually wearing graceful chain tunics over crimson velvet, with golden helmets, so that when two or three whispered together they instantly formed a picture for Maclise of Knights Palatine, or partisans of old Goltz von Berlichingen, or any other mediæval scene you please. Papal chamberlains, picturesque in high Elizabethan ruffs, doublets, chains and orders, long hose and rosetted shoes, regular Sir Walter Raleighs, and, like him, remnants of a century when Spain ruled European fashions as France does in our days. Priests breaking the mundane pageant here and there, and reminding one of the mass still proceeding (which, by reason of its length and pauses, seemed over long before it really was), in every kind, colour, and variety of gold-embroidered vestments. Officers of the civic guard in dark uniforms, and officers of Austria in white, diligently keeping back masses of Roman peasants gaudy as butterflies as to body and petticoat, and quite laden with chains and crosses, earring and flowers, gold, silver, and pearls, often wondrously handsome women. To these add the rows of black-veiled ladies sitting on either side in the reserved seats, backed by the many-coloured walls rich with mosaics, variegated marbles mounting aloft to the cupola, where, under a glare of light, the four gigantic evangelists in the spandrels of the arches float in a haze of golden sunshine, a glorious setting of a glorious scene.

Again we settled down to the mass, the Pope advanced to the altar, denuded of mitre and royal trappings, in a plain white dress, the music ceased, the attendant prelates retired, every knee was bent, every head bowed in



seeming devotion. Alone on the steps of the altar stood that venerable old man, his hands clasped over the elements, his eyes turned to heaven. While he communicated, the silence was positively awful. Then, stealing around, came the soft sounds of the silver trumpets, low and plaintive, at first, as wailing spirits, then swelling forth in a Hosanna of joy and praise. The Pope, holding in his hand the host, turned to the four quarters of the globe. Then the *Agnus Dei* was chanted, the Pope resumed his robes and retired as he came, bestowing blessings around. Then the crowd, ebbing and flowing like a human sea, cast its vast waves through every open door into the piazza beyond, where the burning sunshine caught and absorbed them all alike. We too, with these thousands of living victims, were ruthlessly clutched by the monster waiting to devour us the instant we left the kindly shelter of the cool sanctuary.

But the celebrations of Rome's great festa to her patron saint were not yet over. Magnificent pleasures were yet awaiting us in the Piazza del Popolo at the first hour of night. The piazza was densely filled. The fountains and obelisks rose out of acres of pleasure-loving Romans; galleries were erected in the porticos of the twin churches opposite the Flaminian Gate; every window was filled, and every eye turned in expectant eagerness towards the Pincian Hill, where, amid lofty terraces and sculptured trophies, gigantic statues and dark ilex woods, the girandola (fireworks) was to be exhibited. Meanwhile, the usual fanning and consuming of ices and of sweet drinks went on among the Roman princesses, seated on a raised estrade, looking as haughty and unpleasant as any classical Cornelias or Volumnias, history could furnish.

The herald cannon sounded, and up flew millions of rockets, descending in blue, red, purple, and yellow stars. When these brilliant comets allowed us to look round, the summit of the Pincian was transformed into a great temple of fire, enclosed by walls of quivering crystal, broken by niches filled with fiery statues; a temple such as Vulcan might have reared to Venus in the infernal shades wherein to recast the armour of Mars.

Then volleys of deafening cannon rattled till one's ears ached. Behold, overlapping streams of liquid fire rush down the steep sides of the Pincian into the piazza, and mysteriously disappear in showers of golden sparks, which the crowd struggled to catch; but lo! they were gone! Then we had an intermezzo of rockets and catherine-wheels, the cannons outdoing one another; and now a vast architectural design appears, representing a burning palace, great halls and galleries, and endless arcades and colonnades in fiery perspective, red with palpitating flames. Such a palace might have suited the ghosts in Vathek, which wander hither and thither for ever through boundless vaults of fire, clapping with their hands a burning heart hid under the folds of shadowy draperies.

I could not tell all the wonderful tricks and changes of these marvellous fireworks; the en-

chanter Merlin never terrified his enemies with more surprising samples of his transforming art. As a final triumph, the whole Pincian became the crater of a horrible volcano, casting forth fire and flames, while the roar of the cannon mimicked the thunders of the labouring mountains. Red lava-streams rushed down in every direction, and millions of rockets shot up into the heavens, to fall back bright and beaming like planets fallen from their spheres.

A moment more and all was over. The moon shone down serenely in a soft twilight, casting pale lights on the statues and terraced galleries, as if all else had been a disordered dream.

## ANOTHER GUN.

Not long ago was noticed in this journal the idea of the ingenious inventor who, in the wild competition of all the iron and steel guns—iron which was homogeneous and malleable; and steel which was "Krupp's"—modestly proposed a new material, which took the world a little by surprise, namely, leather and papier-mâché.\* There is a great deal to be said for the leather and paper guns; certainly something on the score of economy. The parliamentary bills for the artillery furnished by Whitworth and Armstrong are swelling every year, and making the ratepayer scowl. More beautiful tools in finish, design, and workmanship, could not be conceived. A small Armstrong would not discredit a drawing-room or a boudoir; and the enthusiasm of the French officer, who exclaimed, with military rapture, that they exhibited a "*luxe et un puissance d'outillage merveilleux*," can be almost comprehended on looking at them. But the ratepayer's admiration is damped when he thinks of the frightful cost of the experiments, the workshops, the failures, the inventors, the metals, the tools. A cost that, in the words of the famous "power of the Crown" resolution, is increasing, hath increased, and very decidedly ought to be diminished. When a reformer, therefore, comes forward with a simple practical plan which has economy written in mammoth characters on its outside, he deserves to be listened to with respect. MAJOR PALLISER, a young cavalry officer, who, unlike most of his military companions, made a brilliant university career—has for some years been experimenting, and has now secured the great dull flabby government ear, and, better still, is "getting" the honest, open, friendly ear of the public.

The recommendation of the whole is its welcome simplicity and economy. It is not known, perhaps, that a gun, like a bank-note, has its fixed length of days. It is allowed to live through so many discharges, a register of which is kept. When the number is filled up, say, in many cases, from eighty to a hundred (this was under the old pre-Armstrong dispensation), government steps in. The "arm" is assumed to be unsafe.

\* Volume xii., page 162.



The war-officer condemns and casts out. But Major Palliser steps in, scoops out the interior, re-lines it, and makes it—not as “good as new,” but literally far better than new. All, too, for a sum ridiculously low. At home in store, in dock-yards, on old towers and fortifications, up and down here and there through the kingdom, out in the colonies, in ships and in cellars, even on the terraces of noblemen’s castles who wish to have a little cheap military show, and hold these old “pieces” in trust for the War Office, are tens of thousands of this old ordnance, of all sizes and dimensions. Every day, the list is being swelled; for, every day salutes and reviews are putting a term to the services of many of the monsters. The question arises, should not these be considered rather as damaged than worn out, which, in fact, three-fourths only are—a damage that literally a pound or two can repair.

One of the old vulgar errors—and it is a vulgar error still with many—was, that thickness was strength. You made an enormously thick cannon, and you had, therefore, an enormously strong cannon. Experiment has now discovered, first, that the shock produced by a discharge acts chiefly at or about the breech, and that, therefore, immoderate thickness is only thrown away in other portions; secondly, that the shock will only travel through a certain thickness, and that, after that, the disturbance is not felt. The waves of disturbance, in fact, do not go through the iron beyond a certain distance. But there is something more to be considered to understand this new plan. We hear the words “cast-iron,” “homogeneous iron,” “malleable iron,” &c., used abundantly, which convey very confused ideas. All the old artillery we see lying in the forts were made of “cast-iron”—perhaps the worst known iron in the world. That is, a heap of iron was melted with all its dross and impurities, and then “run” in a sand mould. As the gun cooled unequally—the outer surface, next the air, before the inner, and both very suddenly as compared with the interior texture—sometimes this interior, between the outside and inner layers, never solidified at all, and has been found to be quite soft and pulpy. A greater danger still is what is called “honey-combs,” when the bubbles get imprisoned in the cooling guns, with the result of a series of hollow cells between the outer and inner surfaces. So that the gun is, in reality, but (say) one-third as thick as it appears to be. Again, cast-iron is full of impurities, is unequal in quality and in density. But there is a greater and almost a certain danger. If there be—what there is sure to be—a flaw—a crack even the width of a human nail—this is the foundation of destruction. The powder gases act as a lever, and at every discharge widen this little crack, until in the end it bursts the piece itself. This fatal crack cannot be guarded against, and on all grounds, therefore, cast-iron is undesirable.

Major Palliser, however, collects these old and condemned arms, places them in a turning machine, and scoops away an inch thickness of the interior metal, introducing a small tube or

lining, which is screwed in, and formed of several tubes of wrought-iron or steel fitted on each other according to his principle.

The great danger, however, is from what are called “sets.” Up to a certain point the iron is “elastic” under an explosion: that is, expands, and contracts again to its original state. The limit to this elasticity stands at about four tons on the square inch. The gun will bear a great deal more, perhaps up to ten tons, without bursting; but, once the strain has gone beyond the limit of elasticity, the economy of the metal becomes disturbed, and what is called a “set” takes place. The whole texture of the gun has been strained, and its strength really reduced. By this new plan of Major Palliser’s, a sort of artificial texture is built up. The inner core introduced is formed of a material whose power of elasticity is nearly three times that of cast-iron. This new lining takes all the practical strain and duty on itself: the old cast-iron shell takes its share, and is well able to bear the shock that reaches it, and at least the longitudinal pressure.

What, then, is this valuable “homogeneous” or “Krupp” iron which enjoys such a reputation? It is simply well-made wrought-iron—iron made very dense. It is the most wrought of wrought-iron. Krupp hammers the metal into a quantity of little ingots, which are beaten into the densest shape. These little ingots are only the materials for making the iron, and by means of steam hammers these are welded into masses of iron. The hammering, in short, is so “thorough,” that all chance of cracks, flaws, or “honey-combs” becomes next to impossible. The more wholesale and effectual the hammering, the “closer” and more superior the metal. This is the secret of the Krupp iron. But by this process the result is so extraordinary that a new metal seems to have been created. The power of resistance is almost amazing, and Mr. Whitworth is actually said to have plugged one of his musket-barrels made of this material, and to have fired it off without bursting the piece. As may be conceived, it is costly. Major Palliser would merely use a lining—and it is on the lining, and only at the breech portion of the lining, that the great pressure acts—and would trust to the old cast-iron for the balance of resistance.

This interior lining might be made of several tubes. They should not be shrunk over each other, as Mr. Whitworth does his, by hydraulic pressure. For, by the “shrinking,” the inner tube is compressed and tightened more than it ought to be, and, when the shock comes, will assist in straining the one over it. Major Palliser would make his innermost layer of very soft and elastic iron, the next of a harder sort, the next of steel, and the outside one of the old cast-iron cannon itself.

This officer’s name has become associated with two other curious discoveries. One is so simple a thing as, the method of tracing the threads of a screw to be used in targets, with astonishing results—raising them on the surface instead



of depressing them. The other is the making of shells out of "chilled iron," which is an iron as hard and brittle as steel, but with this difference, that what cost ten shillings may be had for two. These economies, when we are firing away half millions and millions every year with blaze and thunder, are worthy of every consideration. We have had surely enough of costly inventions, and yet more costly experiments, in the direction of targets, rams, iron platings, shells, and the rest of it, and we seem very little nearer a satisfactory termination. The only discovery that we have been helped to, is the simple one of the homogeneous iron, which is yet no discovery, and which common sense saw for itself long ago. Unless flour is well blended, or dough well kneaded with the familiar rolling-pin, we shall have but indifferent bread and pastry. The great Nasmyth steam hammers are the rolling-pins of the foundry. The Armstrong "welded coil" is the old twisted rifle barrel over again. The Palliser gun in all this chaos is clear and intelligible. It is a resting-place in the bewildering mystery of experiment and speculation. It is a certainty, and a cheap certainty. Will it be believed that there is "sunk" in these cast-iron guns lying useless all over the empire a capital of MANY MILLIONS, and that within a period of only four years a sum of nearly A MILLION AND A QUARTER was laid out on these useless engines, which are little more enduring than fireworks?

## GERMAN OPERA AND ITS MAKERS.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

THERE is no section of art, in which Fashion—foolish insensate Fashion—has ruled the hour more completely, than in that of theatrical music. A hundred years ago our Walpoles and Grays, gentlemen who had taken "the grand tour," and professed connoisseurship in Art, were sneering at Handel, as an old worn-out creature crutched up on court influence, merely because Handel lived in England—ignoring Gluck—dying the while of ecstasy over some mediocre Italian opera imported from abroad, written by a man whose name lives only in the pages of a dictionary. But in the time of Walpole and Gray, the real culture of, and taste for music in England,—which had been all but destroyed by political convulsions, and afterwards dwarfed and flouted, by a set of brave spirits, who thought the sounds of their tongues in the coffee-houses were sweeter than any "Ausonian Melody"—were at a very low ebb.

The narrowness of our sympathies is illustrated by our utter indifference to all stage music such as France could produce. Nay, we are now only reluctantly waking up to the fact, that to the Grand Opéra of Paris, shaped in rigorous conformity to the taste of our neighbours, all Europe has been greatly indebted for the formation of dramatic as distinguished from musical opera. The largest and most deeply based stone in the foundation of the edifice

was laid by Lulli—an Italian it is true, as were, after him, Piccini, Sacchini, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini—but who was compelled from the first, possibly by the comparatively uncultivated state of the art of singing in France, more largely to study declamatory passion and scenic fitness, than that melody which amuses the ear; but which if produced in exaggerated forms and proportions, ends in abusing the sense of probability. This subject, however, of French opera is too large a one to be dismissed in a paragraph, though we must advert to it, as illustrating the prejudice which so curiously *veins* English connoisseurship, in counterbalance to an occasional fearlessness in recognition, such as no other country can lay claim to. Suffice it to state, that our admission of any school, and a style, as distinguishing the country of "our born enemies," dates within the last quarter of a century. Yet, as could be proved, French opera, with its own style and school, was something like a century older than German opera with *its* style and school only in embryo. It is curious to observe how, with admiration sometimes indiscriminating, and sympathy not seldom blind, the tide of English enthusiasm, especially among those who professed to be scientific and profound, began, so soon as it took any cognisance of the matter, to admire everything bearing a German signature. We had been enthralled by Bürger—we were melted by Werther. The fashion for German music spread like wildfire: as irrationally as the fashion before it which had deified the Farinellis and Senesinos, and had made serious quarrels over the rivalry between Cuzzoni and Faustina on the Italian stage.

The time may have come to look at these things a little more dispassionately—to arrange the three schools of opera in Europe in their right places, without unfair antagonism or robbery of the just dues of any. For the moment let us deal with Opera in Germany, and by way of beginning let us look back for a moment, at what really was achieved in that country before Mozart's time.

The courts of the different kingdoms, from north to south, had Italian companies and Italian traditions from an early period of opera. At Hamburg, there was something more individual—the Hanse Town showing clearly how the burgher and the merchant, even in a state of undeveloped freedom, coarse luxury, and semi-civilisation, could dare and do more than King or Kaiser, in the fostering of national originality. The Hamburg opera is illustrated by three successive names as famous as those of Keyser, Mattheson, and HANDEL. The first kept the stage of Hamburg for forty years—from his "Basilus" in 1694, till his "Circe" in 1734, enriching the theatre with one hundred productions. Where are these now? Dr. Burney accredits the high praise bestowed on him by Faustina's husband "Il Sassone" Hasse;—and somewhat incoherently accredits him "with novelty of passages, with an absence of grace and facility, with modulation, ingenuity, and



new ideas, with the vigour of a fertile invention, and correctness of study and experience." Nothing is so difficult to describe in words, as music—even if the hand that holds the pen be as neat, and the head as clear, as were Burney's; but the above praise reminds us of "hot ice and wondrous strange snow;"—and it may be not uncharitably surmised, that if Keyser had exhibited any real style of his own, we should not have to inquire for some specimen of the music of these hundred forgotten operas. A song for Medusa, from the "Persee" of Lulli, electrified our London concert-rooms, public and private, within the last ten years, by its declamatory grandeur, which offered scope to the singer living who is grandest in declamation—Madame Viardot.

In Keyser's day, however, the lines of demarcation, so far as dramatic music was concerned, betwixt Germany and Italy, were as yet but indistinctly drawn. Most, if not all, of the operas produced—as, for instance, the "Costanza e Fortezza" of Fux, the third performance of which at Prague was conducted from the harpsichord by no less august an amateur than the Emperor Charles the Sixth of Austria—were written to Italian text. There was one great original German thinker, it is true, rising up and pouring out noble thoughts and new combinations, of a variety and value of which we have only become duly sensible during late years—Sebastian Bach—but, magnificent as his instrumental works are, his dealings with the single voice are so curiously ignorant, and, it may be said, thoughtless (a rebuke strange as applied to the King of organists)—as to excite surprise rather than to establish a style. Superb as are the choruses in Bach's sacred works—witness the Thunder Chorus in his Passion-Music according to St. Matthew—witness the "Crucifixus" to his mass in B minor—witness the opening to his "Magnificat"—startling as are certain of his recitatives by their dramatic intensity—the majority of his songs are tedious, over ornate, and written on a totally wrong principle. The singer was to exhibit in dialogue with some instrument or instruments brought into a relief quite as high as the vocal strain: and the air was too often forced pell-mell into a union with words nothing short of Mezentian. In truth, the good man shifted his songs about, from work sacred to work profane, with a callous indifference which would now call down the bitterest German irony (as controversy has been of late) were it found in an Italian composer. It is notorious, however, that Bach (no bigot, like many a meaner creature among his successors) had a hankering after Opera. By way of a holiday he would go from Leipsic to Dresden "to hear the pretty songs." As he tried his hand at everything, he may be said to have made a move towards Opera in that gruff, quaint Cantata "Pan and Phœbus," which was the other day disinterred for the first time in the splendid modern German edition of his works. But the music of this, though not without inklings of humour, is, as a whole, dry, and without significance. Compare it, for in-

stance, with the dramatic efforts of one, far less deeply learned, less favourably circumstanced—so melodious, so impassioned—so close in the expression of situation and sense by sound, and (some slight flavour of Lulli allowed for) so unmistakably English in their nationality—of our Purcell.

The mighty musical spirit of Bach, however, had no, immediate influence on the creation of what may be generically called German opera: nor indeed, was it felt in the branch of art in which he was autocrat for a good half century after his decease. The men of genius, with some small exception, denationalised themselves. Handel passed into Italy, there to lay hands on whatever suited him;—thieving on a magnificent scale from Clari, Colonna, Searlatti, Erba, and Heaven knows how many less famous men. Nor was Gluck a whit more German in style. After writing some scores of Italian operas, according to the southern pattern, he suddenly struck into his own path in his "Orfeo," a path not unmarked with concessions and conventionalisms—though those who use him as a party-cry will not have it so. His visit to our despised London, where he was brought into rivalry with Handel (his "Caduta dei Giganti" having been written, as was "Judas Maccabeus," to celebrate the Culloden victory over the Pretender), may have been the turning-point of his career:—and the antipathy of the two men, if antipathy there was (as the lovers of ill-natured anecdote stir themselves to prove), may not have hindered the dramatic composer—immature in originality though mature in years—from availing himself of the examples set him by the oratorio writer then in the zenith of his fame. The choruses in "Orfeo" and "Alceste," both operas written to Italian text, and some of their themes based on Italian melody, may owe something to such specimens of Handel's genius as "For Sion lamentation make," and "Fallen is the foe." Both the two mighty men gained their fame by pleasing other than German publics. Neither found for years on years due recognition at home. Handel, even to this day, has it not. It was from Paris, rather than Vienna, that Gluck's genius went forth to heaven, to remodel, and to recommend the grace of truth as superior to that of convention in musical drama.

If we look into the long list of German composers celebrated in their time, and now forgotten, who preceded Mozart, we find but one name connected with operas to be heard of at the time present. It is true that John Adam Hiller made a certain mark at Dresden by fourteen operas written to German text, and possibly containing "the pretty songs" which Father Bach loved to indulge himself with;—but of Hiller's music not a trace remains; and that it had no peculiar nationality of style may be divined from his favourite predilection, that of hearing the Italian operas of Hasse, "Il Sassone," German by birth, southern in style, and sung by a company of Italians, which included artists no less famous than Carestini and



Amorevoli. Hiller would sit up all night to copy Hasse's scores. Probably he was the best singing-master Germany ever produced, from having imbibed Italian traditions; certain it is, that he formed the greatest German singer of whom history makes mention—Mara. His compositions, however, have perished utterly; it may be owing to their want of style. A few years later than Hiller, was born that fertile, versatile, and ingenious musician, Ditters, who figures in musical dictionaries as Ditters von Dittersdorf, and whose "Doctor and Apothecary," and "Little Red Riding Hood," still appear in the theatres of Germany from time to time. Born at Vienna in 1739, Ditters entered his musical career as a violinist, and by a solo which he played in a church service, attracted the notice of the Prince of Hildburghausen, who took charge of his musical education. When this was complete, young Ditters entered the opera orchestra at Vienna, and there was fortunate enough to gain the favour of Metastasio and of Gluck; who, it is worth noting, by way of assisting the career of a German musician, took him into Italy. There, too, Ditters had the good luck, or good talent, rather, to make himself friends. One day, after playing his best, he was surprised by an anonymous letter of compliments and thanks;—and, what was better, a very rich watch. They came, he afterwards learned, from the princely soprano, Farinelli. Later, again, we find Ditters passing through the hands of Joseph Haydn, probably the best master of composition among the great composers who ever existed: seeing that, for the most part, poets can do little in the way of teaching the art of poetry.

The first essays of Ditters in composition were anything but comical, four stout oratorios written for the Bishop of Grosswardein, in Hungary—Isaac, David, Job, and Esther. It is evident, from these, that he was more solid and dreamy than one of those light-hearted and slightly-read Italians who, in their day, made such capital musical buffoonery,—and, further, the list of his compositions (many of which were written to Italian words) includes an Ossianic song, also fifteen grand symphonies on the subject of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*—a foreshadowing of the romantic and transcendental productions in which Germany has since proved so rich. He could also write criticisms and essays, and left behind him memoirs of his life, which are said to be amusing. But his industry, his popularity, and his patronage, could not save him. He quarrelled with his great friends—conceived himself elbowed out of his place by the success of Mozart, fell sick and into want, and died under the roof of a charitable Bohemian baron, soured and worn out. What I know of the music of Von Dittersdorf, however, has never seemed to me comic, so much as slight and neatly made. In truth, the element of fun, among our cousins German, seems spare and rare, as compared with the farce of Italy and the wit of France, especially in music. In his operas, Mozart only displays it in the part of Osmin in "*Die Entführung*" ("the Seraglio"),

and in the bird man and woman in "*Die Zauberflöte*"—whimsical as Mozart could be in his catches and chamber music. It would be hard to name a national German play which we English could accept as comedy of more modern date than Kotzebue's time. That writer had in him the true spirit of mirth and satire, besides great fertility of invention. But Kotzebue's is a name from which every earnest intense German patriot turns with aversion. To go back to music—the pieces found delightful in the popular theatres of licentious, laughing, vacant Vienna, even those with tunes composed and selected for them by Wenzel Müller, are dead and dreary as compared with the contemporary vaudevilles of France. If there be anything beyond mere theory spinning in the above speculation, Von Dittersdorf is better characterised as a son of the soil by his mystical Ovid symphonies than by the correct yet colourless music of his little comedies—the precursors of the yet milder mirth of Conradin Kreutzer and Lortzing.

One of the few genuine bits of German musical stage fun that could be named, and one of the most genuine in being, is the Pedlar's song in Mendelssohn's operetta, known in England as "*Son and Stranger*." But he was full of real merriment, perhaps in part, because he had Italian blood in his veins. It was among his many unfulfilled plans, cut short by early death, to write an opera based on Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*; and, in a letter on the subject which exists, besides due regard to the interests of *Hermione* and *Perdita*, an anxious wish is expressed that *Autolycus* shall be well seen after.

Here chronological boundaries have been broken, in order completely to trace as among outlines the small amount of indigenous gaiety to be found in German opera music, from the moment at least when it began to take a special place of its own, and to cease from having what may be called a cosmopolitan existence, largely tintured by Italian and French inspirations. From that moment, a disposition to be thoughtful, sentimental, dreamy, began to make itself increasingly felt, pertinently aided by the development of another expressive power than that of the voice—to wit, the orchestra—in support of the singer and in suggestion of the situation.

The birth of this may be seen in the experiments and combinations of Sebastian Bach, curious in the extent of their complication and variety, entirely in advance of their time in their difficulty, yet now largely obsolete, because of the changes in the facture of instruments. Many of those Bach employed are superseded by modern inventions and improvements—and only exist in museums; some, as the trumpets, are matters of antiquarian dispute. There is nothing analogous in point of science or intricacy in contemporary French or Italian instrumental music. On the other hand, we have seen that Bach was not above being pleased with "the pretty Dresden songs." He was willing to appropriate the best things of every style, as a real, royal man of genius will do. French in-



fluence may be traced in some of his clavier music—in his gavottes and bourrées. Be these things as they may, though many of the works of Bach (the more fancifully inventive ones especially) never got hold of the public during his time, it is not too much to predicate that they were known to some of the best men in Germany, and that, wherever they were known, they quickened life and enterprise.

Eighteen years before Sebastian Bach died, there was born, in 1738, on the borders of Germany and Hungary, one of the completest musicians and men of genius that ever existed; whose influence on the direction of German music was perhaps wider—certainly more instantaneous—than that of the great organist. This was Joseph Haydn. A discriminating life of this remarkable man is eminently wanted, those by Framery, and Breton, and Carpani not filling the want. A more noticeable example of fertility without carelessness, of fancy without extravagance or conceit, of science without pedantry, of success acknowledged by a ceaseless resolution to make progress, does not exist in the annals of art. Eight hundred owned works were produced during his life of seventy-seven years; one of these works, including one hundred and fifty pieces for the baryton! thrown off as a part of his daily service, while he was Prince Esterhazy's retainer. Haydn mastered every style, he appropriated every discovery; he wrought incessantly, one might say mechanically, did not the charming freshness of his first ideas forbid the use of the word. Beginning modestly (though his earliest works are beautiful for their clearness and symmetry), he advanced till the end of life in width of scale, vigour of grasp, and freedom of style year by year, without sacrifice of his excellent originality. His "Creation," the work of two years, after he was sixty, was the fruit of a visit to England, produced in emulation of Handel. The last of his eighty-three stringed quartets, may be said to have been prompted by the advance which Mozart had made in that style of composition. His melodies were, till his death, fresh, his harmonies courageous, though not equalling in daring those of Sebastian Bach, his contrivances were at once natural and unexpected. And thus the great body of his music can only be said to be obsolete, in so much as simplicity is obsolete. As compared with the music of every other German composer, Beethoven excepted, it is astonishingly clear of mannerism.

What Haydn may be said to have done directly for German opera is easily told. Of the eleven German operas he wrote (some for the Prince Esterhazy's puppet theatre) we know nothing. There was incidental music, too, for the drama "Götz von Berlichingen," Goethe's early work, which, it may be remembered, was to Sir Walter Scott's genius what the spark is to the tinder. One would gladly know what this

was like. Then there were twelve Italian operas, principally, to judge from their titles, of mixed character, though including an "Armida," an "Acis and Galatea," an "Orlando Paladino," and an "Orfeo" begun for London, not completed. Of all this mass of music, one song, "Il pensier," from "Orfeo," survives. The bulk of Haydn's compositions do not give indications of that power over intense emotion demanded from one who is to treat serious themes for the stage. And yet his Cantata "Ariadne in Naxos"—his Spirit Song to the English words of that dashing lady but happy writer for music, Mrs. John Hunter,—and, most of all, his admirable setting of Shakespeare's "She never told her love,"—prove that he could have been as much at ease in the depths, or among the stormy waves, or on the melancholy shore, as in calm water and sunshine, had not the last better suited as themes his cheerful equable nature. One great requisite for vocal composition Haydn possessed in perfection. He was a singer; and had been renowned, when a choir boy, for the beauty of his voice.

Only one, however, of the facts and characteristics here assembled, may be said to have had anything to do with the special existence into which German opera began to mould itself during the last years of Haydn's life. This was his mastery over instrumental form and structure. With more real cheerfulness, he had less quaintness in his composition than Sebastian Bach—was therefore less urged to try new conclusions without any reference to their practicability or effect. It may be, that owing to the superior opportunities afforded him of hearing his music played (since a household band was at his disposition in the Esterhazy establishment), he approached that proportion in balance of forces, and in grouping the stringed and wind instruments, which was of infinitely greater value as a discovery than the most intricate assemblage of heterogeneous ingredients, to each of which was allowed its independent action, such as makes so many of Bach's works curiosities of combination. In brief, Haydn brought the orchestra many steps nearer its modern state and supremacy than it had ever been before;—making it an organ of separate expression, not merely of formal parade or subservient accompaniment; an engine for the production of effects as fascinating as they were new. Germany thenceforward shot ahead of Italy and France.

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XXVII. THE LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.

WHEN Mr. Trefalden arrived at Castletowers at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, he was somewhat dismayed to find the court-yard crowded with carriages, the terrace full of ladies, and the open, lawn-like space in front of the house all alive with scarlet coats, horses, grooms, and hounds. Having walked across from the station by the field-paths, he came upon the noisy scene all at once, and learned from half a dozen voices together, that it was the last meet of the season.

Fully expecting to find his appointment forgotten, and Saxon among the riders, he passed on to the house, where the first person he met was Miss Colonna, an amazone, with her riding-whip in her hand, and a drooping feather in her hat.

"Ah, Mr. Trefalden," she said, "we have just been talking of you. You will find none but enemies here."

"I trust that I am not to include Mademoiselle Colonna among that number."

"Of course not," she replied, with a smile that had some little mockery in it. "Is not Mr. Trefalden enrolled among the Friends of Italy? By the way, you have not yet seen yourself in our printed report for March. I have placed your name at the head of a column."

The lawyer bowed, and professed himself infinitely flattered.

"May I ask," said he, "why I am so unfortunate as to have provoked all this enmity to which you refer?"

"Because your presence deprives us of the pleasure of your cousin's society, and prevents him from putting on a scarlet coat, and distinguishing himself as a mighty hunter before the ladies."

"When he would infallibly have broken his neck," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"By-the-by, why did you not tell me he was your cousin, that day we met at Reichenau?" asked Miss Colonna, with provoking directness.

"I really cannot tell—unless I supposed the fact could have no kind of interest for you."

"Or were you afraid I should want to enlist him also? But here is my steed."

"May I assist you to mount, Mademoiselle Colonna?"

"Many thanks," she said, as, having taken her tiny foot with the reverence of a devotee, Mr. Trefalden lifted her dexterously to the saddle, and arranged the folds of her habit. "I had really no idea, Mr. Trefalden, that you, a doctor learned in the law, were also an accomplished cavalier."

"Why not, signora?"

"Indeed, I can hardly say; but I should as soon have thought of exacting escort-duty from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Do you hunt?"

"I have hunted; but not for several years. I have no time for cruelty, as a fine art."

"A subtle distinction, I presume, between business and pleasure," she said, laughingly. "I beg you to understand, however, Mr. Trefalden, that I do not hunt at all. I only ride to cover, and see the hounds throw off. I love to hear their 'gallant chiding'—but I am always sorry for the fox."

"I fear Lord Castletowers will not endorse that amiable sentiment," replied the lawyer, as the Earl came running down the broad stone steps, followed by some five or six other gentlemen. Seeing Mademoiselle Colonna already in the saddle, he bit his lip, and said with unconcealed disappointment:

"Has Vaughan again anticipated me in my office?"

The proud blood rose to Olimpia's cheek.

"To assist a lady whose horse waits at the door, is, I believe, the office of whatever gentleman may be at hand, Lord Castletowers," she replied, haughtily. "Mr. Trefalden was so obliging as to help me to mount this morning."

The Earl turned in some confusion, and shook hands with his lawyer.

"I beg your pardon, Trefalden," he said, hastily. "I had not observed you. Won't you take a run with us? Ah, no—I forgot. You are here to-day on business; but we shall meet at dinner. You will find your cousin in the dining-room."

And with this he sprang upon his black mare, reined up beside Mademoiselle Colonna, and began speaking in a low earnest tone that was audible to her alone. But the lady answered him briefly, bade Mr. Trefalden a courteous good morning, and rode swiftly out of the court-yard, followed by the red-coats as by a guard of honour.

Mr. Trefalden looked after them, and smiled thoughtfully.



"Poor Castletowers!" said he to himself. "She has no heart for anything but Italy."

And then he went into the house, where he found the breakfast over, the dining-room deserted, and everybody out upon the terrace. It was a large assembly, consisting chiefly of ladies, and the general interest was at that moment centred in the hunting party, then gaily winding its way down the green slope, and through the chequered shade of the oaks.

When the last gleam of scarlet had disappeared, Mr. Trefalden went up to Saxon, who was standing somewhat dolefully apart from the rest, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Why so dull and mute, young sinner?" Is it so hard a fate to stay in-doors and read through a bagful of musty parchments, when others are breaking their necks over five-barred gates?"

Saxon turned with his frank smile, and grasped his cousin's hand.

"It did seem hard a minute ago," replied he; "but now that you are come, I don't care any longer. Castletowers said we were to go into the library."

"Then we will go at once, and get our business over. I hope your brains are in good order for work this morning, Saxon."

But Saxon laughed, and shook his head doubtfully.

"You must be my brains in matters of this kind, cousin William," said he. "I understand nothing about money, except how to spend it."

"Then, my dear fellow, you know more than I gave you credit for," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Money is a very pleasant and desirable thing, but there are three great difficulties connected with it—how to get it, how to keep it, and how to spend it—and I am not at all sure that to do the last in the best way is not the hardest task of the three. My business with you to-day, however, concerns the second of those propositions. I want to show you how to keep your money; for I fear there are only too many who enjoy teaching you the way to spend it."

They had now reached the library, a long low room, panelled and furnished with dark oak, and looking out upon the same quiet garden that was commanded by the window of Signor Colonna's little study. The books upon the shelves were mostly antique folios and quartos in heavy bindings of brown and mottled calf, and consisted of archaeological and theological works, county histories, chronologies, sermons, dictionaries, peerages, and parliamentary records. Here and there a little row of British essayists, or a few modern books in covers of bright cloth, broke the ponderous monotony; but the Castletowers collection, being chiefly made up of those works which it is said no gentleman's library should be without, was but a dull affair, and attracted few readers. A stag's skull and antlers presided spectrally above the door, and an elaborate genealogical tree of the Castletowers family, cumbrously framed in old black oak, hung over the mantelpiece like a hatchment.

"Well, cousin William," said Saxon, with an

anticipative yawn, "where is the bag of parchments?"

But Mr. Trefalden laid only his pocket-book and a small case-map on the table before him.

"The bag," he replied, "was but a figure of speech—a legal fiction. I have no parchments whatever to inflict upon you,—nothing but a few columns of figures, a letter or two, and a map of Western Asia."

Saxon opened his eyes.

"What in the world have I to do with Western Asia?" said he.

"That is just what I am here to tell you."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE.

"In the first place, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "I have done for you what I suppose you would never have thought of doing for yourself: I have had your account made up at Drummonds'. I confess that the result has somewhat surprised me."

"Why so?"

"Well, not because you have spent a great deal of money in a very short time, for I anticipated that; but because so many of your cheques appear to have gone into the pockets of your friends. Here, for instance, is the name of Sir Charles Burgoyne—a name which recurs no fewer than fourteen times within the space of five weeks. The first entry is for five hundred and twenty-five pounds; date, the twenty-first of March."

"That was for the mare and cab," said Saxon, quickly. "It was his own favourite mare, and he let me have her. He had been offered five hundred and fifty, only a day or two before."

Mr. Trefalden smiled dubiously, and glanced back at a memorandum entered in his note-book a few weeks before, when sitting behind that morning paper, in a window of the Eretheum club-house. The memorandum told a different tale. He contented himself, however, with writing the words "mare and cab" against the sum, and then went on.

"Second cheque—six hundred and ten pounds; date, the twentieth-ninth of March."

"My two riding-horses, and their equipments," explained Saxon.

"Humph! and were these also Sir Charles Burgoyne's favourites?"

"No, not at all. He was kind enough to buy them for me, from a friend who was reducing his establishment."

Mr. Trefalden checked off the six hundred and ten pounds, as before.

"Third cheque—two thousand pounds; date, the thirty-first of March."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Saxon. "That's not spent—it's only borrowed."

"By Sir Charles Burgoyne?"

"Yes."

"And the next, for two thousand five hundred, dated April the third?"

"I—I rather think that's borrowed also," replied Saxon.

"Then come various smaller cheques—four hundred, two hundred and fifteen, fifty-seven,



one hundred and five, and so forth; and by-and-by another heavy sum—one thousand and fifty pounds. Do you remember what that was for?"

"Yes, to be sure; that was the thousand guineas for the mail phaeton and pair; and even Castletowers said it was not dear."

Mr. Trefalden turned to another page of his note-book.

"It seems to me," observed he, "that Lord Castletowers is the only young man of your acquaintance whose friendship has not been testified in some kind of pecuniary transaction. Here, now, is the Honourable Edward Brandon. Has he also been generously depopulating his stables in your favour?"

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"I should think not, indeed!" said he. "Poor Brandon has nothing to sell. He hires a horse now and then, when he has a sovereign to spare—and that is seldom enough."

"Which, being translated, means, I presume, that the two thousand and odd pounds paid over at different times to Mr. Brandon are simply loans?"

"Just so."

"And Guy Greville, Esquire—who is he?"

"One of our Erectheum men; but that's a mere trifle."

"You call two hundred and fifty pounds a mere trifle? Howard Patrick Fitz Hugh, Esquire—four hundred pounds. Is he another member of your club?"

"Yes, a very pleasant fellow, an Irishman."

"Both loans, of course?"

Saxon nodded.

"Then come a number of miscellaneous cheques, evidently payments to tradesmen—one, I see, of nearly a thousand, to Hunt and Roskell. How much of that went for the prima donna's bracelet, you young rogue?"

"I haven't the least idea. Gillingwater takes care of the bills."

"There is another little item that must not be forgotten," said the lawyer; "namely, that trifle of fifty-nine thousand pounds to Mr. Laurence Greatorex."

"Which is not spent, but deposited," said Saxon, sagely.

"Exactly so, and which might have been deposited to equal advantage in the crater of Vesuvius. But enough of details. Have you any notion of what the sum total amounts to?"

"None whatever."

"What do you say to seventy-eight thousand six hundred and twelve pounds?"

"I am afraid I have no original remarks to offer upon the fact," replied Saxon, with unabated cheerfulness. "What is your opinion, cousin William?"

"My opinion is, that a young man who contrives to get through fourteen thousand pounds of uninvested capital per week, would find the air of Hanwell highly conducive to his general health."

"But, cousin, do you think I have done wrong in spending so much?"

"I think you have done foolishly, and ob-

tained no kind of equivalent for your money. I also think you have been unscrupulously plundered by your acquaintances; but, after all, you have gained some little experience of life, and you can afford to pay for it. To tell you the truth, I foresaw something of this kind for you; and, having introduced you to Lord Castletowers, I purposely kept myself and my advice in the background for a few weeks, and let you take your first plunge into the world in whatever way you pleased. I had no wish, Saxon, to play Mentor to your Telemachus."

"I should have been very grateful to you, though," said Saxon.

"Well, I am just going to begin, so you can be grateful by-and-by," replied Mr. Trefalden, with his pleasant smile. "I am here to-day for the purpose of inoculating you with financial wisdom, and pointing out to you how absolutely necessary it is that your fortune should be invested to advantage."

"You told me that before."

"Yes; but now I am about to prove it. Eight weeks ago, young man, you were worth four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds. Since that time, you have embarrassed yourself of a good deal of the odd money; but, putting that aside we will, for the sake of convenience, reckon your fortune in round numbers at four millions and a half."

"Certainly. At four millions and a half," repeated Saxon, wearily.

"Well, have you ever asked yourself how long your four millions and a half are likely to last, if you simply go on as you have begun?"

"No—but they would last out my life, of course."

"They would last you just six years, nine weeks, and three days."

Saxon was speechless.

"You can now judge for yourself," said Mr. Trefalden, "whether your money ought, or ought not, to be placed at interest, and whether I am making myself needlessly obnoxious to you to-day, when you might have been galloping after the fox. What you require, Saxon, is a fixed income."

"Yes—I see that."

"And, as I told you long since, your property, if well invested, will bring you a princely revenue. At five per cent, it will produce two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year; and at seven and a half per cent, three hundred and seventy-five thousand—more than a thousand pounds a day. I believe, Saxon, that I have found an investment for you at seven and a half per cent, for as much of your fortune as you may be inclined to put into it."

"A thousand pounds a day—seven and a half per cent," stammered Saxon; "but isn't that usury, cousin William?"

"Usury!" repeated Mr. Trefalden, with an amused smile. "Why, my dear fellow, no man of business ever calculates on making less than seven or eight per cent of his capital!"

"But then he is a man of business, and his skill and experience make part of his capital;



so he ought to gain more than a rich idler who only invests his wealth for an income," replied Saxon, with a flash of practical good sense that showed how easily he could master even the science of money, if he chose to think about it.

Mr. Trefalden was positively startled. He had so accustomed himself of late to think of his young kinsman as a mere child in worldly affairs, that he had, perhaps, insensibly fallen into the error of under-estimating his abilities.

"There is some truth in what you observe, Saxon," said he; "but it is a truth that does not affect the present question. It would take too long, and lead us too far from the subject in hand, to go into it philosophically; but you may rely on my experience when I tell you that, as a private individual, you have every right to accept seven and a half per cent, if you can obtain it with safety. My aim is to ensure you a liberal income; and if I have been somewhat tardy about it, you must blame my over-anxiety, and not my want of zeal."

"Dear cousin William, I have never dreamed of blaming either!" exclaimed Saxon, warmly.

"I have throughout been keenly sensible of the responsibility that devolves upon me in this matter," continued Mr. Trefalden. "And I confess that, up to the present time, I have been cautious to timidity."

"I am sure of it—sure of it," said Saxon, with outstretched hand; "and am so heartily grateful that I know not in what words to put all I should like to say."

"I am very glad you place such confidence in me," replied the lawyer, returning the young man's cordial grasp; but the voice and the hand were both cold and unimpulsive.

With this he turned to his papers, placed them ready for reference, and opened out the map upon the table. Then he paused, as if collecting his thoughts upon the subject on which he was next about to speak. Prompt man of business as he was, one might almost have thought that Mr. Trefalden was reluctant to approach the very topic which he had come all the way from London to discuss. At length he began.

"Like most cautious persons, Saxon, I am no friend to speculation; but I do not, like those who are over-cautious, confound speculation with enterprise. In England our great public works are almost invariably originated and conducted by private bodies; and herein lies the chief spring of our national prosperity. Enterprise has made us what we are—mere speculation would have ruined us. What I have to propose to you, Saxon, is an enterprise of extraordinary importance, a gigantic enterprise, as regards its result, and one of comparatively trifling magnitude, as regards its cost. But you must give me all your attention."

"Indeed, I am doing so."

"I need not ask if you know the ordinary line of route from England to India, by way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea?"

"The Overland Route? Certainly—upon the map."

"And you know the track of our merchant

vessels to India and China, round the Cape of Good Hope?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then oblige me by glancing at this map, and following the line which I have marked upon it in red ink. It begins, you see, at Dover, and proceeds by Calais and Marseilles to Alexandria, where . . ."

"But I see two red lines crossing the Mediterranean," interrupted Saxon.

"We will follow this one first. At Alexandria it joins the railway, is carried across the Isthmus to Suez, thence traverses the Red Sea to Aden, and proceeds by the Arabian Sea to Bombay. This route is the prescriptive property of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company. Following it one may travel from London to Bombay in twenty-four days; and we have hitherto been accustomed to regard the accomplishment of this fact as one of the triumphs of modern civilisation."

"And so it is!" exclaimed Saxon.

"Ay, but it costs over a hundred pounds," replied Mr. Trefalden; "and the traveller who cannot afford so large a fare must go round by the Cape, and so lose either ninety-four days in a steamer, or four months in a sailing vessel. Now look at my other red line, and see where it departs from the first."

"It passes through the Straits of Messina, touches at Cyprus instead of at Malta, and goes direct to Sidon, instead of to Alexandria," said Saxon, now both surprised and interested.

"Precisely so; and from Sidon takes an almost direct course to Palmyra, whence it follows the valley of the Euphrates, and comes out upon the Persian Gulf at the point where the united waters of the Euphrates and Tigris empty themselves into the sea, one hundred and thirty miles below Korna."

"And then it goes straight down the Persian Gulf, and over to Bombay," said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden looked up with his finger on the map.

"If," said he, "this line from Sidon to the sea represented a fine railway, in connexion with a first-class steam-packet service at either extremity, which route to India do you think you would prefer?"

"This, of course. No man in his senses could do otherwise. The distance, to begin with, must be much less."

"About twelve or fourteen hundred miles."

"And then there would be far more of the journey performed by land—and through what a land! Palmyra—the plains of Babylon—Bassora . . . by Jove! One would make the journey to India for the mere sake of visiting places so famous in the history of the ancient world!"

"I confess that I regard this project from a less archaeological point of view," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Now hear the practical side of it; and understand that I am giving you only approximate facts—facts in the rough, before they have been squared and smoothed by surveyors and accountants. We calculate that this line of railway will extend over about seven



hundred and fifty, or eight hundred miles; that is to say, it will exceed the line now laid down between Calais and Toulon by not more than a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. It will unquestionably draw to itself the whole merchant traffic of India, China, Persia, and Ceylon. It will be the nearest route to Australia, and it will bring Bombay within twelve or fourteen days of London."

"It takes one's breath away!" said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden smiled, a smile of quiet triumph.

"But this is not all," said he. "We have reason to believe that at Hit, where there are mineral springs, we shall find coal; and as Hit lies very nearly half way between Sidon and the Gulf, we shall be enabled to supply our steam-service at both shores, and our whole line of railway from one central source."

"Those must be the bituminous fountains mentioned by Herodotus," said Saxon, quickly; "the fountains of Is that supplied asphalt for cementing the walls of Babylon!"

"If possible, Saxon, oblige me by confining your attention to the nineteenth century," expostulated the lawyer. "Try to think of Babylon as a railway station, and of Palmyra as a place where the guard allows twenty minutes for refreshments. Yes—I knew that would appal you. Now, perhaps, you will give me your opinion of the New Overland Route."

"My opinion!" repeated Saxon. "You might as well ask my opinion of the geology of Uranus!"

"That is the very consideration which deters me from recommending it as an investment."

"Oh, you need not let it do that," laughed Saxon. "I am as ignorant of one business matter as another. I told you just now that you must be my brains, whenever money came in question!"

"But what makes it still more difficult is, that in this case I may not let you benefit by any other person's brains," replied Mr. Trefalden. "There are many interests to be combated in the promotion of such a scheme as this; and it is of importance that we keep it, for the present, profoundly secret. Whether you interest yourself in it or not, I must bind you over, Saxon, to breathe no word of this matter to any living ear."

Saxon gave the promise unhesitatingly; but did not understand why it should be necessary.

"Because we must not rouse opposition before our system is matured," explained Mr. Trefalden.

"But if the new route is so great an improvement," urged Saxon, "who would oppose it?"

"All those persons who are interested in the old one," replied his cousin, smiling. "The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company—the shareholders and directors of the Suez Railway—the forty thousand English who colonise Alexandria."

"And would all those persons be ruined?"

"Every reformation ruins somebody," observed Mr. Trefalden, philosophically.

"Yes, but the reformer is bound to balance present evil against future good. Would this future good outweigh the present evil?"

"Unquestionably."

"In what way?"

Mr. Trefalden was momentarily puzzled. He had contemplated this subject from all sides except the one now presented to him. The benevolent point of view had never occurred to him.

"Well," he suggested, "it will give employment to thousands . . ."

"But it will throw thousands out of employment."

"—it will promote commerce, extend the boundaries of civilisation, improve Arabia . . ."

"I wouldn't help to ruin forty thousand English for the sake of improving Arabia," interrupted Saxon, hastily.

"—and bring the shores of England and Hindostan so near, that, were another mutiny to break out, we could land our troops at Bombay within twelve days after receiving the intelligence. The value of that possibility alone is incalculable."

"That is true; but . . ."

"And of our absolute success," continued Mr. Trefalden, "there can be no kind of doubt. I have been almost unwilling, Saxon, to embark you in an enterprise the advantages of which, however obvious to practical men, are not open to immediate test; but it is my duty to tell you that I have never known so brilliant an opening for the employment of capital."

"But . . ."

"Seven and a half per cent is merely the rate of interest offered by the company while the works are in progress; but when once the route is completed, the returns will be enormous. Your seven and a half per cent, my dear fellow, will become twenty-five—perhaps fifty."

"I don't want twenty-five, or fifty," replied Saxon. "I have more money now than I know what to do with."

"I am sure you will always make good use of whatever wealth you possess," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And it would break my heart to injure all those who live by the present system. Why, for instance, should I desire to ruin the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company?"

"We hope to do no such thing," said Mr. Trefalden. "We shall propose a coalition, and probably employ the very same vessels."

"And then the English colony at Alexandria!"

"Sidon will become what Alexandria is now—or rather, will become a far more important place than Alexandria has ever been since the days of her ancient prosperity. Just as we now require banks, warehouses, quays, and churches at Alexandria, we shall then require them at Sidon. The Alexandrian colonists are wealthy and enterprising: they will simply remove to the new port, and in ten years' time will be richer than if they had remained where they were."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do not think it; I know it. And the



Suez Railway Company will fare no worse than the rest. We shall in all probability take their whole body of officials into our service, and incorporate the shareholders' interests with our own. But the fact is, Saxon, you know too little of life to be able to judge a question of this kind; and I see you do not take kindly to the idea, so we will say no more about it."

"I could not have borne to do harm," said Saxon; "but now that you explain the matter so fully, I am quite willing . . . ."

But Mr. Trefalden would not hear of it.

"No, no," he said, coldly, gathering up his papers and folding his map. "I was anxious to do all that was possible for your interests; but it is, perhaps, better that you have nothing to say to the New Route."

"Yet, if you think well of it . . . ."

"I think so well of it, that I am about to invest all I possess in the company's shares; but that need not influence you. In point of fact, Saxon, I had rather leave your money in the funds. You will get only three per cent; but you can re-invest when you please, and the responsibility of advising you will be mine no longer."

"You are vexed with me, cousin William!"

"I regret that you think me capable of advising you to do what would not be right," replied Mr. Trefalden, somewhat stiffly.

"But I think nothing of the kind! I was in error; but, as you said only a moment before, I know nothing of life, so pray do not hold me accountable for the sins of my ignorance."

"Tush! not another word," said the lawyer, kindly. "You have said more than enough."

"And the investment?"

"With regard to the investment, I think the most satisfactory course will be for me to leave your money in government stock, at three per cent. Even so, it will bring you one hundred and thirty-five thousand per annum."

"As you please. It will be less trouble to spend, and make me quite as happy!"

Mr. Trefalden looked very grave.

"It will also leave you with less to give, and less power to make others happy," said he.

The careless smile faded from Saxon's lip.

"I wish I knew what I ought to do!" he exclaimed, with an impatient sigh. "What do you really wish me to do, cousin William?"

"I had rather not say more than I have already said," replied Mr. Trefalden. "You have had my advice."

"So I have—and of course I ought to follow it. You won't refuse to help me to do so?"

"Certainly not. You need only make your decision, and give me your instructions."

"I have decided. Invest the money, by all means, and let there be an end of it."

"And how do you wish me to invest it, Saxon?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with his pen in the ink.

"In the New Route, of course!"

"In one hundred pound shares, in the New Overland Route Steam-packet and Railway Company, Limited," said the lawyer, scribbling rapidly. "And to what amount?"

"To whatever amount you think proper."

"Shall we say to the extent of two millions?"

"Why only two? What is to be done with the rest?"

Mr. Trefalden stooped over his writing, and a keen observer might have seen that he changed colour.

"I do not recommend you," he said, "to invest more at present. As it is, you will be the largest shareholder on the list; and by-and-by, if the company should see fit to raise further capital, you can purchase additional shares. I must trouble you to sign this paper, Saxon—it is a power of attorney, which gives me authority to sell out your two millions."

The young fellow took his cousin's pen, and scrawled his name as carelessly as if he were signing away a couple of pounds.

"You ought never to subscribe your name to a paper without reading it," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Remember that. By the way, Saxon, I shall see that you are entered as a director."

"As a director, if you please, then, who is not expected to do anything," replied Saxon, laughing. "Are you also a director?"

"No; I am only solicitor to the company. But now that our business is settled, would you not like to glance over these tables of estimates? Here, you see, is a plan of the Route, and here the probable cost per mile, including . . . ."

"I beg your pardon, cousin William," interrupted Saxon, "but if our business is settled, I protest against hearing another word about the Route. For pity's sake, let us go out, and forget all about it!"

"I fear," said Mr. Trefalden, "that you are utterly incorrigible."

"I know I am. Do you ride?"

"Yes; now and then."

"Then we will go in search of the hunting party."

So Mr. Trefalden put his tables of estimates back into his pocket-book, and business was banished beyond recall. Then they went round to the stables, and Saxon ordered out his two thorough-breds.

"I trust you have not forgotten what I said to you at Reichenau on the subject of fetters, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, as they cantered across the park. "Mademoiselle Colonna is a dangerous neighbour. Beware of her."

Saxon laughed gaily.

"Fear nothing on my account, cousin William," said he. "I have the advantage of Achilles—there isn't a vulnerable point about me."

"We are all apt to think so till the arrow finds us out. However, if even your heart is safe, I still say beware—for your cheque-book. Has the signora levied no patriotic tax upon you yet?"

"None whatever."

"That's ominous, with a revolt actually in progress. She is reserving her strength, that the blow may fall the heavier when it comes. All I implore is, Saxon, that when Mademoiselle



Colonna, or her father, shall solicit your support, you will confine yourself to a money contribution—and pledge yourself to nothing foolish.”

“Of course not; but what else could I pledge myself to?”

“Heaven knows! She is capable of asking you to take the command of a troop.”

## GERMAN OPERA AND ITS MAKERS.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

THE reason for returning to Gluck and for assigning him a place apart is to be given.

There is no man named in the golden book of musicians concerning whom so much learned nonsense has been written, as this King of opera composers; no one, the real quality and bearings of whose genius have been so much misunderstood. In this country, especially, ignorance on the subject has only been equalled by prejudice.

The facts of Gluck's life may be told in a paragraph. He was the son of a Bohemian forest-guard, born and trained in an atmosphere of wild national music. He received some education in Prague from masters whose names are little known (Czernahorsky's the best). He was at Vienna in the year 1736. When he was twenty years of age, he was taken over into Italy, by a patron whom he found there, Count Melzi, and was placed in the hands of Sammartini (one of the greatest theorists of his time). After writing eight Italian operas for Milan, Cremona, Venice, and Turin, he was invited to London during the disastrous year 1745. Failing to produce any effect here, he returned to Vienna, and wrote profusely for the Opera House of that capital, to Italian and French text, apparently making little advance till the year 1761. In that year Gluck produced his ballet “Dom Juan,” at Vienna, in the following year his “Orfeo,” and six years later “Alceste,” the famous dedication of which opera to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, has caused more misapprehension, and done more mischief (this is saying much), than any dramatic preface of apology or attack in being—Victor Hugo's to his suppressed “Cromwell” not forgotten. How Gluck followed the fortunes of Marie Antoinette, whose music-master he had been—how invited by her to Paris, he there produced his two Iphigenias (“en Aulide” and “en Taured”) and his “Armida,”—how the tremendous battle ensued between the partisans of French and Italian opera, the philosophic and sensual connoisseurs, not, it may be, unwilling to mortify the Austrian Princess through her protégé, are matters familiar to every one who has looked into any history of modern Music, or any set of memoirs concerning the stormy feverish years which preceded the first Revolution. Let us look at the sequel. For upwards of ninety years, the five grand operas of Gluck have kept the stage. They are heard from time to time (even as are the great tragedies of Shakespeare), whensoever adequate means of representation shall present themselves. The amount of weak and obsolete matter they contain is singularly

small: the amount of beauty and invention is difficult to overstate. It would puzzle the most grudging amateur who is afraid of enjoying three pleasures in place of two, to mention any other opera, one hundred years old, which can live its hundred nights in a modern theatre, as did “Orphée” a season or two ago in Paris, when it was revived for that matchless artist among modern singers:—Madame Viardot. Yet even her genius, great and creative as it is, could not have breathed life into what was essentially dead. Recollect, too, in these days of complication, when a Meyerbeer dare not trust his music without a multitude of characters, without the aid of ice-ballets and processions, and a pageantry demanding cost and care, and incessant renewal, to keep its splendours in order—that for the presentation of “Orphée” sufficed, three women—one only demanded to be a great actress—supported by a chorus. Hundreds of musical compositions have been written in praise of Music; Handel's “Cecilian Ode,” and “Alexander's Feast,” and the superb concert-scene in “Solomon,” among the number, but this Opera of Gluck on the remote and hackneyed Greek legend towers above them all. Think of that grave and melancholy opening chorus at the tomb—the first song of Orpheus with Echo, “Objet de mon amour,” the melody of which, with its three-bar rhythm, clearly suggested to Mozart Susanna's admired air “Deh! vieni non tardar,” in Figaro. Think of the scene with the Furies and Spirits of Death, in which the singer, inspired by Love, breaks the rampart of Hate and Oblivion, by pleadings potent enough to draw

Iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

Think of that even more wonderful scene in the Elysian fields “of asphodel,” where the gliding shades pass by Orpheus, while he questions every face in the agony of hope. Think of that chorus of unseen voices which thrills every nerve, when at last the hand of Eurydice is placed in that of her rescuer (the most intense, yet gentlest, supernatural effect in music). Think of that last burst of despair over the body of the rescued bride, delivered again to Death, in punishment for the disobedience of him to whom she has been reunited. Whether any stage music which depends on truth of expression, giving free scope to the highest and deepest genius of the executant, can be found to exceed, or even to equal, this in simple, symmetrical beauty, may be doubted.

It would be pleasant to pass through the other four classical operas of Gluck, in order to specify the resistless power, the vigorous fancy, the firm control of that demon of extravagance, which, under pretext of originality, has led so many a good man astray, were this the place for minute criticism, or cumulative evidence. What if we were to claim him as one of the school of Purcell? Gluck told Burney—a witness whose facts have never been once overthrown—that he had been led to study the expression, heretofore wanting in his works, during his sojourn in England; and that, under the conditions of his painful rivalry with Handel (who, too, had mas-



tered England's traditions), he had found that for every work of art which is to last there must be a basis, not dependent on humour, not dependent on fashion, but on truth, which shall endure till art shall be no more. Thus much for England—while it may be remarked, that in all this body of grand music we find only one slight trace of German humour, and this where Gluck's idolaters, who have been used chiefly to consider him as a master of dramatic declamation, will be the least prepared to receive it—in his treatment of the orchestra. Different from that of Bach—different from that of Haydn—unobtrusive, timid, it may be said, as compared with the violent delights of modern times—care and originality are still to be recognised, which remove Gluck's five great operas from close kindred with the slight Italian productions fabricated for singers, written about the same time, "the place of which knoweth them no more." Great as is the effect produced by grouping the instruments of the full band, which we owe to Mozart, as having perfected Haydn's inventions, the contrast of a solitary tone, again and again presented in Gluck's accompaniments, is as remarkable and as eminently worthy of study as any of the experiments of Bach, or the felicitous combinations of the composer of "Don Giovanni."

A word more is to be said concerning the man. Those who have clung to the precepts laid down in his famous preface to "Alceste," setting forth how Gluck bent himself to fight to the death against the absurdities of singers' music, with its concessions to the vanity of the interpreter, and against the ignorance of the audience who would have their ears tickled by irrational repetitions of a flattering phrase (whether pertinent or senseless, what mattered it?), have failed to remember that Gluck conceded just as largely as every one of those whom he attacked—more largely than some among them. To give an instance—the bravura at the end of the first act of his "Orfeo," a piece of singers' effect, does not belong to Gluck, but was written by Bertoni (one of "those Italians") for Guadagni, the original Orfeo, nevertheless it was adopted by Gluck, when the opera was presented in Paris, for the display of M. Legros, the then hero. So, too, in "Alceste," the air for Hercules was patched in by Gossec, and lazily adopted by Gluck. And in this very "Alceste," as elsewhere, it may be seen that Gluck *could* and *did* return (*da capo*) to his first phrase on the words of the situation! How long will artists profess to be ashamed of what they connive at, and, in poor pretext at originality, preach doctrines which they themselves forget, for ever and ever, when it is convenient? "My dear sir," said Horace Walpole to Hogarth, when he began to talk of his system, "you grow wild. I take my leave of you." The composers could be named by scores who have cited this "Alceste" preface as containing the doom of form, regularity, and melody,—thus reducing vocal music to a mere noted declamation of the words; forgetting how entirely different were theory and practice in

the case of the writer. There can be no doubt that Gluck's reputation has suffered by it, especially in this country, where a perpetual comparison is made betwixt him and Mozart, one of England's chiefest musical idols.

And did not idolatry breed uncharitable and narrow bigotry, every one would gladly contribute his quota of sympathy to the apotheosis of the composer in whose works the balance of perfect form and beauty is more uniformly maintained than in those of any other musician. To say a word which may seem like the mildest qualification of enthusiasm on the subject of Mozart is to risk bitter contempt and reproof. A remark or two must nevertheless be made in reference to the subject in hand; the forms and peculiarities of German opera. Towards establishing these, the fascinating composer did less than he has the reputation of having done. No artist so eclectic as Mozart had ever so strong a manner of his own. The extent of his obligations to his predecessors and contemporaries has never been fully admitted; perhaps because everything that he borrowed and appropriated underwent a process of transmutation which amounted to a change of identity. There was no great master unknown to him—none to whom he was not indebted. To Bach, as may be seen in the duet of armed men in the "Zauberflöte;" to Handel, whose "Messiah," as retouched by him, affords one of the most felicitous examples of taste, reverence, and science in existence; to Haydn in his symphonic forms; to Gluck in his effects—as for instance the supernatural blasts accompanying the speech of the statue in the cemetery, which were clearly anticipated in the oracle scene in "Alceste." Yet this was consistent with a fertility as distinguished from variety of invention, with a grasp of science eminently singular in one so much of whose life was passed in careless gaiety. Probably so perfect a musical organisation was never given to human being. Mozart had memory, he had executive facility, he had creative power, at a moment's command, being foremost in the exercise of an art now all but lost, that of improvisation. He had that exquisite refinement which gives the highest finish to the work, whatever it be, without overloading or enfeebling the same. One cannot call to mind a vulgar bar from his pen, and few ugly ones—the much-discussed opening of his sixth-stringed quartet dedicated to Haydn, excepted. He had force at his command, too, whenever he cared to put it forth. The most evenly composed throughout of any opera in the world is the "Figaro," the first finale of which as a piece of construction, with melody, pervading every note of it, is unparagoned. Yet, is it possible to hear "Figaro," in these days, without a feeling of satiety; as if we had been steeped in sentimental emotion, where mirth and irony were wanted? That which has been said of Figaro's great soliloquy in the play, that it had a deep political under meaning, will not avail us here. It was not a serious love-tale which Mozart set himself



to tell: so much as one of airy wit and cunning intrigue, of very little passion and very much jealousy. His people are all in intense earnest. His Countess could protest no more tenderly than she does were hers a case of real fascination, not merely a half-compassionating fancy to listen to the foolish page. His Cherubino's love-songs might be put into the mouth of Romeo, without shaming the sincerity of Juliet's lover. And his Susanna, while tricking the Count, is as serious over the game, as her master is over his discreditable pursuit. Compare this music with that to a setting of Beaumarchais's earlier play, into which something of young romance and love do enter, "Il Barbier." Recollect that for years Signor Rossini was scouted as flimsy and superficial, whereas to breathe a whisper in criticism of Mozart, amounted to positive blasphemy. Yet in Signor Rossini's exquisite comedy every character is characterised by the music allotted to it, in Mozart's sentimental drama—*not*.

The above vein of observation could be wrought out through all Mozart's musical dramas. Even in the opera which Beethoven declared was his only German work, "Die Zauberflöte," when the temple music is set aside (not, by the way, so rich and grave in its solemnity as that of Gluck's "Alceste" and "Iphigenie"), it is not easy to decide what was meant by the maker in matter of humour. The Queen of Night, whom we are invited to believe is in a predicament of wrath, or passion, or distress, "tops up" her lamentations with bravura passages of heartless and mechanical display, such as might have been written by a Galuppi, or a Ciampi, for the Gabrielli or Bastardella of the minute;—and hence that fairy extravaganza, or masonic mystery (which is it?), of "The Magic Flute" remains, and will remain to the end of time, with some of us (on the stage), a heavy and fatiguing riddle, in spite of the luxury of beauty which it contains. In the concert-room, where there is no thought of sequence and connexion, the matter is different. It is this power to charm of Mozart's music, when removed from beyond the boundaries of the world for which it was written, which has led those who feel rather than distinguish, to enthrone him as the greatest of stage-composers that ever lived.

How much of this symmetrical yet sometimes irrational fluency of beauty may be ascribed to the musician's training, who shall decide? Taking the position of many who have made music in Germany into account, Mozart was favourably circumstanced in his childhood. His father was a pious, sensible man; too willing (as is the way with parents) to push forward and produce the boy's prodigious genius; more, however, from the pride of love than from wishing to make merchandise of it. His mother was a faithful, affectionate woman. The court of the Prince-Bishop of Salzburg, against the tyrannies of which biographers have been apt to rave, appears to have been, its time considered, a safe and creditable residence as compared with other German courts, the

coarse and brutal sensuality of which required nothing less than a political earthquake for their cleansing. We can gather from Mozart's letters (a strange medley of shrewdness, domestic affection, musical foresight and insight, and sensual coarseness) that his education cannot have been neglected. He was a good linguist, a fair mathematician. To one of his peculiar temperaments, however, the career of precocious exhibition and wandering into which he was launched, when quite a child, could hardly fail to prove fatal,—as exhausting youth, sapping the foundations of self-denial, developing every appetite and passion, substituting flattery for truth, familiarising the youth with luxuries belonging to other worlds than his own. How far a more *bracing* education, not severer (for severe must be the toil of any Prodigy who would keep up the excitement of curiosity), might have modified the master's music, adding to it nerve, without any loss of beauty, and something more of thought, which means something less of manner—how, had his life, every hour of which he lived (draining pleasure and labour to the dregs), begun later, it might have lasted longer—are speculations which will tantalise those who study art in connexion with character, and which, though impossible to be solved, are not wholly profitless. Meanwhile, the certain wonder is, that in Mozart's brief and feverish life he could achieve so much (let us range it where and how we may), which will last as long as a note of music is to be heard in the world.

It would not be easy, it may be repeated, to name a musician, in whom with such boundless versatility so much manner is combined, as in the case of Mozart. Accordingly, never had master a larger school of imitators, unless, perhaps, it was Raphael in painting. Betwixt the genius of the two men there seems to be a great affinity. But the mass of the Mozart-*ish* music left, whether in the form of instrumental, or sacred, or theatrical composition, is of a depressing and regular mediocrity, to which only one fate could happen. To confine ourselves to opera, there can be little question that Winter, perhaps the most significant of the company, whose earlier efforts are quite forgotten, on returning to Vienna from Italy in 1794, endeavoured to catch the mantle of the deceased poet. Till lately his forty-fourth opera, "The Interrupted Sacrifice," existed in the theatres of Germany; and we have not altogether forgotten the "Proserpine," which he wrote for London, in display of Mrs. Billington and Signora Grassini. But the level staleness and correct suavity of this music (representative of that which German chapel-masters manufactured by the yard) can be no longer endured; and it is not to be wondered at, that by those who mistook the reverse of wrong for right—that easiest of moral processes—the rejection of that, which, however accurately made, however classic in its pretensions, is essentially so devoid of life, soul, and spirits, should hurry on that movement in German opera music, the end of which (though we are already on the very confines of chaos) has yet to come.



Thus, admirable as is Mozart's genius in itself, the influence which it exercised on the school of German opera writers, who gathered round and succeeded him, was not to the promotion of individuality. Though he may be said to have displaced the slighter Italian writers, his followers planted nothing in the place of their works half as worthy, because half as genuine. It was not till fifteen years after his death that the mightiest genius who ever appeared in the world of orchestral music made that sign, which, misunderstood and neglected as it was at the time, nevertheless clearly marked the point at which German opera parted company from the Italian musical drama. This was Beethoven—in his solitary dramatic effort—"Fidelio."

The strange, sad story of this remarkable man's life has never been—never will be—completely told. None were about him in his early days who seem to have comprehended the mixture of ruggedness and tenderness in his nature; still less to have fathomed the existence in his genius of a bolder originality than ever musician before or since his time manifested. Those early days had not passed when the wall which was to separate him from the rest of his kind began to rise—at first merely as a mist; but becoming more and more solid, till, at last, it was round about and above him, like an inexorable prison. A more fearful trial is hardly to be imagined than the consciousness of steadily-increasing deafness to a musician. The tendency to morose suspicion which peculiarly belongs to that infirmity was increased by every circumstance of his position. On the one side, patronised by persons of quality, and courted by women to whom his extravagances only made him more precious (Orson being notoriously as fascinating as Adonis); on the other, preyed on by a despicable, dishonest set of relations, Beethoven seems to have stood in singular need of that calm, solid, self-sacrificing friendship which might have smoothed his asperities, and set his daily life in order. In music, however, there was no chance of one so peculiar and so vehement finding a counsellor. For, in defiance of all those silly rhapsodists, who have mapped out his life and writings into "periods," by way of showing their own ingenuity, it may be asserted that, in the very first instrumental works published by Beethoven—his first solo and concerted sonatas—an originality declares itself, at once separating him from the school of artists so largely influenced (and not to their good) by Mozart's fascinating beauty. Perhaps, with the spirit of invention so strong and so genuine as his, there must be combined something of antagonism; with consciousness of so much power, a spice of prejudice and exaction. It is certain that with Beethoven began that injustice to the voice, its uses, and accomplishments, which is one of the distinctive peculiarities of German, as distinguished from Italian, opera. While the characteristics of every instrument were carefully studied and brought out to a high relief unknown before—the orchestra being by him invested with an amount of descriptive

and expressive power, till then undreamed of—it was decreed that since vocal accomplishments had been misused by the writers of the Italian school, by way of securing truth to scenic representation, they were thenceforward things to be disparaged as something meretricious, having no value. One convention virtually replaced another, under pretext of ridding musical drama from convention, and one branch of executive art was displaced and allowed to fall into decay. That Beethoven's writing for the single voice was often harsh, impure, and uninteresting (supposing the singer's part separated from the accompaniment), will hardly be denied by any impartial student. The meagerness and common-place of his vocal melodies—as compared with the phrases in his instrumental works—which set the ear on the alert, is alike remarkable and gratuitous, or rather the consequence, of a system based on bigotry and prejudice. It is observable, that when he did try for vocal charm, as in his "Adelaida"—as in the tune on which the last movement of his Choral Symphony was based—it was only (as his sketch-books make clear) by reiterated and painful efforts that he arrived at the melody. There is not a song by him, and he wrote many, that has become a household word.

Yet, all this allowed for, it is impossible to over-estimate Beethoven's vigour and genius in dealing with the stage. There is nothing more suggestive, more pungently characteristic, than certain of his theatrical inspirations,—as, for instance, the delicious Dervish chorus in his "Ruins of Athens," the Hungarian chorus and dance in "King Stephen" (the airy beauty of which has never been exceeded), and what is less known in England—far less than it deserves—the incidental music to "Egmont." In point of character, there are only two numbers in "Fidelio" which equal these—the Prisoner's chorus, and the gravedigging duet in the prison vault.

A study, note by note, of that wonderful opera, would not be lost labour;—beginning with the excellent simplicity of the story, which sets aside all established rule, and yet produces an effect matchless in its power to move. Nowadays, the playwright who only allowed his principal male character to appear when the drama was half over, and then in merely one scene of action, would be put to the door ignominiously by the musician. Yet this is the case in "Fidelio." Then the opera is unique in another point—the stagnation, or rather almost utter cessation of motion during the two scenes of elaborate combination with which both of the acts close. So fatal has this been found in Mozart's case, that a similar scene, rich in musical beauty, which closes "Don Giovanni," has, by common consent, been omitted, as forming an anticlimax. Further, it may be said, regarding "Fidelio," that it is the orchestra and the situation which make the effect in the three principal songs—those of the faithful Leonora, the villainous Pizarro, and of Florestan in his dungeon—not the melody or the singer. The heroine, in truth, is so hemmed round and chained in by an instrumental accompaniment



of an extreme difficulty, as to be denied anything like that freedom of action and emphasis which has so large a share in the charm of operatic personation. In the raging song of Pizarro, the vigour of the movement lies in the whirling fermenting phase given to the orchestra. In the closing part of the prison scene of Florestan there is a breathless yearning attempted, which cannot be fully expressed without placing the singer in eminent peril of exaggeration. There is no reason, save in the perversity of intention, why in these monologues the declaimer should have been so hampered and sacrificed. It will be seen, as we go on, to what convenient uses, as concealing want of study, and want of invention, these have been turned as a precedent by the German opera writers;—who, to use the jargon of the day, have taken Beethoven as “point of departure,”—and have fancied themselves inheritors of his genius, while in reality they have been merely adopting some of his practices, which are, to say the least of them, open to question by sound judgment.

Taken, however, for better for worse, with the most clear recognition of its peculiarities, not to say defects, “Fidelio” remains, and will remain so long as the stage lasts, as the type of German opera, the first and the most complete work of its school. It is impossible to hear it fairly executed, by singers having requisite physical energy, and by an orchestra competent to do justice to the score, without being carried away;—and only on afterthought will it suggest itself that the effect lies on the story, and on the symphonic combinations of the instruments, rather than on such might to move by the setting of sounds to words as Gluck put into the mouth of his Orpheus, his Armida, his Clytemnestra, his Alceste, his Iphigenia, and his Orestes.

#### A ROMANTIC EXISTENCE.

In a boyish rage to roam,  
Recklessly I fled from home,  
But whither should my footsteps bend,  
What might chance to be the end  
Of the vagrant outbreak, ne'er  
Heart or mind had wish or care.  
Heedless Rambler I became,  
But, to wound a noble name,  
That I would not:—so the page  
Rich in a lofty lineage  
Stainless is, whate'er my shame,  
For the Rover changed his name.

Was the Rover happy?—Yes,  
In that sort of happiness  
Licence and hot blood engender,  
Till the reason makes surrender,  
And the tyrant will commands  
Soul and body—heart and hands.

Lustily I joined the cheer  
Of the eager Buccaneer,  
When, from topmast first descried,  
“Land!” exultingly was cried:  
For around the tropic isles  
Fortune on the Rover smiles,

Where Gallèon, deep in freight  
Of merchandise and “piece of eight”  
To the Buccaneer must strike  
In conflict close of boarding-pike.

Lovely were the Tropic isles—  
We had more than Fortune's smiles,  
For the ill-got gold to spill  
In profusion, vicious still,  
Was our wont—and golden show'rs  
Harvests bring of gleesome hours:—  
Gleesome hours that cost us years  
Of after shame, remorse, and tears.

'Twas in *one* remoter place  
Where the wild untutor'd grace  
Of nature and of woman reign'd,  
That a milder mood we feign'd,  
Laid our ship down to careen,  
Safe within the leafy screen  
Of a richly wooded creek:—  
There, in safety, might we seek  
Brief repose, until again  
The bark repaired should cleave the main.

A lovely and unwarlike race  
Dwelt in that sequester'd place,  
Whose forests deep of solemn quiet  
Repressed the very thought of riot.  
How the sultry solitude  
While it yielded joy, subdued!  
All that fruits of tropic splendour  
To the parch'd throat could render,  
All that fragrant shade could yield  
From the torrid heat to shield,  
Gave a sort of drowsy pleasure  
We indulged in without measure.  
Gorgeous shrubs of various dye  
In wild profusion charm'd the eye,  
Bright birds flitted thro' their stems,  
Like a flight of winged gems,  
But voiceless all—as tho' they chose  
Not to break the sweet repose.

Such a reign of beauty round us,  
In a soft enchantment bound us,  
And the magic of that spot  
Tempted me to leave it not;  
But the soft temptation pass'd:—  
'Twas my fate!—my lot I cast  
With the vicious and the vile—  
Could I ever hope to smile?  
Laugh I might—the empty laugh  
Of ribald revellers while they quaff,  
But the smile that sweetly tells  
The joy that in the bosom dwells,  
Never, never, may appear  
On the lip of Buccaneer!

Off and on we came to seek  
Shelter in our favourite creek,  
With some dashing cruise between  
The visits to our leafy screen.  
Tho' I never chose to brag  
Of our dreaded Sable Flag,  
Still, that terror of the main  
Never brought my bosom pain;  
Never in the heady fight  
Did my torpid conscience smite;  
Hand to hand, and shot for shot,  
Good as that we gave, we got;  
That I flinch'd not from;—but when  
The councils fierce of murderous men  
In devilish mood, brought torture dark  
Within their hellish code, the spark



Of pity that so long had slept  
 Into a flame of fury leapt,  
 And scorched my heart to madness!—I  
 Denounc'd such felon infamy  
 With scathing words—till many a knife  
 Was brandish'd 'gainst my threaten'd life;  
 I brav'd them all—shot down the chief,  
 And then, with 'passion'd speed—more brief  
 Than words that tell it—headlong gave  
 My body to the surging wave.  
 Swift as I swam, the bullets swifter  
 Came pelting round:—a deadly snifter!  
 But harmlessly the bullets sped—  
 'Tis a small mark, a swimmer's head—  
 Ere long the leaden storm was o'er,  
 And, nearly spent, I reach'd the shore.

How I did the snake escape  
 In the densely-tangled brake,  
 How the alligator pass  
 Thro' the treacherous morass,  
 And the panther in his lair,  
 Marvellous to tell it were,  
 But vain the wondrous tale—suffice,  
 I struck the coast by Barcobia  
 (One of the fabled El Dorados),  
 And found a bark bound to Barbadoes.

On board—and 'scaped the danger dread  
 That hung around me—my poor head  
 Gave way to fever's racking raid—  
 By turns I curs'd, by turns I pray'd;  
 In darksome dream I saw the meek  
 Old visage of the good Cacique  
 In placid courage all unmov'd,  
 While, murder'd round him, those he lov'd.  
 And then a lovelier face would seem  
 To watch me in my troubled dream;  
 But soon Cacique and Princess flew  
 O'er seas of blood in swift canoe,  
 And when I woke, a cherub face,  
 Resplendent with its mother's grace,  
 My languid eye beheld with joy—  
 Yes!—I had saved my darling boy!

Pass we o'er some gaps of time;  
 I had fled the tropic clime,  
 Had seen (unknown) my natal hall,  
 Silent and desolated all,  
 Its stalwart sons had withered fast,  
 Of all its race I was the last,  
 And strange emotions inly burned  
 Within the Prodigal returned,  
 And early lessons crowding came  
 To bow my harden'd heart to shame:—  
 No father, with forgiving eye  
 To weep upon my neck was nigh;—  
 No—he had died—nor knew his son  
 Repented of the evil done.

Should I the bonds of mystery burst  
 And prove myself the heir?—At first  
 I shrank from such ordeal dread—  
 Better, by far, be rumoured "dead,"  
 Than known to live, and living, be  
 The mark of odious obloquy;—  
 For rumours o'er the sea had sped  
 Of wicked life by Rover led:—  
 Oh! when did rumour ever fail  
 To propagate an ugly tale!

Still, for my boy's sake to retain  
 My lineal rights, whate'er the pain  
 To me, was duty;—so I gave  
 All scruple to the winds—and brave

In love parental—forth I stood,  
 And needed all my hardihood,  
 To meet the looks of dull suspicion,  
 The jeering lip of cold derision,  
 When in the open Court I sued  
 Before the Bench, my rights of blood.  
 Methought a sickening echo sped  
 Throughout the hall when "blood" I said;  
 Or were they many whispers vile  
 That hiss'd the word thro' scoffing smile?

Deep was the shade upon the brow  
 Of the stern Judge, in asking how  
 I dare adventure claim for one  
 All unentitled, tho' my son;  
 No proof of marriage rite I gave—  
 The ancient line of Bar-de-luy  
 Might never represented be  
 By offspring of some Indian slave.

High swell'd my heart—and forth I said  
 "Simple the rite by which I wed  
 No Indian slave—no menial thing,  
 My bride was daughter of a king,  
 The Princess of a distant coast:—  
 No Christian rite, 'tis true, they boast  
 In that far land;—but simply taking  
 Each other's hand is marriage-making,  
 And sprinkled flow'rs above the head,  
 Declare the plighted lovers wed:—  
 The rite is all-sufficient, sure,  
 Which custom in each land makes pure,  
 And ne'er before cathedral shrine  
 Was marriage vow more pure than mine!"

Then did a shout indignant burst  
 Throughout the hall.—"He is accurst!"  
 The crowd exclaim'd: "In Pagan lands  
 He has abjured his God's commands  
 And here a Christian people braves  
 With impious words!"—The lifted staves  
 Of the Court's officers alone,  
 Preserved my life from staff and stone,  
 And, 'midst the uproar wild, a cry,  
 Rang in my ears, "Fly, father, fly!"

It was my boy's—how came he there  
 I knew not—but his childish pray'r  
 Imparted childish fear to me—  
 I'd sooner dared and died, than flee  
 Th' ignoble crowd before he spoke,  
 But now, parental fear awoke  
 Within my heart for that dear child,  
 Amidst a multitude so wild;  
 I clasped him close and rush'd away,  
 Lest his young life should fall a prey  
 To the demoniac crowd, whose yell  
 Rang in my ears like blasts from hell.  
 Forth through a secret panel, known  
 To few but me, we swiftly passed,  
 Behind me a fierce curse I cast  
 Upon the mob, whose prey was flown.  
 My shallop's topsail caught the wind,  
 Laden with shouts of foes behind,  
 But less and less the outcry grew,  
 As o'er the lake the shallop flew.

Straight for Skalkragga's isle I steer'd,  
 It was a spot devoutly fear'd;  
 Of evil fame—although to me  
 In boyhood known familiarly  
 (For I was ever prone to run  
 To wild adventure others shun),  
 And in that isle, above the flood  
 In stalagmitic grandeur stood



A cavern deep of ample dome,  
A fitting spot for outlaw's chase.  
For, known to few, 'twas seldom near'd,  
And by the few 'twas known, 'twas fear'd.

So fear'd, so dark, so lone a place,  
Well suited was to blink a chase;  
There all unharm'd the wild fowl flew,  
There all unseen the lilies grew  
In cloister'd beauty on the wave  
That rippled through that lonely cave,  
While lofty rushes rose between,  
And made an ample waving screen  
Which, as it rustled to the wind,

Whisper'd of safety and repose  
To hunted fugitive who'd find

A shelter sure from furious foes,  
So, thro' the tangled flowery zone  
I burst into that cavern lone,  
There, passion-torn and sore distress'd,  
My lov'd child clasping to my breast,  
Lulled by the ripples of the deep,  
Exhausted I lay down to sleep.

But not for long was slumber granted,

On my shoulder roughly laid

A hand awoke me; for my blade  
I vainly grasp'd, and struggling panted,  
An Amazon it was who broke  
My spell of sleep, and thus she spoke  
(Strange words to fall from beauty's daughter),  
"Sir, I have brought your shaving water,  
Get up at once or you'll be late,  
The train you go by leaves at eight."

### LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF SUNDAY.

MORALS, like climate and the growth of fruits, seem to be ruled, in certain respects, by the parallels of latitude and longitude.

I will instance the morality of Sabbath observance. Between the 54th and 59th degree of north latitude, that is to say, between John o' Groat's house and the boundary line which divides England from Scotland, it is considered contrary to good morals and religion to play musical instruments on Sunday, or to sing any songs but sacred ones. Within these parallels of latitude, whistling on Sunday is downright impiety. Get into a train bound for the south, and in two hours' time you will have left the whistling parallel behind you. You may whistle now on Sunday; you may sing what songs you please; you may play the fiddle, nay, you may even dance, and few will challenge your pleasure. It is but a twelve hours' journey from Edinburgh to London. At six o'clock in the morning you are whistling over your breakfast in Princess-street, and the Scotch lassie in attendance is horrified. At six o'clock in the evening you are listening to the band in the Regent's Park, and thousands of English lasses are there, dressed in all their best, promenading up and down to the time. If you were to bring the Scotch lassie up and show her this scene, horns blowing, drums beating, and ten thousand couples sweet-hearting under the trees, she would draw in her breath and exclaim, "Eh, gude be here,

did ever any body see the like—playing polkas on Sunday! I wonder whaur they expect to gang to!"

But now, in turn, take an English person over with you to Paris, move him from where the longitude is 0 to the 6th parallel east, and he will be as much shocked to see the Parisians going to the theatre on Sunday evening, as the Scotch lassie was to see the Londoners promenading in the Regent's Park and listening to polkas. A few degrees of latitude make a difference one way; a few degrees of longitude, make a difference another. Go north, and you mustn't whistle; come south, and you may play the fiddle; move sideways, a little towards the east, and you may whistle, play the fiddle, and go to the play.

Which parallel rules the right-morality in this matter I will not pretend to decide. I will candidly admit that I have never been able to come to a conclusion which wholly satisfies myself; because, in all the three cases I have stated, I have found inconsistencies and anomalies, which do not in any case harmonise, either with the rigid idea of the Mosaic law of the Sabbath, or with the more modern and liberal interpretation of the Sunday. It is not my intention to deliver judgment; but merely to sum up the evidence as it has been offered before me in Scotland, England, and France.

I was born in Scotland, and I had experience of the Scotch Sunday first. Sunday has two aspects in Scotland—a comparatively mild one in the country, and a superlatively severe one in the towns. In the thinly populated rural parishes, there is but one kirk, and there is but one Sunday service. Some of the parishioners come from great distances to attend the service. The poor parishioners trudge on foot, carrying sprigs of southernwood between the leaves of their Bibles; the rich parishioners—the lairds and well-to-do farmers—make the journey in their carriages and dog-carts. In these country parishes, Sunday is the grand reunion day of the week, when friends and distant neighbours meet together at the church door, after service, to inquire after each other's health, and talk about the cows and the sheep and the crops. These friendly gatherings round the kirk door are almost as much a part of the Christian duty of the day as the service itself. They are anticipated with pleasure, and they are thoroughly enjoyed. The journey to and from kirk in the country occupies a great portion of the day. The parishioners who live at a distance must start pretty early to get to the kirk by noon; and when the service is over, it takes them some considerable time to get back to their homes and their mutton broth. Thus the fore part of the day is actively occupied, and the hours pass away cheerfully enough. The great blank in the Sunday life ensues in the afternoon. There is no service to go to, and amusements are strictly forbidden. You mustn't read newspapers or profane books; and among profane books you must include the Waverley Novels; you mustn't play at any game;



you mustn't sing, except psalm and hymn tunes; you mustn't whistle, even to call a dog; and you are taught that it is Sabbath-breaking to go out for a walk in the fields. There is nothing left for you (unless you have an insatiable appetite for "good books"—and it is sometimes quite as hard to read good books as it is to read bad ones) but to mope and lounge and idle, and imagine vain things. I am sadly afraid that there are more vain things imagined in the rural districts of Scotland on a Sunday afternoon, than on all the other days of the week put together. I was required to repeat a dozen verses of a hymn or psalm every Monday morning at school. I could not understand why Monday was selected for this exercise of my memory. I think I understand it now. Our schoolmaster, knowing what a vacuous time Sunday afternoon was, gave us this task—no doubt with the best intentions—to occupy our thoughts, and perhaps kill the miserable hours.

But I don't think I loved the Sunday afternoon better for having that hymn to learn. Indeed, I am sure I loved it less. I can well remember what the farm servants, and the labourers, and poor cottagers, did on Sunday afternoon. They lounged, and lolled, and smoked their pipes, and slept, and yawned, and stretched themselves, and wished to their hearts it were Monday. The thud of the flails in the barn was always to be heard earlier on Monday morning than on any other morning. Monday was a day of deliverance, when the bondsmen rose early to enjoy their freedom, and relieve themselves with a little whistling. I remember a wicked boy, called Peter, who, possessed by the devil, lay awake one Sunday night until it struck twelve, when he sat up in his bed and whistled Tullochgorum; having finished the tune his heart was relieved, and he immediately lay down and went to sleep. We all groaned under the gloomy restraints of Sunday—but *inwardly*. We did not complain nor revolt in words; for it seemed to all of us that we had imbibed the Scotch Sabbatarianism with our mother's milk, and that it was part of our nature. I well remember how conscience-stricken I was one Sunday, when I caught myself beginning to whistle the Laird of Cockpen, which I had been learning the day before to play on the fiddle. On another occasion I did a very dreadful thing—something more dreadful than whistling the Laird of Cockpen—though it was merely an inadvertence. It was sacrament Sunday, and there was a great preaching going on in the kirk. Three or four ministers preached, one after the other. After the second sermon I was mercifully let off. I went for a walk and strolled down to the little burn where I was accustomed on lawful week-days to fish for trout. What possessed me to do it, I don't know; but finding in my pocket a piece of string, and in the collar of my jacket a pin, I bent the latter, attached it to the string, and, covering the extemporised hook with a worm, began to fish for minnows. It is more than twenty years since this occurred, yet I can distinctly and vividly

remember every little particular. I can see the shoal of little silvery fishes swarming round the worm; I can feel the tug at the hook. I see the beguiled minnow wriggling for a moment in the air, and now lying flapping and gasping on the bank. The first tug at the hook was an electric shock that went straight to my conscience. When I saw the minnow on the bank, I was stricken with horror. I had been fishing on Sunday, and the desecration was complete, for I had caught a fish! I took up the evidences of my guilt, hid them hastily among some tall grass, and fled as if I had committed a murder. The remembrance of that crime was present with me for many a day, and afterwards when I went out to fish at lawful times, I always avoided the awful spot where I had caught the minnow on a Sunday.

The superlatively severe aspect of the Scotch Sunday is to be witnessed chiefly in the villages and small towns. There, the flock all live together in one narrow fold, within call of the shepherd. The bells ring to kirk three times a day, with prayer-meetings and Sunday-schools between whiles. From morning to night it is incessant preaching, and praying, and psalm-singing. It is a long day of unremitting religious exercise. The sound of a piano in one of these little towns would mark out the abode of a heathen; a hot dinner would be a breach of the commandment; laughter would be a profanity. There are many who conscientiously believe that it is their duty to keep the Sabbath in this manner; but there are many others to whom the day, its observances and discomforts, are an intolerable burden. They revolt against it in their hearts, but they dare not break the chain that binds them to the custom. In many families and in many communities in Scotland, man is made for the Sabbath.

When you come south of the parallel 55 degrees north, you find an attempt to observe the Sabbath as if it were made for man. But it is only an attempt. It is a mere compromise, and I doubt if it be as honest and logical as the inexorable rigidity of Scotland. The bands in the Parks on Sunday afternoon may be taken as an assertion of the right of the people to amuse themselves on the Sabbath. But here it begins and here it ends. The government gives permission for bands to play in the Parks, but it declines to open the British Museum and the National Gallery on Sunday. Now, it seems to me that if the one be lawful so is the other. And I presume that there can be no question that museums and picture-galleries are as entertaining and as elevating as brass bands. Again: the English approve of bands on the Sunday, but not of operas. Where is the difference?

Move longitudinally, yet laterally, a little to the east, and we find Sunday in Paris almost the busiest day of the week. The work of pleasure is in full swing, and pleasure is as exacting and as inexorable a business as any business. Without attempting to define or settle the scope of the law of the Sabbath, I feel certain that prejudice



and habit have a great share in forming our views with regard to it. This strikes me at once when I am spending a Sunday in Paris. When I was in Scotland, I "sounded an alarm to my conscience" on a Sunday morning with a bar or two of the Laird of Cockpen. When I become a resident in London, my conscience in course of time lets me go to hear the bands in the Parks; but when I visit Paris for a week or two, I cannot even make up my mind to go to the theatre on Sunday. There are several things even here in England that I cannot reconcile myself to. I have no objection to music on a Sunday, but I have a notion that it is not right to dance on that day. I will laugh and chat, and tell stories and drink wine with you on a Sunday, but I will not play cards or billiards with you. Yet for the life of me I cannot logically maintain that it is more sinful to play cards or billiards (for simple amusement) than to tell stories and laugh. Indeed, perhaps there would be less harm in the game than in the idle talk. This prejudice, arising from habit and training, prevails on every hand.

I do not say that a band in the Park on Sunday afternoon is contrary to the law of the Sabbath, or that it is a bad thing in itself; but I do say that to concede this amusement, and this alone, is not to do the best that might be done towards providing national harmless entertainment for the people. Music by all means, if music is lawful; but let us have Museums too.

### THE GREAT BEAR AND THE POLE STAR.

I AM a Pole, wicked enough to love my country, desiring to be her own free citizen, and doing what I may to sting the heel of foreign despotism till it lift itself from off me and my countrymen. God keep us all and always in that wickedness, though the czar may send us to Siberia, as he is now doing, despatching batches of us sometimes even twice a week! Why doesn't he try a Bartholomew massacre? Dead he may have us; living we can never be his. But in the way of banishment he does what he may to make a solitude and call it peace.

The families of the banished are not allowed to see them at the citadel; permission to be present at the departure of the train may be obtained from the railway station on the other side of the Vistula, in the suburb Praga; but how many steps must be taken to obtain such a permission! The supplicant must pass three different administrations, and in each he—or she—is received with a selection of those coarse words in which the Russian language is very rich. The soldiers, the aides-de-camp, the generals, abuse the "rebels who ought to be strung up together," and who dare to have love among themselves. Whoever gets a pass, must go to Praga the night before the departure, and before ten o'clock; after that hour no one may show himself in the streets.

The day of departure being fixed, the military

officers conceal it; but in spite of that, and in spite of the false dates with which they cause the public to be wearied, in spite, also, of the difficulties attending a stay on the other side of the river, by which the suspicions of the police are aroused; there are always many there—for the most part, women—who pass the long nights, while it freezes and blows, with a sad patience of love, under the walls of the station. The Russians do not allow them to go into the waiting-rooms. The morning passes away, but there are no exiles at the station. Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps the day after, perhaps at the end of the week, the hour may strike for the one last kiss of husband, father, brother, lover. Siberia gives none back. When the banishment takes place in the winter, five out of ten die on the journey; and shall the dear one go as if he were forgotten of his own kin, with no one to give him a warm blanket and the last few roubles? Sometimes these women guess the time by intuition, or buy the secret at a high price from the Russian officer on duty.

The first batch of prisoners is brought at day-break; but one can neither approach nor see them. Nothing is heard but the clicking of chains, and the blows of the soldiers with the butt-end of their guns; there the prisoners and their friends remain with a wall between them for more than three hours, until all the banished arrive at the station. Five minutes—only five minutes—before the departure, at the second signal of the locomotive, the gate opens. No woman present, nor scarcely any one, knows for certain whether she shall find her own among the banished. No one of the banished knows whether his sister, mother, wife, is there; whether any one in that crowd from which he is separated by the sentinels, is interested in him. From both sides one hears the calls of surnames and christian names; the voices are filled with all uncertainty, which changes into expressions of sharp grief, if the call remain without reply, or into a feverish melancholy joy, when a loved voice is heard. But there is no time for emotion. The exile must make his last will—for to all that he possesses he dies morally; he must give his last words of advice; and he must hurriedly take the scanty provisions for a journey of eternal farewell. And while this is doing, or being sought to be done, soldiers and sergeants, without any pity, take the banished by the shoulders and shove them into the carriages. The soldiers push the last delayers into the carriages, the train starts, and a dreadful cry rises from those who are left.

The carriages are of the fourth class, open, without windows, furnished only with curtains of serge. Each of the condemned carries a soldier's grey coat, made of pieces of stuff previously used in the service. The condemned forced to hard labour are chained two and two, men and women, and put into a special carriage.

A young lady, on the eve of being separated from her betrothed, threw herself under the wheels of the carriage of General Berg, and drew his attention. He allowed the marriage to



take place in the casemate of the citadel, and the young wife followed her husband to Siberia.

One day, a lady discovering her husband at the moment the train was starting, by her cries drew the attention of the banished one. "Only now?" cried the husband, with all the bitterness of grief and reproach. The woman threw herself at the feet of the station-master, beseeching him to stop the train for a minute. It was already gone, and the unhappy woman fell fainting on the platform. This happened in November, 1863; some months later, the Russians would not tolerate these farewells; a line of soldiers was placed between the carriages and the public, so that they who were taken, and they who were left, could not shake hands.

Tears were proscribed at Warsaw; mothers were forbidden to weep for the death of their children. My mother was not permitted to wear mourning for my young dead brother. The widow of one of our heroic chiefs, Sierakowski, who was shot, when near her confinement was transported in a cart to Siberia, and her child was condemned, before it was born, to be put with foundlings, if it were a male. Providence willed that it should not be, and blessed Madame Sierakowski with a daughter.

On my return from Stockholm, whither I had gone in the quality of political agent to the national government of Poland, I received an order from the national government to stop at Berlin, and to wait there until the place should be pointed out to me where I was to be employed next in my country's cause. I arrived at Berlin at the end of March, last year, and, having found a modest lodging in a by-street, lived there with a Swedish passport under a Swedish name, as a Swede, with a large blue umbrella.

I used to go sometimes and read the papers at the Café Spargnapani, which is in the most frequented part of Unter den Linden. A throng of foreigners is always there, attracted by the journals of all countries. I often observed some Poles there, and from time to time a Russian spy—escorted, without his being aware of it, by an agent of security of the national Polish police. My own safety needing the greatest reserve, I shunned all association with the other readers, and, not to betray my nationality, I read the papers of every country except Poland and Russia.

One morning, the commissary of the Polish national government came to me at my lodgings, looking aghast, and informed me that the Grand-Duke Constantine, younger brother of the Emperor of Russia, was to pass through Berlin on his way to St. Petersburg, and that two persons, formerly Russian officers, but lately in the service of the Polish insurrection (for we had many deserters from the imperial army), intended to make an attempt on the life of the grand-duke, in order to avenge the unjust death of three of their best comrades, whom he had shot upon his arrival in Poland. The story seemed to me incredible, but the detailed account of one of our agents in whom I had full confidence, left me no doubt that the attempt was really projected.

Let me notice here, that I had been myself charged, in 1863, to seek authority from the national government of Warsaw for the seizure of the grand-duke, when he was returning from the Crimea by way of the Danube, Pesh, and Vienna.

We were really in consternation. To allow the attempt to succeed (and that, if made, it would succeed, there was little doubt) would have been to afford to the enemies of Poland the opportunity of belying us to the utmost content of their hearts. On the other hand, what were we to do in order not to betray the two Russians, who, after all, were, according to their own notion, acting in our interest, and who yet concealed themselves from us, though, happily, we knew them by sight. It was requisite, moreover, for the Polish national organisation in Berlin not to betray itself, while it was using every exertion to prevent the attempt. We were, as they say in France, between the hammer and the anvil. For three consecutive days, all the public-houses in Berlin, all the theatres, all the numerous casinos, were passed in review; but of our officers no trace could be found. They were in Berlin. At length, on the fourth day, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, just as I was coming out of a café with a fellow-countryman, a coach passed, and within it we perceived one of our heroes. We got instantly into another carriage and followed him. Our friend stopped at two different places; this we allowed, as it was necessary to learn his comrade's address; but what was our amazement when he alighted at the Russian embassy!

I followed him, to see whether he entered as an habitu , or as a mere stranger. I arrived at the porter's lodge just as the doorkeeper, profusely belated, was saying to the officer: "Yes, sir, we expect his highness the grand-duke to-day, and he will leave for St. Petersburg at ten o'clock to-morrow evening."

Information certainly could not have been sought at a better source. We accosted the conspirator as he was coming away.

"Sir," I said to him in Russian, "you are such-and-such a person, and you have the design of assassinating the Grand-Duke Constantine at the moment of his departure for Russia. You will follow me immediately to the commissary of the national government of Poland, or I shall give myself up, with you, to the first Prussian constable."

He turned pale, and tried to rush into the coach; my companion was already seated there, so he saw the impossibility of escaping us. We proceeded to the H tel du Nord, where our commissary was sojourning, but that functionary had just gone out. We waited in his room for more than an hour, during which our conspirator was plunged in gloomy silence. At length the commissary arrived. The Russian—he was a young man twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, slim, fair, and pale—silently bit his moustache, and did not answer any of our questions. At last the commissary said to him, impatiently:



"Very well, sir, do not speak since it pleases you to keep silence. But you shall not leave this hotel for two days. I will have a room got ready for you next to mine, and one of these gentlemen will keep you company. As for you," he continued, addressing my friend, "you will allow your life to be taken, if it should be necessary, and you will not quit this gentleman one single step. If he should take to flight, have him arrested, and even have yourself arrested, as a Polish conspirator."

He rang the bell, and a waiter came; a room was asked for, and a porter to go to the station of the Dresden railway for the new comer's luggage. This was in order to give a semblance of truth to the improvised arrival. The porter came immediately.

"Take this letter for me to the post," said I to him; "as I pass near the station, I will myself take my friend's portmanteau."

All went well, and we attracted no attention. In the evening I returned to the hotel. I caused our prisoner to be asked if he would receive me. He had become cooler, and except for a violent tirade against the Poles, was very calm and dignified. His honorary guardian profited by my arrival to go and take some rest. The day had been very warm; but in the evening, after a sharp shower, the air had become refreshing; we seated ourselves near the large open window, both in silence. I was thirsty; the officer rang, and had some ice, water, lemon, sugar, and rum brought; and while he was preparing sherbet, conversation began between us. I made an appeal to all his noble and generous feelings, in order to show him the enormity of homicide committed out of warfare. I endeavoured to induce him to write to his comrade, and to trust me with the missive. But all I could say failed to move him.

My fellow-countryman who had been placed on guard, returned after taking some rest. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and I was then free to depart.

Thus half the danger was averted. But there remained the other half, in the person of the other officer, uncaught. We were driven to our last and most perilous resource, that of posting a guard at the railway station of the Frankfort-on-the-Oder and Königsberg line, which the grand-duke must take in order to return to St. Petersburg. Ten Poles were ordered to be at the station and its approaches; we had, moreover, some Prussian policemen in our pay; to two of whom I gave an order to be on the platform.

The evening arrived; I took my large blue cotton umbrella, with which I have travelled in Poland on my most perilous journeys. This umbrella has such an unsuspicious appearance, that it has done wonders for me many a time. I betook myself to the station; all our people were at their posts; it was getting towards half-past eight; the train was to leave in an hour and a half, and the grand-duke was expected a quarter of an hour before its departure.

I walked about the waiting-rooms, having

myself the air of a bonâ fide traveller, when suddenly I caught sight of Mr. White, the English vice-consul at Warsaw; the most straightforward and most honourable and gentlemanly of all the official personages with whom I ever had to do. Recognising me, he said: "What are you doing here? You ought to know it is not a safe place for you!" We had exchanged but a few words, when one of my fellow-countrymen made me a sign. Our prisoner's fellow-conspirator had arrived at the station. After a struggle of short duration he had been bundled by our men into a vehicle. Happily the night was very dark. Some luggage-porters who saw the scene burst out laughing, and said: "That's a fellow who has forgotten to pay his bill!" From a long Colt's revolver, with six barrels loaded, the property of the officer, the charges were quickly drawn. At this moment the grand-duke arrived, with several carriages. One of the King of Prussia's brothers was with him, and M. d'Oubril, the Russian ambassador.

We did not yet go away, but each of six of us who remained took a post of observation until the departure of the train. The brother of the czar little thought that he was surrounded by a secret Polish guard, and little dreamed of the danger he had escaped through the benign influence of the Pole Star.

#### UP-HILL WORK.

To long and not to have, like Tantalus; to have and not to hold, like the Danaides; to feed, from one's own life, a vulture gorging without thankfulness, like Prometheus—were punishments quite worthy of Dis and Hades; but worse than all these was the doom of poor old Sisyphus, for ever rolling his stone up-hill—the doom of eternal striving without fulfilment—the curse of unending effort never attaining success. Poor old Sisyphus is the type of the class of the disappointed among ourselves. Few things are harder to bear than the disappointment which lies in frustrated effort. To forego the good thing promised through the grace without, is not an overwhelming grief; but the labour which is in vain—the strength put forth to mere waste—the hope proved delusion—the high-set aim with our arrow falling short—all these represent the true curse of Sisyphus in the shame and anguish of failure. Miserable copies of old Sisyphus as we are, the stone which we have rolled with infinite pains and trouble to the summit, returns with a sounding clang to our feet, and the labour of years—it may be of our whole life—is in vain.

Little comfort it brings to us to know that we have quarried our stone in the first instance by our own folly; and that we have only ourselves to thank for its weight, its uncomfortable angles, and the swarm of creeping things about its base. What good did it do my poor uncle, ruminating painfully in his pleasant parsonage, to say sorrowfully, "I have only myself to thank



for it," when the scourge of his college debts and college vices fell on him a little more heavily than usual? My uncle had been what in his day passed for manly; what in ours we would call "fast." He drank, gamed, raced, betted, and rioted with the best of them; he could not pour out money like water, because he had no money to pour; but he incurred debts in heroic masses, and went to the Jews more steadily than he went to chapel, coming back with cent per cent as his litaney: in a word, always hewing and hacking at the Sisyphean stone he would have to spend his future life in trying to roll off his glebe. His father, a stern man of puritan principles and limited income, left him to his hewing and hacking undisturbed; objecting, not unreasonably, to being made the scapegoat for the boy's sins, the liquidator of his liabilities. Besides, he had other sons and daughters whose pathway from the paternal homestead he had to mark out with golden borderings; and would he be justified in sending them out into the world unaided, that he might give all his strength to one? would it be fair to diminish the patrimony of his own for the benefit of half a dozen university bloodsuckers who could better afford to lose their money than he to pay it?

A poor living, however pleasant the parsonage and sweet the roses and honeysuckle adorning it, a large family, a sickly wife, and boys who went the same way as himself, have kept him grinding at stone-rolling from the first years of his manhood to the last. When he dies his executors will not be able to lodge the boulder more than half way up to the top of the hill, amid the sneers, if not the wrath, of the creditors.

Another roller up-hill of stones for which there is no resting-place, is the man of high aspiration and low executive power—the inglorious Milton, not wise enough to be mute, but summoning all the world to listen to his halting feet and cracked measures—assembling the universe to witness his prowess in rolling the poetic stone up to the top of Parnassus. To witness, instead, the swift descent of a mass of rubbish sent flying down the steep incline amid the laughter of the gods, and the contemptuous jests of men. What can we do for the poor inglorious Milton shivering in the ruin of his poetic monolith? It may be cruel to laugh and jeer, but it would be far more cruel to pick up the pieces and try to patch them into a usable boulder again, bidding him take courage and a better aim, and he would be sure to lodge his stone right in the Temple of the Muses, with no laughter of gods or men to follow. His aspirations may be very high, his thoughts and aims undoubtedly pure and good; but if he wants the executive power, of what earthly use his rolling up poetic monoliths for the mere amusement of unruly folk, glad to see them tumble back into the dead level of failure again, making a prodigious splash of dust and mud as they fall? Far better that he should carry his shoulders to some useful mechanical wheel, such

as grinds corn, or brings up water, or stitches together the children's garments—far better that he should sit in a shady corner on the highway and break stones for the great ones' chariots to pass over, than lose time and strength and the substance of his hands in enacting the part of old Sisyphus in Hades. Whatever our sorrow and sympathy for him individually, the eternal laws of failure remain the same; and the fact that wasted strength is so much loss to the world of man, and misdirected effort so much discouragement to the generations to follow, will not be modified even for the bitter heart-pain of an inglorious Milton mistaking his vocation, and rolling stones up Parnassus to end in failure and a shower of dust and mud.

This may stand good for all men assuming the art-life for which nature did not design them; for musicians torturing the crying soul of untuned catgut, yet getting no harmony, and making no melody; for painters to whom is denied the true perception of colour, and the right reproduction of form; for architects building from the rubble of another man's ideas and losing the cement by the way; for authors with brains like that Australian lake, not six inches deep even in the rainy season, and as salt as brine at all times. For all men wasting in needless stone-rolling the time and faculty that might go to useful sowing and reaping, does the fate of Sisyphus stand as a warning and example; and the shower of mud following the descent of the poetic monolith follows equally the descent of all others rolled upward with insufficient motive power.

A very frequent manner of rolling Sisyphean stones is to be seen in the frantic efforts of certain folk to force the barriers of what is called Good Society. It may be in London, or it may be in the country, that this up-hill fight goes on. In both places it may be seen any day in full vigour; and if sometimes crowned with success, and the tranquil resting of the stone on the hill-top, yet sometimes also, and perhaps more frequently, uncrowned with such success, and the stone falling back again into the plain, prostrate and repulsed. Men and women with more money than manners, and better luck in speculation than they ever had in schooling, often spend their lives in trying to get to the top of the hill, where they would be vastly uncomfortable if they did get, and quite out of place with the high-bred ants and emmets inhabiting. Which elevation, a kind fortune in the guise of a crabbed, uniformly forbids. They are people who will learn no lessons set them by circumstance; who will take no hints gently whispered by fate; but who go boring on with their stone-rolling, and try and try again as if their very lives, or what is more, their salvation, consisted in being adopted by certain fine ladies and gentlemen as their "social equals." Heaven help them! The grave will make them all social equals before another fifty years are out, and when they are laid side by side in Kensal-green it will not be of much value whether the one was successfully exclusive, or the other



successfully intrusive. In any case, of final halting on the top of the hill or not, it is a sadly unprofitable way of spending the time given us as a day-school for eternity; and there is no need to waste much sympathy on the miserable Sisyphus who has placed his soul's chief good in the drawing-rooms of certain fellow-mortals, and who, in striving after that good, gets his knuckles well rapped, and his toes well pinched, by the headlong descent of the stone so laboriously hoisted.

Others, also spending their lives in the same endeavour, have the disadvantage against them of a blot on the family arms, or their own hands not always kept in ermine-like purity and cleanliness. Either of which dead weights makes the stone-rolling of acceptance into good society a very Sisyphusian matter indeed, and the rebuffs, and tumbles backward, and sprawlings prostrate in the great plain of failures, well bespattered, of quite as frequent occurrence as the liftings and the strainings. One can understand this manner of stone-rolling though, as emblemising the condonation of past offences—the whitewashing of befouled escutcheons, the cleansing of bemired hands. Taken in this light it has its value, and is not altogether of such contemptible activity as that involved in the attempt to obtain an arm-chair in grand houses, where rightfully, according to the rightfulness of social fitness, Sisyphus has no business, and ought not to put in his appearance at all. But how many people are there, who, instead of being contented with pleasant ledges flower strewn, and the shady angles to be found half way up the social hill, where they might sit and take their ease for ever, lose all the advantages of the one without gaining any of the other; and so, striving ever to reach the summit which rejects them ignominiously, pass by the pleasant places where they might have rested at their ease, obtaining nothing in the struggle but unending failure and enduring shame.

Another and a graver manner of rolling stones up-hill, with apparently as hopeless results, is to be found with all teachers and preachers of good doctrines, not palatable to the grosser multitude. This rolling the stone of truth up-hill is hard work; for it is sure to come clattering down again in a shower of ancient sins, so soon as it seems to have reached the top, bringing with it a cloud of dust obscuring all visible things for the time being. Every teacher of good doctrines, every preacher of new truths, bewails this sadly certain result. Sometimes, indeed, the stone comes back like the boomerang, on the head of the sender; and sometimes it brings with it a fagot all in flames and a san benito fluttering on a pole; and sometimes a sharpened knife; and sometimes a hempen cord with a running knot just fitting under the left ear; the meeds and guerdons of those who roll stones the multitude would rather were left undisturbed. Line upon line and precept upon precept—inch by inch, ledge by ledge, tract by tract, Sisyphus, as the

teacher, rolls his stone up the steep hill of human ignorance and vice; he clears this broken bit of ground, he avoids that tract of thorny scrub, he surmounts that formidable crag—bad habits, prejudice, and pride, he overcomes them all—and his stone rolls slowly on to the hill-top. He utters his *Io pœans* and takes breath after his labour; but in a moment the pleasant dream of rest and success is broken, down comes the stone of truth, tearing across the face of the steep hill; for whatever else may have been conquered, a platform of stability, broad and level enough for its sure resting-place, has not been gained. And so, all his labour is in vain, and the work must be begun anew. Every earnest pastor, every zealous schoolmaster, every conscientious parent, will echo these words: they will all confess to the perpetual falling back into chaotic ruin of the stones with which they had hoped to build an enduring temple of truth in the young souls hanging on them for noble guidance. They will all sigh over the incessant repetition of effort needed, and the depressing recurrence of failure. They will all understand feelingly the myth of Sisyphus in Hades, and know what rolling stones up-hill without ever reaching the summit, or resting in success, means as a spiritual parable.

Making unacceptable love, culminating in rejected offers of marriage, is another kind of stone-rolling never out of date. Some men spend the best years of their lives in this kind of thing, always essaying the impossible, and unable to take the first No for the final one. Heavily rolling up the unlovely stone over every delicate fence-work set up to keep off such ponderous boulders, at last they reach the top, where they have all along persuaded themselves stands a cozy little arbour full of blisses, and kisses, and roses, and doves, and skewered hearts, and all the rest of it, with "Rest and be thankful" printed in golden letters across a sky-blue ground outside. No evidence midway can persuade them that their cozy little arbour is a mere hallucination of the senses, a mere phantasy and make-up of their own. On they go, plodding painfully; and when they reach the top and make the final and unmistakable essay, which must be success or failure—in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the space of a sob—down comes the stone with a clatter on to the plain, sometimes breaking the heart of poor Sisyphus as it falls.

Another rolls his stone up the parliamentary incline, without ever reaching the summit where St. Stephen's stands; another jerks his from race-course to race-course, and from stable to stable, but always lands in the mire, whatever the colours wrapped round his boulder; another tries coal-pits; another gold-mines; another crack companies; and another new inventions; all with eyes fixed on the same point—the golden image of generous Fortune standing like a shining beacon on the top of the hill up which they hoist their stones with diligence more praiseworthy than successful. Some make themselves into the likeness of old Sisyphus in



the matter of competitive examinations, and the comparative weight of testimonials for secretarieships and the like; some in their endeavours to edge up to a secure foothold among the "staff" of a daily paper say, or to the still higher ledge of editorial authority; and others throw up stones nightly over the footlights, aiming at public favour and histrionic success, yet never winning their cast, and always tumbling backward among the scene-shifters.

Many other Sisyphusian ways of wasting time and energies remain uncatalogued here, but painfully rampant in the daily lives of men and women. Pictures perseveringly sent to an unappreciating hanging committee, or as perseveringly exhibited to a non-purchasing public; books industriously laid on the tables of yawning readers; manuscripts hopefully sent to denying publishers; articles deluging the tables of fastidious editors; operas at which the prima donna stops her ears and the conductor tears his hair; sublime bits of poetry cut up into mince-meat by merciless critics; theories with only one wooden leg to stand on, and that a shaky one; "points" at which the pit laughs when it should weep; pleadings which turn the jury to the right when it was desired to turn them to the left; are not all these Sisyphusian stones toilsomely dragged up-hill, only to come down again with a thud heavy enough to break a man's back, if, by chance, striking the arch? Mis-directed energy, wasted strength, disappointed ambition, frustrated effort, and dreams taken for realities, are all mere Sisyphusian stones—from the barren labour of dragging which up-hill may common sense and the faculty of correct social engineering keep me and you, my brother, my friend!

### A LIFT IN THE WORLD.

WHEN for days, and even weeks, my eyes had rested every morning regularly on the advertisements of THE ROYAL METROPOLIS PALACE COMPANY (LIMITED, indeed, only as regards liability), and read the reckless flaming way in which the advantages of the proposed establishment were introduced to the public—spreading over half columns and columns of newspapers, I little thought the day would come when my whole happiness would be curiously connected with that famous speculation. As I read of the four hundred beds they were to "put up," and of the enormous dining-room, where the four hundred guests could be feasted; of the ladies' sitting-room, decorated in the Arabesque manner by Owen Jones; and of the spacious hall, the telegraphy, the "grand stair," the great pond that was laid out upon the roof, and, above all, of the magic "lift" which so mysteriously carried human beings up to the top flight of all—I little dreamed that a theatre was about being built which was to be the scene of a drama full of the strangest and most absorbing interest for me.

Later, business, travel, and what not, had necessitated my absence from home for nearly

two years. One of the reasons for this prolonged sojourn I must not conceal. From early youth—even from a time preceding early youth—I had never been "strong," as it is called. Unfortunately, one night, long after both these stages had been gone through, I had sat up a whole night on the deck of a steamer, in defiance of warnings and remonstrances. It was a romantic night, and the time passed very sweetly indeed; but towards morning heavy dews came on, which settled on my chest. In a week, "marked pulmonary symptoms" set in, to use my doctor's phrase; and in a month I had been "brought round," to use another of his phrases, with the exception of a confirmed difficulty of breathing. He said it was a tendency to asthma; it struck me as being entitled to all the honours of that description. It soon became so troublesome that I was recommended to go about and travel—which I did.

I came home by Ostend. The morning on which I got down to the port was a very "stiff" one, and the packet lay outside the harbour. We had to get on board in boats. We got to the boat—we had to descend a very slippery ladder. I got down safely, and saw that a fresh gay young lady in screams of laughter was following, in that natural embarrassment about her dress which seems always to attend on the operations of ladies descending ladders or companion-stairs. She had a dressing-case in one hand, a gepecke, as the Germans have it, of shawls and cloaks in the other, and she came down facing the audience. I ran—that is, got up—to her assistance, kept the dress well down; and, though I was rising and falling like a fisherman's float, owing to the rocking of the boat, I fancy I performed a real service. Her dressing-case was stowed away under a bench; with the assistance of a lurch, the young lady herself was settled into her seat with much laughter and enjoyment. A few miserable-looking passengers—ghastly by anticipation—looking with disgust on the raw sea and open boat, and accepting the ladder as though it were the ladder of a scaffold, were assisted down, and then the boat, spreading an Indian ink coloured sail, began to swirl and roll through the waters.

The little incident of a dressing-case and the descent of the ladder was quite sufficient to justify a travelling intimacy. We were delightfully pleasant during that little voyage in the open boat. She was a hoiden, and wished the sail to be stretched tightly, so as "to make the boat," she said, "lean well over." The sailors were inclined to gratify her, admiring her spirit and relish for nautical matters. But the rueful passengers, ill already, and whose travelling-caps seemed like the nightcaps of invalids, protested with anger and surliness against any such tricks. We both laughed more and more; and, when we got to the delicate-looking airy little French steamer which was lying far out, we were in high good humour with each other. I thought that she was travelling



alone; but it turned out that she was to meet her brother on board, who was to come off with the next open boat with all the luggage. While we waited for him, leaning over the bulwarks of the ship, she with her parasol up, and both of us looking across the sea towards the shore, she told me a few little particulars about herself. Her name was Flora Darling; she was coming from a French school near Paris; that is to say, from a school where English young ladies were taken in, and which was kept by Miss Tweaker, who in Bradshaw's Guide could proudly refer to the Reverend Rupert Twells, Chaplain at the Embassy, to the Reverend Beaver Bowler, Chaplain at the Watering-places, and to the Lord Bishop of Sloper's Island.

How old was her brother? I asked; that is, Miss Darling's brother?

"Only fourteen," she said. "Scarcely a chaperone," she added, with a burst of laughter; "only a few months from the nursery." There was no harm in it. One could do anything travelling, you know."

"To be sure," I said. "Darling—Darling!" She started.

"I was repeating your name," I said, smiling. "A charming one—so musical and melodious—Darling! I shall be saying it in the carriage all the way up to town—Darling." (I put the very slightest ghost of a pause between the two last words.) As it was, she looked at me curiously, and burst out laughing.

"You say it so funnily," she said. "I half suspect you are very wicked. It's a pity, isn't it, that I must lose it one day? So they tell me. It's in the natural course of things, you know."

"Inevitable," I said. "You *must* lose it, Darling—the name, I mean. It would be no more in nature," I added, fervently, "for you to retain that name, than that—you could fly backwards through that water to the town over there."

(I was a little hard set for a comparison, but this did fairly well.)

"I was very near flying backwards down the steps," she said, with a burst of laughter, "only for you."

"Yes," I said. "I believe I had the happiness of saving you, Darling."

"Now," she said, in a grave voice, "I must interdict your using that name of mine, for fear of any mistakes."

"You do me wrong," I said. "Your brother—I was speaking of him. He is a Darling, too, is he not? At least in his way, I mean." I added hastily, amending my speech, for fear she should think I put any one on the same level with herself.

The brother was a cub. He was about as intelligent and as useful as a walking-stick. No better choice could have been made. We might talk all the way up to town as if we were alone.

We had a pleasant voyage. The rest of the passengers were very unwell; which contributed a good deal to the pleasantness; for we were both perfectly well, and laughed a good deal at their

sufferings. We got to Dover, landed—this time without boats (which I was a little sorry for, as I had begun to like that operation of descending ladders)—and passed the Customs successfully. The Darling gave me her keys; which, through my skill and adroitness—that is to say, powers of corruption—were rendered quite unnecessary. We passed a splendid examination (as she put it comically, seated in the carriage), while the miserable passengers who had been ill were reeling about, mistaking the Customs for their trunks, and the officers for sailors. She told me in confidence some details. Where was she going to in town? To that new great hotel just opened, where they could "put up" four hundred beds, and where there was the ladies' sitting-room decorated in the Arabesque manner by Owen Jones, and where there was a pneumatic hoist which—

It sounded like a dream. Had I not heard all this before? and my prospectus-reading of two years occurred to me.

"You mean," I said, "the Grand Metropolitan, Limited, in forty thousand shares of five pounds each. So much paid up. Why, it was only talked of then."

"It is a good deal talked of now," said a gentleman with whiskers like a plate brusher. "About the finest thing in London. People go there who don't want to go to an hotel—who are actually at another hotel. Merely for the luxury of the thing. It is marvellous the perfection they have brought the thing to. So many thousand tons of water on the roof."

"I think I shall go there too," I said, enthusiastically. "I have a lodging secured already, but I would far sooner go to such an hotel—where the darling—I mean Miss Darling—goes to!" She asked me then how long I was to stay in London. I replied, "An indefinite time," that it might stretch from a day to a year. On which she told me that she was determined to enjoy herself; until, at least, her uncle came up from the country to fetch her. That would be in a week or ten days, or a fortnight, she did not care how far off. "If," said I, gravely, "in the absence of your excellent uncle, a third person would be of any use to you, or, I should rather say, if you would allow that person to make himself useful to you during your stay in the great metropolis, you would be conferring a favour on him—a real favour, I think," I added, "as the inmate of the same hotel—the probable inmate—he has some claim upon you. In this life, surely we should all help one another a little."

A curious light came into her eyes. She was going to reply favourably, when suddenly she gave a start, half jumped up and clapped her hands. "Why, there he is," she cried in delight; "Call to him! Stop him! Bring him to me!"

Here was the old uncle. Confusion on him! I went reluctantly to the window, and looked up and down. "I can't see him," I said; "I don't see any one!"

"To be sure there he is," she said, impatiently,



and going to the window herself. "There! Mr. Ridley, come here."

A man in a slate-coloured tunic, turned up in the worst taste with orange, and carrying a rifle, looked back. He was the plainest creature I ever saw, and was quite smooth shaved. He came running up.

"Ah," he said, "is that you? What a surprise!"

"Isn't it?" she said. "And who'd ever have thought of meeting you here? Get in, will you? Of course you will."

"I have got this musket and bag, government stores, so must be careful, you know; but if you will have us all——"

"I am afraid," I said, "we could scarcely accommodate both you and your weapon. There is a large party coming back, a family—and if they find their seats gone——"

"Nonsense," he said; "why didn't they keep them? At all events, you can tell them you did your best to keep them, and that I took them." And on that he came pushing in, with his heavy gun and bag, which kept dropping on the ground, to the great risk of our feet.

"There," said he, at last, sitting down between me and her, and fanning his hot tan face with his handkerchief. "There we are. This is all uncommon nice, I can tell you. Did I ever think, when I turned out of my bed this morning—which, by the way, was at five o'clock—that all this was in store for me? I did not, indeed." And he burst into that most objectionable of all laughs, known as the "guffaw," or horse-laugh. He was carrying his great musket between his knees, and I saw that his fingers were still black with powder. "We had a field-day to-day," he went on, "and a rifle-match against the local Whitechapel fellows. Licked them soundly. What could you expect from Whitechaps? I am so tired and hungry. You haven't the little sandwich-box, eh—the old sandwich-box? No. I thought not."

"No," she said; "but I am so glad we met—we shall have such fun. And O, Ridley"—this was nice familiarity, addressing a gentleman by his surname!—"O, Ridley, I am going to stay in London for a week, at the great new hotel, you know—what do you call it?"

It will have been observed that all this time I was in a manner passed over; that I had sunk into an inglorious obscurity, being precipitated from my former prosperity. Feeling this wanton degradation very acutely, I saw an opportunity here, and struck in:

"You mean the new Metropolitan Hotel Palace Company, Limited, I think?"

"Yes," she said; "it is all the same, I believe."

For the first time he looked at me straight, beginning with my sleeves, and so on upwards. Presently he whispered to her with a curious smile, and she whispered to him, and smiled too. During the whole of the rest of the journey to London they talked, and chattered, and whispered in this confidential way. Near the end I think she got ashamed of the ungrateful

way in which she was behaving to me. After all, I had laid her under some obligation as regards the dressing-case and that descent of the ladder. But it was no matter. When the coarse Ridley got out at stations—which he did at nearly every one to fill what he called his "pocket-pistol"—we got on again into the old friendly footing. I began to think she was a little intimidated by his presence.

We arrived in London. "We can wait here," he said to her, "and Tommy shall get us a cab." I had got my own luggage very quickly, and it lay on the ground beside me. I had also secured the dressing-case, to which I had certainly a little claim from past services. Suddenly the hateful Ridley looked down. "You needn't," he said. "Here. Give it me. Thank you!"

I resisted this attempt. "I beg your pardon," I said. "I have a sort of claim—have I not?" I said to her, with a half smile.

"Good gracious!" she said, "how? Uncle bought it for me when I went to school."

"O, I don't mean *that*," I said. "I mean coming down the ladder—you recollect."

"What the devil do you mean?" he said, roughly. "Give the lady her case, confound it!" and with a sudden jerk he snatched it from me.

She saw the reproachful look in my face. "I am so much obliged to you," she said; "I mistook—you know."

Here was the cab. They got in. I stood by, waiting, looking with a strange expression at the seat. "We are all going to the same hotel," I said, "the Metropolitan Palace, Limited—not as regards room certainly, according to all account," I added, repeating my little joke to mollify him.

"Exactly," he said; "I think we have everything in now. Would you tell the fellow Metropolitan Hotel?"

"I see there is one vacant place," I said, reproachfully to her.

"Go on," he called; and they did go on.

We went to the same hotel. I was ravished, as the French say, with the magnificence of its proportions and decorations. But that was only the first feeling. Another, and another of another sort altogether, succeeded almost immediately. That feeling was her—or she (which should it be?). The fatal dressing-case, and the more fatal descent down the ladder into the boat, had done its work and had made me more or less indifferent to Going Jones and his Arabian work, to the four hundred beds that had been "put up," and even to that "hoist" or "lift" which moved by hydraulic power.

Ah! The lift. I am coming to that now. I used to meet her constantly. In the morning. In the evening. In the hall. In the great dining-room (where I never could get placed near her). She was always kind and good to me; but she was always with that Ridley. I am inclined to believe now that the odious volunteer exercised a terrorism over her, the effect of which she had too much self-respect to let me see. He was living there; so was Tommy. She was living there; so was I. I may as well confess it now, I used to lie



in wait for her in the hall, on all manner of flimsy pretexts; either until she came down, or came in, or came up. But whether she came down or came up, somehow that Ridley fellow always contrived to thrust himself upon her. By some intriguing *he* managed to sit beside her at the dinners. No doubt she rebelled against this tyranny and persecution. Meanwhile, my life was becoming almost intolerable from agitation and struggle, and I felt it must end in some way—not life, but the state of things generally.

I have spoken of coming up and of going down; and I have avoided hitherto coming directly to that portion of the narrative. There hangs thereby more than would be conceived—more certainly hangs, than the simple chamber which the mysterious agency of science, as manifested in the hydraulic apparatus, raised so many times in the day to the top of the house. I have alluded before to the cruel pulmonary infirmity to which I was a sufferer, and which unfortunately about this time began to be more troublesome than usual. The house was very full, so I had to be content with a chamber very near to the roof, a region which would have been practically unattainable by me, but for the blessings of modern science. The “lift” was my salvation—my pulmonary salvation. I enjoyed my rides in the lift, and relished the mode of travelling so much, that I made it the excuse for many journeys to and from my room. But there was yet another meaning in it. *She*, like most other guests, availed herself of it. Am I followed *now*? And when I was lying in wait, as I may call it, in the hall, I confess to a little artifice. When she had entered the apparatus, I used to emerge, feign having forgotten a pocket-handkerchief, or some other article, and would be transported in her delightful society up to the roof. It was charming; I could have gone up and down from year’s end to year’s end, without ever getting out. But that, of course, could not be. At last it all came to an end, and the lift—accursed invention—was at the bottom of it. I mean morally. Here are the particulars:

The very first journey we had made together he was there too, looking at me with undisguised insolence and jealousy. She had called out, with great laughing and clapping of hands:

“I say, Ridley, Ridley! What a place to make a proposal in! Fancy two people shut up here together!”

He laughed loudly. “A good idea,” he said; “worth making a note of.”

“Not at all a bad idea,” I said, from a corner of the “lift.”

He looked at me, as he always did when I spoke.

“The only difficulty,” he said, “is, that under certain circumstances it is almost impossible for two people to get the opportunity of being alone. There are busy-bodies who will be always sticking themselves in where they are not wanted, and to whom, I think, for the good of the house even, I must give a lesson.”

“As for that,” I said, smiling, “so despotic a course would scarcely be tolerated. The lift,

as we all know, is public—like a weighing-machine—or the pavement of Regent-street. The proprietor might as well shut up as introduce any restriction of the kind you allude to.” He burst out laughing to hide the effect of my quiet retort. She laughed too. “You see,” I said to her, “his plan would scarcely answer.”

“I shall think of something that will, though,” he said.

In a few days, however, there was a curious change. When she came into the hall with him, and while I was lying in wait until she should have entered the lift, she suddenly turned and said, “O, that machine is too troublesome. The stairs are twice as fast. What do you say to a race, Ridley?” And off she bounded, with that person in pursuit. For the moment, my instinct was to follow also; but a few steps at a rapid pace soon showed me that I must stop. The pulmonary affection developed itself in a second, and, at the end of the first flight, I was panting in deep distress.

I grieve to say, that under the instigation of Ridley she carried out his unworthy tactics steadily on every occasion. They always went up by the stairs, and, as a matter of habit, avoided the lift. I had to make solitary journeys by the hydraulic agency. One evening, however, I found that I could bear it no longer. I said to myself that it must come to a crisis, one way or the other. Which was the one way or which was the other way, I did not know and did not care; but the way should be discovered. As I was brooding over this, the idea suddenly flashed upon me. What if the pulmonary affection were not so confirmed? What if I braved its effects—tried—went into training a little? I might baffle it—and be once more on equal terms with the enemy.

I almost at once began to act on the suggestion; with a little practice I found my power of endurance improving marvellously; I progressed in a steady ratio. To my surprise, I found that when I could effect two flights of stairs on one day, I could manage three on the following day. This promised well. And, the better to carry out my design, I determined to keep my training, as I might call it, a secret, until I was perfect. Just as I was nearly perfect—which was on a Saturday—the news came to me that she was going away, that her uncle had written for her, and that she must leave by the four o’clock train. She did not tell me this herself, but I overheard her telling it to her Ridley friend. No time, therefore, was to be lost. Whatever I had to do, had best be done, if it were to be done, done quickly. This is not the precise form of words used by the immortal William; but it conveys his idea pretty accurately. In a moment I had the plan settled. Nearly the whole day I waited in or about the hall for her to come in. I had determined, in a word—bearing in mind the remark so disparaging to a faint heart—to be bold and speak. I was in ambuscade I say the whole day, in or about the hall, rushing out of concealment whenever I heard any one coming. I believe the young lady who looked after the books and accounts,



at first thought I had designs on the property under her care; but afterwards fancied I was a little "touched in the upper story." I could almost laugh at this notion now, for the upper story *had* something to do with my troubles.

Two—three—still she did not come. Surely she would pack? At least, if she trusted to a disorderly huddling up of her clothes, "anyhow," she was scarcely the girl I took her for. No—of course she had packed already. Ah, she was hurrying in—just in time—I ran to her.

"Could you spare me a few moments—a hurried interview," I said, much agitated, "before you go? Five minutes would be sufficient."

"Bless you, my dear sir, I haven't five seconds, I must be at the train at four."

"Three minutes, then," I said, with reproach, "two—you have been very unkind to me latterly, and I did think, after the dressing-case and the ladder——"

"I assure you," she said, "I meant nothing—never intended it, at least."

"No," said I, "it wasn't *you*. I know perfectly well who poisoned you——"

She coloured a little.

"Poisoned me!"

"Let me," said I, passionately, "let me go up with you, and speak what I have to say as we go up. I can go up-stairs now. I have learned how."

"Go up-stairs now?" she said, looking at me with wonder.

"Yes," I went on, "I have been training myself secretly, when you little thought what I was about. I began with one flight; then, emboldened by success, went on to two——"

There was a rush behind me. "Bless you," he said, "you haven't twenty minutes to get to the train. Where are the trunks and things?"

"All ready," she said. "I am just going up-stairs, and shall be down in a second."

"Up-stairs!" he said; "isn't there the lift? We won't mind it," he added, laughing, "as it is the last time, and besides, I have something to tell you *privately*."

I looked at her bitterly.

"You said you'd take the stairs; but no matter." I turned to go.

"Do come," he said, taking her hand, and drawing her to the lift. "And as for you, sir, for God's sake keep off, and stop worrying us."

She went with him. Suddenly she turned and said to me in a kind voice, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but if you *have* anything to tell, or any message, you can go round by the stairs, and meet me at the top."

A capital idea. I gave her a look of intelligence to show that I understood the terrorism under which she was acting.

He slammed the door of the apparatus. They began to ascend, and I rushed round and began what was literally for me a terrific and daring ascent. I was racing against time. I took three stairs at each stride. I believe there were

four hundred in all. When I had done about two-thirds of the way, I began to feel signs of distress. I was gasping, tottering; but I still held on. My training was failing me—my false, faithless, treacherous training. They would be gone—be down even before me. But I held on.

At last I was at the top, and O joy! there was she waiting patiently on the landing. She saw me come in—panting, blowing, drooping, with my head on one side, and my tongue hanging out. I could have tumbled forward at her feet, but caught the banister. Her face was all lit up with pleasure and delight and sympathy.

"Now," said she, "I can give you a minute, while Mr. Ridley has gone to see about the trunks. What *do* you want?"

"You?" I gasped out, with a sort of blow and guggle.

"Me," she said, starting back.

"Yes," I said, "you must have—seen—it—long ago—O my—(I shall never get over it! Early pulmonary. Deck of a vessel!)—I have a good competence, and shall make you ha—happy. O, I have no wi—ind——"

She burst out laughing. "My dear sir, this is so kind and so flattering, and I assure you I appreciate it. But it is unfortunate; you are a little bit late; O ever so little."

"Late," I cried, holding my side, and gasping.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Ridley has been a little before you."

"Before me!" I cried, starting back. "When? Where? How?"

"Only two seconds ago," she said, leaning down her head, but from a different cause to that which affected mine. "He has just proposed for me—in the lift."

"IN THE LIFT!" I cried, with a stamp. "O infernal hydraulic power. O wretched apparatus."

"It was so fortunate," she went on; "if I had gone up by the stairs, with you, it perhaps might *never* have occurred. Every hotel should have 'a lift.'"

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IN TWENTY MONTHLY PARTS.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XXIX. THE RICH MISS HATHERTON.

AN evening party at Castletowers was a momentous affair. It involved a good deal of expense, and a vast amount of anxiety; for the hereditary coffers were ever but scantily furnished, and the hereditary hospitality had to be kept up at any cost. How some of Lady Castletowers' few but elegant entertainments *were* paid for, was a secret known only to her son and herself. Sometimes an oak or two was felled in some remote corner of the park; or the Earl denied himself a horse; or the carriage was left unrenovated for half a year longer; or her ladyship magnanimously sacrificed her own brief visit to London in the season. Anyhow, these extra expenses were certain to be honourably met, in such a manner that only the givers of the feast were inconvenienced by it.

On the present occasion, however, Lord Castletowers had been compelled to apply to his solicitor for an advance upon his next half-yearly receipts; and when William Trefalden went down that Thursday morning to see his cousin Saxon, he brought with him a cheque for the Earl. The party was fixed for the following evening; but Mr. Trefalden could not be prevailed upon to stay for it. He was obliged, he said, to go back to town that same night by the last train; and he did go back (after making himself very pleasant at dinner), with Saxon's signature in his pocket-book.

It was a very brilliant party, consisting for the most part of county magnates, with a sprinkling of military, and a valuable reinforcement of dancing men from town. Among the magnates were Viscount and Lady Esher, a stately couple of the old school, who, being much too dignified to travel by railway, drove over with four horses from Esher Court, a distance of eighteen miles, and remained at Castletowers for the night. The Viscount was lord-lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county, and had once held office for three weeks as President of the Board of Perquisites; a fact to which he was never weary of alluding. There, too, were Sir Alexander and Lady Hankley, with their five marriageable daughters; the Bishop of Betchworth and Mrs. Bunyon; Mr. Walkingshaw of Aylsham, one of the richest commoners in England, with

Lady Arabella Walkingshaw, his wife, and their distinguished guest, Miss Hatherton of Penzance, whose father had begun life as a common miner, and ended it with a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These, together with Lord Boxhill; His Responsibility Prince Quartz Potz, the Prussian Envoy; a few local baronets and their families; an ex-secretary of legation; and a number of lesser stars, parliamentary, clerical, and official, made up the bulk of the assembly. There were also three or four celebrities from the lower paradise of arts and letters—Sir Jones de Robinson, the eminent portrait-painter; Signor Katghuttini, the great Dalmatian violinist; Mr. Smythe Browne, the profound author of "Transcendental Eclecticism," and Mrs. Smythe Browne, who wrote that admirable work on "Woman in the Camp, the Council, and the Church"—a very remarkable couple, whose distinguishing characteristics were, that Mrs. Smythe Browne wore short hair and shirt collars, while the sandy locks of Mr. Smythe Browne floated upon his shoulders, and he displayed no vestige of linen whatsoever.

By nine o'clock the guests began to arrive. By ten, the reception-rooms were well filled, and dancing commenced in the great hall. Though rarely thrown open to the light of day, the great hall, with its panellings of dark oak, its carved chimney-piece, its Gothic rafters, and its stands of rusty armour, some of which dated back to the field of Agincourt, was the glory of Castletowers. Brilliantly lighted, decorated with evergreens and flowers, and echoing to the music of a military band, it made such a ball-room as one might vainly seek in any country but our own.

Lady Castletowers received her guests near the door of the first reception-room, looking very stately, and more like Marie Antoinette than ever, in her glitter of old family diamonds. Gracious to all, as a hostess should be, she nevertheless apportioned her civilities according to a complex code of etiquette. The smile with which she greeted Viscount Esher differed by many degrees from that with which she received Sir Jones de Robinson; and the hand extended to Mrs. Smythe Browne was as the hand of an automaton compared with that which met, with a pressure slight yet cordial, the palm of the rich Miss Hatherton.

"But where is the noble savage?" said this latter, surveying the room through her double



eye-glass. "I have heard so much about him, my dear Lady Castletowers, and I dying to see him!"

Miss Hatherton was a tall, handsome young woman of about five or six-and-twenty, with black eyes, fine teeth, a somewhat large, good-natured mouth, and a very decisive manner. She made one of a little privileged knot that was gathered behind Lady Castletowers; and amused herself by criticising the guests as they came up the stairs.

"The noble savage!" repeated Lady Castletowers. "Whom *can* you mean, Miss Hatherton?"

"Whom should I mean, but this young man who has inherited the famous legacy?"

"Mr. Trefalden? Oh, he was here but a few moments ago. There he stands, by the fireplace."

"The Antinous with the golden curls?" But, my dear Lady Castletowers, he's absolutely beautiful! And he doesn't look savage at all. I had expected to see a second Orson—a creature clothed in raiment of camel's hair, or the skins of wild beasts. I declare, I am disappointed."

"Mr. Trefalden is a very pleasant person," said Lady Castletowers, with a faint smile. "And very unassuming."

"Is he indeed? Pleasant and unassuming—dear me, how very charming! And so rich, too! Worth millions upon millions, I am told. I used to think myself above the reach of want, at one time; but I feel like a pauper beside him. Who is this stout person now coming up the stairs, covered with as many stars as the celestial globe?"

But before Lady Castletowers could reply, the name of His Responsibility Prince Quartz Potz was thundered forth by the groom of the chambers, and the noble Prussian was bending profoundly over the fair hand of his hostess.

"What a funny little fat man it is!" said the heiress, in her loud way, looking after His Responsibility through her glass, as he passed on towards the adjoining room.

"Prince Quartz Potz, my dear Miss Hatherton, is a highly distinguished person," said Lady Castletowers, greatly shocked.

"Oh yes—I know he is."

"He is distantly connected through his maternal great-grandmother, the Margravine of Saxe Hohenhausen, with our own Royal Family; and the present Grand-Duchess of Zollenstrasse is his third cousin twice removed."

Miss Hatherton did not seem to be at all impressed by these facts.

"Ah, indeed," said she, indifferently. "And this fine man with a head like a lion—who is he?"

"Mr. Thompson, the member for Silvermere," replied Lady Castletowers, when the gentleman had made his bow and drifted on with the stream.

"What, the great Thompson?—the Thompson who instituted that famous inquiry into the abuses of the Perquisite Office?"

"I do not know what you imply by 'great,' my dear Miss Hatherton," said the Countess, coldly, "but I believe Mr. Thompson's politics are very objectionable."

"Ah, I see you don't like him; but I shall implore you to introduce me, notwithstanding. I have no politics at all, and I admire talent wherever it is to be found. But, in the mean while, I have lost my heart to Antinous, and am longing to dance with him. Do pray make us known, dear Lady Castletowers."

"Upon whom does Miss Hatherton desire to confer the honour of her acquaintance?" asked Lord Castletowers, who happened to come by at the moment. "Can I be of any service?"

"Of the utmost. I want to be introduced to this Mr. Trefalden, about whom all the world has been talking for the last five or six weeks."

"I will perform the office with great pleasure. Will you allow me to hand you to a seat, while I go in search of him?"

"Thanks. And be sure you make him dance with me, Lord Castletowers—I want to dance with him above all things. He *can* dance, I suppose?"

"Of course. How can you ask such a question?"

"Because I have been told that he was a perfect wild man of the woods before he inherited his fortune—couldn't write his name, in fact, six weeks ago, and had never seen a sovereign in his life."

"If you mean that he has not yet been presented at St. James's, you are probably right," replied the Earl, smiling.

"What, a pun, Lord Castletowers? How shocking! I did not believe you capable of such an enormity. But do pray tell me a little truth about your friend; for I dare say I have heard plenty of fiction. Was he not really a barbarian, after all?"

"No more than I am."

"Is it possible?"

"Nor is that all. Saxon Trefalden has plenty of solid learning under those yellow locks of his, Miss Hatherton. He speaks French, Italian, and German with equal facility; he is a first-rate mathematician; and as for his Greek and Latin scholarship, I have known nothing like it since I bade farewell to the dear old professors at Magdalen College."

"Well, you surprise me very much," said Miss Hatherton, "and I cannot deny that I'm disappointed. I had far rather he had been a barbarian, you know. It would have been so very delicious!"

"Perhaps, then, you will be consoled by finding him as unsophisticated as a child. But you shall judge for yourself."

And with this, the Earl installed Miss Hatherton in an easy-chair, and went in search of Saxon. The heiress immediately turned to her nearest neighbour, who happened to be the Bishop of Betchworth, and began a conversation. It was Miss Hatherton's way to be always talking—and somewhat loudly, too.

"What have I done, my lord," said she, "that you have scarcely spoken to me this evening? I have a thousand questions to ask you. I want to know how the renovations are going on; and if you are really to have a stained



oriel, after all. And what are you going to do about that grand carved old screen? I have been told it is past repairing, and cannot possibly be put up again. I hope that's not true."

"I am happy to say that it is not," replied the bishop, who was a very handsome man, and much admired by the ladies of his diocese. "I believe we shall be able to restore the worst parts, and that it will keep its old place for the next two or three centuries. About the east window, I am less hopeful."

"Why so?" asked the heiress.

"I fear we cannot afford it."

"But how is that? I thought there was a large surplus fund in hand."

"There was; but we have found since then that the spire is in a much worse state than we had at first supposed; and to put it into thorough repair will swallow up the whole of our available money."

"Dear, dear, I'm so sorry!" said the heiress. "You really want the stained window. One misses the poetry of colour in Betchworth Cathedral. How much would it cost?"

"More than we could hope to raise after the liberal subscriptions already granted. A thousand pounds."

"So large a sum? Ah, bishop, if I were one of your flock, I should ask leave to put that window in. However, if you like to open a fresh list, you may put me down for two hundred and fifty."

"My dear lady," said the prelate, "what can I say in acknowledgment of such munificence?"

"Only, I beg, that you will try to get the rest of the thousand as quickly as you can. But here comes my partner."

And Miss Hatherton turned to Lord Castletowers, who had found and captured Saxon, and now stood with him beside her chair.

"Will you permit my friend Mr. Trefalden the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Hatherton?" said he.

"I am delighted to make Mr. Trefalden's acquaintance, and shall be most happy to dance with him," replied the heiress, putting out her hand as cordially and unceremoniously as if Saxon were an old friend already. "What are they doing in the hall now, Lord Castletowers?"

"Finishing a waltz—which will be followed by a quadrille."

"Then we shall be just in time for the quadrille. Won't you find us a pleasant *vis-à-vis*?"

"Will you accept me, if I can find a partner?"

"Delightful! Bishop, we must have another moment's chat before the close of the evening."

Saying which, Miss Hatherton gathered her ample skirts together, took Saxon's proffered arm, and swept through the room and down the wide old stairs in a very stately fashion.

#### CHAPTER XXX. THE HOSPITALLER'S GATE.

MR. KECKWITCH sat alone in a little private parlour at the back of the bar of the Hospitalier's Gate Tavern, with a bottle of brown sherry and a couple of glasses before him, waiting patiently. It was the evening of the very

day that his employer spent at Castletowers; but he had not, therefore, left Chancery-lane over five minutes the sooner, or neglected any detail of his regular work. He had, on the contrary, seen his fellow-clerks off the premises, and locked up the office with even more than his usual caution; for Abel Keckwithe was such a highly respectable man, that he would not on any account have taken advantage of Mr. Trefalden's absence. He was waiting, as he had just told the "young lady" who presided at the bar in ringlets and pink ribbons, for a friend. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and although the sky was as yet only grey with dusk, the gas was already lighted; for the Hospitalier's Gate was a queer, old-fashioned, shut-in place, and the daylight always seemed to make a point of getting away from it as early as possible. There was, however, a bright fire burning in the grate; and the bar beyond was all alive with customers. The tops of the great yellow puncheons and the lacquered gas-burners were visible above the blind that veiled the half-glass door of the parlour; and now and then some privileged customer would peep over, stare at the back of Mr. Keckwithe's head, and disappear. But the clerk sat, all unconscious, gazing placidly at the fire, and never once looked round.

But for the brisk trade going on within the precincts of the Gate itself, the place would have been singularly quiet. The passers-by, just at this hour, were few. Sometimes a cab drove up; sometimes a cart rumbled past, but not often. The great stream of traffic flowed close by, along a neighbouring thoroughfare, and was hoarsely audible, like the dull roar of a heavy sea; but the Hospitalier's Gate stood apart, grey, and hoary, and stored with strange old memories, spanning the shabby by-street with its battlemented arch, and echoing, in a ghastly way, to the merriment below.

Standing in the very heart of the City, within a few yards of Smithfield-market, and in the midst of the over-crowded parish of Clerkenwell, this rare old mediæval fragment was scarcely known, even by name, to the majority of Londoners. To the Smithfield drover, the student of Bartholomew's, the compositors of Tallis's press, and the watchmaking population in general, it was a familiar spot. Archaeologists knew of its whereabouts, and held occasional meetings in the oak room over the gateway, where they talked learnedly of Jorden Bristet, the patriarch Heraclius, Thomas Doewrey, Stow, and King Harry the Eighth; and oftentimes moistened their dry discussions with rare old port from cellars that had once held good store of malmsey and sack for the pious knights' own drinking. Literary men remembered it as the cradle of the Gentleman's Magazine, and as the place where Samuel Johnson, in his rags and his pride, ate his dinner behind a screen, like a dog fed from his master's table. But these were pretty nearly all who knew or cared about the Hospitalier's Gate. Hundreds of intelligent Londoners passed within fifty yards of it every



day of their lives, ignorant of its very existence. Of the dwellers to the west of Temple-bar not one in a thousand knew that scarcely a stone's throw from the Charterhouse walls there yet stood some portion of a far more venerable religious foundation, begun in the last year of the eleventh century, and linked with many strange and stirring episodes of English history. Even so true a lover of the antique and picturesque as Leigh Hunt, passed it by in his pleasant memories of the town, without a word.

But Mr. Keckwitch was thinking neither of the good Knights Hospitallers, nor of Dr. Johnson, nor of anything nor any one just then, saving and excepting a certain Mr. Nicodemus Kidd, who had promised to meet him there about eight o'clock that Thursday evening. And Mr. Kidd was late.

The clock in the bar had struck eight long ago. The clock of St. John's Church, close by, had struck a quarter-past, and then half-past, and still Mr. Kidd was not forthcoming. The head clerk looked at his watch, sighed, shook his head, poured out a glass of the brown sherry, and drank it contemplatively. Before he had quite got to the end of it, a jovial voice in the bar, and a noisy hand upon the latch of the glass door, announced his friend's arrival.

Mr. Kidd came in—a tall, florid, good-humoured looking fellow, with a frank laugh, a loud cheery voice, and a magnificent pair of red whiskers. The practised observer, noting his white hat, his showy watch-guard, his free and easy bearing, would have pronounced him at first sight to be a commercial traveller; but the practised observer would for once have been wrong.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Keckwitch," said he, nodding familiarly to his entertainer, drawing a chair to the opposite side of the fire, and helping himself at once to a glass of wine. "Not my fault, I assure you. Sherry, eh? Capital sherry, too. Don't know a better cellar in London, and that's saying something."

"I'm very glad you have been able to look in, Mr. Kidd," said the head clerk, deferentially. "I was particularly anxious to see you."

Mr. Kidd laughed, and helped himself to a second glass.

"It's one of the peculiarities of my profession, Mr. Keckwitch," said he, "that I find the world divided into two classes of people—those who are particularly anxious to see me, and those who are particularly anxious not to see me. Uncommon good sherry, and no mistake!"

Mr. Keckwitch glanced towards the glass-door, edged his chair a little nearer to that of his guest, and said huskily:

"Have you had time, Mr. Kidd, to think over that little matter we were speaking about the other day?"

"That little matter?" repeated Mr. Kidd, in the same loud, off-hand way as before. "Oh yes—I've not forgotten it."

He said this, filling his glass for the third time, and holding it in a knowing fashion between his eye and the lamp. The head clerk

came an inch or two nearer, and, bending forward with his two fat hands upon his knees, ejaculated:

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"What is your opinion?"

Mr. Kidd tossed off the third glass, leaned back in his chair, and, with a smile of delightful candour, said:

"Well, sir, to be plain with you, I can give no opinion till you and I understand each other a little better."

Mr. Keckwitch breathed hard.

"What do you mean, Mr. Kidd?" said he. "Haven't I made myself understood?"

Mr. Kidd pushed his glass away, thrust his hands into his pockets, and became suddenly grave and business-like.

"Well, sir," replied he, dropping his noisy voice and jovial smile as if they had been a domino and mask, "this, you see, is an unusual case. It's a sort of case we're not accustomed to. We don't go into things without a motive, and you've given us no motive to go upon."

The clerk's face darkened.

"Isn't it motive enough," said he, "that I want information, and am willing to pay for it?"

"Why, no, Mr. Keckwitch—not quite. We must be satisfied of the use you will make of that information."

"And supposin' I don't want to make use of it at all?"

"Then, sir, I'm afraid we can't help you. We are not spies; we are a legal force. Our business is to promote the ends of justice—not to serve private curiosity."

Mr. Keckwitch looked down, silent, baffled, perplexed.

"I should have thought," said he, "that the mere fact of any professional man keepin' his home and his ways so deadly secret, would be motive enough for inquiry. Where there's mystery, there's safe to be somethin' wrong. People ain't so close when they've nothin' to hide."

"Some folks are eccentric, you know, Mr. Keckwitch."

"It ain't eccentricity," replied the clerk, promptly.

"What then?"

"I can't say. I may have my suspicions; and my suspicions may be right, or may be wrong. Anyhow, one can't see far in the dark."

"No, that's true," replied Mr. Kidd.

"If it was no more than his address, I'd be satisfied," added Keckwitch, staring hard at the fire.

"Now I tell you what it is, sir," said the other, "we must have *your* motive. Why do you want to know a certain person's address? What is it to you where he lives or how he lives?"

"It is a great deal to me," replied Mr. Keckwitch. "I'm a respectable man, and I don't choose to work under any but a respectable employer."

Mr. Kidd nodded, and caressed the red whiskers.



"If, as I suspect, there's somethin' wrong somewhere," the clerk went on to say, "I don't want to be mixed up in it, when the day of reck'nin' comes round."

"Of course not."

"And there's *my* motive."

"Have you always been on good terms, Mr. Keckwitch, with the party in question?"

This was said very sharply and suddenly, but the clerk's face remained stolid and inexpressive as ever.

"Well, Mr. Kidd," said he, "I can't say there's ever been much love lost between us. I've done my duty, and I don't deny that he's done his; but we've been neither friends nor enemies."

Mr. Kidd stared hard at Mr. Keckwitch, and Mr. Keckwitch stared at the fire; the one all scrutiny, the other all unconsciousness. For some minutes both were silent, and the loud mirth at the bar became more distinctly audible. Then Mr. Kidd drew a deep breath, pushed his chair back with the air of one who arrives at a sudden resolution, drew a slip of paper from his waistcoat-pocket, and said:

"Well, sir, if the address is all you require—here it is."

The steady light so rarely seen there flashed into Abel Keckwitch's eyes, and his hand closed on the paper as if it had been a living thing, trying to fly away. He did not even look at it, but imprisoned it at once in a plethoric pocket-book with a massive metal clasp that snapped like a handcuff.

"What's the fee?" said he, eagerly. "What's the fee for this little service, Mr. Kidd?"

"That's a question you must ask at headquarters, sir," replied Mr. Kidd, eyeing the clerk somewhat curiously, and already moving towards the door.

"But you'll take another glass of sherry before you go?"

"Not a drop, sir, thank you—not a drop. Wish you good evening, sir."

And in another moment, Mr. Kidd, with the white hat a trifle on one side, and the jovial smile seeming to irradiate his whole person, had presented himself at the bar, and was saying agreeable things to the young lady with the ringlets.

"Ah, sir," observed she, playfully, "I don't care for compliments."

"Then, my dear, a man must be dumb to please you; for if he has eyes and a tongue, what can he do but tell you you're an angel?"

The barmaid giggled, and bade the gallant stranger "get along!"

"It's a remarkable fact," said Mr. Kidd, "that the prettiest women are always the most hard-hearted. And it's an equally remarkable fact, that the sight of beauty always makes me thirsty. I'll trouble you, Mary, my love, for a bottle of Schweppé."

"That's a good sort of fellow, I'll be bound!" ejaculated a stout woman, looking admiringly after Mr. Kidd as he presently went out with an irresistible air of gentlemanly swagger.

"You think so, do you, ma'am?" said a seedy bystander. "Humph! That's Kidd, the detective."

## ELECTION TIME.

ELECTION time is a bad time; a lying time, a corrupting time, a drunken time; a dirty, beer-sloppy, pipe-smoking, cab-driving, bill-posting, tipping, winking, nudging, duffing, dodging, shuffling, guzzling period of disgrace and demoralisation. In a general election time, all England is a riotous taproom, splashed with beer, reeking with tobacco-smoke, and littered with written lies and false promises.

I am not a party man. If the phrase were not so hackneyed and so abused by being so constantly used as a mere bit of clap-trap, I should say that my motto was "Measures, not Men." What, to me, is the difference between Coodle and Doodle? I have not the honour (and I don't want it) to be personally acquainted with either of those resplendent peers. What I know of them, as public men, is, that they are both very good fellows, not in the least desirous to abuse their power or position, and in other respects pretty much like other men. What can it signify to me or to you, or to anybody, which of those honourable and patriotic creatures is at the head of the government, so that he manages our public affairs well? I am, at the present time, so indifferent to the claims of party and individuals, that if a Tory of mark and talent were to put up for the borough for which I have two votes, I would—though strongly inclining to the policy of the so-called liberals—give him a plumper; being convinced that the two liberal members who happen to represent us, are muffs, and, on their own merits, utterly unworthy of our suffrages.

I mention this, to show that I have no personal or party sympathy with either side—except on certain special grounds, which I will state presently. No; as regards election tactics they are both tarred with the same brush. *Experientia docet*. How my views have changed on this subject! When I was a boy at school, far away among the mountains of Scotland, I thought a general election the most delightful thing in the world. The earl's son, who always stood for the county, and always got in—for the very good reason that his father was the landlord of more than three-fourths of the electors—came to our school in his carriage, addressed some of the electors there, and procured for us, the boys, a half holiday. His colours were blue and yellow, and I remember going home and hunting over my mother's drawers for some scraps of ribbon to make me a favour of. What an excitement there was when the earl's son drove up the country road in an open carriage with four grey horses, and his postilions in flaming red jackets. I shall never forget those postilions. I had never seen postilions before, and they impressed me strangely. I can see them now joggling in



their saddles, looking so fossil-like and antediluvian. I can remember them more distinctly than I can remember the earl's son, who was a weak washed out young man, who looked foolish, and stammered in his speech; but who for all that was the representative of our intelligent community in parliament. I think that if I had been presented with the earl's son's "turn out," I should have followed the example of the Emperor of China, who, when George the Third made him a present of a state coach, bundled the coachman inside, and sat on the box himself. I should have much preferred to be the postilion in the red jacket, to being the son of the noble earl. On that half holiday, we boys did not indulge our imitative propensities in making a stammering speech like the earl's son; but in riding on chairs like the postilions. I confess, even now, that in after life I met with postilions who interested me more than many members of parliament. And yet I know the names of the uninteresting members of parliament, and don't know the names of the interesting postilions!

I was casting my jackets when my second election occurred. The earl's son was again in the field; but the earl in the mean time, having got into difficulties and mortgaged part of his property, there was opposition. It was necessary for the earl's son to bestir himself. For some time previous to the election he went about among the tenantry, flattering them, making them little presents, and kissing their pretty daughters. Being a clansman of the earl's, and a nine hundred and ninety-ninth cousin, I was enlisted in the service. I was rigged out from top to toe in a suit of tartan—the tartan of our clan—and thus arrayed, and mounted upon an ancient grey mare, I accompanied the earl's son as an outrider. I had rather a pleasant time of it. I came in for a great deal of haggis and mince collops and whisky, and where there was more kissing than my chief could do I helped him out with it. In that tartan suit—it was bright red—and on that spanking grey mare, I felt that I shot through the land like a fiery meteor. I was very impartial, and kissed the old women as well as the young women, and without vanity, I do think they would have elected me in preference to the earl's son, if I had not been so very far removed from the heirship to the property. We didn't bribe, we didn't hint at ejection, or abatement, or increase of rent—the earl was too honourable a man for that—we merely flattered and condescended, and we kissed and we prattled with all the fair maids, and called each the fairest she, as the song says. We won the election. It was a very innocent affair, and I wish I had never seen any worse mode of canvassing for votes.

But we may all learn, if we will, from what we see in a general election time, that except in very special cases, it is money not merit that makes the member of parliament. It is vain and useless to try to do without corruption in some form or other. Andrew Marvell may put up for parliament with the virtuous resolve not to spend a penny; but if

he get elected you may be sure that his friends have spent money for him. He bribes vicariously; he cannot help it. The law holds that the hiring of committee-rooms and cabs is not bribery; but morally it *is* bribery, and bribery of a mean, besotted, and degrading kind. I will state exactly what has occurred in a certain borough. I will suppose, for example, that our two members are liberals, and that they represent the general politics of the constituency. We are quite satisfied with their conduct in parliament, and we have no desire to make a change. When, however, we heard that there was not likely to be any legitimate opposition to them, we said to ourselves, "This will never do; we highly approve of our representatives, and have the greatest confidence in them; but we cannot allow them to walk over the course. This has been a very dull season; we must do something to cause a little money to be spent, while there is a chance left." What did we do? Why, we got a Conservative (hired him from a club in Pall-Mall) to start in opposition to the two liberals. What was the consequence? The borough woke up, and money began to fly. Committee-rooms were engaged, bills were printed, agents were hired, and cabs chartered by the score. You should have seen the swarm of half-starved human rats that came out of their holes the minute the opposition was announced. They were all of the same pattern—lean, and hollow-eyed, and red-nosed, rusty, ragged, and mouldy, with a flavour of stale spirits about them. They looked as if they had never seen the light since the last election, and had now just woke up from a seven years' sleep and crept out of their holes to get a few more half sovereigns and another dose of drink. They were immediately engaged, at salaries ranging from ten shillings to half-a-crown a day; some as committee-men, some as canvassers, others to run errands and distribute bills.

Our opposition was not a bogus candidate. He was the real thing; had plenty of money, and, if he had been elected, would have been no discredit to the borough. But if a respectable candidate had not come forward, we could easily have found somebody to answer the purpose. An Old Election Hand, whom we consulted, told us that he could find a person—a public character, too—who would stand for a ten-pound note; but that the difficulty with such parties was to get them to retire when they were no longer wanted. The Old Hand had once given a radical lecturer ten pounds to stand, and he had to give him twenty to sit down again. During this election time almost every third public-house in our borough displayed bills, informing the free and independent electors that So-and-so's committee "sits here daily." Do you know what those committee-rooms mean, what they do in them? Well; first of all, they mean from three to ten pounds a week in the pocket of the landlord of the house; and next, they mean a very large extra consumption of drink at the bar. What they do in those committee-rooms? The most presentable rat that can be found, is stationed there in an arm-chair with a copy of



the register beside him; and his business is to send out emissaries to influence the electors, to take notes of promises, to calculate chances, and to vary these occupations with frequent adjournments to the bar to drink. I visited several of those committee-rooms in our borough, and in one of them I was told that Mr. Short had no chance, because he was only giving three pounds for his committee-rooms, while Mr. Long was giving six. "Lor' bless you, sir! Mr. Long's agent knows how to do things! He went to the White Lion to engage a committee-room, and the landlord told him he hadn't got one. But the agent soon persuaded him that he had!"

As to cabs. There are many electors who don't care about voting, who have no opinion one way or other, and who won't come to the poll, unless you send for them. These electors would sell themselves any day for a crown. If you can afford to send a cab for them, they will come up and vote for you. If you can't, they won't trouble themselves to exercise their right, or their trust, or their proud privilege, or whatever you please to call it. And for the rest, it will be significant to mention that all cab-owners have votes, and that a good many cab-drivers have votes; while printers, stationers, and bill-stickers, have both votes and influence.

A general election is the funeral of all principle, and the rats who come from their holes at that time represent the undertakers' men. As you see some loved one carried away from you on the shoulders of a set of drunken ribald ruffians, so you see the ægis of our "glorious constitution" raised on high by loafers and sots, by the vilest scum boiled up from the bottom of the pot of society. And all this is made worse by the unblushing speeches of the Candidates (who know all about it) concerning integrity and purity of election.

The stench of the Thames in the old days before main drainage, the advertising vans, the garotters, the mad dogs, none of these have been such a nuisance as the recent electioneering. For weeks, the summer air has been tainted with the false fumes and vapours of a political orgie. After my experience of it in our borough, the thought comes across me that the state of things could not well be worse, if the right of voting were in the hands of the upper ten thousand of the working classes. Nay, the thought comes across me that the state of things might be better; that the new voters might have a higher sense of their responsibility, might know better how to appreciate worth and merit in those who seek their suffrages, and might set an example of integrity and patriotism which might leaven our electoral system for great good.

Does our electoral system want leavening for good? Consider its present working with a reference to one "Interest" alone. There is a certain interest called the Railway Interest, seeking representation at the hands of contractors, agents, and scrip-jobbers—very unfortunately and very expensively for railway shareholders. By a thousand indirect means (not least among them by "putting on" at election time, in little out-of-the-way places, gangs of men who are

not wanted there for any other purpose than to spend wages, and make uproarious crowds) such candidates, favoured by unworthy voters, get into parliament. The minister, who must have his majority, is afraid to touch the "Interest" that can give him so many votes. The "Interest" is left untouched, in the face of the most appalling preventable accidents, and the most horrible destruction and mutilation of life, over and over again repeated. The Vice-President of the Board of Trade, with the "Interest" behind him, is as cool about these calamities as if his fellow-creatures were flies, and rather boasts than otherwise that he does not know which is the "up-line" of a railway, and which the "down." If the electors sent the elected to parliament in the public interest, and not in this "Interest," or in that, is it not probable that they would very emphatically teach such public servants which is the "In" side of a House of Commons (not to say of a government), and which the "Out"?

On this head of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and the "Interest" he is so afraid of, and so daintily uninformed and humorous upon, there is a passage in an obscure work of fiction called *HARD TIMES*, which would be almost prophetic but for its absurd shortcoming in respect of the damage done by a railway accident. It may fitly conclude this paper, as a hint to free and independent electors.

"Among the fine gentlemen not regularly belonging to the Gradgrind school, there was one of a good family and a better appearance, with a happy turn of humour which had told immensely with the House of Commons on the occasion of his entertaining it with his (and the Board of Directors') view of a railway accident, in which the most careful officers ever known, employed by the most liberal managers ever heard of, assisted by the finest mechanical contrivances ever devised, the whole in action on the best line ever constructed, had killed five people and wounded thirty-two, by a casualty without which the excellence of the whole system would have been positively incomplete. Among the slain was a cow, and among the scattered articles unowned, a widow's cap. And the honourable member had so tickled the House (which has a delicate sense of humour) by putting the cap on the cow, that it became impatient of any serious reference to the Coroner's Inquest, and brought the railway off with Cheers and Laughter."

## GERMAN OPERA AND ITS MAKERS.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

It would have been easy to encumber the outlines conveyed in the two foregoing chapters on Opera, by mentioning the names of many industrious persons and carefully-trained musicians who fed the theatres of Germany in the interval which elapsed betwixt the times of Keyser and Bach, and that breaking out of Beethoven's amazing genius, which brought to a head, so to say, the revolution in German opera; and fixed the form under which it has since presented itself. But such enumeration would pro-



duce only a depressing list of productions of forgotten industry;—some thousand (to be moderate) of respectable works having been composed, produced, succeeded, and died, without making any sign. The fecundity of the second-rate Italian opera composers of the eighteenth century has not been greater—but though slighter, the traces which they have left are more numerous. There is hardly a man, even of mediocre mark among them, some song by whom does not, from time to time, turn up again—in nine cases out of ten, fuller of melody, and not poorer in thought—than the last extravagance of Signor Verdi and those belonging to his school.

Setting, then, the meritorious opera-manufacturers of Germany on one side, as without significance, there remain but two composers (and the shadow of the second of these) to speak of as filling the interval betwixt Beethoven and Herr Wagner. It is true that a contemporary of Beethoven, Schubert, showed in his "Lieder" that feeling for melody, and for the adaptation of sound to situation, as well as to sense, which ought to have given many real masterpieces to the German opera stage. But Schubert, though endowed beyond most musicians with ideas, was not gifted with the spirit of discretion. In every work of any length from his pen, there will be found a tediousness arising from want of proportion, and a feebleness of constructive power, which are fatal when the thing to be produced is drama in music. Owing to want of tact, the operas of Cherubini have languished: and many of the operas of Schubert could never be brought to the light of the footlights. The fragments which we know, and the entire work, "Der Hausliche Krieg," produced not long ago at Vienna, are curious from the want of that style which so eminently distinguished Schubert's shorter vocal compositions and his piano-forte music,—a want possibly ascribable to one of his occupations, the writing of pieces to be introduced into other men's operas. He is said to have done this in works by Herold and Auber so successfully, that it was impossible for those not in the secret to separate the interpolated from the original matter. His overture to his own "Rosmunda" is as French as if it had been born in the Rue Lepelletier.

It was about eight years after "Fidelio" was produced, and before Beethoven's opera, or indeed the mass of his other music was received with any universal relish in Germany, that another thoroughly individual composer began to make characteristic and copious contributions to the stores of stage music in that country. This was Louis Spohr, one of the most peculiar figures in the Pantheon—more peculiar than engaging. Few artists, however, have led such honourable and industrious lives as he,—or so little blameworthy. He was born to good and God-fearing parents; and seems to have felt the wholesome influence of their early training, in the ordinance of his career, from first to last. But the amiability which has belonged to so many worse and disordered men was apparently denied

him. His outer bearing was a type of the manner in which his life was regulated. Gifted by Nature with a noble and imposing presence (possibly he was one of the tallest violin-players that ever presented himself in an orchestra), and with a manner which might take some of its tincture from sincere uprightness, but which was certainly not graced by that considerateness for others which endears its possessor—Spohr strode on through life with a straightforward self-assertion, but without any apparent care for much beyond his own concerns, or much will or power to appreciate the great men of the golden age of modern music, into the midst of which genial fate had thrown him. His autobiography, published the other day, is a revelation as speaking as it is singular;—from the honest and unveiled self-complacency with which its writer devotes himself to his own doings, and the poor (rather than grudging) measure of observation he could bring to the productions of his contemporaries, and to their characters. He is energetic in describing the odd outrageous gestures of Beethoven when conducting an orchestra; but shows himself little capable of owning that that storm-tossed and ill-starred poet was withal a being of a height and a grandeur—of a force in flight like an eagle's—of a brilliancy of invention as though lightning could be fixed as sunlight—transcending those of any predecessor or contemporary. He is critical, again, almost cynical, in citing some of the carelessnesses and common-places in Rossini's music (just as if he was not to live to express and exhibit the common-places into which a heavier and *thicker* creative power can fall), but cold to the exquisite spontaneity of Southern beauty, which breathes in the works of that captivating master:—not so much antagonistic, perhaps, as incapable of receiving. The harp-playing of Dorette, his wife, a tearful sensitive woman, whom we cannot help suspecting her lord and master (howbeit unconsciously) worked very hard, his own successes as a consummate performer on the violin, his respectable resolution to support the dignity of Music, in the face of the etiquette by which it was treated as an offering of vassalage, rather than as an art to be cherished, in too many German courts,—figure in every page of this record; but there is not a single one containing such bright thoughts, such charming pictures, as light up the letters of one who, it may be, as mannered in music as Spohr, was as universal in his sympathies as Spohr was *not*—the engaging and great-hearted Mendelssohn.

These traits and characteristics have not been assembled with any miserable desire to cast dirt on an honest man's grave, but rather to show cause why the productions of an artist who was so self-engrossed as well as so enterprising, should not contain that universal appeal to sympathy and admiration which makes real works of art endure, whereas the manner of mechanism must pass away. It is observable, however, that Spohr, while trammelled by egotism to a degree never perhaps equalled in art save by that greater genius, Wordsworth, was in advance of



his time. He held that German legend, for German opera, was that which every German man, averse to Italian sorceries, ought to prepare himself to undertake. With a singularly sober and restricted fancy, his elected subjects were fantastic or romantic. He had a hankering after the popular tale of "Der Freischütz" long ere Weber thought of setting the same—after the picturesque legend of "Tannhäuser" (versioned, in a thousand forms, as the temptation of Spirit by Sensual allurements), something like half a century ere Wagner was thought of. His first stage attempt was the "Owl Queen," "Alruna," to be followed by "Faust," "Beauty and the Beast," "The Widow of Malabar," "Pietro von Abano," "The Alchemist," "A Crusader's Story," every one of these subjects demanding vivacity of local colour. Yet, save in the supernatural music of Spohr's "Faust" (not Goethe's "Faust," recollect, but based on a tawdry melodrama), and the opening of the Indian opera "Jessonda," nothing of the kind was effected by him. It must be further said that solid as is the mass of vocal music written by Spohr, not one popular melody from his pen could be named. It cannot, however, be assumed that with Spohr this avoidance of popularity was on system. He was naturally arid, trite, and short of breath as a tune-maker; commanding a certain solemnity and richness of harmony peculiar to himself, and a monotony in his manner of procedure which for a time will pass for originality of constructive power with the student, till he discovers that there is one form of progression, one series of chords elect, one close, as wearisomely to be met with Spohr's operas, as the veriest Italian platitudes which the Germans took the field against. It is obvious, too, that Spohr had no objection to such vocal parade as he could make. Cunigunda's great song, "Si lo sento," in "Faust," the well-known duet in "Jessonda," many pieces of music in "Zemira and Azor," are florid, though of no common difficulty, as having been written by one who had never studied the uses of the human voice in the only real school—that of Italy. A clever singer, as whimsically quaint in her phraseology as she was clever, once characterised the florid songs in Handel's oratorios as demanding "devout agility" on the part of the singer. Spohr's bravura music calls for a power of "heavy caroling" which makes it ungracious, only partially effective, and possibly more difficult to execute with finish, than any music of the kind which can be set before the show singer.

All this said and sung—two of Spohr's operas, "Faust" and "Jessonda," keep the stage in Germany; though at the time present they do so under conditions of traditional endurance rather than warm welcome. There is in them a certain imposition of stateliness, an individuality (and be it for better for worse, that quality has a value of its own), a respectability (so to say) bespeaking a man of worth, on most complacent terms with himself,—which cannot hinder their being felt dull, it is true, but which command a

fair and favourable construction; and should do so, till the world of artists and connoisseurs shall become utterly lawless in its desire for new sensations, and utterly stupid in confounding impudent barren folly with thought and idea too profound to be relished by those not initiated. Heavy as Spohr's operas are, extracts from them can be heard from time to time,—and they are upborne, so to say, by the wide and well-earned and permanent reputation won by their maker as a special master of his instrument, the Violin. Viewed in this light, Spohr may be characterised as having been for Germany what Bach was for the Organ. And it would amount to ingratitude, no less than injustice, if it were not added, that he was beloved by the many pupils whom he gathered round him, none of whom—and some score could be named—passed from under his hands without having had instilled into them true, earnest principles, and that well-based knowledge of technical effect on which, for basis, any fabric, however wondrous, fantastic, or daring, can be built. As a violin master, Spohr was not to be surpassed; as a composer, especially of vocal and dramatic music, we cannot call to mind a single follower who has imitated his manner.

A greater contrast could not be named in the persons of two men, both famous in German art, both of whom influenced it more or less largely, than betwixt Spohr and Weber. In their education, in their lives, in their works, in their successes, no two men could stand further apart—the one as an orderly man and musician, the other, in comparison, a waif and stray, whose gipsy genius somehow seduced and enthralled his German world (and the world, also, beyond the confines of Germany) as no composer of German opera has been enabled to do, before or since Weber's time.

What a pity it is that the lives of musicians are so ill written, being generally as they are richer in incident than those of the painters! The complaint laid by the stupid against the class, as merely consisting of colourless, characterless, frivolous folk; when taken away from the absorbing egotism of their display, useless as members of society, and performing the duties of life indifferently—has been largely alimanted by the dulness, in place of just and appreciating record, of the library of musical biographies. Herr Crysander's *Life of Handel*, "a dungeon" of little facts and dates (to use the Scotch phrase), is not to be endured, because of its utter heaviness. Dr. Schmid's *Memoir of Gluck* (a capital subject) is no less leaden, though mercifully more compendious. The four awful volumes by Dr. Jahn devoted to Mozart, call for a patience little short of his who has to drive a tunnel through a granite rock. Beethoven is without a decent biography as yet; the want possibly to be supplied by the enthusiastic American collector, Mr. Thayer, who is known to have ransacked every corner of Europe, where material might exist during some twenty years. We have been recalled to this disappointment and poverty by turning to the high-flown life of Weber the other



day, published by his son, and paraphrased for this country (we doubt not with chastisement of much rapture and rhapsody) by Mr. Palgrave Simpson.

There is stuff in the tale, had it been simply told, to make a book as good as a romance, and more instructive (no offence to "the cloth") than ninety-nine out of a hundred sermons. It is full of character. The father of the genius was one of those blustering, vain, scheming men, who think nothing of the treasure committed to their charge, save as a means of contributing to their own (not his) aggrandisement and fortune. Whereas Leopold, the parent of the great Mozart, shows himself to have been sagacious, moral, and clear-sighted in his attempts to order the career of his son the genius,—the old Von Weber was bombastic, grasping, utterly unfit for the stewardship of any one's destinies—a dishonest, showy, vulgar adventurer; a man who set up miserable assertions of ancestral pride, yet could drag about his hapless family, when following the course of a strolling player's life, till the weaker ones dropped by the way and died of fatigue. He had no scruple to deter him from underhand transactions, as in the case of Aloys Sennefelder, the discoverer of lithography, whose secrets he may be said to have pirated, after having associated himself with the discoverer; when his son was installed in a foul service belonging to the court of Würtemberg, compared with which attendance among the rabble of Comus looks like a white-handed transaction, tracked out his luckless child, and was accessory, if not principal, in the act of embezzlement, the shame and sorrow of which cling to Weber's name, let recognition for his fascinating genius be ever so eager, ever so grateful.

And fascinating Weber's genius was—to a point unattained by any previous opera composer, so purely German as himself. "*Flattering*," Mendelssohn called it, with his racy appropriation of English. Even Spohr, the self-engrossed, was compelled to admit that Weber knew how to get at "the masses"—which the grave and elaborate man himself never could do in opera. There was born to Weber that in-born spirit of melody, lacking which music is "nought." Of all the modern writers of German opera who have plodded and "potted" an immensity" (to quote Mrs. Fanny Kemble's quaint phrase), among the Lindpaintners and the Lachners, and the contrivers and the combiners, Weber stands out as *the one* man. He was never well taught—how could he be, with a wretched father like his, urging him on from place to place, from master to master, from anybody to anybody, out of whom anything showy was to be got? His best chance of learning was under the Abbé Vogler;—but that clever dreamer, with all his instruments and inventions, and the scrap of genius involved in both, was (*pace* Mr. Browning) a quack: dangerous as an influence in proportion to his apparent pretensions of science—a man better able to stimulate than to settle the spirits of younger persons.

But in spite of his horrible father—in spite of his empirical master—in spite of a youth forth from which the young man did not emerge without soil, damage, all that is worst to youth, all that is least easily to be laughed or to be washed off—in spite of the seeds of premature death having been sown in a frail body—abused by prodigious exertion and precocious dissipation, let the student of German opera, as distinct from opera in the Italian style—or according to French conventions—let him look at what Weber did, what his doings foreshadowed—and the place of the man will assert itself as above any writer of German opera—Beethoven not excepted—if only for this reason—that the writer of Opera must not be satisfied to devote himself to great and noble ideas of art, but *must* get his public.

This Weber did with a power, an originality, a genius, such as make him the last of the great Germans. There is not a bar of his music which is Italian (save, perhaps, his grand scenes, "*Portia*," "*Atalia*," and a few others), still less is there a bar which owes anything to French inspiration. Intensely German as he was, he had, nevertheless, beyond any of his countrymen of whom I am cognisant, a feeling for national colour. It was not merely, with him, a case of making the gloomy scene of conjuration in "*Der Freischütz*," which has unsettled the brains of many a dozen would-be composers, and driven them to extremes of ugliness, utterly intolerable to every sane person. When he had to write a preface—for such is an overture—to Carlo Gozzi's "*Turandot*," he got up a Chinese humour. When he had to deal with "*Oberon*," he could Orientalise himself. The opening of "*Euryanthe*," with its glorious chorus of ladies and knights, is animated with the very breath of French chivalry, though the handling of the groups is German. Most of all, must be cited the exquisite prelude to "*Preciosa*," with its Spanish and gipsy humour. I dwell on these things, because they are so familiar as to have been overlooked as so many matters of course—and because Weber has not had fair justice done him. Only the other day a lecturer on modern music, no less intelligent and ingenious than Mr. John Hullah, could discuss modern opera, and absolutely leave this greatest among the pure Germans (the distinction being borne in mind) without a single passing word.

There is no need to dwell on the incompleteness of Weber; to point out how, rich as he was in the spirit of melody, he had never subjected himself to a due study of materials, their tints, and their beauties. He did not care whether the singer was torn to pieces or not, provided a certain effect was created; and thus, it may be said, that though those who have supported the parts of his heroines can be counted by hundreds, only one could be named who filled out the outline offered by him to perfection. This was Madame Schroeder Devrient; who was as truly the type of a German opera singer, as he was the type of a German opera composer. Both were



overstrained, possibly under some false unexpressed notions of nationality and truth—certainly owing to education on mistaken principles. Madame Schroeder was a crude and exaggerated singer of the music of Gluck—but, as Agatha and Euryanthe, she has left her own royal mark on the recollection of every one who has heard and seen her.

Were one to speculate on the influences of disorder in youth, as shown in Weber's indifference to proportion, climax, animation in his opera-books, it would be easy to become super-subtle. After all, what opera composer is there who could be named (save Gluck, or, with a long interval, Bellini) that seems to have exercised much prescient and poetical judgment of the tale he was to treat? It has been, here, a bit of costume, there, a solitary situation, which have seduced the strong, the weak, the careful, the careless, to waste their time, and energy, and melody, and counterpoint. And the wonder is, not that so few operas survive, but that so many have come to light, and have enjoyed a life of popularity.

Think of these things what we may, Weber created a school of opera-writers in Germany. Only one of these, however, is worth naming in a chapter which does not profess to do the duty of an article in an Encyclopedia; this is Marschner, in whose operas every defect of Weber's style is brought out—the unlovely, preposterous strain on the voices, the *making shift* of getting over an awkward passage by crude harmonic progressions,—and yet who had in himself a grain of individual fancy and invention. His "Templar and Jewess," a version of "Ivanhoe," shows as much. Had he been less harsh, jealous, less occupied by those miserable petty cares and rivalries which make German court appointments not like so many beds of roses, as to "Damien's bed of steel," Marschner might have extricated himself into originality; for in all music—in opera music especially—originality can be gained by labour, thought, and constant experience.

With Marschner's name this small chronicle comes to a stop, since in sketching the story of German opera there is no need to dwell on the slighter productions—not light in substance though in seeming—of the doleful jokers who have tried to make German comic opera. Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" is the best and most enduring specimen, but there is not a dream of Germany in it. It is half French, half Italian.

Nor is there need to discuss the glories and influences of Meyerbeer, because all these return (*da capo*) to the grand opera of France, and because Meyerbeer cannot by any magic be accepted as a German composer of opera, and is now repudiated by them.

The nightmares imposed on a helpless and astray public by Herr Wagner, may be "left alone in their glory"—for the moment at least. What manner of influence they have had, was to be heard last autumn in the horrible music

of the Carlsruhe Festival, described in these columns. We imagine it to be already decaying.

## THE FIT OF AILSIE'S SHOE.

### CHAPTER I.

ON a certain mellow August afternoon an old woman was travelling along the sea-girt road between Portrush and Dunluce. She wore a long grey cloak, and a scarlet neckerchief thrown over her white cap. Her face was unusually sallow and wrinkled, with small, shrewd, furtive eyes. She carried a stick, and halted now and then from fatigue.

She looked often from right to left, and from left to right, over the sea, heaving helplessly under its load of blazing brooding glory, and inland, over the stretches of green and golden, where cattle drowsed and corn ripened. She seemed like one not assured of her way, and looking for landmarks. Presently she stopped by some boys who were playing marbles under a hedge to ask whereabouts might stand the house of one James MacQuillan.

"Is it Jamie's you want?" said the eldest lad; "there it's, up the hill yonder, with its shoulder agin the haystack. But if you're goin' there, I'll tell you that Ailsie's out at the fair. Mother saw her pass our door at sunrise this mornin'."

From the way he gave his information, the urchin evidently thought that, Ailsie being from home, it was worth no one's while to climb the hill to Jamie's. Noway staggered in her purpose by the news, however, the old woman proceeded on her travels, and took her way to the haystack.

She plodded up a green-hedged lanan, and emerged from it on a causeway of round stones bedded in clay. Here stood "Jamie's," a white cottage smothered in fuchsia-trees. There was a sweet scent of musk and sitherwood hanging about, and a wild rose was nailed against the gable. A purple pigeon was cooing on the russet thatch, and a lazy cloud of smoke was reluctantly mingling its blue vapour with the yellow evening air. Overtopping the chimney there rose a golden cock of new-made hay. The old woman snuffed the fragrant breath of the place, poked at the fuchsia-bushes with her stick, and peered all about her with her shrewd bright eyes. At last she approached the open door and looked across the threshold.

There was a small room with a clay floor, a fire winking on the hearth almost blinded out by the sun, a spinning-wheel in the corner, an elderly woman knitting beside the window, and a check-curtained bed standing in the corner, in which a sickly man sat up with a newspaper spread on his knees.

"God save all here!" said the visitor, pushing in her head at the door. "An' is this Jamie MacQuillan's?"

"As sure as my name's Jamie," said the weakly man, taking off his spectacles. "Take a seat, ma'am. You'd be a thraveller maybe, comin' home from the fair?"



The old woman had dropped into a chair, panting-with fatigue.

"It's no shame for ye," she gasped, "that ye don't know me, seein' that ye never set eyes on me before; but I'm wan o' the McCambridges, from beyont Lough Neagh, an' I've walked every foot o' the road to see you an' yours."

"Why, you don't mane to say that?" cried Jamie, his pale face lighting up. "You don't mane to say you're Shaun McCambridge's sither Penny, own cousin to my father's second wife, that was to have stood for our Ailsie at her christenin', only she took a pain in her heel and couldn't stir from home? Faith, an' I might have knowed you by the fine hook o' your nose, always an' ever the sign o' the rale ould blood. Throth that same blood's thicker nor wather. Mary machree, it's Penny McCambridge, from Lough Neagh side!"

Mary, the wife, now lifted her voice in welcome.

"Good luck to you, cousin Penny," she said. "The sight o' wan o' your folks is the cure for sore eyes. Come over an' give us the shake o' your han', for not a stir can I stir this year past with the pains, no more nor Jamie there that's down on his back since May. Och, it's the poor do-less pair we'd be only for our Ailsie, that's han's an' feet to us both, an' keeps things together out an' in."

A great hand-shaking followed this speech, and then the visitor began to inquire for Ailsie, her god-daughter that was to have been, only for the unfortunate pain in the heel.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," said the father; "she'll be in from the fair by-an'-by, an' then if ye don't give her the degree for han'somest girl and the best manager that ever stepped about a house, I'll give ye lave to go back to Lough Neagh an' spend the rest o' your days sarchin' for her aiguals."

"Whisht, Jamie," said the mother; "self praise is no praise, no more is praise o' yer own flesh an' blood. All the same, I wisht Ailsie was in to make cousin Penny the cup o' tay afther her thravels. She was to bring a grain o' the best green from Misther McShane's, in Portrush, as well as all the news from Castle Craigie, an' of the doin's of ould Lady Betty MacQuillan, more power to her!"

"Is that the ould lady that's come home from Ingia?" asked she who was called Penny McCambridge.

"Ay, ay," said the wife of Jamie, eagerly. "Ye've passed through Portrush, an' ye'll maybe have the foreway of Ailsie with the news. What are they saying in the town?"

"Well, ye see," said Penny, "bein' a shtranger, and spakin' to few, I heard but little. But they do say that her husband was the last of the MacQuillans of Castle Craigie, an' that as she has ne'er a child of her own, all the MacQuillans in the counthry are claimin' kin with her, an' fightin' among them about which 'll be her heir."

"An' is that all ye know, Penny dear?" said Mary. "Why, I have more nor that mysel'.

Sure she's written round an' round to every MacQuillan o' them all, biddin' them to a grand house-warmin' on Wensday come eight days, when she'll settle it all, an' name who's to come afther her. An' though she's in London now, she'll be at Castle Craigie afore then to resave them. An' sich a resavin' as that'll be! Sich fixin' an' furbishin' as there is at the ould castle. They say there never was the likes o' it seen since the day Sir Archie MacQuillan brought home his fairy bride, an' then it wasn't painters an' bricklayers, but the 'good people' themselves that laid han's on the rooms."

"She must be a queer sort of a body," said Penny. "But I hope, Jamie, that you, as honest a man, an' as good a MacQuillan as ever a wan among them, I hope you haven't been shy of sendin' in your claim."

"Och, Penny, if you'd only put that much spunk into him!" cried Mary, with energy, "it's what I'm sayin' to him mornin' noon an' night, an' it's no more to him than the crickets chirpin'."

"Stop your grumblin', Mary," said the husband, "there's richer nor us, and there's poorer, but we're not so mane yet as to go cravin' for what we're not likely to get. It's not to MacQuillans like us that Lady Betty has sent her invite."

"An' more shame for her!" cried Mary, waxing wroth. "Listen to me, cousin Penny. When Lady Betty's husband, Sir Dillon MacQuillan that's dead an' gone, was nothing but plain Dillon, an' the youngest of seven sons, he went off an' married wan o' nary-faced, low-born lass, called Betty O'Flanigan, an' brought her all the way from county Wexford to Castle Craigie here, thinkin' he had nothin' to do in the world but ring the gate bell, an' walk in with his wife. It was Christmas-time, an' hard weather, an' sich feastin' an' visitin' goin' on at the castle, when all at wanst the news o' the marriage come down like a clap on the family. It took six men to hold ould Sir Patrick, he was in that mad a rage, an' you may guess it was little welcome poor Betty got when Dillon broughther to the door. The two o' them had just to turn back the way they come, an' it beginnin' to snow, when Jamie there, that was then a lad of fifteen, he was standin' out by his mother's door, an' he spied them comin' down the road. Betty had on a fine gown, but she looked very lonesome, poor body, an' Jamie knowin' what had happened, he up an' he says:—

"'Mrs. MacQuillan,' says he, 'it's comin' on a storm, an' it'll be hard on you goin' further the night,' says he. 'And if you'll be so good as to step inside,' says he, 'it's my mother 'll be glad to see you.'

"Poor Betty was glad to hear the word, an' in she went, an' stay there she did for two weeks, till her husband got their passage taken out to Ingia. An' when she was goin' away, an' biddin' good-by, she says to Jamie, she says, 'Jamie, my boy, if ever Betty MacQuillan comes home from Ingia a rich woman, she'll find out you an' yours if you're above the arth, an' mind you, she'll pay you back your good turn!'



"Many's the time I hard the story from Jamie's mother, rest her sowl!" Mary went on. "An' it's the fine fortune Dillon an' Betty made in Ingia. Two years back, when the last of the brothers died without childer, we hard that Sir Dillon was comin' back to end his days in Castle Craigie. But that news wasn't stale till we hard o' his death, poor man! An' now Betty's comin' back her lone, a rich woman, an' a fine lady. An' I'll just ax you, cousin Penny, if it wouldn't fit her better to be lookin' afther Jamie there that offered her the shelter o' the roof when she was in need o't, than to be huntin' up a pack o' highflyers, the very set that sneered an' sniggered over her disgrace in the dhrawn-room at the castle the day she was turned from the gates?"

Cousin Penny had given attentive ear to the wife, and now she turned to the husband.

"What do you say to that now, Jamie?" she asked, with a knowing twinkle of her shrewd bright eyes.

"I say this," cried Jamie, crackling and folding at his paper with energy. "I say that the man or boy, it's all wan, that does a good turn expectin' to be paid for it, desaves no more thanks than a man that sells a cow and thrives a good bargain. An' I say that Mary ought to be ashamed to sit there talking of sich a thing that happened forty year ago, an' if Ailsie was here she wouldn't—but good luck to her! there she is hersel', gone past the window."

All the three pair of eyes were now turned to the doorway, whose sunny space was obscured for a moment by as pretty a figure as any lover of fresh and pleasant sights could wish to see. This was a ripe-faced, dark-haired, country girl, with her coarse straw bonnet tipped over her forehead to save her eyes from the sun, and her neat print gown tucked tidily up over her white petticoat.

"Come in, Ailsie!" cried Jamie, "come in an' see your cousin, Penny McCambridge, from Lough Neagh side, that was to have been your godmother, an' has come every fut o' the road from that to this, to see what sort o' lass you've turned out."

"Make haste an' make us the cup o' tay," said her mother. "I hope you didn't forget to bring us a grain o' the best green from Mither McShane's? Good girl! An' how did yer eggs an' butter sell? I'll lay you a shillin' you haven't the sign o' either wan or the other to set before the stranger this day!"

"Maybe I haven't though!" said Ailsie, laughing. "It's by the fine good luck I put by two nice little pats undher a dish, after I went off this mornin'. An' as for eggs, if Mehaffy hasn't laid wan afore this time o' day, I'll put her in the pot for a lazy big hen, an' cousin Penny 'll stay an' help to ate her."

A nice little meal was set, and Ailsie flung herself on a bench to rest.

"An' now you'll have breath to tell us the news, Ailsie," said Mary the mother, sipping her tea complacently. "What's doin' an' sayin' in Portrush about Lady Betty?"

"Oh throth, mother!" said Ailsie, tossing her head, "throth I'm sick, sore, an' tired, hearin' o' the quare old house she's pulled down on her back, poor body! Sich gregin' an' comparin' you never hard since the day you were born. The frien's o' wan MacQuillan, an' the frien's o' another, at it hard an' fast for which 'll have the best chance of comin' in for the ould lady's favour. An' sich preparations! Mrs. Quinn, the housekeeper, took me all through the castle to see the new grandeur; an' sich curtains, an' pictures, an' marble images, an' sich lookin'-glasses! feth, when I went to the dhrawn-room door, I thought I'd gone crazy, for half a dozen other Ailsies started up in the corners an' all over the walls, an' come to meet me with their baskets on their arms. An' then there's the ball-room where the dancin's to be, all hung round with green things, an' the floor as slippy an' as shiny as the duck pond was last Christmas in the long frost. An' I went into Miss O'Trimmins, the dressmaker, to see if her tooth-ache was better, an' I do declare she could hardly reach me her little finger across the heaps of silks an' muzzins that she had piled about her there in her room. An' while I was there, a carriage dashed up to the door, an' out stepped the five Miss MacQuillans from Bally Scuffling, an' in they all came to have their dresses tried on. An' Miss O'Trimmins kept me to hold the pins while she was fittin' them, for all her girls were that busy they could hardly stop to thread their needles. An' sich pinchin' an' screwin'! When they went away, I said to Miss O'Trimmins, 'I'm thankful,' says I, 'that none o' these gowns is for me.' An' she laughed, and says she, 'I wouldn't put it past you, Ailsie, to be right glad to go to the same ball if you got the chance.'

"I'm not so sure o' that," says I, 'but, as for chance, my name's MacQuillan as well as its theirs that were here this minute lookin' at me as if I was the dirt undher their feet. An' put it to pride or not,' says I, 'but I do think, if I was fixed up grand, I could manage to cut as good a figure in a ball-room as e'er a wan o' them red-nosed things that are goin' to dress themsel's up in all this fine grass-coloured satin! It was very impident an' ill done o' me to make such a speech," said Ailsie, blushing at her confession, which had sent cousin Penny into fits of laughter, "but my blood was up, somehow, with the looks o' them old things from Bally Scuffling, an' I couldn't hold my tongue!"

"Go on, go on, Ailsie dear!" said Penny, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, then," said Ailsie, "she began talkin' the same kind o' stuff that they were botherin' me with the day through, axin' me why my father hadn't sent word to Lady Betty like the rest o' the MacQuillans, tellin' me we were the only wans o' the name that hadn't spoken. It's just the wan word in all their mouths. Mrs. Maginty, that buys my eggs, she was at it, an' ould Dan Carr, that takes my butter from me, I thought I'd never get *him* talked down, an' Nancy McDonnell that was sellin' sweeties in



the fair, an' Katty O'Neil that was goin' about with me all day, an' Mrs. McShane that I bought the tea from. Och! I couldn't remember the wan half o' them!"

"An what did you say to them, Ailsie dear?" asked Mary the mother, insinuatingly.

"Why," said Ailsie, "I tould them first, that all the rest o' the MacQuillans about were ladies an' gentlemen, an' would be creditable to Lady Betty when she made her choice, but that my father was a poor man that had nothin' to do with the comin' an' goin' o' genthry. But when that wouldn't do, I up an' tould them that he had too much feelin' for a lonely old woman comin' home without a friend in her ould age, to think of beginnin' to worry her about what would be to divide afther her death, afore ever she set foot in the country. 'It's an ill welcome for all their fine talking,' said I, 'an' if they hadn't put her an' pestered her to it, she would never be for doin' the quare thing she's goin' to do on Wensday week night.' An' what do you think she is goin' to do, father?" said Ailsie, turning to Jamie, "but she's to have a big cake made, an' a ring in it, an every MacQuillan at the feast gets a piece o' the cake, an' whoever finds the ring, as sure as he's there he's the wan to share Lady Betty's fortune, an' come afther her in Castle Craigie!"

Here Mary the mother began to groan and rock herself, and complain of the obstinacy of people who would not stretch out their hands for a piece of that lucky cake, when it might be theirs for the asking. Jamie was getting very red in the face, and crumpling his paper very fiercely, when Penny, who had been laughing again, once more wiped her eyes, and taking her stick from the corner, prepared to depart.

"It's getting far in the day," she said, "an' I have a good bit further to go afore night, to see my old friend Madgey Mucklehern, that lives in the Windy Gap; good luck is hers she hasn't been blown out o' house an' all afore this! But I'll be back this way," she added; "don't you think ye've seen the last o' Penny McCambridge, cousin Jamie, for feth ye'll know more o' me shortly, if the Lord spares me my breath for a wheen more o' weeks."

And Penny McCambridge shook hands with her kinsfolk, and trotted away down the lonan, as she had come.

## CHAPTER II.

It was only a few evenings after this that Ailsie was sitting on the end of the kitchen-table, reading the newspaper to her father.

"N a—na," said Ailsie, stumbling at a word, "v i—vi, g a—ga—Och, my blessin' to the word, I can't make head or tail o't. Ye'll read it bether yersel', father; an' it's time I was goin' feedin' my hens, anyhow!"

"Ailsie," said Jamie, rubbing his spectacles, "I'm feared you'r turnin' out a bad clark afther all the throuble Misther Devnish has taken wi' you. Ye'r gettin' a big woman, Ailsie, an' there's not a thing ye'r bad at but the clarkin'. Go off to school, now, this very evenin', an' give my

respects to Hughie Devnish, an' tell him to tache you how to spell navigation afore you come back."

Ailsie coloured, and her thick black lashes rested on her russet cheeks while she tucked up her gown and kneaded the wet meal for the hens with her gipsy hands. But as she left the house she looked back with a wicked little toss of her head.

"Then you an' Hughie Devnish may put it out o' yer heads that ye'll ever make a clark o' Ailsie," she said; "for if ye were to make a stew o' all the larnin'-books that ever cracked a schoolmaster's skull, an' feed her on nothin' but that for the next ten years, ye wouldn't have her wan bit the larnder in the hinder end!"

So saying, she stepped out into the sun, and was busy feeding her hens under the shelter of the golden haycock, when she saw a servant in a showy livery coming riding up the lonan.

"Can you tell me where Miss MacQuillan lives about here, my good girl?" he asked, with a supercilious glance at Ailsie's wooden dish.

"No," said Ailsie, looking at him with her head thrown back. "That's Jamie MacQuillan's house"—pointing to the gable—"an' I'm his daughter Ailsie, but there's no Miss MacQuillan here; none nearer by this road nor Bally Scuffling."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the man, with an altered manner, "but I believe this must be for you." And then he rode off, leaving her standing staring at a dainty pink note which she held by one corner between two mealy fingers. "Miss Ailsie MacQuillan," said the ink on the back of the narrow satin envelope.

"That's me!" said Ailsie with a gasp. "The rest o' them's all Lizabeths, an' Isabellas, an' Aramintys. An', as thrue as I'm a livin' girl, it's the Castle Craigie liveries yon fine fellow was dressed up so grand in, an' here's the Castle Craigie crest on this purty little seal."

It was a note of invitation to Lady Betty's ball, and, in spite of her bad "clarkin'," Ailsie was able to read it, spelling it out word after word, turning it back and forward and upside-down, and feeling sure all the time that somebody had played a trick on her by writing to Lady Betty in her name. She sat on a stone and made her reflections, with the sun all the while burning her cheeks, and making them more and more unfit to appear in a ball-room.

"An' she thinks I'm some fine young lady in a low neck an' satin shoes, waitin' all ready to step into her ball-room an' make her a curtsy. Good luck to her! What'd she say if she hard Ailsie's brogues hammerin' away on yon fine slippy floor o' hers?" And Ailsie, as she spoke, extended one little roughshod foot and looked at it critically. "Then thank you, Lady Betty, but I'm not goin' to make mysel' a laughin'-stock for the country yet!"

"Who came ridin' up the lonan a bit ago, Ailsie?" said the mother, when she went in with the note safely hidden in her pocket.

"Ridin' up the lonan is it?" said Ailsie.

"Ay, ay," said Mary, "I thought I hard a



horse's fut on the road, but it be to been yer father snorin'."

"Me snorin'!" cried Jamie, starting and rubbing his eyes. "Ye'r dhramin' yersel', Mary. Ailsie, ye witch, are ye not gone to school yet?"

"Well, I'll go now, father," said Ailsie. "Maybe," she thought, "Hughie 'll tell me what to do with that letter afore I come back."

A thatched house, with a row of small latticed windows blinking down at the sea in the strong sunset, with a grotesque thorn looking over the more distant gable, and an army of fierce holly-hocks mustering about the little entry-door. This was the school, and Mr. Hugh Devnish was at this moment standing at his desk writing "head-lines" in the copy-books of his pupils; a young man with a grave busy face, and one hand concealed in the breast of his coat. That hand was deformed, and so Hugh Devnish had been brought up to teach school, instead of to follow the plough. That such breeding had not been wasted, his face announced. Even the country people around held him in unusual respect, though he did not give them half as many long words, nor talk Latin to them, like his predecessor, Larry O'Mullan, who had died of hard study, poor boy! at the age of eighty-five.

Hughie glanced through the window before him, got suddenly red in the face, and cried "Attention!" in a voice which made all the lads and lasses look up from their copy-books. The next moment a gipsy-faced girl walked in, hung up her bonnet, and sat down on a form.

"What's your word, Ailsie MacQuillan?" asked the schoolmaster, taking her book with a severe and business-like air.

"Invitation, sir—navigation, I mane," said Ailsie, demurely, studying her folded hands.

The master looked at her sharply, and afterwards frowned severely, when, on going the rounds of the desks, he found "Lady Betty MacQuillan," "Castle Craigie," and other foolish and meaningless words, scrawled profanely over the page which was to have been sacred to navigation alone. Ailsie was "kept in" for bad conduct, and locked up alone in the school after the other pupils had gone home. And there, when the schoolmaster came to release her, she was found plucking the roses that hung in at the window, and sticking them in the holes for the ink-bottles along the desks. A crumpled note lay open before her.

We should hardly have said the schoolmaster came in, for, though it was Hughie Devnish, he appeared in a new character. This punished girl was his wildest and least creditable pupil, and yet, when he walked up to her in her disgrace, he was trembling and blushing like his own youngest "scholar" coming up for a whipping. His eye caught the crumpled note, and he picked it up and read it.

"I guessed how 'twas," he said, "but you're surely not thinkin' of goin'?"

Now Ailsie had intended to ask his advice, but the mischief that was in her would come out.

"Why should I not go as well as another?" she asked, pettishly.

"Aroon, you know I would not like it," he said.

"An' that's a reason, feth!" said Ailsie, tossing her head, and beginning to pick a rose to pieces.

"Ailsie," said the young man, vehemently, "it was only the other day you told me here that you could like me better than all the world, better than Ned Mucklehern, for all his fine land and his presents o' butther an' crame; better than Mehaffy the miller, that gave you the fine speckled hen; better than MacQuillan o' the Reek——"

"Bad manners to him!" struck in Ailsie, angrily, flinging a shower of rose-leaves from her hand over the desks.

"You promised to be my wife, Ailsie."

"It all come o' keepin' me in for bad conduct," said Ailsie, swinging one foot with provoking unconcern.

"No matter what it came of," said Hughie, "you promised me. And you promised me as well that you wouldn't go thrustin' yourself among these people, that would only laugh at you for your pains."

"I don't know why you should think I'd be laughed at," said Ailsie, "barrin' you're ashamed o' me!"

The schoolmaster's face blazed up, and with all his heart in his eyes he gazed at her where she sat with her ripe face half turned from the sun coming through the lattice, and her dark head framed in the roses.

"Ashamed o' you, mavourneen?" he said, tenderly. "No; but there might be some there that I wouldn't like you to come across, an' you alone an' unprotected. MacQuillan o' the Reek——"

"I slapped his face wanst!" cried Ailsie, firing up again, "an' it's not likely he'll come axin' me to do 't again."

"And there 'll be others there," he went on, "that 'd fall in love wi' you maybe, an' snatch you up from Hughie before he has enough earned to marry you out o' hand."

"An' what if they did?" said Ailsie, with wicked coolness.

"What if they did?" repeated Devnish, slowly, looking at her with a pained appealing look, as if expecting her to retract the cruel words. "I tell you what it is, Ailsie," he broke out, passionately, drawing his left hand from its concealment, "I believe it's this that's workin' at the bottom o' all your coldness. You're tired already of a deformed lover. Go to Lady Betty's ball then, an' find a husband for yourself that you'll not be ashamed of. Go——"

Just as Ailsie was getting pale, and the tears coming into her eyes, a little door opened, and a good-humoured-looking country woman came into the schoolroom.

"Come in to your supper, Hughie," she said.

"Och, is it Ailsie MacQuillan in penance the night again? Girl alive! is it a love-letther you're showin' the masher?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Devnish," said Ailsie,



erecting her head; "it's a note of invitation from Lady Betty MacQuillan, axin' me to do her the honour of dancin' at her ball at Castle Craigie on Wensday come eight days."

"Oh, then, then! but you're the lucky girl," cried the Widow Devnish, clapping her hands over the note, while Hughie stalked away silently to a window by himself. "I declare it's as grand an' as beautiful as if it was written to the Queen. Asthore! an' has your mother any sense left at all, at all, with the dint o' the joy?"

"She didn't see it yet," stammered Ailsie, seeing now the scrape into which she had got herself through yielding to her reckless whim of tormenting her lover. "I got it just as I left home, an' she didn't see it yet."

"An' you're stan'in' up there as if nothin' had happened you, you ongrateful colleen," said the Widow Devnish, pocketing the note. "Wait a minute, then, till I get the cloak, an' it's mysel' 'll go home wi' you, an' help to tell the news."

#### CHAPTER III.

It was speedily settled between Mary MacQuillan and the Widow Devnish that Ailsie should go to the ball.

"I have a fine piece of yellow Chaney silk," said the Widow Devnish, "that Sailor Johnny sent me from beyont the says. It would make her a skirt, barrin' it wasn't too long, an' a hem o' somethin' else lined on behind."

"An' I've a ducky bit o' cherry tabinet," said Mary the mother, "that brother Pat, the weaver, sent me from Dublin to make a bonnet o'. It'll cut into a beautiful jockey for her, barrin' we don't make the sleeves too wide."

So on the eventful night Ailsie was dressed out in the yellow silk skirt and cherry-coloured bodice, with a fine pair of stockings of Mary's own knitting, with magnificent clocks up the sides. Her little bog-trotting brogues were polished till you could see yourself in the toes, and a pair of elegant black silk mittens covered her hands up to her little brown knuckles, stretching up past her wrists to make amends for the scantiness of her sleeves. Then, she had a grand pair of clanking earrings as long as your little finger, which the Widow Devnish had worn as a bride; and the two mothers, taking each a side of the victim's head, plaited her thick black hair into endless numbers of fanciful braids, which they rolled round the crown of her head, and into which they planted a tortoiseshell comb, curved like the back of an arm-chair, which Jamie's mother had worn at his christening, and which towered over Ailsie's head like Minerva's helmet put on the wrong way. Ned Mucklehern of the Windy Gap was to take her to Castle Craigie in his new spring cart; and two good hours before dark Ailsie was standing at the door, looking longingly for a glimpse of Hughie coming over the hill to see how handsome she looked in her strange finery. But Hughie did not appear, and vowing vengeance on him for his "sulks," Ailsie submitted to be packed up in the cart.

"But it's no use takin' the rue now," said she. "I be to go through with it!" And with desperate bravery she said good night to Ned Mucklehern, who, at her command, set her down at a little distance from the entrance gates, out and in of which the carriages were rolling at such a rate as made poor Ailsie's heart thump against her side till it was like to burst through Pat the weaver's tabinet.

She crept in through a little side-gate, and up the avenue, keeping as much as possible in shelter of the trees; but it was not quite dark yet, and the coachmen coming and going stared at her, taking her, maybe, for some masquerading gipsy or strolling actress whom Lady Betty had engaged to amuse the company. She arrived at the hall door just in time to see a flock of young ladies in white robes float gracefully over the threshold, and the absurdity of her own costume came before her in its terrible reality. Covered with confusion, she looked about to see if she could escape among the trees, and hide there till morning; but one of the grand servants had espied her, and under his eyes Ailsie scorned to beat a retreat.

"What is your business here, young woman?" asked this awful person, as she stepped into the glare of the hall lights.

"I am one of Lady Betty's guests," said Ailsie, lifting her head. But a horrible tittering greeted this announcement from a crowd of other servants, who were all eyeing her curiously from head to foot. Ailsie was ready to sink into the earth with shame and mortification, when, happily, the arrival of a fresh carriageful of guests diverted the general attention from herself, and she heard some one saying, "This way, miss." Glad to escape anywhere, she followed a servant whose face she could not see, but whose voice was wonderfully familiar. Passing through an inner hall, her hand was grasped by this person, and she was swiftly drawn into a pantry and the door shut.

"Oh, Hughie, Hughie!" cried Ailsie, bursting into tears, and clinging to his arm. "Then where did you dhrop from, anyways?"

"Whisht, avourneen!" said Hughie, "we haven't a minute to stay, for yon chaps 'll be runnin' in an' out here all night. But do you think Hughie could rest aisy at home an' you unprotected in this place? Wan o' the fellows was knocked up with all the wine that's goin', an' they were glad to give me his place, an' his clothes. Ye won't feel so lonesome."

"Oh, Hughie, I wisht I'd stayed at home as you bid me. An' your han', Hughie!"

"Och, never mind it, asthore. I'll only carry small thrays, and the wan hand 'll do beautiful. Come now, aroon." So, resuming his character of servant, Hughie squired his trembling lady-love up Lady Betty's gilded staircase.

The ball was held in an old-fashioned hall, whose roof was crossed with dark rafters, from which gloomy old banners were swinging. The door was partly open, and Ailsie peeped in.

"Oh, Hughie, Hughie!" she whispered, "take me back to the panthry! I'll lie close in



a cupboard, an' never stir a stir till morn-ing."

"It couldn't be done, darlin'!" whispered Hughie. "Ye must put a bold face on it, an' take your chance."

He opened the door wide, and Ailsie felt herself swallowed up in a blaze of light and colour, with a hum in her ears as of a thousand bees all buzzing round her head at once. When she recovered from her first stunned sensation, and regained consciousness of her own identity, she found herself seated side by side with the five Miss MacQuillans from Bally Scuffling, all dressed in their grass-coloured satin, all with their noses redder than ever, all eyeing her askance from her comb to her brogues, and tittering just as the servants had done in the hall.

A band was playing, and a crowd of people were dancing, but it seemed to Ailsie, whenever she looked up, that nobody had got anything to do but to stare at her. When she saw the elegant slippers of the dancers she was afraid to stir lest the "hammerin'" of her feet should be heard all over the room; and when MacQuillan of the Reek came up to her, and, making a low bow, begged the honour of dancing with her, Ailsie's ears began to sing with confusion, and her teeth to chatter with fright. But as she did not know how to refuse, she got up and accompanied him to where there was an empty space on the floor. The band was playing a lively tune as a quadrille, and Ailsie, thinking anything better than standing still, fell to dancing her familiar jig with energy. She had once slapped this gentleman's face for his impertinence, and she believed that he had now led her out to avenge himself by her confusion. So Ailsie danced her jig, and finding that the clatter of her brogues was drowned by the music, she gained courage and danced it with spirit, round and round her astonished partner, till the lookers-on cried "Brava!" and the laugh was turned against MacQuillan of the Reek, who was, after all, very glad when she made him her curtsy, and allowed him to take her back again to the Bailey Scuffling maidens, who had not been dancing at all, and who held up their five fans before their five faces in disgust at Ailsie's performance.

A magic word, *supper*, acted like a charm on all there. The crowd thinned and disappeared, and nobody noticed Ailsie. Every gentleman had his own partner to attend to, and no one came near the little peasant girl. Ailsie was very glad, for she would rather endure hunger than be laughed at, and she was just beginning to nod asleep in her seat, when in came Hughie.

"I'm goin' to fetch you somethin' to ate, darlin'," he said, and hurried away again. And Ailsie was just beginning to nod asleep once more, when in came MacQuillan of the Reek, saying that Lady Betty had sent him to conduct her (Ailsie) to the supper-room.

Lady Betty was sitting at the head of the most distant table, with a knife in her hand, and a huge cake before her. The more substantial catables seemed to have been already discussed,

for every guest had a slice of this cake on a plate before him or her. They were nibbling it, and mincing it up with knives. All were silent, and all looked anxious and dissatisfied. Ailsie thought the silence and the dissatisfaction was all on account of her audacious entrance.

"This way!" said Lady Betty MacQuillan, in a voice that made Ailsie start, and the august hostess cleared a place at her side for our blushing heroine. The wax-lights blazed on Lady Betty's golden turban, and Ailsie did not dare to look at her face. She sat down, and Lady Betty with her own hand helped her to a small cut of the wonderful cake. Ailsie was very hungry, and the cake was very good. She devoured a few morsels eagerly; then she ceased eating.

"Why don't you eat, child?" said Lady Betty, in a voice that again made Ailsie start; and this time she ventured to look up.

She looked up, and stared as if the clouds had opened above her head. There was a little withered yellow face, with twinkling black eyes, looking down on her—a face that she had seen before. It was Penny McCambridge, from Lough Neagh side, who was to have been her godmother only for the unfortunate pain in her heel, who was sitting there, dressed up in purple velvet and a cloth of gold turban. Oh, murder! What would be the end of this? Penny McCambridge befooling all the gentry folks of the country round, pretending to be the lady of Castle Craigie! Or, stay! Whether was Penny McCambridge acting Lady Betty MacQuillan, or had Lady Betty MacQuillan been acting Penny McCambridge?

"Why don't you eat, child?" repeated Lady Betty, as Ailsie sat turning her piece of cake about on her plate.

"I'm hungry enough," said Ailsie, "but I cannot ate this, my lady, barrin' you want me to choke myself!"

And Ailsie held up her bit of cake in which was wedged the ring that declared her the heiress of Castle Craigie.

Well, I need not tell how after supper some of the guests who were spiteful ordered their carriages and whirled away in disgust; how others, who were not spiteful, stayed and danced the morning in; how some, who were good natured, congratulated Ailsie on her good luck; how others, who were quite the reverse, yet fawned on the bewildered heroine of the evening. How Ailsie was kept close by the wonderful Lady Betty all the rest of the time; how she watched in vain for another glimpse of Hughie; how, in the end, she was conducted to a splendid bedchamber, where she was frightened out of her senses at the grandeur of the furniture, and could not get a wink of sleep for the softness of the stately bed.

The news was not long in travelling over the country, and next day, when a carriage dashed up to the foot of the lonan, Jamie and his wife thought they were prepared to receive their fortunate daughter with dignity. But when Ailsie walked in to them in a white pelisse and



sandalled slippers, her bonnie dark eyes looking out at them from under the shade of a pink satin hat and feathers, this delusion of theirs was dispelled. Mary's exultation knew no bounds, and Jamie said, "Can this fine lady be my daughter?" nervously, and with tears in his eyes. And Ailsie sat on a chair in the middle of the floor she had swept so often, and cried, and pulled off her fine hat, and threw it to the furthest corner of the kitchen, vowing she would never leave her father and mother to go and live with Lady Betty. And Lady Betty, who was present, was not a bit angry, although the beautiful hat was spoiled; but began telling how she would educate Ailsie, and take her to see the distant world, and how she would dress her like a princess, and marry her to some grand gentleman, who should either bear the name of MacQuillan, or adopt it.

But Ailsie only crying worse at this than before, she threw a purse of gold into Mary's lap, and began describing all the good things she would do for Jamie and his wife if Ailsie would only come with her; how she would build them a pretty house; how they should have servants to attend them, and horses and cows, and money at command. And Ailsie, listening to this, cried more violently than ever, with her swollen eyes staring through the door, out to the hill that led across to Hughie's. Then, when Lady Betty had done, Mary the mother began.

Ailsie took her eyes from the open door, and looked at her father. But Jamie, afraid to mar his child's brilliant prospects, only hung his head, and said never a word at all.

Then Ailsie's heart seemed to break with one loud sob. "I'll go feth!" cried she, "an' may God forgive ye all!" and rushed out of the cottage and down the lonan, bareheaded and weeping. Midway she stopped on the road, and, pulling off one of her pretty shoes, she flung it from her with all her might till it struck the trunk of a far tree growing on the hill that led to Hughie's.

"That's the slipper to you, for good luck, Hughie Devnish!" she said; "an' if ever I forget you to marry a fine gentleman, may the Lord turn my gran' gowns into rags again, an' the bit that I ate into sand in my mouth!"

So Ailsie said good-by to home. The next day Lady Betty and Miss MacQuillan departed from Castle Craigie for the Continent.

#### CHAPTER IV.

FOUR years passed away, and Jamie and Mary had grown accustomed to their improved circumstances, Lady Betty having proved as good as her word in bestowing on them all those benefits which she had enumerated when coaxing Ailsie away with her. Whether they were quite satisfied with the freak that fortune had played with them, they themselves knew best. When a neighbour went in to see them, Mary had always some grand talk about "my daughter, Miss MacQuillan;" but the Widow Devnish often shook her head, saying they were dull enough when nobody was by, and feared Ailsie had forgotten them.

Ned Mucklehern and Mehaffy the miller had each consoled himself with a wife long ago. Hughie Devnish still taught his school, and his mother still called him in to his supper of evenings; but he was not the same Hughie, the widow vowed, never since the night of Lady Betty's ball, when he had taken the strange whim of going serving at the castle. That some one had put a charm on him that night, from the effects of which he had never recovered, was the Widow Devnish's firm belief. He was "as grave as a judge," she said, from morning till night, all wrapped up in the improvement of his school, never would go to a dance or a fair like other young men, and, say what she might to him, would admit no thought of taking a wife, though his means would allow of it now, since he had got some tuitions among the gentry-folks of the neighbourhood. The Widow Devnish was very proud of her son, but she was sorely afraid there was "something on him." For, strangest of all, once when she came into his schoolroom at dusk unnoticed, she saw him looking at a little kid shoe, with long silken sandals hanging from it. "She'll forget," he was saying, as he turned it about, and wound the sandals round it, "of course, of course she'll forget."

All this time, while things had been going on so with these vulgar and insignificant folks at home, neither Ailsie nor Lady Betty had been seen at Castle Craigie. Lady Betty surrounded her protégée with French, Italian, drawing, and music, masters. But with these had Ailsie concerned herself but little. "Hughie Devnish could never tache me," she would say, coolly, when they were ready to wring their hands with vexation, "an' I don't think it's likely ye're any cleverer than him." However, there were some things that Ailsie did learn in time. Being observant and imitative, she acquired a habit of speaking tolerable French, and when talking English she modified, though she did not by any means give up, her brogue. She very soon learnt to flirt a fan, to carry her handsome gowns with ease, and to develop certain original graces of manner which were considered by many to be very charming in the pretty heiress of Lady Betty's Indian thousands. Altogether, the patroness found herself obliged to be content, though the young lady could read neither French nor Italian, nor yet could she play on the spinnet or guitar.

Ailsie's education being thus finished, Lady Betty set her heart on an ambitious marriage for her favourite. She introduced her to society in Paris, and saw her making conquests right and left at the most fashionable watering-places on the Continent. Ailsie's sparkling eyes were enchantingly foiled by her diamonds, and proposals in plenty were laid at her feet. But Ailsie, though enjoying right merrily the homage so freely paid her, only laughed at the offers of marriage, as though it were quite impossible to regard them as anything but so many very capital jokes. Lady Betty did not join in this view of the matter, but she had patience with her heiress for a considerable time, as Ailsie always mollified her displeasure by saying, on her



refusal of each "good match," "I will marry a better man still, Lady Betty."

After four years, Lady Betty, who was a wilful old lady, and whose patience was exhausted, quarrelled with her about it, and before she recovered her temper she took ill and died, and Ailsie found herself one day sad and solitary in Paris, without the protection of her kind indulgent friend.

Tears would not mend the matter now, nor would they alter the will which Lady Betty had left behind her, the conditions of which were fair enough, said Ailsie's suitors, when the contents of the important document became known. One year had the impatient old lady given her chosen heiress, in the space of which time to become a wife. And if at the end of that year she was still found to be a spinster, not a penny had she, but might go back to the cottage at the top of the lonan, and take with her her father and mother to work for them as before, to milk her cows, and feed her hens, and persuade herself, if she liked, that her wit, and her diamonds, and her beauty, and her lovers, had all had their existence in a tantalizing dream, which had visited her between roosting-time in the evening and cock-crow of a churning morning. But, should she marry before the year was out, bestowing on her husband the name of MacQuillan, then would the shade of Lady Betty be appeased, and the Indian thousands and the Irish rentals, together with the old ancestral halls of Castle Craigie, would all belong to Ailsie and the fortunate possessor of her wealthy little hand.

Very fair conditions, said the suitors, and proposals poured in on Ailsie. But lo and behold! the flinty-hearted damsel proved as obstinate as ever; and, in the midst of wonderment and disappointment, having attained the age of twenty-one, and being altogether her own mistress, she wrote to her retainers at Castle Craigie to announce her arrival there upon a certain summer day. Great was the glory of Mary MacQuillan when she received a letter from her daughter, desiring that her father and mother should at once take up their abode at the castle, being there to receive her at her arrival. Great, indeed, was her triumph when Miss O'Trimmins sat making her a gown of brown velvet, and a lace cap with lappets, in which to meet her child, and when Jamie's blue coat with the bright gold buttons came home.

Ailsie brought a whole horde of foreigners with her, brilliant ladies of rank, who called her pet and darling in broken English—and needy marquises—and counts with slender means, who were nevertheless very magnificent persons, and still hoped to win the Irish charmer. Balls, plays, and sports of all kinds went on at the Castle, and those of the gentry-folks who, from curiosity, or a better feeling, came to visit Ailsie, found her in the midst of a roomful of glittering company, dressed in a blue satin sacque and pearl earrings, with her hair coming into her eyes in very bewitching little tendrils, and seated between Mary in the brown velvet and lappets, and Jamie in the

new coat with the buttons. They went away saying she was wonderful indeed, considering, delightfully odd and pretty, and they wondered which of those flaunting foreigners she was going to marry in the end. Meantime the year was flying away, and old neighbours of her mother's began to shake their heads over the fire, of nights, and to say that if Ailsie did not take care, she might be a penniless lass yet.

Things were in this position, when, one fine morning, Miss MacQuillan driving out with some of her grand friends, thought proper to stop at the door of Hughie Devnish's school-house. The schoolmaster turned red and then pale as he saw Ailsie's feathers coming nodding in to him through the doorway, followed by a brilliant party of grandees, and two footmen dragging a huge parcel of presents for his girls and boys. Ailsie coolly set her ladies and gentlemen unpacking the parcel and distributing its contents, whilst she questioned the schoolmaster upon many subjects with the air of a little duchess, whose humour it was to make inquiries, and who never, certainly, had seen that place, much less conversed with that person before.

Hughie endured her whim with proud patience, till, just before she left him, on opening his desk to restore a book to its place, she demanded to see a certain little dark thing which was peeping out from under some papers. Then, with evident annoyance, he produced a little black kid shoe. So the story runs.

"Why, it's only a slipper!" said Ailsie, turning it about and looking at it just as the Widow Devnish had detected Hughie in doing. "What an odd thing to keep a shoe in a desk! But it looked like the cover of a book. Good morning."

As the party drove off, it is said that one of the gentlemen remarked that the schoolmaster was a fine-looking intelligent fellow, fit for a better station than that which he filled. And it is further said that next day Ailsie made a present to this gentleman of a snuff-box worth a hundred guineas.

When Ailsie went to her room on her return home on this August afternoon, she walked over to a handsome gold casket which stood upon her table, unlocked it, and took out a little kid slipper which looked as if she must have stolen it out of Hughie's desk. In the sole of it was pinned a slip of paper, on which were scrawled, in a crude hand, the words:

"If ever I forget you, Hughie Devnish, to marry a fine gentleman, may the Lord turn my gran' gowns into Rags agen, and the bit that I ate into Sand in my mouth."

"And the Lord's goin' to do it very fast," said Ailsie, falling back into her old way of talking, as she looked at this specimen of her old way of writing, "if I do not look to 't very soon, an' be keepin' my word! An' God knows, Hughie Devnish," she added, as she locked her box again with a sharp snap, "you're more of a gentleman any day the sun rises on you, than ever poor Ailsie'll be of a lady!"



And I am given to understand that shortly after this, the lady of the castle sent a message to her guests to say she was indisposed (Ailsie had picked up a few pretty words), from the heat, and must beg them to excuse her absence from amongst them for the rest of the day.

It was on this very evening that Hughie Devnish was walking up and down his school-room floor, musing, I am told, on the impossibility of his enduring in the future to have Ailsie coming into his school at any hour she pleased, to play the mischief with his feelings, and the lady patroness amongst his boys and girls. He had just come to the point of resolving to give up his labours here, and to go off to seek his fortune in America, when click! went the latch of the door, and (of course, thinks he, it must be a dream), in walked Ailsie. Not the Lady Bountiful of the morning, in satin gown and nodding feathers, but the veritable old Ailsie of four years ago, in the same old garb, cotton dress, brogues, straw bonnet tipped over her nose, and all (where on earth did she get them?) in which she had tripped in to him on that other August evening, of which this was the anniversary, when she had shown him her invitation to Lady Betty's ball.

Now, the gloaming was just putting out the glare of the sunset behind the latticed windows, and when Hughie had pinched himself and found that he was not dreaming at all, he next became very sure that he had gone out of his senses with trouble, and that he was looking at an object conjured up before his eyes by his own diseased imagination. However, the apparition looked very substantial as it approached, and sitting down on the end of one of the forms, it displayed a paper which it unfolded in its hands—hands that were white instead of brown, making the only difference between this and the old Ailsie.

"I've got a letter here, Misther Devnish," said Ailsie's old voice, speaking with Ailsie's old brogue, and in the sly mischievous tone that Hughie remembered well: "an', if ye plase, I want ye to answer it for me. I'm a bad clark myself, ye know."

Not knowing what to say to her, he took the letter out of her hand and glanced over it. It was a proposal of marriage from Ailsie's old tormentor, MacQuillan of the Reek.

The schoolmaster was trembling, you may believe, with many confused ideas and sensations when he folded the letter and returned it; but he inked his pen manfully, and produced a sheet of paper, then sat waiting with much patience for his visitor's dictation. But Ailsie sat quiet with her eyes upon the floor, and so there was a cruel pause.

"Well?" says Hughie, at last, with a bewitched feeling, as if he were addressing only

his pupil of old days, "what am I to say in the answer?"

"Feth I don't know," says Ailsie.

"But what reply do you mean to give?" asked Hughie, striving, we are assured, to command himself. "Am I to say yes or no in the letter?"

"I tell ye I don't know, Hughie Devnish," said Ailsie, crossly. "I gave a promise to another, an' he never has freed me from it yet. I b'lieve ye'll know best what to put in the letter yerself."

"Ailsie!" cried Hughie, rising to his feet, "did you come here for nothing but to dhrive me mad? Or, avourneen, is it possible you would marry me yet?"

"Feth it is, Hughie," said Ailsie.

And after the letter was written they went in and had tea with the Widow Devnish.

The next morning Miss MacQuillan appeared amongst her guests as if nothing had happened, but before night a whisper flew from ear to ear that the heiress was engaged; while the lady herself did not contradict the report. Every man looked darkly at his neighbour, and "Who is he?" was the question on every lip. At last "It is not I," said one noble drone, and flew off to seek honey elsewhere; and "It is not I," said the others, one by one, and followed his example; and by-and-by Ailsie was left peacefully in possession of her castle; whereupon there was a quiet wedding, at which Mary, Jamie, and the Widow Devnish were the only guests.

A nine days' wonder expires on the tenth, and after a few years Hugh Devnish MacQuillan, Esq., was looked upon as no despicable person by many who thought it their duty to sneer on his wedding-day.

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